





### Campus Is Saddened By Death Of Ernie Pyle

Last month the United States lost a wonderful newspaper reporter. Editors of all papers felt close to this man. College editors admired him because he was a writer that used simple language.

Many editors have wanted to be a writer like him. He always suggested to use simple plain everyday language. This is certainly one thing that we should always remember.

The loss of Ernie Pyle has been felt by all newspaper people. They feel he has left with his memory a better knowledge of how to appeal to the average person.

### Pyle's Great Influence On College Papers

In this issue of the paper the staff would like to pay tribute to the memory of Ernie Pyle and all others like him. It was men like him that have become a friend of the college fighting forces. He made friends with them and wrote of these young boys' activities on the war front. He is one that has sent back to us the down to earth facts. He has written in language we can understand.

By his influence college staffs have felt they could continue to print a paper with news for our fighting men.

He is gone but there will be others to carry on the wonderful work started by this New Mexico man.

### To Believe With Certainty We Must Begin By Doubting

I am sitting on the ECTC lawn thinking of a statement I read in a paper a few days ago. It was this, "To believe with certainty we must begin by doubting."

From my place on the lawn I can see the campus stretched before me in a well divided plan, calm and sure under the sun. Its students and faculty are busy rushing about trying to get their work done, each separately. They seem to be unaware that there is a universe which is one unit skillfully set together. They have grown up and will grow old and eventually die with the same narrow understanding of the world and its beauty.

There are only a few who ever lift their heads, who ever gaze at the sky, who ever question that it is blue. But it is those few who have seen the sky and have caught the vision of the future.

Search through the great names of history and you will find this true. It is these men who are not content to accept facts but to prove them. Not satisfied to hear the truth but to verify it.

It is these, down through the years who have made the world better. It is the knowledge that will be more of these that gives us hope for the future.

Edison, Ford, Lincoln, Jefferson and Franklin—only the beginning of that list of

# The Teco Echo

Published Biweekly by the Students of East Carolina Teachers College

Entered as second-class matter December 3, 1925, at the U. S. Postoffice, Greenville, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

#### CO-EDITORS

JEAN GOGGIN AND MARY YOUNG BASS

FREDA CAUDELL . . . Associate Editor

#### REPORTERS

Marjorie Smith, Curtis Butler, Elsie West, Violet Sparks, Thelma Cherry, Mary Buckmaster, Edna Earle Moore, Betty Jarvis, Jean Hull, Edna Vann Harrell, Etta Frances Harper, Jean Hodgen, Evelyn Lewis, Bud Jackson, Ruth Whitfield, Betsy Hellen, Joyce Strickland, Nan Little, Ella Cashwell.

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men and women who have caught that vision of tomorrow and have given their lives to fulfill a need of humanity. Yet this is an indication of what can be done if keen alert minds lift their eyes to the sky.

From here on my blanket I watch the world go by. It is dark and troubled at times but there is always that breaking through of the sunlight at the end of the storm. And it fills my heart with happiness when I see a student stop and lift his eyes to the sky, and question that it is blue.

### Jarvis Hall Parlor Gets New Coat of Paint

Jarvis Hall Parlor changed almost overnight from a dark dreary parlor to a beautiful white one. Yes, the painters did a wonderful job on it. Now when you walk in the front door you aren't greeted by that dreary, let down feeling. Just by a few coats of paint the whole atmosphere has been changed. Now when you walk in everything is so pretty and cherry looking that you can't help but feel contented and at home.

In order to keep this parlor nice and pretty as it is now, the students are going to have to cooperate. Some are wondering how they are going to do this, but that is an easy question to answer. If you see anyone putting their feet on the white woodwork, ask them in a nice way, not to do that. Also in order to keep the walls as they are now, don't let your friends strike matches on them. Remember girls, this is your home now and as much your parlor as anybody else's. You wouldn't want them to scar the floor, strike matches or put their feet on the woodwork in your living room at home, would you? So now that this is your home for the time that you are here, take the same interest in it that you would if you were in your living room in your own home town. Jarvis Hall Parlor is as pretty as any other parlor on campus now and we want to keep it that way, therefore, through your help and cooperation we can.

