

May Day Festivities Held In Wright Gymnasium

Saturday, May 5, 1944, dawned but without a sun as would have been the traditional thing for May Day. The gloomy day did not daunt those students who had worked to make the 1944 May Day the most beautiful that East Carolina Teachers College had ever witnessed.

At 4:30 in the afternoon, Mary Emma Jefferson was crowned Queen of Peace in the Wright building on the campus. Pfc. Jesse C. Staton was the queen's escort and Ruth Winters, the maid of honor. Acting as the maids of the court in attendance to the queen were Louise King, "Singer" Alston, Lee Mae Jones, Margie Dudley, Camille Johnson, Ruth Spencer, Dorothy Davis, Mary Manford, Mary Bryan, Micky Boyette, Louise Wooten, Morris Ross, Ethel Smith and Dorothy Johnson.



MAY COURT

Bob White, J. L. Brandt and Robert Bergeron were the court poets. The following also took part: Bruce Cummings, Ray Anderson Lane, Jr., train bearers; Jimmy Hankamer, crown bearer; Elizabeth Hansen, Elizabeth Morgan, trumpeters; Sarah Baughan, Beth Murray, flower girls.

"Court of the United Nations" was the theme. The entertainment for the queen was dances representing the different Allied nations. Approximately 80 members of the Physical Education Department under the direction of Misses Frances Alex and Nell Stallings took part in the dances.

On Saturday night from 9 until 12, a dance in honor of the queen was held in the Wright building, when the Queen, her escort, her attendants and their escorts were again presented during a brief intermission. Music for the affair was furnished by the College Swing band.

Mary Alice Charlton and Betty Batson acted as co-chairmen of the entire May Day exercises. The following girls acted as chairmen of the various committees, also helping to plan the affair. They were Helen Flynn, Programs; Alice Copeland, Costumes; Mary Blaine Justus, Music; Jerry Albritton, Dances; and Grace Lee, Properties.

Jarvis Forensic Ends Year's Work

On Thursday, April 11, the Jarvis Forensic club had its last meeting of the school year 1943-44. Plans were made to obtain the pictures of the debate teams of the past two years for display in Dr. M. N. Posey's classroom and to purchase a speaker's stand for use by the club. The next meeting of the club will take place on October 5 of next school year.

The program was made up of impromptu talks given by all members present on such topics as these: "Bumble Bees," "Hula Dancers," "Tennis," "Submarines," "A Moonlight Night," "The Salvation Army," and "Snakes." One remaining subject, "Day Dreaming," was purposefully omitted—due to lack of information on the subject.

Those who participated in the program were Grace Taylor, Josephine Creech, Amanda Etheridge, Curtis Butler, Miriam Averette and Doris Baumrind.

YWCA Outlines Achievements

A program outlining the history and activities of the YWCA on the campus was presented on the ECTC Hour over WGTC Monday night, May 8.

Alice Ferrell gave a brief history of the "Y," telling of its activities since it was founded in the first year of the college. She told how it has developed from a small group to the largest organization on the campus.

Mabel Spence Watson explained briefly how the "Y" program helps its members develop the four-fold life. She mentioned the various committees which work to develop the spiritual, mental, physical, and social side of life, and said they all combine to make up a well-balanced program.

A duet composed of Sally Margaret Johnson and Jean Robinson sang the national YWCA "Follow the Gleam." Elsie West presided.

ANNOUNCEMENT
The annual "House of Comradeship" program will be held on the campus west of Wilson hall Sunday evening, May 21, at 6:30 p. m. This service symbolizes those qualities which make for happy human relationships.

ACE May Meeting Summarizes Work of Current Year

By SARAH McINNIS

The American Childhood Education association of East Carolina Teachers college had its 1944 May meeting Tuesday evening, May 9.

The meeting was opened with Iris Herring leading the group in the singing of "Grandfather's Clock," "Believe Me If All These Endearing Young Charms" and "Long, Long Ago." Sybil Beaman, president, presided over the meeting.

Reports on the past year's work were given by Helen Blanchard, Ruth McLean, Iris Herring and Lucille Husketh. In the past year the ACE has had eighty-four paid members, has sold fifty-four publications, has improved the ACE room and has cared for the lobby of the dining hall.

Wilma Dean, chairman of the program, was in charge of the installation service. She gave a brief talk on the purpose of the ACE. Blue and white, the colors for the association, were used in the service. On the table in the front of the room was a bowl of white flowers and a large blue candle. The candle symbolized the love of children. Each of the new officers wore white and had a small blue candle. As her name was called she went to the table, lit her candle from the large one, and was told her duties for the coming year. She then went over and put her candle in a holder which helped form a circle about the statue of a child.

Following this Carol Leigh Humphries read "The Palace Made By Music" to show how it is necessary for people to cooperate in order to accomplish their goals. Sybil Beaman pinned the ACE pin on Gladys Davis, the new president.

Gladys then made a short talk about working together harmoniously in order to strike beautiful chords. The meeting closed with the group joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Poe Society Elects Next Year's Officers

The Poe Literary society recently elected officers for the coming year. Those elected were: president, Pat Edwards; vice-president, Alice Copeland; secretary, Grace Lee Evans; treasurer, Dorothy Jean Creech; reporter, Elgia Scott.

Marshals elected for next year were: Florence Bonner, Anne Gilliam and Lucy Nell Smith.

"The past year has been a successful one for the Poe society and as new president of the Poes, I wish to say that we're hoping for an equally successful one next year," commented President Edwards.

YWCA Retreats To Plan Program For Next Year

The annual YWCA retreat was held at Red Oak church on the Farnville highway, Saturday, May 13, 1944.

The day's work was opened by the devotion conducted by Pearl Arnold of Dover, N. C. In her brief talk following the reading of the Bible, Miss Arnold said that the work of the "Y" for the following year separates itself into definite steps that are comparable to making a poster. The first step is to decide what the poster will say and to draw a rough sketch of it. This is what the work today will consist of, and those who are a part of it must be careful to draw the lines straight and true so that the work will be well-balanced and clear. To continue the story in daily work will come the sketching in the letters. Finally comes the step of inking in the letters for the finished product. "This is the only step that may be seen by outsiders," added Miss Arnold, "but that one step cannot be done until the others have been accomplished."

Miss Arnold closed by saying that "It is up to us to make our work so successful that we may look back with a feeling of satisfaction that we have accomplished the tasks that have been assigned to us."

After the devotion, the group met in sections to make plans for the "Y" work for next year. When this was completed the group had various types of recreation.

Those attending the retreat were Helen Stone, Willie M. Daniels, Ruth Davis, Mabel Watson, Rowena Montague, Pearl Arnold, Carolyn Register, Betty Smith, Hilda Pulley, Lorraine Davis, Mary Frances Ellis, Violet Sparks, Paula Ross, Elsie West, Lucille Husketh, Sylvia Green, Sara McKenzie, Gertrude Berry, Martha Strawn, Iris Woody, Mildred Wellons, Mary C. Dixon, Jessie Carter and Misses Louise Williams and Gussie Kuykendall.

