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The George-Anne

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## The George-Anne

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# Student Council, Reflector Editors Elected

## Changes Are Made In Regulations For Women Students

Sweeping rules changes announced today by the administration provide full dating privileges for all girls, extend closing hours, set up a late permit system, and thoroughly revise the existing regulation on wearing Bermuda shorts, pedal pushers, and blue jeans.



J. Walton Stewart Jr.

### 114 Seniors Will Receive Degree Monday, June 4

One hundred and fourteen seniors will receive their diplomas in the 28th annual spring commencement program June 4. Jim Cherry, GTC graduate and superintendent of Dekalb county schools, Decatur, will deliver the graduation address in McCroan Auditorium at 10:30 a. m.

The Rev. J. Walton Stewart, pastor of the Savannah First Presbyterian Church, is to deliver the baccalaureate sermon Sunday, June 3, at 11:30 a. m. in McCroan.

Of the total number of graduates, four are to receive bachelor of science degrees, two bachelor of arts, and 108 bachelor of science in education. President Zach S. Henderson will confer the degrees.

College officials expect a large number of visitors on campus over the graduation weekend. Arrangements have been made for visitors to stay in Lewis and Cone halls, two dormitories which will remain open through Tuesday.

Rev. Stewart, a native of Mobile, Ala., attended Presbyterian College, Columbia Theological Seminary, Decatur, and Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va. In 1931-32 he

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### EXAM SCHEDULE

Tuesday, May 29—2:30 p. m., all 2:30 classes. All classes will meet as usual until 1:30.

Wednesday, May 30 — 8 o'clock, all 8 o'clock classes; 10:30, Mr. ePinnington's sections of Biology 103; 1:30, all 9 o'clock classes; 3:30, all physical education sections.

Thursday, May 31 — 8 o'clock, all 10:30 classes; 10:30, Mr. Ward's sections of History 103; 1:30, all 11:30 classes; 3:30, Miss Johnson's sections of Eng. 103.

Friday, June 1—8 o'clock, all 12:30 classes; 10:30, all 1:30 classes.

Miss Helen Duncan, dean of women, points out that the changes shift to the students much of the responsibility formerly assumed by the administration.

The revision provide:  
1. Midnight closing hours for Friday and Saturday nights and 11 for other nights.

2. Late permits until 11:30 on week nights Sunday through Thursday if the student has an average of "C" or better.

3. Unlimited number of nights out per week except for fall quarter freshmen who may date only on Friday, Saturday, Sunday nights and no more than one other night. (After fall quarter general overall rules apply to freshmen).

4. Approval for wearing of bermuda shorts, pedal-pushers, and blue jeans as follows:

Baseball games, roller skating, evening rehearsals, decorating details, field trips (if approved by the instructor), in TV lounges or parlors after supper if no dates are present, on front or back campus until supertime on Saturday, to Saturday breakfast and lunch. Bermudas, pedal pushers, and blue jeans may never be worn in any administrative offices, however. Short shorts are acceptable only in physical education classes and on the tennis courts. They are never to be worn on front campus.

The dating rules go into effect at the beginning of next fall quarter, but the new clothing regulations will be observed during the summer sessions, Dean Duncan announced.

She pointed out that the revisions represent considerable work by the combined house councils and administrative officials. The council members made the recommendations which were studied by Dean Duncan and the house directors and subsequently presented to and approved by Dean Paul F. Carroll and Pres. Zach S. Henderson.

### Some Rules Abolished

Further rule changes abolish all special privileges formerly granted house council members. Dean Duncan says she feels this change will eliminate the campaigning for house council positions by students interested in the positions solely for the special privileges and that it will result in better house councils.

The dean pointed out that on special occasions closing hours will be extended on Saturday nights.

Late permits for Sunday through Thursday nights will be granted to all girls who maintained an average of "C" or better the previous quarter. Seniors are allowed 25 per quarter, juniors 20, sophomores 15, and freshmen 10. There will be no late permits for freshman fall quarter.

Dean Duncan says she feels the GTC girls deserve the extra privileges provided in the revisions and she believes they will

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Pictured above are the newly elected Student Council officers for next year. Elected in a hotly contested run-off race last week, the officers are left to right: Bob Byrd, vice president; Rose Watkins, secretary; and Dewayne Dutton, president of the group. These officers have pledged to give their best to the student body, and hope in turn the students will do likewise.

### Girls Granted Time Extension To Attend Junior-Senior Dance

The annual junior-senior dance will be held tonight at the country club from 9 until 12:30.

Women attending the dance will have a curfew extension until 1 a. m., but if not attending the dance, they must be in at their regular time, according to Dean Helen Duncan.

The dance, sponsored by the junior class will be formal but flowers are optional.

Because enough seniors did not reply RSVP, the junior class had to alter its original plan for a banquet. Instead of the usual "punch and crackers" served at dances, there will be special refreshments served buffet style.

Grady Williams, president of the junior class, stated, "I, along with the rest of the junior class of 1956, wish to extend a most cordial invitation to all members of the senior class, their dates, and all members of the faculty. We regret that we weren't able to give you a banquet and we hope that all of you will attend and perhaps enjoy the dance."

### "Miss Reflector" Will Be Named At Reflector Ball

Slated for this weekend on Saturday night is the first "Reflector Ball." This dance is presented by the annual staff and is to recognize the contestants for "Miss Reflector."

The dance, scheduled to start at 8:15 p. m. is to last until 11:15 p. m. and will be held in the old gym as usual. Freshman and sophomore girls will have an extension of 30 minutes, allowing them to come in at 11:30 p. m. Juniors and seniors will be expected at their dormitories at the usual time.

Consisting of two parts, the first half of the floor show will open with an unveiling of an exact replica of this year's Reflector cover. The second half will feature a presentation of the candidates for "Miss Reflector." Candidates to be pre-

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Dewayne Dutton was elected president of the GTC Student Council for the next school year in a run-off election held last Friday. He defeated Ric Mandes for the office.

Elected to serve as secretary-treasurer in this same run-off was Rose Watkins. Rose defeated Joan Lindsey in a close race.

Last Wednesday in the regularly scheduled election, Bob Byrd defeated Ellen Blizard for vice president.

The election moved along slowly at first, with a minimum of campaigning, but by last Friday morning, the race had reached a fervid point with advertising and publicity placed on a larger scale than has been witnessed before.

The effect of this intense last-minute drive was shown in the large number of student voters, 500, who turned out for the run-off election.

Candidates for president based their campaign on a Student Council that would be a true representative of the students. The "Bermuda Short" question was cited as a particular case where the Student Council might defend the rights of the students.

Campaign managers were named by some candidates and endorsement of candidates by clubs and organizations on campus was also prevalent.

### Students Elect Representatives And Co-Editors

Ralph Walton and Mary Jane Harper defeated Cliff O'Neal and Ina Jones for junior class representatives of the Student Council at the election held last Wednesday.

Mickey Webb and Emory Cartrett were named co-editors of the Reflector, the college annual, with a count of 36 votes each. Ina Jones and Glen Coston were eliminated.

In the sophomore election Liz Morgan and Norman (Skeeter) Griffin totaled the highest number of votes to defeat Charles Berger and Beverly Perkins. Herbert Houston, not a candidate, received one write-in vote.

Ed Brown and Jane Jackson were chosen freshman representatives eliminating June Watts and John Chambliss.

### Alpha Rho Tau Announces An Art Scholarship

A freshman art scholarship, the first of its type to be offered at GTC, was approved at the Tuesday meeting of the art club.

This scholarship will be offered to an incoming freshman who plans to major in art and is having financial difficulties. The club approved a motion that the scholarship be put on a one-year basis and would cover not more than one year's tuition. A voluntary committee composed of Fred Fagant, Juanita Freeman, and Marian Weaver, will be in charge of the details and approval of the award by the faculty.

Bob Byrd, outgoing president of the Art club, stated he felt the project to be a great help in advancing the field of art, the college, and the art club, as well as giving assistance to some worthy students.

### Reflectors Due Late Next Week

Lewis Strickland, editor of the 1956 Reflector, cast a wistful eye toward Atlanta this week and announced that he hopes the college annuals will be ready for delivery to GTC students Friday of next week.

He added, however, that there is a possibility the Reflectors will not be completed by then. But he said he has been assured by the publishers that the books will be on hand by June 4, graduation day.

Strickland requests students to keep an eye on the bulletin boards next week for an announcement on the delivery.



Good Ole Summertime—Since warm weather has finally arrived and the repainted swimming pool has opened, it seems as if many GTC students are taking the advantage of both. Shown above is a regular weekend scene at the pool in which the students are using the facilities to swim, sunbathe, and drown their troubles as finals are drawing near.



## Great Expectations

The tumult and the shouting is all over. Another student election has come and gone, and a slate of officers has been dutifully elected by the student body.

There is no doubt those candidates chosen are capable of carrying out the duties of the respective offices to which they were elected.

We believe there is a strong need for a Student Council that will serve the best interests of the students; one that will be a spokesman for the students when questions arise on which the administration and the students disagree.

Both candidates for the council presidency ran on a platform of a Student Council for the students.

The George-Anne, along with the students, shall be expectantly waiting to see if the newly elected candidate matches his words with deeds.

## Swan Song

This is the last edition of The George-Anne for this school year. We, of the staff, feel it has been one of the most successful years in the history of the paper. Our main objective has been to present a complete coverage of campus news and a strong editorial policy which would lead to campus improvements.

Next year many of this year's staff will return to assist with the publication. Many new eager and journalistically minded freshmen will also arrive on campus and this should make for an even better paper than was produced this year.

The Literary Supplement which appears in this edition is one of our biggest achievements for the year. We have high hopes that it will be the beginning of a quarterly supplement.

We would like to thank our advertisers who have supported us, and above all, thanks to you, our readers.

## Aunt Sophie

A grand lady will retire this year after 23 years as a devoted house mother for "Her Boys." Aunt Sophie has won a place in the hearts of all who have ever come in contact with her and holds a special place in the heart of this editor. Her contribution to campus life at GTC has been immeasurable.

As housemother and dean of men, Aunt Sophie has been one of the best influences any boy could be exposed to.

The campus will not seem the same without her. It is with genuine reluctance that we bid adieu to Aunt Sophie.

We shall miss her.

## Students Will Be Given Chance To Prove They Can Be Adults

By BETTY WATSON

Editor's Note: This is a special column by staffer Betty Watson.

We have heard much talk around the campus by the students on the fact that we are now adults and should be treated as such. Next year we will have a chance to prove to the administration that we are adults and can accept adult responsibility or we can abuse the privilege that is being granted us. It has been proven that most adolescents go to extremes in taking advantage of their new-found freedom as "almost adults." Some college students also exhibit this feeling. They feel that now they are away from home and can throw away all bonds of parental authority. Such is the attitude taken by many of the students and it is only a necessary part of emotional growth. The feeling of independence exhibited during this period should only last for a short time.

College students are past the adolescent stage and are fast becoming adults. We will soon be faced with adult responsibilities as parents and business people. Whether we are ready to accept the frightening responsibility that society is giving us remains to be seen.

We as students on GTC's campus must now accept the responsibility that is being placed on our shoulders. If we can accept this responsibility in such a manner that the administration will look upon us as adults, we will be given more privileges such as those issued this week by Dean Helen G. Duncan. If not they will be replaced by restrictions. Let's prove we are adults and can accept adult responsibilities.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

by Dick Bibler



"GEE, ERVIN, WHY DIDN'T WE THINK TO BRING A HAMMOCK?"



To the Student Body:

Just a note of thanks to the students who supported me in my campaign for president of Student Council. I wish to thank them for their honest and sincere support and to all the students for their wonderful participation in this election. The interest was outstanding and was extremely helpful to the candidates in their campaigning.

I want also to congratulate Dewayne Dutton on being elected to the presidency of the council. I am sure that he will guide and direct the council throughout the forthcoming year in the most effective manner.

In closing, I say, "Congratulations" to Dewayne, Bob, and Rose in their new offices and the best of luck to them and the new Student Council.

—RIC MANDES

To the Students:

The election is over. Everyone has a right to be happy. Those who lost can be happy in the fact that there were so many people who supported them, or many friends who were convinced that they were the best for the job. Those who won can be thankful that they have been given the opportunity to put their ideas into action next year. Those who voted should feel proud that they were a part of the largest voting turnout in GTC history. The campaigns were hard-fought by people who felt that the results would be of great importance to the future of our college. The students obviously shared that opinion and voted their convictions.

Next year, an active Student Council will attempt to:

1. Keep close contact with the whole student body and be responsive to its wishes.
2. Transmit their desires and demands to the administration, acting as the voice of the students.
3. Expand the activities and influences of the council into many spheres of student life where it rightly belongs.
4. Maintain and expand the excellent activities in the field of social life carried out by this year's council.
5. Those who were elected would like to thank the people who voted for our election and those who voted for us for the opportunity to make the Student Council an active influence on student life at GTC. We congratulate our opponents on the high level of their campaigns, and the wide support they received on campus. There is room on the council's activities for anyone who is interested and wants to work. We will need your help.

Dewayne Dutton  
Bob Byrd  
Rose Watkins

Dear Editor:

In the recent Student Council election for members at large, I was elected to represent the junior class. Many people worked long and hard on my behalf and to those people I wish to express my sincerest thanks and appreciation for the time and effort they expended in the interest of my campaign.

To all of those who voted for me, I also wish to extend my thanks, and to say to the entire class that I shall serve and represent them to the best of my ability.

—RALPH WALTON...

## Guest Column

### Tribute To a Great Lady

By JOHN TOOTLE

For two years now I've been completely in love with a woman. From the very first meeting, I've known that this would be a lasting affair of the heart. Our love has weathered more than one minor crisis, and from it I've drawn strength and inspiration which transcend my understanding. I believe it will continue and serve me well in the years ahead.