### Aggressive Aggie

By Jean Hull

Ah, spring! with its birds, its budding trees, its source themes and its "Aggressive Aggies" to get in your hair!

Just when you're busy learning about the life span of a termite, the interior of a B-29, or the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, bang! crash! thud! down come six or eight Encyclopaedia Britannicas! From her position on the floor amid all the topsy-turvy books, Aggie looks up at you with big baby blue eyes and ask innocently, "Did I disturb anybody?"

Then she puts the books back on the shelf with the z's behind the a's and the m's behind the x's. Naturally no one can find a column when she wants it, but that doesn't phase Aggie. She has already finished using them, so why worry?

When you are trying to concentrate on the growth of a cancer (interesting subject, eh what?), Aggie can be heard all the way across the room whispering excitedly about a certain third person masculine who is simply de-vine?

All I have to say to you, Aggie, is that you had better hold on to that head of yours, 'cause some of these days you're going to wake up without it. Then won't you be sorry!

## SCUMMING

By The Keyhole Korrespondent

Well, well, the ole' keyhole korrespondent has been snooping around again trying to get a little dope on all these cute gals around here once again so here goes!!!

Ruthie, when are you going to learn the difference between dreams and reality?

Girls, they were mighty cute Lt's. on campus last weekend. We hear some have been stationed here now.

Mary Alice, that is a dream of a picture you received. Too bad Billy wasn't here to give it to you.

Mary Alice Cahoon, you looked very happy the other day. Must have been a letter from Mike.

The Four Musketeers, Pitt, Singie, Lota and Jean seem mighty lonesome these days. Lota, too bad Aeicky had to leave.

Mary Young, what are you going to do when Nick leaves? Spend all your time writing letters???

Blimp, it looked mighty good to see you on campus.

We understand why "Fish" is beaming from ear to ear. Her "Tech Sgt. Rouse" (and don't leave off the "Tech." part) is coming home today on a 15-day furlough. Bet'cha you'll get red roses for the dance Saturday night — and by the way, "Fish," don't let Troy find out about your new "friend boy" on campus, namely E. G. Maybe "Charlie Shine" could say a word or two there.

Jean, you shouldn't give the gals "sech" dirty looks when they break on Charles at the Campus building. After all, you want him to stay popular, don'tcha???

Mattie Grace, Dot and Yvonne, we heard you got caught at the dance Saturday night. Too bad you happened to be seniors that night.

Anyone wishing to learn more about playing bridge, please contact either Katie Earle, "Fish" or Mary Young.

Katie Earle says, quote, "Just one date with that good-looking hunk of man, 'Red' Sellars would make me the happiest woman at ECTC."

Peggy Honeycutt, what's this we hear about you and Ray Futrelle? More power to you, even though Sybil Ledford is running you a tight race.

Elna, what happened to you and your Lt's.? Seems a civilian is taking their place.

This is about all the campus gossip for this time so the ole' Keyhole Korrespondent will sign off for this time hoping that everybody has a wonderful time at the May Dance.

## STUDENT SPOTLIGHT

By Betty Jervis



"Did you say you were looking for Mary Young Bass? Well drop by the Teco Echo staff room, and if she is not there she'll be down at the printers." That's what I heard all over the place this morning when I thought I would have to get a couple of blood hounds to track her down. And sure enough, that is where I found her, down at the printer with printer's ink on the end of her nose. Mary Young hails from Enfield! She is a Junior and is majoring in commerce

and English.

At the present, Mary Young's main activity is being co-editor of the Teco Echo. She has also served as reporter to the Teco Echo, representative to the Tecoco, and reporter to the Pieces of Eight. This year she was college marshal and chairman of the courtesy card committee. She is a member of the Commerce Club, W. A. A. and the Lanier Society.