YWCA Sponsors Clothes Drive

The "Clothes for Russia" drive ended on the campus Tuesday with a total of two large boxes of clothing collected. The drive, which began Wednesday, May 10, was sponsored by the YWCA, and was in charge of Hilda Pulley, World Fellowship chairman of the "Y" and Paula Ross, vice-president of the "Y."

Chairmen were appointed in each dormitory to collect the clothing, and they report the splendid cooperation of all the girls. So eager were they to contribute something that many who had no old clothes gave practically new articles of clothing. They also brought back clothes from home.

Despite the shoe rationing program, more shoes were contributed than any other article, although coats, sweaters, dresses and other kinds of clothing were collected. Mr. June Rose, superintendent of the Greenville city schools, was chairman of the drive in Greenville and collected the clothes from ECTC. The merchants in town are to mend and clean the clothes.

Juniors To Entertain Seniors Tonight At Southern Plantation Dance



MAY QUEEN WITH KING

The Senior class will be entertained tomorrow night, May 20, at the Plantation "Senior" in the Wright building. Wraps will be checked at the Negro quarters in the lobby. The mansion will be on the stage with the College Swing band on the veranda.

Dancing will be in the garden under the stars. Drinks and sandwiches will be served by Negro men and a Negro woman throughout the dance.

Couples in the figure will be the officers of the two classes, the chairmen of the committees and their dates. Each girl will carry a nosegay of mixed summer flowers. The couples will come down the steps in front of the southern plantation to form the letters "J.S." It will end with a grand march.

The committees in charge of the dance are: Decorations, Jane Hardy and Doris Brock, co-chairmen; Refreshments, Allene Vause, chairman, Mary E. Slate, Catherine Hester, Marjorie Privott and Helen Wooten; Properties, Alice Copeland, chairman, Dot Peale and Joe Lassiter; Orchestra, Morris Flow, chairman, Camille Jernigan and Frances Brewer; Figure, Ruth Winslow, chairman; Jean Goggin and Alice Wiggins; Chaperones, Dorothy Lewis, chairman, Bessie Council and Ellen Riddick; Door, Gretchen Boswell, chairman, Ellis Bedsworth and Dot Peale; Invitations, Billie Bryan, chairman, Louise Wooten and Betty Batson.

This will be the final formal dance for the year.

McDougle Leads Band In ECTC Radio Hour

The college band under the direction of Harold A. McDougle, presented the program for the regular ECTC hour, Monday night, May 15. Mr. McDougle, who was directing the band in concert for the first time, was introduced by Dr. Gilbert as Greenville's own director.

The band's first number was "The Star Spangled Banner" after which they played "Booster," by Klein, "Dauntless," by Holmes, "Show Boy," by Will Huff, "The Officer of the Day March," by R. B. Hall, and closed with "America."

Wesley Council Elects Dot Lewis As New President

In recent elections, officers for 1944-45 of the Wesley Foundation council, which is the Methodist student group of the campus, were elected. Dorothy Lewis succeeds Lillian "Mickey" Boyette as president, Jessie Earp replaces Dot Lewis as vice-president, Katherine Abernathy replaces Sybil Beaman as secretary and Clifton Crandell replaces Sam Strickland as treasurer.

Chairmen of Commissions selected are: Worship, Frances Banks succeeding Jessie Earp; Personnel, Dorothy Jean Creech replacing Elizabeth Kittrell; World Friendship, Lorraine Davis replacing Alma Simmons, Community Service, Virginia Small succeeding Dorothy Jean Creech, Recreation, Rosa Alice Lancaster replacing Edith Wilkerson, Music, Doris Lee replacing Genevieve Hodgin, Literature and training, Bessie Council succeeding Dorothy Lewis, Publicity, Eleanor Booth replacing Doris Sutton, and Church relations, Sam Strickland replacing Clifton Crandell.

This year two new commissions were established. They and their chairmen are: Town representative, Margaret Johnston, and Youth Caravan, Sybil Beaman.

The Town Representative commission is to bring the Wesley foundation into closer touch with resident town students, and the Youth Caravan commission is to develop a group of students and give them training for Caravan work. The Caravan is under Youth Fellowship of Methodist church and is organized to give service in churches all over the United States.

NEW YORK—(ACP)—At a recent meeting of the board of trustees of the American College for Girls at Istanbul, Turkey, Dean Virginia C. Gilderslove of Barnard college, was elected president succeeding the late William Adams Brown.

The college at Istanbul has an enrollment of 550 students, having turned away many applicants.

ECTC Methodists Install Officers At Church Hour

A most impressive candlelight Commissioning service for the officers of the Wesley Foundation for 1944-45 was held in Jarvis Memorial Methodist church as a part of the evening worship on Sunday, April 23. The Cross and candles were on the altar against a background of green.

Two seniors and former officers, Elizabeth Kittrell and Edith Wilkerson, lighted the candles. Then Lillian Boyette, outgoing president, led the processional of the new council to the altar. There she read a scripture passage. Miss Mamie J. Chandler, director of the Wesley foundation, then led a period of meditation.

The council officers and members remained standing at the chancel rail to receive commissions as leaders of Methodist students from the pastore of the church, Rev. R. W. Bradshaw. Then the officers knelt before the altar for a few moments of dedication. Rev. Bradshaw lighted a candle from the altar and handed it to Miss Chandler, who in turn gave it to the new president, Dorothy Lewis. She lighted the candles of each member of the group and as she lighted each one they rose. She then led them in processional from the church, all singing the chorus of "Are Ye Able."

News From SCC

May 3, 1944
The report of the student-faculty committee appointed to investigate the college stores was accepted by the Student Cooperative council.

The report given by the committee elected to set up rules and regulations regarding high school students and college students relationships was accepted by the SCC and is to be presented at mass meeting.

A committee was appointed by the president of the SCC to investigate the matter of insuring the new movie equipment.

May 10, 1944
A report was given by the committee appointed to investigate the insuring of the new movie equipment. The General Insurance Agency will insure the equipment for \$1.01 per \$100 per year. This policy was accepted by the Student Cooperative council.

May 17, 1944
A motion was made and carried that the insurance premium of \$24.87 be paid from the Student Cooperative council funds.

A discussion was held concerning the matter of making announcements in chapel. President Etheridge is to talk to Miss Williams to see if anything can be done so that announcements can be made in chapel. —Marie Hinton, Sec. SCGA

To Steal Pvt. Hargrove's Stuff--See Here Pvt. Dave Owens

By PVT. DAVE OWENS

"Pvt. Owens, you're drunk! What do you mean? Is this any way to start an Army career?" Capt. Tilton barked.

"Sir, you're wrong, sir!" I said. (We enlisted men always have to say "Sir" to all the officers...)

"Well, just what do you mean by staggering in the way you are doing?" he demanded of my frightened soul. "AND DON'T SAY I'M WRONG... I'M CHIEF AROUND HERE!"

"Sir," I offered, "I'm just back from a weekend pass, and I went to ECTC to my first dance in three whole weeks, and I'm still not over it. These GI shoes, you know—"

"Well, get to work and remember, never tell an officer that HE IS WRONG!"