It all began in Cone Hall. A college official had directed me to Miss Johnson in answer to my request for living accommodations. I rang a bell and waited. A tall and dignified lady appeared and, when I inquired if this were Miss Johnson, informed me that it was Aunt Sophie. Little did I realize that at last I'd found a woman who would be more than friend. After living 24 years without a mother, suddenly I found one. When the adjustment to dormitory and campus life seemed a little beyond me, she stepped in and smoothed things out. When a family problem arose with which I was unprepared to cope, Aunt Sophie spoke a few assuring words which let me know that all would be well. She has by no means solved each problem I've faced here, but knowing her has made them all much easier to face.

I believe that the manner in which each day's events are faced is a sure measure of

character. I've watched Aunt Sophie gently admonishing the boys; I've seen her feeling physically poor; I've watched her grieve; and I've seen her happy. I have yet to see her when she was not very epitome of dignity. Her bearing and manner have left no doubt but that here was genteel greatness. In all her varied activities she has added something fine and personal to the tea and sympathy traditionally dispensed by dormitory mothers.

Now her colleagues have publicly honored her, and the students she has served so well have stood up and shown their love and appreciation for her. But there is still something intangible about my regard for Aunt Sophie, something I am unable to explain. Whatever it is she has given me, I know I am a better man for it, and I am grateful.

In a few months a new class of students will be coming here. I pity these boys of the future who will not experience what I have with Aunt Sophie. Theirs will be a loss, for character such as hers is precious and rare, and seldom found. And perhaps the most wonderful thing about this love of ours is that it has not been unique—the very same thing has happened to all boys and men who have lived on this campus during the past several years and known Aunt Sophie as I have.

## Billy Jackson

### Alma Mater Nearly Forgotten

Having the fortune to be seated near the back of the auditorium for the assembly periods for fall and winter quarters, I got in on some very interesting conversation. The particular conversation I am referring to is not that which occurs between students, but that originated by the faculty seated just across the aisle in the center section of rows W, X, Y, and Z.

Perhaps the most interesting conversation was between two of our lady faculty members on a bright cold Monday morning. The first lady turned to the other, and said, "I hear that they are to start using the Alma Mater in assembly now." In a somewhat surprised tone, the other answered frankly, "They use it so infrequently, I am afraid the great majority of the student body doesn't even know it."

How true this second comment was. There are very few students that can recite the Alma Mater. The reason is, that it just isn't used often enough. Now, why not?

In most other colleges, as well as in most high schools, the students are educated by the word and the spirit of the Alma Mater. They are well aware of the Alma Mater, and what it stands for.

The Alma Mater of Georgia Teachers College is a tradition, it is representative of the foundation upon which this school was built. We would be correct in saying that our Alma Mater is Georgia Teachers College.

The tune is not important, for there are countless numbers that are set to the same music with only the change in words.

"Down among the murmuring pine trees," the almighty tall and handsome Georgia pine. The pine which had to be moved in order for our forefathers to build this institution and the homes in which they lived.

"Where old nature smiles," the smile of life eternal, the smile that knows no other emotion but that which bountifully furnishes us with the resources that we have and use.

"Old TC holds up a standard," the standard set by the sweat off the brows of the founding fathers, the standards that the school has survived upon these countless years.

"Known for miles and miles," known far and wide, and known by young and old. Our students come from the span of America, and they are here because they wanted to come here, they have stayed because they have found something worth staying for.

"From the blue and broad Atlantic, balmy breezes blow, wafting far old TC's spirit. May she ever grow." Here is the hope she holds for us, the hope upon which we will forever live.

We are students here, and though we may propose changes in this verse of tradition, and though we may want to change the Alma Mater completely, we should forever hold sacred the things for which it stands.

## THE GEORGE-ANNE

BRITT FAYSSOUX, EDITOR

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## Inquiring Reporter

By JOYCE KIRKLAND

By special request from a member of the student body, the question asked by the inquiring reporter for this last week of the quarter is pertaining to a certain group of students on campus. The question, "Do you think student workers are underpaid?" has been



answered, I hope, truthfully by all those questioned. Each person who replied had fully in mind his responsibility as a worker or a student and knew full well the consequences which would follow his act. Following are the answers I have received:

**Janis Miller**—Yes, I think student workers are underpaid because the students who work are working to help pay their expenses in college and they have to work too many hours not to get any more than they do.

**Tommie Anderson** — Yes, I certainly do believe they are underpaid. I feel that as college life means a lot and is a part of one's work while in college; therefore, 50 cents isn't enough to pay for the valuable time the students give and isn't worth what they give up. Their time is too valuable.

**Liz Morgan**—No, they're not. I think it's a privilege to be able to work and come to school. Fifty cents an hour is enough. If they have extra money to spend they should spend it for a student center or something.

**George Morrell** — No, but they're underfed.

**Jimmy Long**—I worked as a referee in ball games a little while, and I don't think that 50 cents an hour is too little for that. There's not that much work to it. If you like sports, it's fun. I liked doing it.

**Amelia Reeves** — As many student workers as there are, they can't afford to pay much. And most of them don't work more than two or three hours a day. I really don't have an opinion on it.

**Dorothy Goodson**—No, if the student workers were paid any more, there would have to be fewer workers. As it is now, many of the students are able to have jobs.

**Kelly Powell**—Some of them are, and some of them AINT.

**Cliff O'Neal**—Most definitely! When I first came to GTC, I worked as a student worker

for one week. It took me that long to realize that the time that was taken away from studies and other activities wasn't worth the pay. I decided that I could make more in one week of summer work than I could by working a whole quarter of student work. If the pay scale were higher, I would like to work again.

**Joyce Kirkland**—Yes, student workers are underpaid. A person who is working on the outside is paid according to his job; however, the least paid jobs have a minimum wage of one dollar an hour. I realize that a student at GTC is a student, but does that lower the calibre of work which he does?

I believe that, whether he does or not, a student is capable of doing as good work as a person who graduated from high school and is holding down a job at one dollar on the outside.

As for the scale of pay here, everyone is paid the same thing. There is some distinction as to who has the better job, but there is no difference in pay for the better jobs. Does a cook on the outside get paid as much as a secretary?

These are some of the answers given by students on the GTC campus about the wages of student workers. What does the faculty think about it?

## Special Clinic This Summer

A special piano clinic for private studio teachers, public school piano teachers, and prospective piano teachers, will be held on the GTC campus this summer on June 6-8.

The clinic is to be conducted by Leo Podolsky, world renowned pianist and teacher. Some of his most outstanding activities have included two round-the-world tours as a concert pianist, and teaching engagements in the Sherwood Music School and the Mozarteum in Salzburg.

Cost of the clinic will be \$10 per person for the entire tuition, with registration set for 8 a. m. each day.

# Survey Reveals 63 Percent of Students Prefer Compulsory Attendance in Assembly

Sixty-three per cent of GTC students favor compulsory weekly chapel attendance, according to a George-Anne survey conducted this week, but most of them agreed that present assembly programs are "poor" and should be improved.

A four-man staff group interviewed 200 students, all classes and all sexes, to come up with the startling statistics. When asked whether or not they favored compulsory attendance 63 per cent answered in the affirmative. The remaining 37 per cent favored a non-compulsory situation. Of the group 62 per cent indicated that they favor having assembly weekly, as is now the

custom. Eighteen per cent preferred having it every two weeks, 5 per cent favored every three weeks, 12 per cent preferred having it every four weeks, and 3 per cent suggested one per quarter.

A larger measure of the group thought that chapel programs could be improved. Forty-four per cent classified our present programs as poor; 30 per cent rated them mediocre; while 26 per cent thought they were good this past year.

The survey committee made an additional attempt at ob-

taining some suggestions for program improvement. A major proposal suggested a need for more student participation. Some suggested that club activities could be incorporated into the assembly events. A common demand was for more variation in the programs. These people seemed to feel that our present type is just that, a definite, single type. Many students indicated that they thought it was necessary to have chapel only on special occasions. In this way, the program requirement would automatically be filled. It was also suggested that more cuts should be allowed.

A large segment of those interviewed thought that if chapel attendance was not compulsory, a majority would attend anyhow. A gentle wag, of the male sex suggested that burlesque would prove sufficient attraction.

## Dr. Neil Professor of Music, But Writer In Spare Time

By ELLEN BRANDON

"I was born in a little town in Kansas, nine miles from where President Eisenhower was born," says Dr. Ronald J. Neil, head of the music department of Georgia Teachers College. Dr. Neil did his undergraduate work at Kansas Wesleyan and then started to teach in a junior college in Missouri where he says he was the whole music department.

Then he transferred to Culver-Stockton College in Canton, Mo., on a bluff overlooking the Mississippi River. He taught there for five years and then took a year's leave of absence and went to Syracuse University where he started work on his master's degree. He came back to Culver-Stockton for four more years and then went to the University of Iowa on a teaching fellowship and received his MA degree.

He then began teaching at Columbia Teachers College in New York where he met Dr. Marvin Pittman who hired him to come to GTC in 1937.

### Separated Music

Dr. Neil organized the music department into a separate unit from the fine and practical arts, which had previously included industrial arts, home economics and music. In 1941, GTC gave its first degrees in music and to this day it is the only senior co-educational college in Georgia besides the University which offers a degree in music.



DR. RONALD J. NEIL

He received his Ph.D. from Peabody College in 1943 where he worked on another teaching fellowship.

Dr. Neil married his high school sweetheart and they have a seven-year-old son. About three years ago they built a house in Statesboro and are very happy with it.

### Favorite Music, Opera

Although Dr. Neil has very little spare time to spend on his hobby which is writing, he has about 25 different articles published in several music magazines. His favorite type of music is opera.

He has seen the music department grow from a mere handful of students in 1937 to today's 40 who are majoring in music, and he expects to see it continue to grow and grow.

## House Mothers Attend School

Mrs. Jeanette McCorkle, house director for Lewis Hall at Georgia Teachers College, will attend the Purdue University House Mother's Training School June 10-26.

Mrs. Archie Jackson and Mrs. J. B. Johnson, two other GTC house directors, attended the training school last summer.

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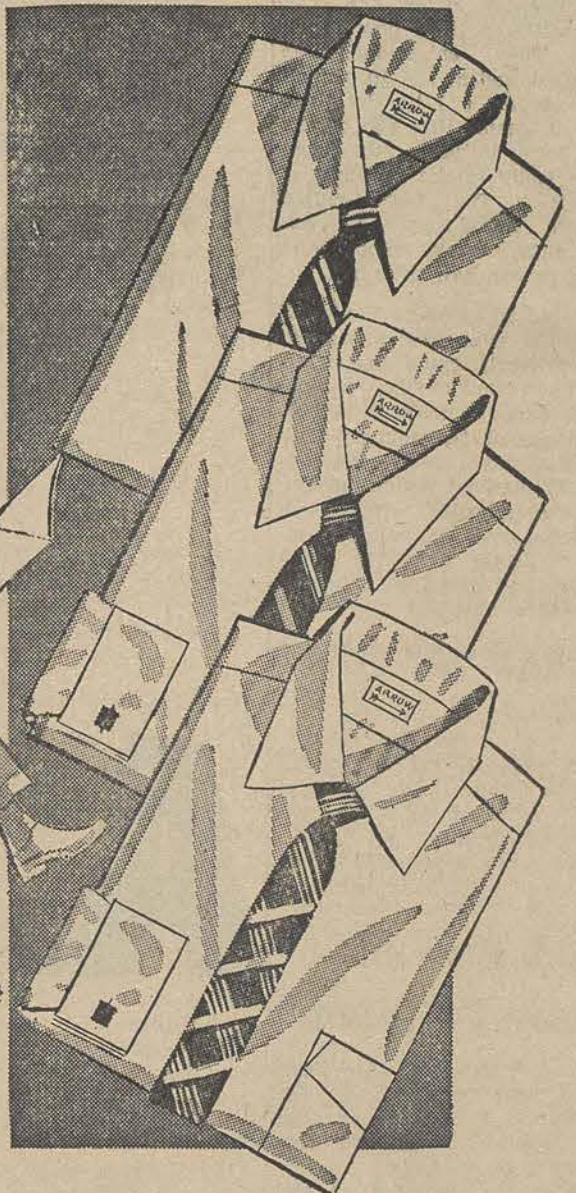
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## CAMPUS COLUMN

By STAR WOODARD

Well, this past weekend and this week have been packed full of suspense, tears, fun, and excitement.

The suspense on the campus almost reached an all-time high Saturday night as everyone waited for the appearance of the most preferred man on campus. Little did they know that Mr. Preferred was not on campus. It seems that he had journeyed to the beach and the car he was in had gotten stuck in the sand. Mr. Preferred, Leonard Lokey, finally arrived much to the relief of FELA. From all I've heard the party was a great success and the floor show was just the most.

Monday morning at 10 o'clock the GTC students and faculty were found in tears. The usual chapel period was dedicated to our dear Aunt Sophie, dean of men, who will retire in August. I can honestly say that there was hardly a dry eye in the house. The faculty presented Aunt Sophie with a lovely watch. She is one of the beautiful college memories that all GTC students will treasure. Everyone talks of how the boys love Aunt Sophie. Well, I want her to know that she is loved, honored, and respected equally by the girls. We will all miss you, but Aunt Sophie, you have our most sincere wish for continued happiness through the years.

The fun on the campus was had Tuesday when the "T" Club initiated their new members. They entertained at breakfast and at the 10 o'clock coffee break (?) at the little store. It seems that one of the boys being initiated introduced Grace Kelly to the students at breakfast. The boys pulled through even if they had to eat raw eggs, wear onions and Royal Crown hair dressing.

The anticipation of the coming junior-senior dance and the Reflector ball brings excitement to the campus. The junior-senior dance is to be held Friday night at the country club and is expected to be a big success. Excitement mounts as the night approaches when Miss Reflector will be announced. The Reflector dance is semi-formal and has an excellent floor show planned.

I hope all of you study and pull about three A's this quarter.

As this is my last column, I would like to tell you that I hope you have enjoyed reading it half as much as I have enjoyed writing it.

Have a nice summer vacation. I'll see you in September.

### PMA Presents Music Program

A program of American music was presented in the auditorium last night by Phi Mu Alpha, GTC music fraternity for the boys.