When I hinted around on the subject of food, Mary Young said, "I like most anything, but fried chicken and chocolate pie hold first and second places, especially chicken in the basket down at the O. T. I." She thinks "Always" and "My Buddy" are tops in the song line.

It seems that Mary Young's favorite places are "the old home town and that place called Virginia Beach." Of course, I don't have to ask her what her favorite pastime is, because anybody who stays around her long enough can tell its talking about Nick. I believe he has taken the place of both the Army and Navy.

Just as I got comfortable, Mary Young made me leave 'cause about two minutes before the paper was to go to press she found that "Scumming" had been left at school. She started out in a run with those parting words, "If you want to lose weight, join the paper staff and run back and forth to the printers."

### Student on the Stand

By Bobbie Parrish

This column is repeating the question it ran last week, but limiting the answers to the boys, who had all the laughs on the girls last time. We regret that the majority of these refused to give their names with their bad moments, but it'll be fun guessing, anyhow, we hope.

QUESTION: WHAT IS YOUR MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT OR EXPERIENCE?

NEAL POSEY: Undoubtedly, the time when I went swimming and lost my trunks on the "crest" of a dive! It's the gospel truth and what's more "It could happen to YOU."

BILLY TUCKER: My sister let me use her car (and GAS) one night to come over to the library to study. I finished early (very early) and took a group to ride, stopping out at Clark's for a coke. Next night one of the boys was over and asked me if he'd lost his tiepin in the car last night. I mumbled something and he said, "Well, it must have been when we were out to Clark's, then, 'cause I sure had it on when we were riding around." For the next hour I kept my eyes on the floor and his NECK—but not on my sister!

J.: My biology teacher remarked to the class after we'd had a hard test that upon correcting the papers she'd thought it quite a coincidence that 3 students sitting side by side should miss the same questions with the same wrong answers . . . and I knew what she meant before she gave our corner a glance.

T. L.: Thinking that when in doubt, the best flowers to send were probably red roses, I sent my date for a dance a corsage of them. When I arrived at her house she was wearing a wine-colored evening dress looking rather green. Even I could see it wasn't so good. Since then I've always asked.

JESSE PARKER: My most embarrassing experience happened when I went to get my high school class ring back from a girl I had been dating. I was leaving for my first year in college and wanted my ring before I left. When I asked her for the ring she went into the house and brought back a box with about ten or fifteen rings in it and told me to pick mine out because she couldn't remember which one was mine . . . Was my face red!!!

R. F.: When I felt nearest to a worm was an experience while sitting in a darkened show talking and gossiping to my buddy. Happened to get off on one guy I didn't especially like, because I thought he bragged a lot and thought he was the berries with the ladies. "He's gonna get in my hair and have to be combed out, if he doesn't mind," I said. Shocked to my socks, a voice in the rear leaned forward and piped, "Brother, he'd take a hair brush to you!" I looked around and there sat right back of me one of his pals. TCH, TCH.

A. B.: I was never so embarrassed as when I had a date with a girl I'd known plenty long and was introducing her to some people one night and completely forgot her last name! What would you have felt like?

J. W.: My date and I were at a dance one night and had a crowd around us watching our jitterbugging, when my partner tripped and fell and so did I. We both went down together. Later I thought it might be a good step, but not then.

### THIS COLLEGIATE WORLD

(By Associated Collegiate Press)

Warning that post-war American education faces the "sternest responsibility" of its history in developing "intelligent, emotionally sturdy" citizens, Dr. John L. Bergstresser, dean of students at City College, New York, urged that colleges set up "strong student personnel programs" to help student-veterans and high school graduates cope with "inevitably diverse" campus tensions.