Scarcely had I sat down to my typewriter when Sgt. Bazitta, from next door, came in and, unknown to me, stood beside me. I was typing some guy's name on a sheet of paper and when I heard, "Pvt. Owens, you're to get a three-day pass starting at six tonight," I'm sure that

the soldier whose name I was typing would never have recognized it. I managed to rescue my tongue which I had swallowed in my surprise and started to thank the Sgt. but by that time he was gone.

Now, a three-day pass at the place I was working meant that I'd be shipped out to basic training just as soon as I came back, but to tell the truth, I had been expecting to be sent out without the extra days of grace. I got a quick shave and put on my OD's (winter uniform) and borrowed DP's bag (since the one my brother sent me had not arrived and the one I brought with me I had busted (pardon, Dr. Baughan) the zipper from my luggage it around with me for the five tiresome days it took me to get sworn into this army. Before long, I was standing at the gate leading from this Paradise (WHO'S PARADISE) into Fayetteville, another Paradise (Well, maybe I am a little off the beam). No, it wasn't a Cadillac or a Buick that pulled over to the curb to let me ride into town free... No, it wasn't even a con-

vertible—just a '38 Plymouth, but I managed to swallow my pride and hopped in. In about ten minutes, I was standing on the curb at Fayetteville waiting for a ride. Evidently, I had picked the wrong spot, for I just thumbed and thumbed and thumbed and got no results whatsoever. Between me and my haste to get home, I decided to walk to a corner down the street. Between watching a quartet of soldiers on a jeep (holding up heroically under the strain of the four show-offs) and thinking IF I had the right road, I didn't make such good time on my hike to "Greener Pastures," as far as hitch-hiking is concerned.

In spite of my apparent slowness, I managed to find the right place for bumming, evidently, for in a few minutes a black Club Coupe squatted down beside me and Donald's suitcase.

"Rocky Mt.?" I asked hopefully. (I always say Rocky Mt. because nobody ever heard of Pinetops and folks seldom go there.)

The two Navy fliers said that they weren't going to Rocky Mt. but

so close to there that it would "make my head swim." "We cut off at Wilson and go through a little place called"—and they just could remember the name "PINETOPS."

Well, if I wore a girdle, I would have busted it, 'cause I just swelled up with relief at being so lucky. I told them that that was where I lived. They both looked at me sympathetically and then looked at each other understandingly, as if to say, "It's a pity everybody can't live in Columbia, South Carolina."

The fliers were very conscious of their prowess (or whatever the word is that means ability, etc.) for they immediately asked me if I had ever been in an airplane. I was somewhat on the weak side by that time and couldn't answer, the footfeet being so close to the floor that a heavier foot would have pushed it right on through the floorboard. I was getting dark, and the fact that the curves on the road were unfamiliar to the driver didn't help my nervous indigestion one bit.

It's funny how you think of different (and the silliest) things when

you are riding so fast. I looked at the speedometer—and thought... "Wouldn't Maribelle love to be here. She would feel right at home going so fast." But the thought that kept making me smile was "What will Mother say when I walk into the front door?" You see, I had just left the day before for what I thought was for good, until I came home from basic training. Things like that always make me smile, and I know how silly something like smiling is when there is obviously nothing to smile about.

It was getting darker, but I could smell home when I got within a few miles of it because nobody has had a chance to move the dead dog that was squashed in the road right in front of our house the day before I left. As soon as I caught the scent I started getting courage to ask the Navy guys to start stopping so that I could start getting my bag out of the back seat (if you want to call a Club Coupe's rear a seat) because I lived right up here a little way. Luck was with

(Continued on Page Four)

WHAT-HAVE-YOU

By Bob Martin

What student isn't beaming with pride over our new moving picture projection machine and new screen? Indeed it makes quite a difference and a body can really sit back and enjoy a show without straining eye or ear.

There is the one going around about the male instructor who was instructing female war worker how to rivet. He said, "I'll hold the rivet in place and when I nod my head, you hit it." he did and he woke up in the hospital the next day.

It looks now, according to many, as the college will be saved from the deepest depths of disgrace and despair. As the suggested change of one archaic rule referring to walking dates on campus, was not adopted at mass meeting, students therefore no longer can be accused of being "drunk with power" and of "throwing away the rule book." Without a doubt, changing time limit from 7:45 to 10:15 for walking dates on the campus, and we meant front campus and not back campus or arboretum, is nothing short of extreme radicalism, but what is a radical if not one who has a difference of opinion.

Perhaps many students voted without considering the question from all angles, at least there was no opportunity of hearing more points either pro or con. Then the powerful prestige speech remained uttermost in their minds, and as good lambs followed the shepherd. Evidently there was no consideration of the inadequacies of the parlors, as to size or comfort. Especially is comfort important with such hot weather.

Several students who objected to changing the rule, objected not to walking dates on the front campus after 7:45, but rather to any wholesale "smooching" on the campus, or for instance a girl sitting and a boy lying beside her. Then why not make a rule—"No smooching on the campus," or "No lying on the ground," or any other dnt's, but not prohibiting dating on the front campus after 7:45. In contrast if one objected, for example, to "smooching" in Wright building during a dance, then if they were consistent they would advocate not having the dance and closing the Wright building.

Have students been misled into saying by their votes, that they are incapable of judging their course of action if on the front campus after 7:45? That they might be guilty of bringing disgrace to the college by sitting on front or side steps of dormitories. That they are irresponsible "children" who cannot be trusted out of the sight of "watchful" eyes to walk two or three times from Cotten to Wilson halls and back. That sitting on the curb is immoral, and such conduct would be unbecoming ladies and gentlemen. That they have no sense whatsoever of right and wrong, and thus cannot be let out of the "fold" to have a walking date between 7:45 and 10:15. Ask yourself, students? Was I misled? Did I make a hasty decision? Did I really think

the thing through? Would it not be well within reason to allow dating on front campus till 10:15, with certain provisions, and of course nothing extreme? Did I not come to school to learn and to acquire knowledge thus bettering myself, but also to have relaxation and recreation, without being "cooped" up in a parlor?

After such an outburst we offer this lament of the science professor to return the reader to normal. Note from the professor to a parent: "I must caution you about your son. I caught him cheating in his botany examination. He had seven flowers in his buttonhole and a quantity of pollen up his sleeve. Tomorrow, we have an anatomy examination and if I catch him with a nudist under his coat, he will be expelled."

Your reporter takes this opportunity to inform you that due to a misunderstanding, his name appears at the heading of the "What-Have-You" column of Saturday, May 6, issue of TECO ECHO. He did not write the column for that issue, nor does he necessarily share the views expressed.

SCUMMING

By The Keyhole Korrespondent

It seems that jealousy can't even be left out of such a beautiful occasion as May Day. Or perhaps certain Wilson hall belles and their ninety-day wonders are above observing the time-proven custom of bowing to the Queen of May.

Thanks, student body, for making the cradle rockers legal. Now we can publish the dirt we dig up and not get anyone in trouble (as if we ever did!) But, it's a funny thing—now that such dates are legal, the ECTC-ettes have lost interest.