Under the direction of Mel Seidel, president of the club, the program was presented as a fulfillment of the group's character, which calls for one such performance annually. Daniel Hooley, faculty member of the club, accompanied the selections throughout the evening.

The program was varied, and included a woodwind ensemble, an organ and piano number, a brass trio, a dance orchestra, a mixed quartet, and the clubs of En Melodie and Phi Mu Alpha, both jointly and separately in song selections. Music for the event ranged from sacred and folk songs to the popular hits.

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### Cornelison New FTA President

Albert Cornelison was elected president of the Future Teachers of America in meeting Wednesday night, May 16.

Serving with Cornelison as

vice president is Mary Jane Harper, secretary Wanda Broome, treasurer Albert Norman, librarian Joyce Jackson, and chairman of member-

ship and publicity, Mary Jo Hodges.

Past president Clarence Miller will attend the national FTA convention at the Pacific Lutheran College in Parkland, Washington, June 24-30.

### The George - Anne — Page 4

Collegeboro, Georgia, Friday, May 25, 1956

The first and second day of the convention will be devoted to the national FTA convention. Shelby Monroe was asked to attend the convention as an official delegate.

# Q. Why Are Viceroy's 20,000 FILTERS Made From Pure Cellulose?

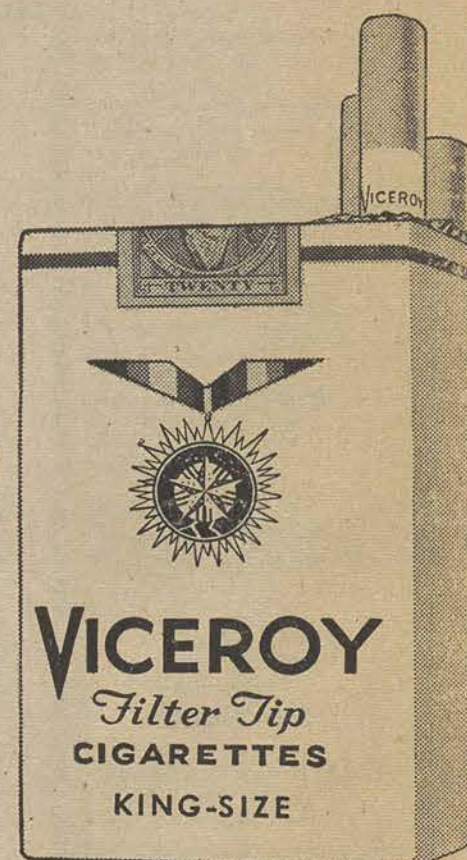


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## SPORTS SPOTS

By BILLY JACKSON  
George-Anne Sports Editor

The end is here, and I really mean it. Last Tuesday afternoon in the midst of the T-Club's initiation of new members, the sports editor heard many comments on the affair. There were a few comments favorable to the cause, but the majority of all comments were unfavorable. Unfavorable comments usually do not hurt, but in this case after much inquiry the editor found the most unfavoritism was absurd and unauthorized.

Some of the mass confusion of conversation went like this: "How horrible!" "Those boys ought to be ashamed of themselves treating those poor fellows like that." "I wish I were man enough to make them stop it." "Eek, I can't look at that horrible mess." Now then, on the other hand, favorable comment went along this order: "I think this shows that these boys really earned their membership, and I am glad they get to do this; it certainly breaks the monotony of this dull campus." "Gee, aren't they cute." "I tried to eat a raw egg once, it was fun." "I wish I could crack that goon over the head with a negg, but I would want it hard boiled; no joke, I was just kidding, I think he is a swell guy." This last statement referred to one of the freshman boys being initiated, and not one of the club members.

The significant thing in this article is the question, was this initiation fair, or was it a shady? If I were commissioned to answer the question, my answer would go like this: The T-Club is a big part of the department of athletics of GTC. This club is composed of athletes, not just men with athletic abilities alone, but men who had the qualities to take and give freely for the benefit of our students and our faculty. They achieved their fame by playing the game fair. Since this is one of the most important events in the GTC athlete's life, I think that it has become more significant by these initiations. In the past a person could earn a letter by merely contributing a required amount of effort in either baseball or basketball. Beginning this year, the only way a person may collect his earned letter is by joining the T-Club, and the only way a person may join is by being officially admitted through initiation by the club's present members at the time the initiation takes place. Now, I want to expound on the subject of right and wrong. In any college you may attend you will find a certain amount of tradition. Tradition is necessary, if progress is to be recognized. Therefore, can't we say that this T-Club initiation wasn't a personal grudge against any person or persons, but was a part of our college life, any part of the life of any college. Tradition, along with the progress being made in an institution of this type, is what our college was built on. As we attempt to answer the right and wrong question, if we are for the strength given us by tradition, the answer is neither right or wrong, but is "May long live our wonderful school, its principles, its traditions, and its progress."

### T-Club Accepts Nine Athletes

This year's sports calendar was completed this week with the T-Club's initiation of those boys earning their first varsity letter as an athlete at Georgia Teachers College. In this traditional ceremony, nine boys were ushered into the club for membership. Those admitted to club membership were: fresh-

men Ralph Berryhill, John Sawyer and Bob Teasley; sophomore George Morrell; juniors Ralph Spurlock, Whit Reeves, Jimmy White, Bill Lowe, and Don Avery. Spurlock and Avery won their letters in basketball, while the others collected theirs through the diamond route. Each year, the T-Club membership increases with the accomplishments of individuals who strive to make our athletic program a stronger one. Every person, who comes to GTC, and is male in sex has a chance to participate in athletics, either on the intramural level or in the

# Basketball Schedule Is Set; New Foes For '57 Are Sighted



The 1956 Professors who compiled 18 wins and 8 loss record. From left to right, first row: Teasley, Reeves, White, Esmonde, Tyler, Wallen, Baston, Alewine and Griffin. Second row, Cartee, Powell, Morrell, Hobbs, Warren, Berryhill, Sawyer, Ford, Hall and Coach Clements.

## Many Familiar Teams Omitted

This week, the new 1957 basketball schedule was announced by head coach and athletic director J. B. Searce. The new list of Professor's foes includes many new faces plus many of our yearly rivals. Also noticed in the new tally is the absence of many of our old stand-by foes. Searce said that the schedule was nearly completed, but a few changes were seen. At the present, the schedule has 24 contests listed, and since the maximum number of games as regulated by the NAIA is 26, there are only a few possible changes to be made. The new faces added to the new schedule are: East Tennessee State College, David Lipscomb College, The University of Tampa, Arkansas State Teachers College, and Presbyterian College. Returning to the line-up is Spring Hill College, previously one of our most spirited rivals. Omissions from this year's schedule that we played last year are: Piedmont College, Florida State University, and Florida Southern College.

The new schedule will be as follows:

Dec. 1, Stetson (here); Dec. 3, East Tenn. St. (there); Dec. 4, Belmont Abbey (there); Dec. 8, Mercer (here); Dec. 12, David Lipscomb (here); Dec. 14, Tampa (there); Dec. 19, Arkansas State (here); Jan. 5, Wofford (here); Jan. 12, Belmont Abbey (here); Jan. 14, Mercer (there); Jan. 15, Erskine (there); Jan. 19, (open); Jan. 22, Wofford (there); Jan. 24, Quantico (here); Jan. 26, Presbyterian (here); Jan. 28, Rollins (there); Feb. 4, Spring Hill (here); Feb. 6, Erskine (here); Feb. 9, Rollins (here); Feb. 11, Stetson (there); Feb. 16, East Tenn. St. (here); Feb. 18, Presbyterian (there); Feb. 23, Tampa (here); and March 1-2 NAIA District Tournament (here).

## IM Roundup Seniors Champs

The third round of the intramural softball season ended similarly to the ending of all intramurals for the past two years at least. Two of the four softball teams were found to have quit. The end of the season came with the freshmen and the sophomores both taking forfeited games from the junior and senior teams. On Monday afternoon, the juniors were scheduled to vie with the freshman squad for those two teams' last game. Again the sophomores took the forfeited contest from the senior team on Tuesday because the senior nine failed to show up. Although the senior class won the intramural championship there has been talk that any team that quits before the end of the season should not be eligible to win the championship. If this were carried through, the honors would go to the Sophomores and the freshmen with the juniors and seniors bringing up the rear.

Of course, we are not authorized to set the rules for qualification this late, but it would be fun wouldn't it.

Things being as they were, the seniors took the intramural championship winning six and losing two. With the sophomores winning the forfeit, they moved to second position with five wins and four losses. The juniors having lost the forfeit slipped into their position with four wins and five loss record. The frosh nine lay resting in the cellar as they lost seven contests and won only two.

The most successful one player was pitcher Bob Cardell of the senior squad with seven wins and one loss. Lowell Russell was next with two wins against one defeat, and Aubry Highsmith followed closely with two wins and two defeats. Bob King and Sonny Stephens each had two wins and two losses for the juniors and the freshmen hurler Irving Hanson had the worst luck, winning one and losing five.

varsity ranks. Those coming by way of varsity have a chance to make up the membership of the T-Club, therefore, every male student at GTC is eligible to try for membership into this club.

## Professors' Tally Sheet

Name	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	SB	SAC	RBI	PC.
Sawyer	7	17	3	8	1	1	0	0	0	5	.470
Wallen	21	86	21	36	9	2	4	3	2	32	.418
Hobbs	5	8	2	3	0	0	0	0	1	2	.375
Ford	26	114	35	42	5	2	1	19	1	20	.368
Berryhill	26	102	21	35	3	0	1	0	3	20	.343
White	8	20	4	7	3	1	0	0	2	2	.350
Warren	22	100	24	34	3	2	2	8	3	16	.340
Alewine	12	35	5	11	1	0	0	0	2	10	.314
Esmonde	26	83	27	26	5	1	1	4	5	25	.313
Powell	22	89	23	27	4	2	1	4	3	22	.303
Morrell	25	99	14	28	5	1	2	4	3	26	.282
Griffin	26	92	21	25	1	0	0	4	2	11	.260
Reeves	15	19	5	4	1	0	0	1	1	3	.210
Tyler	7	18	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.111
Lowe	6	16	5	1	0	0	0	1	0	2	.062
Hall	5	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Baston	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
TOTALS	26	906	214	289	41	12	13	48	30	96	.317

## 'Up - To - Date'

By MICKIE WEBB

Wherever summer is—college, home or on the beach, it's one of the most decorative seasons of the year. The flowering print, the gingham check, polished cottons, all these dot the warm days with a picture of coolness.

The Glamenco flounce skirt, bursting into starched fullness, can be found in either a white pique or organdy.

For the women that make weekly trips to the beach; salt water should be washed out instantly, as should the chlorinated water of the swimming pool.

Here are a few outfits that will make you the most noticed gal on the beach; the Poncho Pull-Over, plaided in blue, green and violet, with a matching swim suit, will give you that Mexican look.

In terra cotta cotton, you can find the belted pull-over with matching shorts.

Pumps or sandals, this summer's shoe is likely to be white. One reason, they make suntans look sunnier—white makes a

good contrast with a pure, pale gold (meaning suntan).

White and embroidered material—two of the best summertime combinations for sundress, evening dress, or just any kind of dress for this summer.

Squared wide and off the shoulders with a very full, full skirt makes you the loveliest of lovelies this summer.

## Rules Changed

continued from page 1

assume the added responsibility of budgeting their time between study and social pursuits.

The revisions represent drastic changes over previous regulations. Although senior girls could date as they pleased under the old rules, junior and sophomore girls could date only two week nights and freshmen only one. Week night closing hours were 10:30 for sophomores and freshmen.

## Miss "Reflector" Will Be Named

continued from page 1

sented at this time are Ann Fulmer, Ann Kennedy, and Janice Mayers, freshmen; Viola Browne, Colleen LaFavor Fleming, and Nancy Stephens, sophomores; Ruth Bennett, Patsy Page, and Mary Tippins, juniors; Betty Horne, Carole Smith, and Dale Warnock, seniors.

"Miss Reflector" was chosen by three sports writers from photographs presented to them. As yet her identity is unknown to all members of the campus.

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Thursday, May 31

## Slightly Scarlet

John Payne—Arlene Dahl

## STATE

Mon., Tues., May 28-29

## Uranium Boom

Dennis Morgan  
Patricia Medina

Wed., Thurs., May 30-31

## Fighting Man Of

The Plains

Randolph Scott—Jane Nigh

## DRIVE-IN

Sun., Mon., May 27-28

## The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing

Ray Milland—Joan Colline

Tuesday, May 29

## Bengazi

Richard Conte  
Victor McLallen

Wed., Thurs., May 30-31

## Walt Disney's Lady And The Tramp

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## Named Mr. Preferred, Lokey Seems Shaken

Returning the direct stare of the sandy-haired young man who is now the most preferred man of 1956, it is not hard to understand why he was chosen. Who was to know that approximately 10 minutes after Leonard Lokey entered the front gates of GTC, he was to become the most preferred man of the women here.

Bob Fuqua found Leonard trudging along in an exhausted manner, wracking his brain for an explanation of his two-hour tardiness. In eight minutes, Bob had Leonard transformed from a tired young man in bathing trunks to a neat, well-dressed gentleman without his socks. Bob was going to help Leonard make his explanations to his date, who, Bob said, was simply furious. Leonard was rushed into his clothes and then into the beautiful convertible by Mose Bass.

At the tennis court Leonard told Bob just to put him out there. Bob then informed Leonard that he was Mr. Preferred. He turned to Mose Bass for advice, "What can I say?" Mose had just one thing to offer, "Be a man, Baby, be a man."

Onto the tennis court he was rushed, Mose's encouragement ringing in his ears. The top of the convertible was rolled back, and Ric Mandes, MC of the floor show, shouted, "And now, Mr. Preferred of 1956, Leonard Lokey!" Leonard struggling for the seats to pull himself up, stood. Escorted out by Mose Bass, he came to the mike, was crowned and saluted by Janice Mayers, was congratulated and presented a gift by Herbert Houston; he was asked to say a few words.