Announcing a new brochure on "Student Personnel Work in the Post War College," prepared by a committee of the American Council on Education, Dr. Bergstresser said that colleges will "hold heavy responsibility and opportunity" for the formulation of guidance programs which will be integrated into classroom instruction.

"An adequate student personnel program cannot be set up until with imaginative thinking the faculty and administration of the war-campus see the post-war campus of tomorrow," the brochure declares. "On that campus, because of its diversity and conflicts and internal strains, there will arise new and strange problems as well as old problems in new guise. Furthermore, the problems of the post-war campus will not be isolated problems; they will be the noisy echoes of the social problems which post-war America must struggle with—racial minorities, employment, population mobility, clarification of democratic methods, standards of community living, and a thousand others."

The brochure discusses in detail problems which will arise in the formation of sound counselling programs in the colleges and universities. These include admission and pre-admissions, educational and general, vocational, religious, the community life of the post-war college, health, housing, financial aids, and administration of student personnel services.

"The student, however intelligent, who is physically ill or undernourished, who is frustrated in his personal or social relationships, who is worried about his finances, who lacks a sense of direction and orientation in his education, whose housing and study conditions constantly drag him down, is in no position to give his best to his formal education," the brochure declares.

While some schools have "rendered only lip service" to the student personnel point of view, the brochure says, most institutions go far beyond "grudging recognition" that the student must be freed of "serious maladjustments."

To implement this philosophy, the brochure continues, many colleges have made important curricular changes to give the student broader orientation to the significant learning of the past and the society and culture of the present day world. Specialists have been added to college staffs who provide supplementary help. These include psychiatrists, dormitory counselors, recreational directors and supervisors of student activities.

In the past, however, many of these workers were "specialists in name only," the brochure points out, with "little real professional training, status or ability." Inevitably, it continues, "many instructional staffs regarded the specialists with suspicion about the value and importance of the work mixed with a sense of relief that the instructor could now get on with the real business of the college."

Nominating Co.  
Mrs. G. E. Lewis, 26) and Sr. (Hazel R. served as the of the Alumni election of pr and treasurer.  
The consti committee "for each office. to paid mem May first."  
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Mrs. J. L. B. ward, 234) H  
Vice-President  
Mrs. Harri Patrick, 211  
Mrs. L. L. Brantley  
Treasurer  
Mrs. G. G. Greenville,  
Mrs. E. Willard, 23  
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# ALUMNI NEWS

### Nominating Committee

Mrs. E. K. Crawley (Ethel Vick, Mrs. J. Floyd Piper (Helen Lewis), Mrs. Robert O. Way, Sr. (Irene Kinney, '34 and '42), and Mrs. J. J. Jagers, Jr. (Dorothy Jagers) are the members of the nominating committee of the Alumni Association for the coming year. The committee is composed of president, vice-president and members.

The constitution provides that the committee nominate two people for each office. Ballots are to be mailed to all members only on or before May 15.

The following were nominated:

**President:** Mrs. J. J. Jagers, Jr. (Dorothy Jagers)

**Vice-President:** Mrs. J. J. Jagers, Jr. (Dorothy Jagers)

**Secretary:** Mrs. J. J. Jagers, Jr. (Dorothy Jagers)

**Treasurer:** Mrs. J. J. Jagers, Jr. (Dorothy Jagers)

**Members:** Mrs. J. J. Jagers, Jr. (Dorothy Jagers)

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### Vance County

Dr. J. Howard McGinnis, acting president of the College, was guest speaker at a dinner meeting of the Vance County Chapter on Thursday, April 26, at 6:30 in the Vance Hotel with thirty-five present—ten of whom were from the Granville County Chapter.

Dr. McGinnis told the group some of the plans for enlarging the College. He mentioned that plans are being made for an addition to the Training School, a Health and Physical Education building, a boys' dormitory, a Student Union Building and a teacher's dormitory.

"These improvements will not be made until after the war," said Dr. McGinnis.