They say that some people actually let the power of the office they hold go to their heads. For further information on this subject, observe the new chairman of the Entertainment committee.

Maddrey is still at it, dear readers. Gee, how she likes to flirt and how she loves her men, but, oh, how she hates to be told about it.

To Single and Dopey Watson—may your entire life be as successful as your wedding party. It was estimated very highly by all who attended.

What's the matter, Copeland, can't you keep Pill under control? We've been told he's giving other girls a thrill. (Hint to you, Alice—in addition to snooping among the ECTC bushes, we also rent or sell chains, ropes, apron strings and lassoes of all kinds.)

It has come to the attention of the Keyhole Korrespondent that the artistic genius of ECTC—Lib Jenkins—doesn't do her strolling to admire the beauties of nature, but to keep proper tab on "the-man-about-town" Clifton Nelson.

There must be something more to the Owens-Hooks affair than "purely Platonic," for you can't keep Dave away from Babe even if he has become a Pvt. part of this man's Army.

Keith Cummings is really keeping something to himself, but I can quote him as saying something to this effect—"I regret that I have but one life to give the girls in Wilson hall." If that's the way you feel, Keith, you belong in the society of the Mormons. Can't you settle with one? Come on, now, just try real hard. It's been done before.

Fenner certainly has blossomed out, come spring. Okay, girls, don't race so hard. We have confidential information that women are not down his line.

Who was that man that Jean Goggin had all last week-end? Say, let us in on this. We're interested.

Boe Alston's brother can come sit in the parlor with me any night. Say, Cheat-ham, don't rush back to Louisburg. We'd like having you around a long time.

Since the play YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (we're going to charge you ad prices soon) is keeping Doug absorbed in his lead, Jimmie Warren has decided to step in and take over Doug's place with Hazel. Anyway, taking her to the movies is a good way to start out.

Former-editor Jenkins was in town this week and straightway he paid Betty Batson a visit. Maybe there is something more to that than meets the eye.

Who is Layton Clark interested in—Jackie or Roommate Dot? It's first one and then the other.

Have the Fleming hall girls gone out of the picture? We can't dig up a thing on them, and we know that Garnette, Doris, Baby, Inez, Anne, and the rest of the cuties do keep the Marines plenty busy. We must be off the beam or they just know how to keep their activities quiet.

Mary Cameron Dixon's been seen with a Greenville Casanova, Larry James. Not bad, no, not bad at all!

Little Tripp's been holding out on us. He is getting around, because before the Judiciary put a stop to the bush-dwelling, we spied him with—nope, we'd better not say because we can't see that well.

Billy (Giggle-box) Whitehurst and Jack Carson must be loyal to the girls at

home in Bethel because they do no more than the minimum amount of flirting.

Well, that's all, folks, until next week when your Keyhole Korrespondent will bring you the last installment of the ECTC gossip.

Yours till

K. K.

Letters To The Editor

(Ed. Note: This column is for the purpose of giving the students a chance to express their opinions on any matter in any manner they see fit. Such a column helps to uphold the right of "freedom of the press." Any material printed in this column is not necessarily endorsed by the paper. It is just an individual's opinion.)

To the Editor:

Just what are the girls at ECTC supposed to do on a date? Why treat us as though we are still two years old? Can't anyone be trusted around this place? It seems that all the honor we've been hearing so much about in mass meetings is merely a bunch of bush-wha and evidently we don't have any honor at all; at least everything is pointing that way at present.

What is our beautiful campus for, anyway, if we can't even walk around on it after 7:45 p. m. Wouldn't you rather see girls and their dates out on front campus than out in town somewhere? It seems that we are going a little too far when we have to say that in order to get out of the parlor with a date at night the couple has to leave the campus; yet isn't that exactly what we are saying. You'll have to agree that that sounds more like a concentration camp than a college in a democratic country. Anyway, not all the girls are allowed off the campus at night so what do you think these people are going to do? I suppose you expect the freshmen to be content to sit around in a hot, stuffy parlor while everyone else goes downtown.

The parlors do not have sufficient room to accommodate all the girls who have dates. Even if they did, it is too pleasant outside to make human being stay shut up in a hot parlor every night. After all we are human and would greatly appreciate being treated as such.

What is wrong with our sitting out front on the benches? The benches were made to sit on and there is sufficient lighting on our porches and out front so that no harm could possibly come from permitting us a perfectly normal privilege of a citizen in a civilized world.

This is supposed to be an institution of learning; one in which we learn to face the facts and problems of life; one in which we are to be taught to uphold the morals of this nation; and one in which we learn to be our own judges. May I ask how we are going to learn these things if we are not given a chance to approach them in our college life, much less put them into use? Never yet has there been an animal chained down or caged that didn't go wild when turned loose. That is exactly what will happen to the girls when they graduate from here if there are any left when we get through enforcing such rules.

It's just not human! We don't sit in the house at home, especially in the spring and summer, so you can't expect us to do so while we're here; and anyway, isn't this our home for nine months out of twelve?

At present we students are coming here because we wanted to. We liked the privileges that were given us. We liked the way in which things were carried out. We liked the way the student body of ECTC was being trusted and put on its honor. How long do you think such reasons will hold true if we are bound down, hand and foot? How many girls are going to encourage their friends to enroll? How many girls are going to return next year and the years following?

Don't you think that we are capable of thinking through this matter and considering it from more angles than it has been considered so far? Well, then, let's do so before we take any drastic steps. Remember, we are supposed to be intelligent college students and we wish to be treated as if we were out of kindergarten.

—"A FRESHMAN"

THIS COLLEGIATE WORLD

University of Texas home economics students in training as teachers are getting special wartime work in re-styling clothes and refinishing furniture at home.

Expecting to find a unanimous appeal among the men for glamorous young graduates of universities, surveyors were surprised to learn that boys would rather have middle-aged women standing before them in the classroom. "Less distraction from the books," one male explained.

Other requisites for the ideal prof are punctuality and accuracy, an enthusiastic interest in his subject, and use of humorous incidents to brighten up dry textbook material.

STUDENT SPOTLIGHT

By Jean Goggin

Well, to start with, she just loves chocolate ice cream and playing croquet. And she likes to collect poems, too. She is a member of the Methodist Student association and was worship chairman during her sophomore year. She belongs to the YWCA. Last year she was forum chairman of the YW, and this year she is religious education chairman.

Next she is—oh, yes, we forgot to tell you—we are talking about Mabel Spence Watson of Fremont. She is a grammar grade major and says she came to ECTC "Because I wanted to teach."

"I plan to teach for the first year or two and after that—question mark," quotes Mabel Spence.

Getting back to her varied activities, we find that she is a member of the Future Teachers of America, of which she is state secretary. Last year she was vice-president of the FTA.

Because of her varied activities at ECTC, a write-up of Mabel Spence will appear in this year's edition of *Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges*. She was selected as the most intellectual student in the senior class.

"My greatest desire is to find now and where I can be of most service and then devote my life to that work," she said.