His speech consisted of: "Lawd, I just got here. Look at my hands, they won't even do right. Lawd, I don't know what to say."

He sat down, still shaking. Beneath the worn and nervous look Mr. Preferred's face were lines of appreciation, gratitude, surprise, and honor. After the whirl of excitement, handshakes, hugs, and congratulations, he relaxed with a cool cup of cider, and at last, with his date who had been lost in the tide of events.

In conclusion Mr. Preferred commented, "Being Mr. Preferred is certainly an honor, an honor I never dreamed of having. I am humble with this title, and truthfully, deep down, I'll never understand just why I, of all people, was chosen for this."

## Home Ec Club Elects Officers

The home economics club held its final meeting for the 1955-56 school session last Monday night at 7 o'clock.

The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Moore and refreshments were served.

Officers for the 1956-57 school years were installed. They include: president, Sis Says; vice president, Beverly Perkins and Alice Williams; secretary, Beverly Peavy; reporter, June Johnson; parliamentarian, Jerry Shealy; treasurer, Carolyn Ellington. The advisors for the club are Mrs. Moore and Miss Meadows.

## Campus News Briefs

Aunt Sophie Johnson was honored with a tea last Thursday, May 17, in the home management house from 3:45 to 5:45 p. m.

The tea was given by members of the meal planning table service class.

Punch, coffee, chicken salad sandwiches, cream cheese and pineapple sandwiches, and little cakes decorated by some of the class members, were served.

Group four under the direction of student teacher Ann DeLoach, totaled up 91 points and was declared winner of Field Day held at Marvin Pittman School, Friday, May 18.

Approximately 20 events were participated in by both the high schools girls and boys.

The baccalaureate sermon for Marvin Pittman School will be held in the MPS auditorium, Sunday afternoon, May 27 at 5 o'clock.

The Rev. T. Roe Scott, pastor of the Primitive Baptist Church of Statesboro will be the speaker.

Dean Paul F. Carroll will lead the invocation.

For the assembly program Monday, May 28, President Zach S. Henderson will address the student body. According to Dean Paul Carroll, this will be the last assembly program of the quarter.

Dr. J. A. Boole and three students left last Friday afternoon on a two-day botany tour trip to the mountains around Highlands, North Carolina.

They joined Dr. Wilber H. Duncan and three students from the University of Georgia in Athens. Dr. Duncan planned the trip and asked the group from GTC to accompany him and his group.

According to Dr. Boole, the trip was successful and very worthwhile. They found a variety of plants uncommon to this mountain area and some uncommon to the area around Statesboro.

Students from GTC attending were Ina Jones, Liz Morgan, and Bob Byrd.

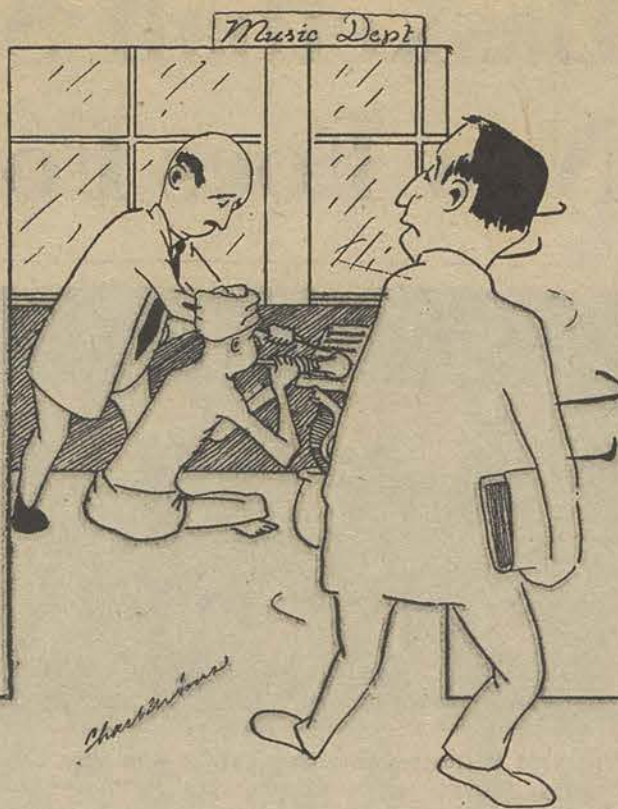
Cecil Woodard was named next year's president of En Melodie, GTC's music sorority, next year.

Dr. J. D. Park, professor of the education division will be the commencement speaker at the high school graduation exercises in Adrian, Georgia, May 29, at 8 p. m.

Graduation for Marvin Pittman School seniors will be Monday night, May 28, at 8 o'clock.

Various students from the senior class of 31 members will be the speakers for the occasion.

Dr. Zach S. Henderson will lead the invocation and deliver the diplomas.



## McIntosh Swaps Recordings With Foreign Students

Nancy McIntosh, a senior from Waycross has an outstanding hobby of making tape recordings and trading these tapes with people around the world.

Nancy and her parents began this hobby about eight years ago through the wire recording club known as the Voice-spondance club so as to include wire and tape recordings.

The club publishes a list of members and their personal interests, and from this list the voicespondants choose persons they think will make good tape pals.

The length of the tapes vary with the subject and the voice-spondant. Nancy gave an example of a voicespondant and she and her parents have made in South Africa. The conversation tape is thirty minutes long and includes the voices of three members of the family.

Nancy and the young man of the family exchange a 15 minute tape of music.

According to Nancy, the first tape is the hardest. To break the ice Nancy's family try to talk of the Okefenokee swamp and send sounds such as a snake's rattle on the tape. They frequently use music performed by the GTC band. They have also sent recordings of the beauty revue.

Some of the places that the McIntoshes have made friends by tape are:

New York, Texas, California, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Virginia, Tennessee, Honolulu, Austria, Alaska, England, South Africa, and South America.

Nancy says she feels she really knows the voicespondants, even though she has never seen them, and when she did meet some she felt they were not strangers at all but old friends.

There has been an ever-growing interest in this unusual hobby within Nancy's family.

She stated her father has approximately 75 miles of tape and wire in his private library.

One of the most interesting tapes they have received is of an African tribal ceremony made on the spot.

Nancy recommends this hobby to anyone interested in people and what they do. She added she has received souvenirs from all over the world.



Seven engagements keep President Zach S. Henderson on a busy commencement speaking program. He will participate, of course, in the GTC programs Sunday and Monday, June 3-4.

## Tinker Elected Art Club Pres.

Martha Tinker was elected president of the art club at a recent meeting of the club. Vice president for next year will be Bob Byrd. This year's retiring president, Secretary will be Mimi Saba and Fred Fagnant will serve as treasurer.

## Three Educational Courses Added To Summer School Curriculum

Three new education courses will be taught this summer during summer school which will begin with registration starting at 9 a. m., June 7th and classes starting June 8. These courses are teaching in core curriculum, methods for teaching in core curriculum, methods for teaching modern language, and improving instruction in the local school.

Dr. Z. J. Farkas, associate professor of modern language, will offer for the first time this summer education 420, methods of teaching modern language.

This will be offered in the summer quarter only. It is designed for experienced teachers with some background in modern foreign languages who may be called upon to teach them in high school or introduce them at elementary level.

The education department plans to inaugurate a new training program for supervisors of student teaching according to J. D. Park, professor and chairman of division of education. It is open to personnel in our off-campus centers who are supervising GTC teachers. They will be admitted by invitation, and carefully selected.

This workshop will be conducted by Marshall W. Hamilton, associate professor of education, and Miriam B. Moore, assistant professor of education in home economics.

In the past this program has been available only through the

graduate school of the University of Florida. The state department's final approval to accept this program in graduate study at the University has not been received but is expected soon.

Shelby Monroe will offer for the first time this summer education 321, teaching in the core curriculum. This course considers the philosophical and psychological foundations of the core curriculum. This course will be taught the second session which begins at 3 p. m., July 12th with registration and classes beginning July 13th.

Dr. Hamilton will offer an off-campus workshop at Baxley High School, Baxley, June 7th to July 12th. Constance Cone and Gladys Waller will assist Dr. Hamilton. This workshop will be offered to teachers in Toombs county and adjacent counties wishing to further their study toward a degree or who wish to do further study for certificate renewal.

Highway safety and drivers education, which was taught for the first time this quarter will be taught again this summer.

Completion of this course qualifies the student for certification by the State Department of Education as a driver training instructor.

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# Remembrance Of Things Past

Editor's Note: Speech delivered by Tully Pennington on Honors Day for Aunt Sophie.

President Henderson, members of the faculty, students, and guests of the college. In thinking over what one could say on this occasion, I find one could run on for hours if he tried to enumerate the fine qualities of Aunt Sophie and tell of her many varied services to this institution in her 23 year tour of duty. This estimate of time, needless to say, would not include quotations from her spoken words. A bit more time might well be needed in order to do that. I find there is no easy way to describe Aunt Sophie and her position at TC. A less difficult task for me is to try to tell you of some of my experiences with her over a period of 21 years.

## Erudite Title

If there are those among you so erudite as to think there must be a title to such a speech as this, we will call it "Aunt Sophie Is a Bird," and I shall attempt to show you why I think so.

My first contact with Aunt Sophie and TC was early on a September morning in 1935. I had come by train to Dover and from there with three other students and all of our baggage in a Model A Ford. We arrived at West Hall at 7 a. m. West was the men's dormitory and Aunt Sophie's empire. I met at once with a former fellow student and close friend of mine in another Georgia College. Neither of us was accustomed to female supervision in a dormitory for men and were resentful of having a house mother. Never-the-less we were soon face to face with Aunt Sophie and greetings so cheerful and cordial that we doubted the sincerity of it all. Quickly and efficiently we were assigned to rooms, instructed of regulations and schedules, and most important of all directed to hurry to breakfast in the dining hall. This encounter over and a few paces separating us from the female dean of men, my friend turned to me and inquired, "Who is that old duck?" For the first meeting, that succinctly described my opinion of aunt Sophie.

## Insulted Senior

Later the same day, she was ironing window curtains in the lobby—and they were lobbies in those days—completely devoid of the elegance of deserv-ing the term lounge—I was asked to help stretch the curtains as she pushed the iron. The chatter flowed. I soon altered my opinion. One so charming, down to earth, and versatile as this surely could not deserve a title signifying unbalance and awkwardness.

Much of this warm feeling was shattered the following day when I was moved from the room initially assigned me to one across the hall with a timid, homesick freshman as a roommate. The very idea of putting me, a senior, with such an insignificant mortal—why Aunt Sophie must be a loon!!!

Soon the days were flying

past, what with classes, tests, receptions, dances, football games, movies at the one local cinema house. There were radio programs to be heard on the set in the lobby. Aunt Sophie's own set in her apartment, and one belonging to a group of students of third floor. Illness was no rarity—the usual common colds, flu and an occasional appendectomy. In all these events—social, academic, recreational, or medical—we soon learned Aunt Sophie knew best. (There was one exception—Bea, the maid, asked her for ammonia. Aunt Sophie supplied household; Bea used it as aromatic spirits. Bea survived, and Aunt Sophie continued to be regarded as the wise old owl with all the answers.)

## A Rose is a Rose

At social functions our bird was quickly recognized as one with brilliant plumage and the exercise of exquisite taste. It was always fun to see what "rig" she used for each occasion—jewelry—glamorous and glittering; hats—plain and fancy, picture to beanie, straw to velvet. Whatever the dress—simple, yet beautiful in line, exhibiting good taste and the latest fashion. The one most daring evening gown was one of several years ago, form fitting, black in color, very narrow skirt, and split on one side to a point slightly above the knee. The single adornment of this creation was a giant red rose worn on the left dorsolateral line at the point where it sweeps proximally posterior to the Gluteus maxims. For the benefit of those who are not well versed in biological learning this is the point where she wore the rose. From the standpoint of dress, we would have to classify our bird as a cedar waxwing, one which is adept in the use of bright colors, but with finesse in tailoring. Those much younger than I could perhaps express it best as—"a slick chick."

Our bird loves the use of flowers in adorning her nest and its surroundings—perhaps she's an Australian bower bird!

In zoology classes and open houses in the science department, she was the one to handle the snakes. Her favorite was a coach-whip because he was a fighter. It required skill to handle him. See, this bird is raptorial in her habits.

## Trombonist, Yet

In song, alas! I fear she comes short. She loves music—instrumental or vocal; classical or jive; best of all good band music, especially marches. But don't give her any hillbilly. She once gave me the devil for letting a class I sponsored hire a local hillbilly band for a square dance. The band director once talked her into studying trombone. (Or maybe she talked the band director into letting her study trombone.) The sounds she made in that band concert were enough to make me shudder. I could think of no better way to get even with a music teacher or any one with sensitive hearing for that matter, than to hire Aunt Sophie to serenade him with

a trombone solo. Our bird then is not a song bird in any sense of the word—perhaps she fits in a group of feaver finches—a chatterer, not a songster.

We expect no bird to write, nor do we expect this one. She can write campus notes as many of you well know, but not letters for the mail. On seeing her for the first time in three and one-half years during my time in the army in World War II, she very proudly displayed the half page beginning of an unmailed letter dated two years previous.

This bird migrates with the drop of a hat—air, land, or water—just a moving conveyance is all that is needed. Her trips are seldom long in space or time. Weekend migrations are generally frequently in the vicinity of Jefferson county, Georgia; shorter ones bore during the twilights hours, at dawn, or any hour on cloudy days to the wooded areas of Bulloch county. We might say she is crepuscular in flight habits, suggestive of those of the night hawk.

Her hours of roosting are frequently interfered with by bridge playing and that in turn interrupted by the varied antics and activities of the big male flock with which she associates. She frequently feeds her adopted brood a varied diet. This, too, has varied with the years. When she nested in West, a common item was chocolate fudge which was allowed to cool in a well-buttered bathtub. The latest observation noted the feeding of some of the flock with oysters on the half-shell. These delicacies were cooked three at a time in a pint-sized saucepan. Whether these characteristics indicate relationship to both the honey-creeper and oyster catcher, I dare not guess.