Mrs. L. L. Stancill (Luella Lancaster) presided. She extended welcome to all present and called on the guests from the College to respond. Miss Emma Hooper, chairman of the Advisory Committee, Miss Kate Lewis, a member of the original faculty who used to teach in Henderson, Mrs. Howard J. McGinnis and Mrs. Clem Garner, Alumni Secretary, gave a few remarks.

Each person was asked to introduce the person on her right, giving her married name, maiden name, and years at the College.

A mother, Mrs. S. J. Averette (Emma Stanfield) and her daughter, Mrs. Morgan Daniel (Marguerite Averette), both alumnae of ECTC, were present. Another "Alumni Daughter" that was Christine Hellen, daughter of Mrs. E. W. Hellen (Christine Tyson).

Nannie Smith at the piano and Garnette Myers leading, the entire group joined in singing.

**Weddings**  
Sarah Skinner Roberson, a member of the senior class, and M. Sgt. Travis Hooker Flanagan were united in marriage on April 17 at the home of the bride in Spring Hope.

Louise Kilgo of Greenville, soloist, and Jean Roberson of Spring Hope, pianist, presented a program of nuptial music.

Ann Roberson, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. Attending as bridesmaids were Charlotte Elliot of Edenton, Bersha and Frieda Davis of Mount Olive, and Jean Harrington, of Greenville.

The groom had as his best man his brother, Edward Stuart Flanagan of Greenville. Ushers were Richard Stokes, Edwin Clark, and Barney Warren, all of Greenville, and Edward Yearby Jr., of Raleigh.

The groom is stationed at Kelly Field in Texas after having returned recently from the European Theater.

Dorothy Southerland Johnson became the bride of James D. Sandlin on April 14. While attending ECTC, Mrs. Sandlin majored in music and commerce, and was also accompanist of the college choir.

Mr. Sandlin is now employed in his father's lumber company in Beaufort.

Annette Handley and Sgt. John H. Goetz were married on April 14. After attending ECTC two years, Mrs. Goetz received her diploma in Business Administration from Bowling Green University. She has been employed as secretary in the Civilian Personnel Department at Seymour Johnson Field, Goldsboro.

Sgt. Goetz is stationed at Buckley Field, Colorado.

The marriage of Lura Ogburn and Charles Guy Hight, Jr., took place March 30.

Mrs. Hight attended Miss Hardbarger's Secretarial School and is now employed in the office of the Sterling Cotton Mills in Franklinton.

Mr. Hight is connected with L. W. Henderson Pharmacy in Franklinton, where the couple will make their home.

The marriage of Ruth Jenkins (31), member of the faculty of the

## Ping Pong And Shuffleboard Tournaments Start

Rebecca Murphy, has made plans for tournaments to be played in shuffleboard, ping pong, and badminton. These tournaments are to start Monday after May Day. For information showing what teams are to play each other, Rebecca has posted schedules on the bulletin board in the Wright Building.

Those scheduled to play in the shuffleboard tournament are: Hilda Moore, Morris Flow, Nell Murphy, Dot Peele, Bobbie Brewer, Nan Little, "Slat" Register, and Jerry Burns. These tournaments are to be played on May 22-23, May 24-25, May 26-28.

Those to play in the ping pong tournament are: Betty F. Smith, O. Melia Moore, Hilda Moore, "Slat" Register, Jerry Burns, Nan Little, Dot Peele, Elsie West, Jean Roundtree, Frances Bass, Grace Whitehurst, Gupton, Bobbie Brewer, Sue Johnson, Jean Chaplin, and Nell Murphy. These are to be played on May 9-10, May 10-14, May 15-16, May 17-18, and May 19-21.

Last, but not least, those participating in the badminton tournaments are: Amanda Etheridge, "Slat" Register, Hilda Moore, Elsie McCain, Nan Little, Jerry Abritton, Bobbie Brewer, Jean Roundtree, Jessie Carter, Peggy Adams, Elsie West, Margaret Hall, Nell Murphy, Jerry Burns, Jean Chaplin, and Dot Peele. These tournaments started April 30 and are to be played further on May 2, May 3-4, May 4-5, and May 7-8.