She attended the President's School for YWCA leaders at Union Theological seminary last summer in New York City. She comments, "It was the most inspiring experience I have ever had, and it increased my interest in Religious Education."

Bits o' Fashion

BY SUE

Here comes the summer! Don't you feel like singing? In bygone days the favorite fashion ad for summer was that of a lovely girl pictured leaning against a post in a beautiful, filmy dress, with full skirt which floated gracefully down to the floor.

Now such pictures are about as scarce as hen's teeth, for all the fashion magazines advise the slim, street-length sheath of a dress for dining and dancing.

But for a real occasion nothing seems to fit but the pretty feminine floor-length creation, and if you'll drag out ye old spy-glass, you'll find a very few of the long genuine evening dresses claiming pre-war loveliness, if not prewar yardage.

And such come-hither charm will bedeck all Juniors and Seniors on Saturday night, I'm sure, for the annual Junior-Senior.

The cutest and most practical in the new floor-length evening dress is COTTON. *Vogue* features a red and white striped cotton dress with full pleated (within regulations of WPB) skirt, white fitted bodice with wide bands of piping of the red and white striped. It's definitely the type of dress for a Plain Jane or for an "informal evening" as *Vogue* puts it.

Likewise informal, *Mademoiselle* shows a halter-wise white pique with a ruffled-top bodice and a full banaded skirt, splashed o'er all in gay flowers; a peasant skirt in spun rayon with row on row of swans, squirrels, birds and things nice, worn with a batiste blouse with peasant drawstring. For the gal with a figure *Vogue* suggests a gingham halter-neck dress with full skirt and banded and sashed in satin ribbon with perky bows at neck and waist.

For the more alluring, *Mademoiselle*, by ways of bridesmaid suggestions, has for you a filmy number in rayon marquisette with long, full sleeves, banded at the wrist, with full, flared skirt. The baby Peter Pan collar is edged in lace to match, beautiful in white or pastels.

Another of the bridesmaids' dresses featured by *Mademoiselle* which our ordinary mortals could wear as evening dresses in a simple and sweet dress of white organdy with full skirt, fitted bodice, long-pointed sleeves and a sweet little-girlish neck with a double row of crisp ruffles from shoulder to shoulder and back again.

And now since you're all dressed and ready, let's away to the Junior-Senior, and be wary of the unsuspecting male!

WITH THE ARMED FORCES

By Rosalie Brown

Recently I received a letter from Sgt. Norman Warren who is now stationed in England, which he says is really a beautiful country. Norman said he wished to write a few lines to tell us how much he is enjoying the TECO ECHO. "Since coming to England nineteen months ago, I have received the paper regularly, and being a resident of Greenville I have more than a personal interest in the progress of the college," he writes. "Please extend my compliments to the staff for publishing such an interesting paper." Norman sent his regards to the faculty and a special threat to Dr. Haynes for a tennis match when he gets back.

Edgar A. Denton, another Greenville boy and a 1942-43 student here, received his wings and commission as a second lieutenant in the Army Air corps upon completion of his training at Seymour, Ind.

A report from Headquarters, European Theater of Operations, brings to our attention that Pfc. Kelly Abeyounis is attached with a mobile baking unit that really puts out the hot bread and coffee. A 1936 graduate of ECTC, Pfc. Abeyounis taught school in Bethel where he was considered a leading citizen. The men in his unit are not only bakers, but clerks, truck drivers, mechanics who are also first rate soldiers trained to use all basic infantry weapons.

Francis Jennings is now Lt. Commander Jennings. He was a 1936 graduate of our college and taught school before enlisting in the Navy, since which time he has had many interesting experiences. He was on the U.S.S. Tuscaloosa when President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill boarded the vessel to draft the Atlantic Charter. He served on the aircraft carrier Hornet and was adrift in a life raft four days after she was sunk. He is now in Hollywood helping make a movie for Navy trainees. Before going to Hollywood, Comdr. Jennings was an aviation instructor in Miami, Fla.

Word has been received here that Charles King, U. S. Navy Air corps, has been promoted from the rank of lieutenant to that of lieutenant-commander. He completed his training at Pensacola, Fla., and the citizens of Greenville may well remember his visits over the city a few years ago when a Navy plane was something to behold, especially with a sharp flyer showing it at its best. Lieut.-Commander King has served as instructor at Naval Air station, Norfolk, Va., and Jacksonville, Fla., where he is now stationed. He has also had sea duty aboard a carrier.

W. B. Harris was the youngest member of his class to receive his commission as an ensign from the U. S. Naval Reserve Midshipmen's school, Chicago, May 10, 1944. W. B. was at Newberry college, S. C., and then spent two months at the Portsmouth Navy yard, Va. His grades were so high in midshipmen's school that he was exempt from all except one examination. He is now in Miami, Fla., waiting for further assignment.

First Lieutenant James E. Joyner is resting at Miami Beach before going back into active service. He was stationed at an Army air base in England for the past seven months and completed his 25 bombing missions on a Flying Fortress, as navigator, over enemy territory in that war theater. He was awarded the U. S. Air medal, and three Oak Leaf Clusters, as well as the Distinguished Flying Cross.

In my enthusiasm over Lt. Fodie Hodges interesting letter which appeared in my last column I left out his decoration. Fodie, who is stationed somewhere in the South Pacific, has been recommended for the Silver Star for conspicuous gallantry in action against the aps in the Marshall islands. Nice going, Fodie, now I don't even feel bad about all the times you stepped on my toes jitterbugging at the Campus building when you were a student here.

The Teco Echo

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WAA Sponsors Play Night To Allow Sports Participation

By ELSIE WEST

The WAA sponsored Play Night, Tuesday, May 16, from 5:30 to 9:00 p. m. A committee composed of Anne Woody, chairman, Sit Knowles and Jean Scarborough planned the games and contests.

Badminton, softball, ping-pong, tennis, horseshoes, croquet and bridge were the sports participated in.

Badminton: Dahlia Adams and Maxine Pleasant played Nina Cook and Edna Averette; Jerry Albritton and Ruth Spencer played Hilda James and Dixie Cappell.

Ping-pong: Jean Douglas vs. Jean Douglas, Leode McLawhorne vs. Ruth Vason.

Horseshoes: Dorothy Jean Creech and Tommie Averette vs. Lucille Edwards and Jessie Horne.

Croquet: Helen Sessoms, Rita Dawson, Laura Marie Walker and Edna Seward.

Tennis: Dot Davis, Lee Bledsoe, Margaret Gerock, Amanda Etheridge, Margaret Hall and Dot Peele. Wins: Etheridge, 3 games; Bledsoe, 2 games; Dot Peele, 1 game; Dot Davis, 1 game; Margaret Gerock, 1 game; and Margaret Hall, 1 game.

Softball: Cotton and Fleming vs. Jarvis and Wilson. Those on the Cotton-Fleming team were: Helen Rose, Annette Pridden, Sit Knowles, Maxine Salt, Ann Woody, Elois Williams, Wilma Johnson, Evelyn Zimmerman and Elsie West.