Aunt Sophie is indeed a strange bird showing likenesses to many species—ducks, owls, hawks, weaver finches, bower birds, waxwings, and varied other species and no similarity to many species known to man. She is evolutionary and in spite of the varied of characteristics we note, there are none we want to change.

Aunt Sophie, we appreciate you as you are. It is with much pleasure, I am permitted to present this gift to you on behalf of our faculty as a token of its appreciation and love.

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Horace Odum, head of the South Georgia Trade School, Americus, presents Aunt Sophie with a bound book of letters written by some of her former "boys." Aunt Sophie was honored in the weekly Monday morning chapel program by the faculty, male alumni, and students. At the far left is biology instructor Tully Pennington, who gave the main address and presented Aunt Sophie with a white gold Hamilton watch from the faculty. Looking on is President Zach S. Henderson.

## Aunt Sophie Honored In Assembly With Gifts and Words of Praise

Aunt Sophie, retiring dean of men was honored in chapel Monday by the faculty, male alumni, and students. Tully Pennington, biology instructor and one of Aunt Sophie's "boys" gave the main address.

The speech, entitled "Aunt Sophie Is a Bird", was a humorous account of some of the experiences Aunt Sophie has had through the years. Using his personal relationships, Mr. Pennington described her as many

is evolutionary and in spite of her variety of characteristics there are none we want to change.

At the close of the address Mr. Pennington on behalf of the faculty, presented Aunt Sophie with a white-gold Hamilton watch from the faculty.

## Alumni Present

Five alumni who once were Aunt Sophie's pride and joy presented her with a bound book of letters written by men who know and love her. They were Palmer Edenfield, a Wadley banker; Kenneth England, professor of English at Georgia State; Horace Odum, director of South Georgia Trade School at Americus; Carlton Carruth, a Methodist minister at Metter; and Max Lockwood, Statesboro types of birds. In closing he pointed out that Aunt Sophie

recreation director.

In thanking everyone Aunt Sophie said that since she had been described as a bird, she wished she had wings so she could just fly away.

## Aunt Sophie's Empire

Aunt Sophie is a native of Wadley having taught school there until 23 years ago when she came to GTC as a house mother. Concerning her work here, Mr. Pennington jokingly named it, "Aunt Sophie's Empire".

Mr. England in reviewing memories of Aunt Sophie recalled she spanked him in the seventh grade while she taught in Wadley.

Aunt Sophie states she doesn't know what she will do after school this summer, but she has been offered several jobs.

## The George - Anne — Page 7

Collegeboro, Georgia, Friday, May 25, 1956

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## The Literary Supplement

Editor ..... Lloyd Hill  
 Make-up Editor ..... Britt Fayssoux  
 Typists: Joyce Kirkland, Jo Ann Parker and Sara  
 Cunnard.

## INTRODUCING

## An Attempt at a Versatile Literary Vehicle

Within these pages is an assortment of poems, serious and not so serious, short stories, shorter stories and essays. In addition to these there appears on this page a drawing done by Charles Williams, Camilla freshman.

The Literary Supplement is the official literary organ of Georgia Teachers College. Its purpose is to publish literary creations which will reflect credit upon the college and its students.

This first issue of the Literary Supplement begins in a modest manner. It is hoped that the students and faculty will accept it in the spirit in which it is intended—a serious attempt to provide an outlet for literary expression among the students. In the future a larger publication is intended. For the present we must be content with the resources which are available.

Most of the contributions in this issue were made by members of Dr. Russell's, Miss Guardia's, and Miss Johnson's English composition classes. It is hoped that next year the supplement will appear each quarter. Anyone who has an article of a literary nature will be urged to submit it to the editors. It will be judged on its merits and, if deemed worthy of publication, it will be published.

## Where There Is No Standing

By CARLTON HUMPHREY

It was cold, and our breath was as thick as smoke from the cold. The ground had frozen and was spewed up in the mud washes in the low places. The trees could be seen dimly in the half-light of early morning, and not a leaf was on them. Winter had come quickly, but it was here to stay.

We had left early, and now, just before sunrise, we were miles in the woods. It wouldn't be a good day, I thought. Probably it would rain, and then the day would be completely ruined. Anyway, it would be dark and cloudy, and this would partly spoil it.

It had been this way for a week, and we had delayed our trip, hoping for a time that would be good. But each day it had been raining. Now, in desperation, we had come, and good or bad it was all we had left.

"Looks like it's going to be rotten," Al spoke for the first time in a mile, and his speaking broke a silence of crunching feet on the soggy dead leaves.

"Yeah, looks that way. But anyway we're here." I wanted to add that that was all that mattered, but he wouldn't

understand, and I let it go at that.

We walked on without talking, and were glad of the day, no matter if it wasn't the best. Dawn was just showing light in the east, and it contrasted sharply with the dull of dead leaves under our feet. Before us a hill rose abruptly. The river circled the hill, and it was miles around it, following the river.

"Guess there's nothing to do but climb it," Al said. He shivered from the cold, despite the heavy jacket.

"If we make it in time there's not," I said.

We shifted our guns and began the long climb. It was rough going. Vines and underbrush had formed a mat that grabbed at our feet and slowed us down. The hill was so steep that we just could walk up-right.

We went on up, silent except for the puffing of our breath and an occasional outburst from Al when the vines nearly tripped him.

Al stopped in a clear place up the hill and lit a cigarette. "Let's stop for a breather," he said. "It's not that important." I agreed, and we sat down on

a dead limb for a rest. I took out a cigarette and struck a match on the limb. I cupped my hands against the wind, and noticed for the first time that my hands were cold. That's funny, I thought, I never noticed the cold before. And my feet were wet and cold, too, and the water from the tall grass had dampened my pants up to the knees.

Maybe it isn't all good like I've imagined it, I thought. It had been a long time since Al and I had been on a trip, and the thought of these earlier trips had seemed perfect.

We had been coming several times each winter since we were old enough to shoot, and had always come together, just us two. Now we were here again, but to me, at least, it wasn't the same. Something was wrong. Now I saw the cold and the wetness and the discomfort of wet tight shoes and sticky, clinging pants legs. No, today isn't like before, I thought.

Maybe it was just me. Maybe it was the same as before, and maybe I just hadn't entered into it like I used to. I thought that nothing had been the same lately, nothing had been any good. Maybe that was one of the faults of becoming a man. You got to see things differently, and you didn't like what you saw, not like you had when

## Remembrance

Of course I shall forget you—  
 When the Met once more stars  
 Helen Traubel

And the Hope Diamond's cheap  
 as a Woolworth bauble,  
 When December snows cease  
 falling in Maine.

And toreadors stop fighting  
 bulls in Spain,

When Durante is no longer  
 known for his nose

And the mention of Stein  
 doesn't bring up a rose,  
 As soon as the sun comes up  
 no more—

Or perhaps when a new lover  
 stops at my door.

—John Tootle

you were a kid.

We sat smoking without talking for a while. There was a question on Al's face, I noticed, and I wondered when he would ask it, and I wished he wouldn't. He would, I knew. Al always talked, like talking could clear up what was inside him. It wouldn't, I knew, but Al thought it would, and so he would ask his question.

This was one thing I didn't like about Al. I hadn't liked it all the time, but he was like that, always talking too much, and I accepted it. He wasn't  
 (continued on page 2)



## Where There is No Standing

(continued from page 1)

perfect, but nobody was, and he came closer than most people I knew, and so I sat and waited for the question, hating for him to ask it.

"When do you leave?"

"Day after tomorrow," I said, not looking at him. He knew this. He knew I was leaving then. This was just his way of working up to something more important to him.

"Then this is our last time." It was between a statement and a question, like he was sure and didn't like what he knew. "For awhile, anyway," I said, "but maybe not for too long. You never know."

"You never know anything do you? Like today. It's not the same as if we were kids. Seems like the longer you live the less you enjoy things. Especially with us. No future to look forward to. Nothing we can do now either, just sitting and waiting."

So he had noticed too, I thought. And maybe he had come closer to the reason.

"Do you mind it—going, I mean?" It was asked quickly and it seemed that he hated to ask it. That by asking it he was showing that he was still a kid. But it was as if the asking wasn't as bad as what he expected me to say.

"No, I've got to go, so I don't mind," I lied.

"How do you feel about it—inside you?"

I didn't know how I felt, so I just shook my head for an answer. I knew that I didn't feel 'patriotic' by going. It wasn't like it is in the movies or the novels when they make high-sounding speeches about going to prove that they are worthy of being a man. I didn't feel that. I didn't feel like I must go, only that I was told to go and that meant I had to. It was all mixed up. You lived for quite a while knowing that you had to do it, but you never really thought about how you would feel. It was always somewhere in the future, and maybe it would never reach you. So you didn't think about whether you were right to go or not, only that if you did reach the future you had to go.

You didn't feel brave or patriotic. You didn't feel afraid either. And you didn't make pretty speeches about why you were going, that is not if you were really a man. There was something fearful about people who did make the pretty speeches, something unreal and incomplete, and it gave you a sickly feeling to be around them.

So I was going without the pretty speeches and without trying to be dramatic. And I was going to something I didn't like or understand, and I was going without reason and without feeling, except that it was the necessary thing.

"Seems like it's all we can look forward to," Al said, "It's a part of our lives now."

"Yes," I said. I wished he wouldn't talk about it.

"I'll have to go soon if it doesn't end. Why do we always have to get into these things? We could stay at home and let them fight it out. Nothing's right any more. We have to fight somebody else's wars. It's a hell of a life."

I didn't say anything, hoping he would quit. He wouldn't I knew. Al always talked too much about things.

"I asked old man Jackson for a job yesterday. He said nothing doing. Said I was too close to draft age."

"What am I supposed to do, starve before they get me? Nobody will hire you if you're our age. We have to take those part-time jobs for half pay if we work at all. What's it all for?"

"We've got to 'preserve democracy abroad,'" I said. Then I hated myself for it.

"Cut that. It's not why you're going. It's not why anybody goes. Who gives a damn about democracy abroad? Let them fight for it, not us."

He didn't believe that, I knew. I didn't know what he did be-

lieve, but not that. He'd fight if he had to. We all would. Why, I didn't know. It was a mixed up affair. Nobody knew why they did things. They just told you you had to go and you went without asking why. They told you to fight and you fought and maybe you died and you didn't ask why. You just did it and you didn't talk about it. Sometimes you wondered, but you soon gave it up and accepted what you had to do. It was just something that went along with living and there was no point in struggling against it. You might win for a while, in your mind anyway, but not for long, and in the end you did it no matter what you wanted. So it was better to do it without thinking.

"Ann turned me down again last night," Al said. "Seems she doesn't want to get married now. Not enough security. She wants a man who'll be home all the time. Doesn't want to be a widow when I get killed over there. And me not even in yet. Maybe she'll come around, though. Maybe she won't find 'security' anywhere."

I knew how he felt about this. It was real and was the worst part of it. This was the one bad part about my going, and it was painful to think about it. It could tangle you up inside and mix you up so you didn't care what happened. It got next to you and kept gnawing at your thoughts until it drug you down into nothing.

Ellen and I were in the park. I had offered her a ring and she was crying. "I can't now, don't you see, I just can't. I don't want to be engaged and you over there. Never knowing how you were, if you were wounded or killed. Don't you see? I just can't."

I didn't see. I left her there and walked away. She was crying softly, and there was an empty feeling inside me.

That was only a week ago, but it seemed like I had lived another life since then. I gritted my teeth and cursed the world under my breath.

Al saw it on my face and quit talking.

"I've spoiled our day, talking like this. And it was going to be such a good day. We always spoil things, don't we?"

"Yes, don't we," I said. But we hadn't spoiled it, I knew. It had already been spoiled. It had been spoiled for us when we were too young to know that it was being spoiled. It had been spoiled and we didn't have a chance to do anything about it. We were just thrown into it not knowing what to expect and we were caught before we could prepare a defense against it. Now Al and I were caught. Things were clinging to us, tangling us up, pulling us down. Meanwhile we could try to enjoy our hunting. It was all that was left. And things could be good. Like today had started. I finished a cigarette and ground it out.

"Let's go," I said, "it'll soon be sunup."

"Yeah, let's. We can still enjoy today. After all it's our last chance."

We picked up the guns and started on up the hill. We had talked too much and so were quiet.

Al stumbled on the vines and nearly fell. "Damn these clinging vines," he said.

### ON PRINCIPLES OF DECORATION AS A SPEECH

Principles of design—  
Colors and hues,  
Whether to do the room  
In greens or blues  
Or color gaily spread  
Just here and there,  
Using a screaming red  
On yonder chair—  
That is my problem now,  
And I confess  
To answer questions thus  
I can but guess.  
My book on decoration  
Is out of date;  
Yet my plans must be laid;  
Speech class won't wait!

—Kathleen Pelts

## An Affair On Melville Island

By GAIL COSTON

"A man feels like a king when he is three thousand feet up in the air," said Mr. Carey, a man of about forty-five years of age, who had made a fortune operating coconut groves. That was the purpose of this flight to Darwin, Australia, to purchase a few coconut groves along the coast of northern Australia. Carey's home and office was in Bondoeng, Java where they had begun their flight hours earlier.

"It won't be much longer now and we will be landing this old World War II fighter down in Darwin," stated Gordon Rhett, the pilot of a converted P-40 Mustang which he flew for General Chennault in the Chinese Air Force during World War II. Since the war Rhett had been doing small aerial jobs in the Philippines.

A long span of silence reigned for Carey was thinking how much profit he could make by operating groves in Australia, until the engine sputtered.

"I think the gas line is clogged. We will have to attempt a crash landing. If we can make it to Melville Island, we will have a good chance for survival," said Rhett. The plane soon sputtered slowly over Melville Island, losing altitude rapidly. Rhett spotted a small clearing "I think I can force the plane down in that clearing. Brace yourself," said Rhett. The plane nosed down toward the clearing. They sat tensed and then came the crash.