Girls! Have you forgotten that softball and archery practices have been started? Softball practices are held on the football field each Monday, Wednesday, and Fridays from 6:30 until 7:30 p.m., and archery practices are also held on the football field on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 6:30 until 7:30. Girls, why not come on out and take a part in these sports!

## Dogface Begins CAP Training

"All right you dogfaces. FALL IN!" Thus another Monday night meeting of the Greenville Civil Air Patrol Squadron is started by "Merciless" Simmons, one of the squadron four non-commissioned officers. The blustering Navy issue Cpl. Simmons proceeds to give the squadron a piece of his mind, while he calls the roll. "McKenzie" "Woods?" No answer. Looks like Dot has made him late again!

"Awn, reep, beep, beep" (one, two, three, four to you ignorant people), goes the cadence as Sgt. Taylor, USMCR, starts the weekly drilling of the cadets. "To left flank, march. Your other left, dogface", roars the D. I. "What are you trying to do, ruin the squadron?" Meekly your reporter rejoins the rest of his squadron.

Lt. Lemon almost has hysterics when your reporter calmly called the twin engine B-25 Mitchell a Helicat fighter. (Much to the other cadets' amazement your reporter does recognize a Lightening.)

The C. A. P. Cadets are taught basic infantry drill, radio, aircraft, recognition, navigation, first aid, and other subjects which eventually lead to actual flight and maybe a civilian pilot's license.

When this C. A. P. squadron was activated there was a squad of ECTC boys but now the draft and enlistments have cut this number considerably. The squadron needs several more squads to fill its quota. Students who will attend the meetings regularly and who are planning to attend ECTC are preferred, of course.

Mr. Davis came hobbling into the Progress office about ten o'clock Tuesday morning. He was wearing a broad grin and had a cigarette hanging out of the corner of his mouth. In fact, I don't remember ever seeing him when he wasn't smiling or smoking an endless chain of cigarettes.

I watched him from the door of the drug store across the street as he fumbled in his pocket for his keys. Mr. Davis, "Rob", as his wife called him, was editor and publisher of the Progress, a small town paper. He insisted rather sternly that his employees be at work by nine o'clock in the morning, yet he never showed up before ten o'clock.

Sipping my usual morning coca cola, I ambled slowly across the street. Begging with happiness, the old gent greeted me with a cherry. "Good morning, Young Lady." Going to his desk he fumbled through a disorderly mass of typed copy. Without saying a word to anybody, he limped out into the direction of

## Nothing Like Dormitory Life It's So Good For Your Health

Dormitory life is wonderful! It is so conducive to good study habits that no one has any difficulty keeping up-to-date on her class assignments. To prove this assertion let me relate to you a typical evening in the dormitory.

I return from supper with the very best of intentions, unlocking my door and marching directly to the bookcase, not allowing myself to think of anything but the immediate task of studying. I give myself a pat on the back for this remarkable demonstration of will power and then quickly, for fear I will weaken, choose books for the subject that are most pressing and depressing me at the moment. After assembling these books on a cleared portion of my desk, I reach for a pencil.

I always keep everything in its proper place; therefore, I never have any difficulty in finding what I want when I want it. That pencil! Where could I have put it? After searching diligently for about a half an hour, I discover my pencil, which is little more than a stub, perched on my ear.

Of course the pencil has to be sharpened. This process takes another half-hour of my valuable time, because, while at the pencil sharpener, I meet someone I have not seen since lunch. During this lengthy lapse of time we both have acquired many choice bits of gossip that are too potent to be withheld any longer; therefore, it is necessary that we spend some time in catching up on what is going on.

When I finally return to my room, I am met by a host of smiling faces—our neighbors from across the hall are paying us their nightly social call. We have such a delightful time that when they leave, I am completely out of the mood to study.