Jarvis-Wilson team was composed of the following: Lena Mae Blackwell, Beadie Wooten, Nancy Holloman, Betty Frances Eakes, Jessilu Ann, Anabel Johnson, Nannie Lou Little and Elizabeth Manning. The Cotton-Fleming team won with a score of 12-9.

During the second period, a faculty-student pin-ball game similar to softball was played. Those on the student team were Hilda Moore, Anne Woody, Lee Bledsoe, Helen

Women's Athletic Association News

By ELSIE WEST

Tennis

The Consolation Tennis tournament is well underway now, but there are still many sets to be played. The object of this tournament is to give everyone a chance to play at least twice before being eliminated. It is urged that the games be played according to schedule as time is very limited.

Softball

The intramural softball tournament has started although there are still very few people participating.

Sessoms, Tommie Averette, Mickey Boyette, Fenner Boyd, Hilda Grimes, Dorothy Jean Creech and Elsie West.

The faculty team was composed of Miss Stallings, Miss Alex, Mr. Fisher, Dr. Haynes, Amanda Etheridge and Wilma Johnson.

Dot Davis was the scorer. The faculty team won with only one casualty, Mickey Boyette, who was knocked down and practically out by Wilma Johnson of the faculty team.

At the end of the game, Miss Stallings presented an award to the dormitory getting the most winning points and a second award to the dormitory having the most participants. Jarvis Hall won both of these which were a bottle of vitamin pills and a horseshoe ash tray, respectively.

According to Miss Frances Alex, one of the advisers of the WAA, "Those of us who played had lots of fun. I wish more had come out to enjoy themselves." Miss Stallings, also adviser to the WAA says, "It was fun. Let's have a bigger and better one next year."

ing. There are many reasons why each person should want to play this game. In the first place, the girls go out on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights from 6:30 until 7:30 to have fun. That is the primary aim of our softball intramural program as well as the other activities that are offered for your enjoyment. Besides, good fresh air, exercise and diversion make you feel more like getting down to studying hard. Come on, girls! Let's get out and have fun.

Individual Sports

The shuffleboard and badminton sheet are still posted and girls may play tournament games any time the campus building is open and the equipment is available. Please, girls, play your games on time so you can get your credit.

Bicycling

It seems that anyone who has the knee grease, the required energy and resistance to old Sol can go flying along with the breeze on the newly-fixed WAA bikes. See Faye Jessup and take a ride.

Bowling

Fenner Boyd seems to be top man

in bowling so far with 180 to his credit for the boys, and Katie Earl Owen has the highest score for the ladies, 138. Leslie Chadwick follows Boyd with 170, Big Tripp (Stuff) with 162, Henry Harris, 161, and Cummings with 156. Second best for the girls is Boyce with 134 and Lee Bledsoe following close with 133.

Those bowling over 100 are: Little Tripp, Doris Stevens, Crandall, Etheridge, Nelson, Little, James, Jayne, Myra Sara Frank, Johnson, Cutler, Reed, Elsie Corbitt, Gray, Tommie Corbitt, Alba, Slate, Riley, Tuck, Knowles, S. Johnson, Porgie, Rouse, Peele, Winstead, Anne, Lassiter, Moore, Lib, Doris Frank, and Hilda Pulley. (If I've omitted anyone, forgive me, please. I'll get you next time.)

taken all the life out of him, and Little Tripp doesn't make much noise alone.

I almost forgot to mention a big rat about the size of a small cat who plays in the hall until everyone is asleep and then I don't know what in hell goes on.

By the way—we have been visited by a rabbit. Haven't we, Chesson? Oh, yes, and to live up things, we got a letter from a former Ragsdale Rooster—Dave Owens. He seems to remember us all—but, oh, the first one to get up in the morning is Keith who goes around calling everyone who wants to go to breakfast, and then he asks them, "Are you ready?"

WAVES AT PLAY



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Young women enlist in the WAVES to serve their country in wartime. So do exciting work—rig parachutes, help teach Navy men gunnery and flying, take radio code message from the battle fleet. Others follow more prosaic pursuits—stenography, storekeeping, telephone operating. But there's ample time for recreation—recreation of each girl's choosing. WAVES are shown above playing volleyball at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Below, WAVE cheerleaders at a football game at the San Diego Naval Training Station. Young women, 20-36, without children under 18, can get full information at Navy Recruiting Stations or Offices of Naval Officer Procurement.

Roll Call In Ragsdale Is Spasmodic No Sign-in, No Sign-out, No Nothin'

By "ONE OF THE ROOSTERS"

Life in Ragsdale is the best of all. The boys who stay out in town don't know what they are missing. It is nice and quiet in the daytime unless you want to sleep and then you will hear Keith Cummings coming from class singing "Old Mountain Dew" loud enough to raise the top of the building. If it is not Keith it's Chadwick calling you to pay a hand of bridge and you know what that means.

Then at night there is someone coming in at all times from ten-thirty to eleven or twelve o'clock. Ellis is always the last one in unless someone goes up town. Ellis said, "The last minute is the best! Don't let it slip by." But he is not as bad as John was during the winter quarter. At least Ellis doesn't stay for the house meetings to see the girls come out with their night gowns on.

There's never any peace in our room!

You go into the first room and it won't be long before Jack or Ellis will ask you out that they have to go to bed.

Then there's Curtis and Leslie Venter always disturbing the peace. Room No. 8 is always the center of attraction, if I'm wrong correct me, Keith. Then we come to Chesson and Hardy who are always in their room nice and quiet. Big Tripp who spends almost all of his spare time in room No. 8 has a nice quiet room. Then there are Joe and Fenner who are always studying if Joe is not telling dirty jokes. Room No. 8

used to be Fenner's hang-out, but not anymore.

Then you come to the room of the three boys who get along the best of all—John, Julian and Hubert. (Confidentially, they are always on the warpath.) Hubert and Julian are always disturbing John, who is trying to study or sleep. Julian is always coming in asking John what to do when you can't get along with your best girl.

"Should I buy her a corsage, or should I ask Ellis what to do?" he pleads.

Then about twelve or one o'clock Hubert will come in from the Green Room about the time John gets to sleep, and he'll turn all the lights on. He finds out that John has his blanket, and the sparks fly. When he cuts the lights off Julian

will start talking to his Grandmother if he wants anything. Hubert stuffs his ears with cotton and snores in despair. Then everything is nice and peaceful until morning.

Last but not least there're Mayo and Little Tripp who used to make a lot of noise until Mayo got his call for the Army. It seems to have

DUKE UNIVERSITY
School of Nursing
DURHAM, N. C.

The basic entrance requirements are intelligence, aptitude for nursing, and character. During the War, high school graduates who have not had college work, including chemistry, should enroll in the special Pre-Nursing Course offered in this School, which will begin July 3, 1944. Those who successfully complete this pre-nursing course, and other students with acceptable college work will begin September 29, 1944. Tuition for the pre-nursing course is \$100.00 and \$100.00 per year for the nursing. This covers the cost of instruction and maintenance. Students joining the United States Nurse Cadet Corps will have no tuition to pay and will receive uniforms and stipends. Kellogg Loan Funds for tuition are also available. Catalogue and application forms should be obtained from: The Dean of the School of Nursing, Durham, North Carolina.