A few hours later Rhett began to move about, his mind seemed to be in circles. After regaining complete control of his senses, Rhett turned to help his passenger. There was nothing he could do to help Mr. Carey, the very dead Mr. Carey. A metal rod had pierced Carey's chest, just below the heart. Carey had bled to death. Luckily for Rhett, the craft had not burst into flames or he would not have survived.

Rhett then forced himself out of the smashed canopy. The muscles of his body were cramped and he had a few scratches but other than those minor things he was all right. As he sat on the wing he began to recall some of the tales he had heard about the Ottawatome tribes of Melville Island. It had been said that the natives were fierce and almost as savage as the headhunters of some of the other islands between Java and Australia. Rhett pushed the thought of savage natives aside as he began to search for food.

Rhett pulled a blanket from the store pocket of the plane and began to make a bedding spot for the night. He wondered what to do with the body of Mr. Carey but he decided that there wasn't much sense in trying to remove the body from the plane.

The red wings of dawn began to feather away the darkness and Rhett was awakened by the noises of the jungle surrounding him. After a coconut breakfast he began to venture about the island, trying to find some way to get back to actual civilization. He walked until he had mounted the highest hill in sight so that he might be able to get a better view of the island. After reaching the top of the hill, Rhett saw, at a safe distance, two small bands of natives approaching each other as if to attack and they did just that. Rhett had wondered why the crashing of the plane had not attracted the attention of the natives and he had found his answer. Evidently they were too interested in each other to notice the airplane. The two bands struggled until one band defeated the other and after the defeat the winners took the heads of the defeated. The victors triumphantly strutted off into the jungle admiring the heads of their previous enemies.

As he started to turn away, Rhett saw something moving in a shallow thicket. Rhett moved near it, hoping that the tribe had left one of the injured alive. The victor tribe had evidently overlooked one of the enemies they had wounded.

## And Her Name Was Lynne

By RAYMOND MARVES

From the time he was early in his teens he had the experience of entering a room, a store, a bus station, and getting the feeling, the conviction, that she had been there only a moment before him. The feeling was so real that he could detect the faint scent of her hair, her perfume; he knew he had just missed hearing the rustle of her dress or the delightful tenor of her rich laughter.

He had never seen her, but he knew she was real.

The odd thing, he was just an ordinary boy.

He was not imaginative. He did not write poetry or dream dreams. He did the ordinary things other boys did. He played baseball, smoked his first cigarette when he was fourteen, gambled a little when he was sixteen, fell in and out of love several times by the time he was seventeen.

He was nineteen when he decided she must be Love and that someday when he was older and married he would find her in his arms.

At times, when he was reading a book or sitting at a movie, he'd feel her looking at him, and he would quickly turn, but alas, there was never anyone there. Still the feeling that she had been there just a moment before was as strong as ever. It was when he was almost twenty that it came to him one day when he had just missed hearing the low ripple of her

Rhett kneeled down over the native erasing the blood from the young black native's head. After convincing the native that he was a friend, by giving the native cigarettes, Rhett bandaged the native's head.

Rhett was able to communicate with the native to some extent because the native had worked for a short time on a coconut grove. The native related to Rhett that the other tribe had almost completely diminished his tribe and if they were to survive they must get away from the island as quickly as possible.

After the native was able to begin their struggle to Timon Sea. The native knew that a coconut boat came near the island on its way to Darwin so they had to reach the beach in time to attract the attention of the boat. After walking for hours the native's wound began to bleed again and Rhett had to help the native walk. All of a sudden the native stopped, held his head high in the air, as a deer would to sense some sound. Then Rhett heard it, too. The savage natives had spotted them and were running after them, yelling their weird war cries. Rhett had no choice, he had to leave the pleading native behind so that he might reach the boat in time. Rhett thought the savages would stop when they found the native but they did not. They kept after Rhett. He could hear them coming nearer and nearer. Rhett could see the beach now. He hoped the native was right about the boat sailing by the island during this particular day.

Rhett reached the beach. The native was right, he could see the boat. As he ran down the beach, Rhett could see the natives running after him. He ran out into the water and started swimming toward the boat. Could he make it? The thought kept entering his tangled mind. Rhett yelled with every stroke, hoping the boat would hear him. The savages had entered the water now. A white man's head must be a prize of gold to them, Rhett thought.

The boat kept going at its regular speed. It seemed that all was lost. He felt that he could not make another stroke, but then the boat whistle started blowing. The whistle frightened the natives out of the water. The crew lowered a small craft into the water and began rowing towards Rhett. To Rhett, it seemed to take them forever to reach his cramped, numb body. The crew reached Rhett and lifted him into the craft and rowed back to the boat, back to civilization.

laughter on the street, that her name was Lynne.

"Lynne," he thought, and decided she was Love.

When he was twenty-three he met a girl, fell in love, and married. She was a dear girl, the only girl for him, he knew. Her laughter was quick and sweet, but her name was Mary.

He knew then that Lynne wasn't love.

He continued to have the feeling that she was watching him, waiting for him just around the next corner. There were times when he would wonder why she was so real, so important to him.

There were times when a month or more would pass by and he did not get the feeling that he had just missed her and he would become frightened. But she came back always.

Then he began to think she was Success. But he didn't become a great success; he didn't have time. For June, 1950, arrived and he went to Korea with all the other ordinary young men like himself.

He began thinking: Is she Death? He wasn't frightened when he went into battle and the thunder of battle broke over his head. When the bullets struck him, he knew Lynne was not Death, for he could not hear her laughter amidst all the horror.

He didn't die. They sent him back to the States and an honorable discharge. He limped home, still just an ordinary boy—with an empty sleeve. Mary cried over him and loved him and he went back to his old job. For a long time he lost Lynne. For almost a year she was gone from him. He was not afraid because he knew she would come back.

Mary went to the hospital and a few hours later they let the boy become man, and father see his child.

He looked at the tiny red bundle against his wife's breast. There was a lump in his throat. "What's her name?" he whispered.

But he knew, before Mary told him, that her name was Lynne.

## Old Man George

By CHARLTON MOSELEY

He was known to all the people of Bulloch county as Old Man George. Truly one of the last of the really "old timers," he became almost a legend to the early inhabitants of this locality. Mr. George made a name for himself during the early years of the Twentieth Century as a large land owner, but he is better remembered for his ungovernable temper and the solemn, stern manner in which he lived.

Mr. George gained most of his reputation after he had reached middle age and had amassed a considerable fortune in lands in the northern section of Bulloch county. A tall, stern-faced man even at fifty years, his bearing and manner attracted attention even during those times of hard living.

Most outstanding of all his personal attributes, however, was his fiery temper which he could unleash with the fury of a bolt of lightning. This weakness of flaring into indescribable rage gained Mr. George most of his fame and caused his death thirty years ago.

One of the most familiar scenes of this colorful old man was when he was in his buggy wheeling along the roads looking over his farm lands. A pack of beloved hound dogs was almost constantly surrounding the vehicle jiggling along after their master. The story has been told that Mr. George's horses never had ears, for if they did not gear themselves to the proper gait that suited him, he would pull out his revolver and chip off an ear. There is some doubt as to the truth of this tale; yet, considering Mr. George's temper there is really no reason to doubt it.

In contrast to his usual cruel ways, Mr. George was one of the most devoted husbands imaginable. He married a young shy girl named Mary who was

## Tillie

By ED BRANTLEY

She was sick. A dog does not live for over fifteen years without feeling the pangs of time. She was sick. Her eyes possessed a milkiness that told of almost complete blindness, and her walk was slow and stiff. Her broken and missing teeth no longer allowed her the pleasure of eating.

She had never been a pretty dog. Maybe as a pup. The owner had sworn "pure wine haired Terrier." She grew into a plump bodied, spindled legged creature with flop ears that, at times, completely hid her eyes. The coarse non-wiry hair never looked clean, no matter how well scrubbed. In her later years she imagined the hairs hanging in front of her eyes to be flies and snapped at them vigorously.

Her name was Tillie. I realize that this is an absurd name for a dog, but in time dog and name seemed to become one.

It seems that from puppyhood her greatest joy was riding in the car. It was very seldom that the ancient Oldsmobile left the driveway without Miss Tillie occupying the back seat. She seemed to have some instinct that told her if someone was going in the car.

Dad was about to take his Wednesday night trip to prayer meeting. Mom and I watched him leave by the back door. The sound of the old car coming to life was a familiar one, so we hardly noticed it. As the car began to back out of the drive. We heard an agonizing howl of pain. At first we were too stunned to understand. Mom dropped the plate that she was drying and ran for the door.

"Tillie! Tillie! Isaac, where is Tillie?"

From the back steps we could see my father walking slowly up the driveway with the limp form cradled in his arms. As he got closer the look of anguish on his face and the tear filled eyes were sad to behold.

He stopped in front of Mom and spoke in a very quiet voice.

"She was sick, Verna. Now she'll be alright."

renowned for her kindnesses. Mr. George dearly loved his Mary, and she was almost the only person who could really handle him.

To further prove this old timer's hardness is the story of the part he played in the lynching of Cato and Reed. They were two Negroes who had robbed and murdered the entire family of Mr. George's brother-in-law. With a posse, the old man's dogs traced down the killers, and the mob later stormed the jail determined to lynch the culprits. They carried them out to the west side of town and chained and tied them to a huge, fat wood stump and soaked them with kerosene. However, when time came to light the fire, everyone had a guilty conscience. This was not so with Mr. George. He stepped forward, flicked a match on the drenched victims, and stepped back to enjoy the roasting. When the ropes on one of the men burned through, and he attempted to crawl from the flames, Mr. George calmly split his skull with a tree limb. His conscience apparently never bothered him.

Mr. George's rather colorful life came to an end with the same violence with which he lived. After a quarrel with his son-in-law, over a large section of land, consumed with rage, he shot him down with a blast from his double-barreled shotgun. He was convicted, found guilty, and condemned to life imprisonment. When he died in prison five years later, he was a broken old man. He died much as a captured wild beast would die. No longer able to roam through his fields with his dogs and horse, he simply faded and passed on. Death, then, concluded the life of one of the last of the truly "old timers."



## Second Sight

By ED BRANTLEY

Everyone during his lifetime has experienced the feeling, upon going to some new place, of having been there before. This thing happened to me, but for a different reason other than the natural one:

I was on my way to New York. That I was on my way was certain. The huge Greyhound ploughed through the great sheets of night rain as though anxious to reach its destination, once again to rest in its dry cubicle.

I was on my way. The thing had happened too fast. One day I was playing with the college dance band in Daytona Beach. The next night I was on my way to join a New York band.

Johnny Dee and his orchestra had played in Daytona a month before. He had come around several nights to hear our college band. Sure! He said he liked the way I played trumpet. I had imagined this was said to be polite. Now the telegram had come, and I was on my way.

The cocophony of a hundred bus motors took sleep from me. This was the bus station. This was New York. I would later see it at its gayest, but now, in the early morning, it was just some big grey thing, beginning to vibrate and rumble as if to shake off sleep in preparation for another day.

My only link with this huge city was an insignificant scoop of paper on which was written an address in the upper part of Manhattan.

After asking directions from a subway official, I dropped a coin into the slot and pushed through the turnstile. The subway platform was crowded with people from every nationality and every walk of life.

I contented myself, on the long ride uptown, by making up stories about some of my non-smiling fellow passengers.

The two middle-aged men wearing soiled tuxedos were evidently tired waiters, through with a long night of toil at an all-night restaurant.

The young man with the bow tie, navy blue sweater, and grey flannel suit was a college student. This was later proved when he made his exit at Columbia University's 116th street station. At one end of the coach was a not-so-young and not-so-pretty woman in the company of a florid-faced young sailor. Her clothes were bright and gaudy and all askew. Her facial make-up was heavily caked in an attempt to conceal the wrinkles that time brings. Red hair was beginning to show iron grey close to the scalp, and fingers showed the brown stain of the chain smoker. The eyes were of no color. Time and the experiences of time had drained from her face any sign of emotion that might once have been there, except for the fixed, false smile that was a constant thing. I didn't have to guess her profession. She had well earned her night's pay.

At 125th street I took leave of this rumbling, jerking coach. The faces that I saw were almost all black or nut brown. This was Harlem. As I walked back toward 123rd street the facial hues changed from the negroid browns to slightly lighter shades of the Cuban and Puerto Rican. Finally, at 123rd street I was in my own element. The skin color of those I met was the same as mine. As I turned off Broadway and looked down the hill onto 123rd street I had a strange feeling. The feeling was strong that I knew this place. I had been here before. Everything about it was known to me. How strange to feel this way.

How could I, a small town southern boy, know this place? The address which I had been given was 148, West 123rd street. I knew this massive brown stone house even while I was a half a block away.

After making arrangements for a room, I opened my suitcase to unpack it. On the very top of the case was my worn

copy of "The Web and the Rock." Then I knew. Thomas Wolfe had written so vividly about this neighborhood, that I felt as though I had known it for a long time. It was strange to be living in the very house where Monk Webber once lived. How great it is that one can draw such a fine picture with words.

After I had rested, I walked down the hill toward Amsterdam avenue. I knew that if I turned to the right at the bottom of the hill, I would come to Morningside Park, and I would know it. I had seen it before.

## Springtime

About us in this wonderful season  
We come closer to the One  
whose  
Masterwork we enjoy—  
Hard hearts lose their hardness,  
Grief turns to gladness,  
Men become more loving and  
hate  
Wanes to a dim gray.

Springtime brings much happiness  
To yearning hearts of young  
lovers,  
Or to the heart of a tiller of  
the soil,  
Who has survived a cruel  
ruthless winter.

The season of spring is a time  
of peace  
A time dedicated to the glory  
of God.  
Fill your heart with its peace  
and gladness,  
Let your troubles pass from you  
As the frozen passes at the  
bidding of the sun.  
To Him, in all of His power  
and wisdom,  
We offer our humble thanks  
For His gift of spring.

—Wallis DeWitt

## Death

Death shows no partiality  
To youth or aged gray.  
It does not turn its head  
From the child at tender play.

Crossing not from the list  
In battle the fighting knave,  
Or the olden stooped missionary  
With many souls to save.

Death in its blacken robes  
Takes from the earth to see  
Not only other people  
But today it might take me.

But live I not today  
In fear of growing fright,  
But live I in assurance  
As I live in God's holy light.  
—June Watts

## THE NIGHT

I like the quiet lonely hours  
When everyone's asleep,  
And I am free to think my  
thoughts,  
Or write them down to keep.

I like the quiet sleeping world  
When Care has gone to bed,  
And Trouble's following the sun,  
No pillow for his head,

When dogs bark, and the cats  
make love  
In their uncouth loud ways,  
And frogs croak, and the  
neighbor's child  
Gets mixed on nights and  
days.

Give me the pleasant quiet  
night  
With moonlight's silver mist,  
When all the land is lost in  
sleep,  
By Mother Nature kissed.  
—Kathleen Pelts

## LONG ROMANCE

I saw you only just one nite  
But oh, that nite was starry  
bright,  
I journeyed in transcendent  
flight  
Because of you.

I've never seen your face since  
then  
Except in dreams I know  
portend  
I'll live that nite again, again  
My whole life through.  
—John Tootle

## Railroaded

By RICHARD LIPSCOMB

A rhythmic movement awakened me from a sound sleep. Looking around I found a number of persons dozing uncomfortably in the seats of what seemed to be a railroad coach. What in the world was I doing on a train? Surely I hadn't boarded this rattler of my own free will. Shakily I stood partially upright to get a better look at the dimly lighted car and its occupants.

The passenger in the seat with me appeared to be a young man in his late teens, as did the car's other passengers. All were male. Vigorously I shook my seatmate who only changed his sleeping position. Standing partially again, I planted a foot in the exposed portion of his rear end.

"What's the scoop, Mac," shouted the seatmate. "You want a bust in the face?"

"Not from you. Where's this rattler goin, anyway? I mean where is this train going anyway?"

"Oh! You're the guy they poured aboard in Savannah. Well, Mac, this here train's going to Fort Jackson in South Carolina. What are you, a wise guy?"

"No. I just wanta know how I happened to get on this train."

A big sergeant in the front of the car stood and walked to our seat. His uniform was wrinkled and hanging limply on his oversized frame. He had a two-day growth of beard on his round, fat face and a repulsive cigar sticking from his mouth. If he was an example of the typical soldier I didn't want to have any part of the service. Of course, I hadn't fully realized that I was a part of the service at that very moment.

The sergeant stopped at our seat and beamed disgustedly at its occupants.

"Are you people trying to start trouble," came his irritated voice.

Don't you start blowin' off at the mouth, soldier." I replied emphatically. "I don't know how I got on this thing, but you can bet your behind I'll get off if it ever stops."

"You ain't gettin' off 'til I tell you to get off. You might nott'a got the word, Mac, but you are in the Army now. Your limp form was entrusted to me in Savannah and you're gonna do exactly what I say 'til we reach Fort Jackson."

"Ah, come on Mac. I've never been drunk enough to do a silly thing like join the Army."

"Maybe not up to this time; but last night, Mac, you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn with a bucket of baked beans. I don't know what the Army does with wise guys like you, but they have a special treatment for such yardbirds. You'd better just settle down in that there seat and keep your garbage trap shut 'til I ask you a question or call your silly name. Have you got that straight, wise guy?"

I was so dumfounded with this huge hunk of humanity that I couldn't find any words to shoot back at him. I guess it was a good thing I didn't speak; he was bigger than I was.

This was really a new one for me. Had I really joined the Army? Was this just a dream? How in the world can I talk my way out of this one? These were some of the questions I silently asked myself and came to the conclusion that I was in the Army, it wasn't just a dream, and there wasn't a darn thing I could do to get out of it.

I glanced over to my seatmate and saw that he was fast asleep. In fact, everyone in the coach was asleep except the big, fat sergeant and me. I sure wished I had someone to talk to. I almost went up to the front of the coach and talked to that egghead. I was desperate.

I now found myself thinking of the stories my ex-service buddies had told me about the inhuman treatment that is given to guys just going into the Army. Square needles in the rear end twice a day, fifty-mile hikes every Sunday, work

twenty-one hours a day with three hours sleep; these were some of the things I had heard. Could these be true? Was I to be a victim of such treatment? I shuddered at the thought.

Time passed, miles passed, and sleep crept up on me again. "Wake up, yardbird," said the sergeant. "It's time to get off this coal burner and get you eightballs shaped up."

I sluggishly got to my feet and gave my seatmate a nudge to get him started. He returned my politeness with a disgruntled, "Go to Hell!" Such actions for a defender of his country, I thought.

Thirty bedraggled bodies stumbled out of the railroad car onto a concrete platform where we milled around in complete disorder, waiting for someone to tell us what to do and where to go.

This was the end of a train ride that would indirectly keep me away from home for a long time.

I had been railroaded.

## WHITE TRUNKED TREE

Stark, bare, white trunk against the sky

That's blue as summer skies,  
The bare tree looks like winter death,  
And yet the sap will rise.

New life will come as in the past

And change the winter's grays  
To that bright verdure of the spring  
That heralds warmer days.

The white trunk will be shaded by  
The leaves, hidden each bough.

It will not look 'neath summer sun  
As beautiful as now.

It will look then like other trees,

No way to tell apart.  
Hidden will be its stark white trunk—  
Token of Nature's art.

—Kathleen Pelts

## ST. LOUIS IN THE SPRING

The springtime in the city  
Is lilacs in the rain,  
The ragman's sing-song ditty,  
The traffic's deep refrain,

The hush of rose-gold sunset,  
The trees that line the park,  
The silhouette of buildings  
Outlined in light and dark.

The springtime in St. Louis—  
Is stores splendid arrays,  
The traffic superfluous,

Throngs milling on their ways,  
The Mississippi's flowing  
Where out of bank it meets  
Landmarks of its long knowing,  
And floods the downtown streets.

The boulevard's new grasses  
And trees of spring's soft green  
Contrast the concrete passes,  
Where pigeons gaily preen.

The church spires rise sedately,  
Chimes cloaked in towers gray.  
Where snow has lain so lately  
Now bloom flowers of May.

—Kathleen P. Pelts

## WASHINGTON SQUARE

Past the arch one may see  
A circle circumferencing a tree  
Bicycles speed with wheels of  
delight—  
All is lost in the still of the  
night.

McDougal Street stands off of  
the square  
For lesbian, poet and drunken  
pair—

Wolfe lived here, Millay lived  
there.  
Were the Twenties really so  
rare?

Or were their words torn from  
a life of despair.  
Hark! Laughter, I thought I  
did hear.

As, only children in the park  
so near  
Me chance me heard laughter  
from a by-gone year.

—Lloyd D. Hill

## Strange Justice

By LLOYD D. HILL

Jeff stood at the steel door waiting until he would be taken forward by the sheriff. He was very still, only a nervous spasm would make his body quiver starting at his knees finally contorting his face with spasmodic twitches. When these occurred he would shuffle on one foot and then on the other as if he were standing in the open air during cold weather. There was no one to talk to, even having an animal with him would have been better than being alone. Being alone he could only think. He had thought for the past few months and he was tired. Why hadn't he written something or read a book instead of just thinking? Thinking did not make him energetic; it only produced a dull half conscious sleep that lasted sometimes for hours. Jeff, hearing the clang of a door behind him, gave a start, his muscles tightened, his brain ceased to function. He stood as a mute only able to hear without the power of communication. The sound of leather on concrete echoed, echoed until it was barely audible. Jeff relaxed, slumped against the door, began to think again. His thoughts were clear now; in the distance he could hear hounds barking, then the report of several shotguns.

He was hunting with his father in the mountains of north Georgia. In the fall the hunting was good, and the hounds were always eager to leave the farm for the woods. Jeff tried to remember what they had been hunting. Squirrel? No, not with hounds. Rabbit? Perhaps, some people did use dogs for rabbit hunting. It was all so long ago, he was only 10 and his father insisted he go on the hunt; but what was the hunt. His mind was numb, he could not remember—then, a call through the woods, woods that were multi-colored this time of year, leaves that floated down to earth as parachutists from high flying planes. In his mind the call echoed again. "Come on, Mr. Albright, bring Jeff with you. We've got him in the leg."

"Him? Him?" thought Jeff, "A man!" Was that what the hounds were after?"

His mind cleared, and a picture of the hunt formed.

Old man Keeling and his two sons, Jack and Elmer were ahead of his father and him, calling for them to join them. His father, a six footer with big strapping shoulders that were warped from the pull of reins from the plow, shouted, "We're coming! Damn good shooting, Ben!"

Ben Keeling owned the farm adjacent to Jeff's. He always had been a trouble maker and was bringing up his boys the same way. Jeff remembered he used to play with the two boys until he became tired of always being beaten in every game. Ah, that's the reason for him being on the manhunt!

They caught up with Keeling and his sons; Keeling was stooped beside a bush covered with tiny spots of red that shone bright against the brown of the dead leaves. Mr. Keeling looked up at Jeff's father, "That's his blood alright, he won't get far. Come on, let's get him before he can hide. The hounds will never lose the scent now."

We started out again. From a distance we could hear other men and their dogs closing in on the wounded man. Jeff's father mumbled under his breath, "I hope he doesn't die; we haven't had a hanging around here for too damn long!"

Jeff had never heard his father speak of hangings before, and it frightened him to think of his father wanting to see death. Why? Jeff didn't know. He had never seen death and could not be sure that it was bad, but here was a feeling of pity along with it that Jeff had noticed when he had shot a bird in the spring of that year.

He had picked the bird up and held it in his hands; it was still alive, and the blood had run between his fingers. He felt

its heart beat as its bill opened in agonizing gasps that begged for renewed life. Jeff had flung the bird from him and run to the hayloft. He'd hid in a corner of the loft for some time, crying, praying for forgiveness. The cold dry blood on his hands had made him sick at his stomach whenever he looked at it. Finally in desperation, he had decided that he must take the bird's blood as a sacrificial offering. Without hesitation he had licked his hands clean. Then he felt that he had renewed the bird's life as part of him. Jeff had never killed anything after that, that is, until ... but never mind that; that was when he was ten.

The hounds were yelping themselves to death now. Someone yelled, "They have him, better get to him before they tear him apart."

Jeff found himself running with his father in the direction of human wailing that produced a sound that he had never before heard. There in a clearing was the man, a Negro. The hounds were all around him growling, biting with fangs that were as tenacious as the people trying to pull them off the Negro. The Negro was kicking with his good leg, covering his head with his hands and crying as a baby between shouts of "God have mercy, Oh God, I ain't never done nothing this bad. Misterns, please help me."

Keeling was yelling, "Get those damn hounds off the bastard; he's going to get his in good time. Now get them hounds back."

The men knocking the hounds from the torn body formed a cordon around the Negro.

"Grab that SOB; don't let him get away again!" shouted one of the men from town that Jeff had seen several times in front of the pool room on Saturdays. Two of the men grabbed the Negro by his arms, pulled him to his feet. Only then did Jeff know who it was—Old Fools Lumpkin, who had the job of sharpening cutting instruments.

Fools had lived in and around Clayton for years, and never harmed anyone. One of the men holding Fools looked him dead in the eye and spat in his face telling him, "You damn black nigger, doing what you did to that white woman! Wanted to sharpen her knives, huh? Well, I guess you wanted to sharpen a little pencil that had been giving you trouble. Your pencil's sharpened now, Jig, and you're in real trouble. Come on, git!"

Jeff felt his father's arm encircle his shoulders as the crowd pushed forward making the captive stumble and fall several times as his bad leg gave way under him. Jeff, aloft from the cries and angry shouts of the men, watched the stream of blood that trailed from the Negro's leg. Thoughts of the bird returned plaguing him, making him hate himself that he was a witness of this brutal thing. "What," thought Jeff, "were they going to do now, surely not hang him?" No they would put him in jail until they found the truth of the accusations.

"Tree! Tree! The highest we can find, and the strongest limb that will hold his black carcass until it rots away."

"What tree, Jeff?" came a whisper from nowhere, "What tree?"

"Tree! Tree!" Jeff shouted suddenly, awakened from his thoughts. Jeff's father patted him on his back, giving him a look of love and showing pride that Jeff wanted to see the Negro lynched. Jeff, pulling at his father's clothes for recognition, "Pa, Pa, I didn't mean Tree. I meant, please, Pa, listen, don't hang him! Please, Pa!"

His father was laughing, telling he could never understand him—one minute he was shouting "Tree! Tree!" with the rest of the crowd; then he didn't want him lynched.

"Son, you just watch that nigger, he's going to swing from that oak tree at the edge of our new plowed field."

Jeff was almost crying, begging his father, "Pa, not that

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## Strange Justice

(continued from page 3)

tree! Pa, please not that tree—there was a bird, Pa, Oh! Not that tree."

His father was angry now. "Shut up, you crazy boy, why in the hell I had to have one like you, I'll never know. When there's lynching to be done, you go around talking about birds! Just you shut up, boy, or I'll tan that fanny of yours good when I get you home. Now, you watch that hanging and learn how justice in the South is done. How would you like it if some jig messed with your Ma? Well, you're too young to like or dislike, but if you were older, you wouldn't like it a damn bit. Now shut your mouth and enjoy this hanging."

Jeff was hurt, he couldn't do anything for the Negro. All he could do was cry and not watch.

The men made for the new field. The Negro never said a word all the time, only followed in a frightened, submissive stride, between the two men that shoved him along. The excitement was mounting as they neared the oak tree. Every man had the look of death about him as can be seen on the face of a hangman. Jeff's father told him to run to the house and get a horse for the Negro to sit on, so the rope could be tied to the highest limb.

Jeff knew better than to argue with his father now, he was already mad enough to hang him along with the Negro. Without hesitation he ran across the field as quickly as possible, thinking, "Me getting that horse is like when I killed that bird, oh, to heck with that bird, I'll forget him."