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From Major General Uhl to the women of E. C. T. C.

Of all the women in America, there is probably no group who should be more deeply concerned with the outcome of this war than you young college women.

Through the fruits of your study and your good fortune, you can appreciate better than most how much is at stake. Neither you nor I can yet tell how much personal sacrifice is needed to assure victory, but we cannot afford to let it be too little and too late.

At this moment, the Army urgently needs your eager minds and skillful hands to help speed our soldiers' victorious return.

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Chi Pis To Present Comedy In Austin Next Weekend

The Chi Pi players who produced CLAUDIA and JANE EYRE are now rehearsing the rollicking comedy YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU to be given here the nights of May 26-27. In addition the players will take the play to Cherry Point on May 22 for two performances to the men and women there in the United States Marine corps.

The play concerns the doings of a wacky family, of which the grandfather, Martin Vanderhof, W. W. Smiley, collects stamps and snakes and goes to circuses and commencements as his hobbies. His daughter, Penny Sycamore, played by Sarah Moore, writes plays and paints and is completely absent-minded.

Just as wacky, but only married into the family, is her husband, Paul, portrayed by J. L. Brandt, who makes fireworks. He is assisted by another outsider, Mr. D. P. Pina, Hubert Bergeron, an ice man who comes to bring some ice and just stayed on for eight years.

Penny's daughter, Essie, Hennie Cooper, aspires to a career in ballet. Her husband, Ed, played by Tom Rowlett, plays the xylophone (in this case a glockenspiel) and runs a printing press in the living room.

Penny's other daughter, Alice, Mary-belle Redditt, is the only normal one in the bunch. She doesn't have a husband yet, but she is very much in love with her boss' son, Tony Kirby, Doug Nelson.

Then there are the colored maid, Eunice Modlin; her boy-friend, Henry Harris; a burlesque queen, Hazel Williford; and ex-Grand Duchess of Russia, Bernice Freeman; a Russian ballet master, Jimmy Warren; the wealthy Mr. and Mrs. Kirby, Billy Tucker and Hazel Harris; and the three G-men, Jack Johnson, Finner Boyd and Keith Cummings.

Bedlam is nothing compared to the goings-on in the house of Grandpa Vanderhof.



GRETCHEN WEBSTER

Versatile Senior Gretchen Webster Directing Play

By JACKIE DeLYSLE

Blonde, brown eyes, Science and Home Ec major, a super-duper figure—who is it? Why it's Gretchen Webster, that cute little gal from Leasburg, North Carolina. Gretchen says that she's always been quiet and calm because nothing really exciting has ever happened to her. We know better about that quietness, don't we, third floor Cotten?

During her freshman year, Gretchen was an active member of the Lanier society and the WAA. "That wasn't a very exciting year for me, because I was studying so industriously." (Studying what, the Air corps?)

Her sophomore year she became interested in the Chi Pi players (so that's where you learned to act and fool all the men). She was elected a delegate of the State Student Legislative assembly that was sent from the Young Democrats club.

In Gretchen's junior year, she was treasurer of the Lanier society. She admits she was interested in the Society so that she could get a pin and pin up some boy in the Air corps. She was also treasurer of the Young Democrats club. During these past three years she whispered sweet altho nothings in all the co-ed's ears.

Now a senior, Gretchen has just finished a hard session of practice teaching, but she loved it, she says. She had the leading role in *Jane Eyre* and captured many a fickle heart as an innocent, young girl. (We are not intimating anything, Miss Webster.) She prefers heavy drama. At present, she is assistant director of the Chi Pi production that will go to Cherry Point next week. She admits that it's awful hard work and that one night she had to make those "dumb actors" do a scene 12 times. "Everybody's been swell, and I know the play will be a great success." She confesses that her real motive in being

Alumni News

Reservations for Alumni Guests
This year, because of the food and labor situation, it is absolutely necessary for all alumni guests during commencement to make reservations. The hospitality of the college has not lessened—but food is rationed and help is limited. So do not fail to send in your requests for reservations.

Use the following blank or a penny post card.

Come, but announce your coming! You will be welcomed!

Notice to Be Sent by May 30
To the Alumni Office

East Carolina Teachers College
Greenville, North Carolina

Dear Alumni Secretary:

I am expecting to attend the 1944 Commencement, and request reservations for the following times:

(Please check.)
Nights: June 2, 3, 4
Meals: June 2 Supper

June 3: Breakfast, luncheon, supper

June 4: Breakfast, luncheon, supper

June 5: Breakfast, luncheon, supper

Sincerely yours,

Name _____
Address _____
Date _____

Greenville Chapter Host

The Greenville ECTC Alumni Chapter met on Wednesday evening, May 10, in the Wright Building.

A splendid musical program was rendered by a group of students under the direction of Mr. Fisher. They were accompanied by Miss Camille Jernigan. Miss Elizabeth Bridges, accompanied by Miss Etheridge, sang a lovely solo. Dr. Gilbert played two lovely violin selections. He was also accompanied by Miss Etheridge.

After the program, a brief business session was held with the president, Mrs. Chester Walsh, presiding. Plans were made for the Alumni Tea to be held on June 3. This tea will be sponsored by the Greenville Chapter, and will afford opportunity for classmates to meet again and for visiting alumni and faculty and staff members to talk of old days and news, as well as for all to welcome the new alumni of the class of 1944.

The report from the nominating committee on the officers for the year 1944-45 was as follows: President, Miss Ruth Modlin; Vice-president, Mrs. D. M. Williford; Secretary Reporter, Mrs. Grace Snell Ayscue;

assistant director was to go to Cherry Point. I wanted to go somewhere I wouldn't have 600 girls as competition. (Not that those 600 loathe her technique!)

She loves to walk in the rain when it's thundering and lightning. Sounds dubious to me. Anyway, love must be grand if you can get all wet and still like it. She loves angel food cake and sour pickles—some combination. She adores anything gruesome and really swoons over the "Hermit" every Sunday night.

Record On The Service Flag

In memory of those who have given "the last full measure of devotion" to their country, the figure 8 now appears beneath the gold star on the Service Flag which the Alumni Association presented to the college one year ago; and the figure 365 beneath the blue star records the number of those other men and women who have gone from the walls of this college to the fields of active service in the armed forces and who today are devoting themselves to the cause of freedom for all men, in the hope that their comrades "shall not have died in vain."

The Service Flag occupies a prominent place in the entrance hall of Austin Building and is a constant reminder that there is no higher ideal than is expressed in the college motto: "To Serve."

Its gold star is a symbol of the high place of reverence and gratitude their fellow alumni hold for the following who have died for their country: In 1942-43, Lt. O. D. Andrews, of Rocky Mount; Lt. John Johnston, of Greenville; and Lt. Stanley Woolfolk, of Greenville; and in 1943-44, Lt. William Sledge, of Louisville; Lt. Thomas Meeks, of LaGrange; Lt. John Denton, of Raleigh, and Lt. Stephen Alvin Wooten, of Maeclesfield.