Jeff's mother was standing in the yard when he came up to the barn.

"Jeff, where have you been? Where are you going now? Have you been with your father, Oh, Son, not you after the poor Negro. No, Son, not you too."

Jeff could hardly speak.

"Mom, I didn't want to. I had to. I'm a man, and I gotta."

Jeff ran into the barn avoiding another clash with his mother. He put a bridle on one of the work horses, climbed on the top rail of the stall, threw himself over the big horse and started out of the barn, when his mother stopped him at the barn door.

"Son how many men are down there?" Jeff, in a guilty tone, "I don't know Ma, I guess twenty-five."

Jeff's mother in a mocking tone, "Twenty-five men and ten hounds to catch one nigger that ain't never done nothing to nobody. Son, listen to me. Stay away from there as soon as you give them that horse, or get behind the tallest man so as you can't see that hanging. There's no need arguing with that Pa of yours about your going, but son don't look at that nigger."

"No Ma I won't. I gotta go. Be back in a little while." Riding out he heard his mother say, "Remember son, don't look at that Negro."

Jeff lit out across the field for the oak tree, when he got where the crowd was shouting with expectation and the hope of a new sport that had been invented with the first civilization that went to ruin.

The men jerked Jeff from the horse, pulled it under the limb and sat Foots on the back. One man was in the tree tying the rope to the limb. Jim saw him drop the noose down to a man on the ground, then they tied it around Foots' head. Foots still never said a word. Jeff started to turn, but could not. Foots was staring him down. He winked at Jeff and said just before they pulled the horse out from under him, "That boy knows what it's all about and he will be the one to suffer for your mistake. Some day he will feel as I do now. Bless you boy."

The horse winned, the rope

tightened—at first Jeff closed his eyes only to open them just as Foots' face turned a deep black and his eyes popped from their sockets and fell swinging on to his cheeks, a short rasp of air escaped from his lips. A soft rumble came from his body and the seat of his pants were all wet and had a bad odor. One of the men found a pitchfork and stuck Foots in the side. How strange that it should have happened. Jeff turned sick on the spot. His father carried him home. He could hardly remember waking.

Suddenly the rough scratch of something around his neck awoke Jeff from his reflections. He had moved from the door of the cell into the execution yard. He could feel the loose boards of the trap under his feet. He could hear people talking, "Man, he should never messed with that black woman. He knew he'd get caught. I guess he really got his sharpened this time. You know they would never have caught him if they hadn't shot him in the leg. Those damn hounds really messed up his face." Jeff could not see anything, all was black. This was another time and another era.

"Foots really knew what he was talking about," mumbled Jeff in his total darkness. The last sound was the pushing of a handle, and Jeff had sold all his instruments for sharpening the Negro's cutting equipment.

The prison chaplain, the sheriff and the men of the press started toward the exit of the execution yard. Their faces were marked with a puzzled and possessed look as if they were in a hypnotic state. The sheriff was the first to speak, "You know men I don't believe that boy ever knew what he was being hanged for."

"You remember the hanging of Foots Lumpkin about 15 years ago," quizzed the chaplain.

All men agreed that indeed they did remember the hanging and that the man was innocent.

"Well, Jeff was made to watch. While the Negro was being placed on the horse, he placed a curse on him." "I guess that poor boy never got over the horror of what he saw."

"You mean he thought he was hanged for raping a black woman?" interjected the sheriff.

The press smiled for now they knew that they had a story of a man possessed by the prediction of a black man.

The men left the yard, slamming the heavy oaken door on the view of Jeff's body swinging slightly in the breeze that was always a little cool during this time of year. The time of the year when the hunting was good, and the hounds were eager to leave the farm.

### TO A FRIEND

I envy you who dare to dream your dreams  
Undaunted by this disappointing chill

In which we live, for—so to me it seems—  
This sets you over those of lesser will.

Once mastered, dreams become the thing by which

Man lives, for it is not by bread alone

That we go forth to make the world more rich

Than when we came; and dreams, once they're full grown

Evolve into realities. But when Unrealized, they can frustrate the soul,

Embitter the pure heart. So dream again

Each time the fates would seem to thwart your goal

And let your mind feel no narrow extremes:  
For everything of worth is born of dreams.

—John C. Tootle

## Air Joust

By TAB SMITH

The air was crisp and cool at six thousand feet on that April morning in 1918. The young pilot at the controls of the Nieuport biplane felt the crispness and gloried in it. He also felt crisp and cool—soaring along at 120 miles per hour, high over German lines.

He imagined himself a crusader on a winged horse. "Pegasus," he thought. "If folks could only see me riding this iron Pegasus, over that old beat-up Argonne down there."

He grinned as he thought of his comparison and squared up his cockpit seat, and as he did he heard something...another plane. He glanced around and there on his left side, still at a distance, he saw a biplane coming head on. The newcomer had a blood-red nose! a terrifying, yet thrilling thought entered his mind. It must be one of Richtofen's stooges, a member of the "Flying Circus!" The young airman's heart pounded his ribs as if wanting out. He banked his plane around to the left—a necessary move if he was to accurately identify the approaching aircraft, and yet a dangerous move since it was necessary to lose speed, precious speed, in order to turn sharply.

As the young pilot gradually pulled his craft into a straight course again the red-nosed stranger, bearing German markings, flashed a jaunty salute. Our young airman returned the challenging salute and checked his altitude.

The planes squared off in a manner reminiscent of knights of old at the joust. The motors roared as they approached one another head on. Then, just before reaching the range of their respective guns, each combatant banked to the right, pulling into a tight merry-go-round with human life at stake. There followed a period of racing around and around, trying to catch the other plane, trying to bring the guns to bear on the other's tail. Soon, however, the situation appeared to the young American to be one of no value to either of the two. So to break the deadlock he suddenly veered sharply to the right again in an attempt to reverse the circle. Anticipating this move, the young German pilot pulled to the left. As he did so his Spandau came to bear on the young American's plane. The machine gun roared and a terrible stream of death entered the fuselage of the Nieuport. As the young American felt his craft quiver and as he felt a sickening lurch of the rear of his "Pegasus," one thought throbbed over and over in his brain—climb, climb, CLIMB! Up, up he drifted and flipped his plane completely over in a daredevil attempt to gain the advantage. The wind tore at his helmet and he felt momentarily lost, not sure of his position. Then, just as the blunt nose of his plane pointed straight down he saw his enemy flash by. He flooded his engine with gasoline, causing his iron bird to lunge forward into the blessing of speed.

"Now, now," he said aloud as he pulled into a position in line with his foe. His twin mount of machine guns spat forth a two-fold message. Then a pitiful, white vapor spurted from the stricken airplane ahead—gasoline vapor, and in a moment the vapor was a bright flame! The young German slumped over the controls, his body stitched with bullets, and his red-nosed craft shrieked to earth.

The more fortunate of the two limped back onto his homeward course, feeling not a bit like any Launcelot or Gawain. This air joust was a bloody business!

### Friend

I'd love to take a trip abroad  
To lands of far away.  
I'd love to have a different car  
For each and every day.

I'd love to have a rainbow  
With treasure at its end.  
But more than material things  
I'd love to have a friend.

—June Watts

## On the Beach

By ALLEN ASPINWALL

The shadows were beginning to fall, and the breeze was blowing the salt air across the board walk as I leisurely walked along, enjoying every little part of the afternoon. The melody of the carousel, the aroma from the concession stands, the pretty tanned-skinned girls in skimpy bathing suits, all combined to make the whole day beautiful; but I was lonesome.

I'll find a cute chick and sweep her off her feet. I would whisper sweet nothings to her as we walked down the beach.

Gee whiz! Ten minutes 'til four. Oh well, I'm going to be late again; might as well stop by the Penny Arcade and get that recording I've been wanting to make.

Time certainly does fly. I was late getting back last time I came and I hate to be late again today. But I will have a pretty good excuse. There is always such a large crowd at the beach on weekends, and it will be hard to catch a bus out to town.

Well, here it is, and am I lucky. No one is using the booth now. I will close the door, and if I can find a quarter...uh huh, there it is. Now to drop it in the slot and I will be set. Hmmm...doesn't seem to work; I'll push the coin return button and try again. Well, how about that! It doesn't work either. Maybe if I beat on it a little...

"Hi, in there! Having trouble?"

My goodness! A girl. I didn't know she was watching.

"Yes, I'm having trouble. Can't seem to get this thing to work. It must be out of order."

The nosy little witch is pulling the door open. Nix on that. Hmmm. Doesn't look too bad either.

"Here, let me try it for you. I know it will work. I just made a recording myself."

Ha, she can't get it to work. Ha, I just made a peachy record of my own self and it's just crazy and the most. I just know this little ole machine jus work and works. Huh! That drawl most likely tore the poor little machine's very entrails out.

"I've heard of people breaking cameras with their looks, but you are the first to break a recording machine with your voice...I bet!"

"Now don't get smart. Wait here a minute and I'll get the attendant."

I would have to open my big mouth and be a goon. I guess she is trying to help. Maybe they can get it fixed. I'll wait and get my quarter anyway.

Holy smoke! Fifteen minutes after four. I'd better be going...no, here they come. I'll ask him to give my coin back, and...say now...she really does have a cute little swing when she walks.

"Hi! I'm back. He'll have it repaired for you in a jiffy; I want to hear your record." It had better be good, too, if you still think mine broke the machine.

"No, never mind. Hey, mister, could you give me my quarter back? I'm in a hurry. Thanks mister."

Now to hurry to the bus station. Nix, there is that girl again. I suppose I should go over and thank her for helping me. Just look at her standing there at that character reading machine. I imagine she wants it to tell her that she is irresistible. Hmmm, no it registered shy. Huh! I'll say she is; shy like a fox. Well, here goes anyway.

"Are you in love?"

"No, that isn't what the machine says, or at least not yet. Say, I thought you were in a hurry?"

"I am...are you going to be here for the rest of the week?"

"No, I'm just aching to stay but we're going home tomorrow. Are you?"

"Oh yes, I live near by and come out here often, but I'm late for the bus now and my dad is expecting me. Thanks for helping me with the machine."

"Sure, but you never did make the recording so I could listen to it, did you?"

"Well, you see, it was for

## This Segregation Bit

By KITTY KELLY

The segregation question is one that has been tossed about much like the proverbial football. One has only to turn on a radio or TV set to have some newscaster blasting away about the latest incident in the Luce-University of Alabama feud or some similar trivia.

Actually, if left alone, this probably wouldn't seem quite so serious. But politicians haven't enough to do; they feel they must whip people into a frenzy over a problem that can only be solved through calm, rational thinking. White schools are brimming over at best, bringing in Negro children will only heighten the confusion.

We of the South are a stubborn breed and no amount of Supreme Court action or NAACP threats will force us into integration. On the contrary, they may force us to take steps that would set education in the South back 50 years or more. Back in the 1860's, a war was fought over this Negro question, the problem wasn't solved then.

Many of the same people who shudder at the idea of going to school with Negroes, were brought up by Negro servants and ran first to their old black mammy for comfort when hurt. During their school years, they ate food prepared and served by Negro cooks. There is the same situation in many fine restaurants. So what, pray, is the objection?

When asked why they object to integration in schools these people might reply, "I don't care to have to associate with Negroes socially; if white and Negroes go to schools together, then it follows that they will have to mix socially. That is a

lot of bull! If these people object to strenuously to Negroes, their very objection will prevent too close association. No one will be forced to dance with Negro classmates at parties. One needn't associate with anyone, regardless of race, unless he wishes to do so. Sitting in the same classroom with a Negro can't hurt anyone. The people in the North do it, (and, contrary to popular opinion in the South, Yankees are white people too!)

Another objection to integration concerns health standards among the colored people in the South. But Negro children who go to school with white children would have to conform to good standards of health and cleanliness or white parents would object and rightly so. That would be the case whether the children concerned were white or colored. No parent is going to stand for any child that is unclean or diseased to endanger the health of her own youngsters. The child in question would be immediately removed from school and the malady corrected before the child would be allowed to return to school.

However, I don't believe that the people of the South are ready for integration. Prejudices against the idea are too deeply imbedded. It will take a lot of open-minded and practical thought to accomplish the orientation of these Southerners to the idea of mixed schools. Meanwhile, we must continue to furnish the same facilities to the Negro race that we do to the white. There must be no discrimination in that respect. To favor the white race will only give the NAACP grounds for argument.

### WORSHIP

It's not for me—cathedrals great,

Though lofty be the spires,  
And not for me the well trained choir,  
Or polished altar's fires.

Give unto me the forest dim.  
God moves with every breeze.  
His Praises sung by every bird,  
Secluded in the trees.

The mighty waves of ocean roll  
His praises to extoll,  
The majesty of mountains high  
Speak of God to my soul.

Each one must worship in the way  
That seems for him the best.  
So let me worship at the sea  
Or on some wooded crest.  
Or in the valley's depth of shade  
Or in the meadow land,  
For all of nature speaks of God—  
The wonders of His hand.  
—Kathleen Pelts

### DESTINY

On a west slope in Arkansas  
The shades of evening near  
Burnish two granite stones,  
now gray  
From weathering year on year.

My dear dead parents lie there,  
Their bodies long since dust  
And I in turn shall follow them  
When fate decrees I must.

The old, the young, the rich,  
the poor,  
All made of mortal clay  
Must likewise face destiny,  
When comes death's roundelay.  
—Kathleen Pelts.

### IMPRESSIONS OF CALIFORNIA

The long sand shore at Pismo Beach,  
The rocky Shell Beach shore,  
Remind of California days  
And shall forevermore.

Till we return to see again  
The mountains rising near,  
The breeze dwarfed oaks that ride the ridge,  
The Av'lion Navy Pier,

Palm trees and sand dunes; all these things  
Were like a paradise  
In some forgotten Eden there  
"Neath California skies.  
—Kathleen Pelts

### My Boat

If beside the Queen Mary  
It appears a small yacht;  
Just remember, my dears,  
Little things mean a lot.

By JOHN TOOTLE