Its blue star likewise shows forth the reverence and hopes felt for those who are reported as missing in action: Staff Sgt. Morris Abeyounis, of Greenville; Tech. Sgt. Herbert Henby Burnette, of Farmville; and Lt. Elmer Smith, of Ayden; and for

those reported as prisoners in Germany, Tech. Sgt. Charles Little, of Winterville; Tech. Sgt. Alexander B. Noe, of Ayden; and Lt. Wilbur Brown, of Greenville.

And the blue star constantly symbolizes the pride and honor we feel toward those hundreds of other alumni who are going forward as faithful sons and daughters of their country. Sympathy To Alumnus

Lt. Bernard C. Roper was recently called home because of the accidental death of his father, a prominent man in Bath, North Carolina, where he had long served as a vestryman of the historic Episcopal Church.

Lt. Roper has a 30-day furlough. For 13 months he has been serving in Panama as a staff officer at an Army post.

Veteran Airman Ends Visit Here

First Lieutenant James E. Joyner has reported to Miami Beach, Fla., after spending a 21-day furlough with his mother, Mrs. Verna Joyner.

Lieut. Joyner has been stationed at an army air base in England for the past seven months and has completed his 25 bombing missions on a Flying Fortress, as navigator, over enemy territory in that war theater. He was awarded the U. S. Air Medal, and three Oak Leaf Clusters, as well as the Distinguished Flying Cross. Lieut. Joyner is a graduate of East Carolina Teachers College and was a teacher before entering the armed services. He took his advanced training for a navigator at Hondo, Texas.

Lieut. Joyner will be at Miami Beach for approximately three weeks as a period of rest before going back into active service.

YWCA Sponsors Varied Programs In Vesper Meets

During the last two weeks the "Y" has sponsored varied types of programs. The regular business meeting was held Friday night, May 5, 1944.

Sunday night, May 7, the vesper program consisted of a talk by Chaplain Robert Calhoun from the local Marine base. He spoke on "This Is No Time for a Holiday." He emphasized the fact that people who are trying to live the Christian life will find no time for a holiday.

On Friday night, May 12, Martha Strawn, chairman of the Music committee, led the group in step singing.

Sunday night, Dr. A. D. Frank, head of the History department, made a talk on "Practical Religion." Dr. Frank said that honest, sincere, truthful living day by day is practical religion.

COLLEGIATE WORLD

Girls at Elon college, North Carolina, dressed in old-fashioned garments and attended an exhibition of captured equipment during the 4th War Loan Drive. Idea: "Don't be a back number." The college sold over \$17,000 worth of war bonds.

Albion college, Jackson, Michigan, opened its War Bond and Stamp Sales Week with an afternoon parade of college air crew detachment members, a jeep, coeds, Campfire Girls, representatives of patriotic organizations and other through the town's business district.

See Here Pvt. Dave Owens

Continued from Page One

me, for the poor engine had to pause for a little rest, and during that pause in the motor's zooming sound, the Navy guys heard me put in my request for getting out. And would you believe it? They came to a dead stop right in front of my front door. I wobbled into the house after I had thanked them for their ride, and all I heard was a very nice, "You're welcome, Sad Sack," and another zooming sound zoomed on into the distance.

Mother honestly thought that I was sick and had gotten a discharge from the Army because of my return home after a weekend pass. The wobbly condition of my legs added to her belief. I showed her my pass, and then she agreed that my being home was legal. So then, after a good night's sleep—free of snoring soldiers and all-night poker games—I was ready for two whole days of being happy. Plenty of good food, seeing everybody, and going to the places I like made me feel like a new man (Well, I'm in the Army, and when you're in the Army you're SUPPOSED to be grown-up, I reckon).

Wednesday night I got on the bus at home and started back to Bragg (we old soldiers leave off the FORT part and just say "Bragg"). I smelled gasoline fumes but thought nothing of it. Pretty soon a girl sitting in the rear of the bus screamed out and started to cry almost without shame. I heard somebody near her mention "gasoline fumes," so I immediately started getting nauseated. (Power of suggestion, no doubt.) If I had thought of it, I would have been a gentleman and offered my coat (G. I. no doubt) to the girl who was now shivering in the seat back of me, but she asked me if she might have my coat to wrap up in, thus saving me the trouble of having to think of being a gentleman. She was the same girl who was sick, mind you, and you can imagine the visions I had of her losing whatever supper she might have had on my freshly-cleaned coat. She didn't have to part with her already-eaten food, however, and I just decided that the proper thing to do was to get off the bus in Wilson and hitch-hike on into Fayetteville and in doing so, get the fumes of that rationed stuff called "gasoline" out of my nicotine containers called lungs. It wasn't so long (and it wasn't so short) before I caught a ride to Dunn on a car that had a very good radio on it. (Not much better than Hiram's, though) and instead of inhaling the fumes on that crowded bus, I listened to Eddie Cantor, Mr. District Attorney and Kay Kyser. By that time, we had reached Dunn, and I told the man how much I appreciated the ride and walked on down the block and turned right at the sign which said FAYETTEVILLE 25 MILES. "Hmmm. Almost there," I thought.

My next ride was in an Oldsmobile. I sat and talked to the elderly driver about the Army. I wouldn't say much about my absorbing life at Bragg because I had seen an impressive sign saying "Military agents are everywhere

and telling me to "Zip Your Lip." I felt like a goose when I found that he had three sons in the Army, one in the tank corps in England. I felt like a COOKED goose when I listened to his stories of how one of his sons had a SUPER Buick convertible and how much money he spent and how much pull he had with his officers.

Then, my imagination got the better of me, and I honestly believe that he thinks I am a special agent from the big offices of the War Department getting material for a story which the Army will produce in connection with the big invasion coming up. I think he sympathizes with me for having to leave my car in Washington while I try to act like a green soldier down here in this dump in Carolina. Wheeee! What a liar!

The clock in the old slave market on Main street in Fayetteville (Fayetteville to civilians) showed a quarter to twelve. Fifteen minutes to catch the bus out to the Fort! Yes, I made it, the bus being on time, the same as I. Now the problem was to push my way onto the bus with five hundred or a thousand, or maybe more, having the same thought in mind as I had—getting on that bus! Well, as fate would have it, I just managed to ease onto the bus, and with Donald's bag, too.

When the driver shut the door, all the occupants started to complain about a draft in the jalopy. And there, caught in the folding door was my foot, and my G. I. shoes hadn't even felt the bind. Now the only way I could breathe in the bus was by stooping down and holding DP's bag in my lap. As the minutes dragged by, my stoop developed into a downright squat, and by the time the bus got to the Fort, my right leg was as free FROM circulation as my great-Aunt Lucy's wooden leg. At the right place, though, several other soldiers were ready to get off, and I didn't have much trouble being lifted right on off the cattle-car onto the ground. I sat there (with Donald's suitcase still in my arms) until I saw a guard coming, so then I pretended my ankle was turned and I needed to rest a little. I thanked him for offering to help get me to the infirmary, but by that time my "ankle" had recovered miraculously and I was off to the barracks to . . . CENSORED.

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