Now seems to be a good time to take a shower, so I make all the necessary preparations. After going to the shower, I change my mind about being a good time, because at least eight other girls have had the same idea. I return dejectedly to my room, dip my "paw" in the basin, and call the job complete.

About this time I hear someone paging the girl next door, and announcing that there is a "handsome junk o' man" in the parlor requesting her presence. Of course, several dozens sets of ears prick up at the sound of this momentous information, and there is a stampede to get to her room. We all rush to her side out of the goodness of our hearts to see that she is properly dressed and made to be "easy on the eyes". After we get through with her, she is almost a nervous wreck and practically has to be carried downstairs in a straight jacket. Really there is

nothing to be compared with this spirit of cooperation to be found among dormitory students. Absolutely nothing!

When the excitement is over, we discover that there is a very insistent voice somewhere within us that keeps saying "I wanna eat". Being unable to contend with this persistent little voice, we take the line of least resistance and dig into our closets for the remains of last night's feast. After everyone has brought her contributions to the room, someone exclaims that we should "eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we may die" during that science test. We need no further encouragement; we immediately commence to devour everything in sight (well, not quite everything). After the last guest has left, my roommate and I heave a sigh and return to the arduous task of studying. So it goes every night. Dormitory life is wonderful!

cal argument. Mr. Davis, the oldest of the three and a rabid politician, felt that he knew more about the political set-up of this country than anybody else. The argument became hotter and hotter, until finally Mr. Davis informed the other two gentlemen that they were definitely "off". With this he left the post office and started hurriedly back to the office.

I was waiting for him and ready to do anything, as I never knew what he was going to ask me to do next.

As he stepped into the door of the office, the usual hub-bub of a small town newspaper was going on about him. The telephone was ringing and as Mr. Davis answered it, he could hardly hear the masculine voice at the other end of the wire, but he did understand enough to know that some mad dogs were on the loose, and that meant another story for the paper.

In a frenzy of excitement he banged the telephone receiver down and told me to take a story. Nervously he dictated in short and broken sentences. Just as we were finishing this, the "town brass hats" walked in to discuss the possible candidates for highway commissioner of the district. Since this was a political issue, Mr. Davis entered into the discussion enthusiastically. After discussing thoroughly the pros and cons of the matter all of the men started trying to dictate a story to me at the same time. Out of this hub-bub I managed to get scattered bits of information and piece them together to form a story.

After lunch Mr. Davis announced that the Progress would celebrate its

eighty-sixth anniversary the following week. Before writing a story on the anniversary, we looked back through the files of past years for interesting details in the history of the paper.

When "Rob" succeeded his father in 1903, he had just graduated from the University. Following in the footsteps of his father, "Rob" set out to expand the scope of the paper. The Progress began to come out every week. The circulation increased four hundred per cent over the circulation of forty years ago.

In those files we came across the stories about the first automobile and the excitement they caused. Mr. "Rob" Davis was one of the first citizens of Enfield to buy a car.

Continuing through the files we found articles leading from the First World War and depression to the present day war.

Glancing at his watch he suddenly realized that he had kept me an hour over time. In telling me that we would call it a day, Mr. Davis reminded me that I should be down at nine o'clock sharp the next morning, which, I knew meant he wouldn't be down until ten o'clock!

## When Working For Hometown Newspaper Your Time Can Never Be Called Your Own

Mr. Davis came hobbling into the Progress office about ten o'clock Tuesday morning. He was wearing a broad grin and had a cigarette hanging out of the corner of his mouth. In fact, I don't remember ever seeing him when he wasn't smiling or smoking an endless chain of cigarettes.

I watched him from the door of the drug store across the street as he fumbled in his pocket for his keys. Mr. Davis, "Rob", as his wife called him, was editor and publisher of the Progress, a small town paper. He insisted rather sternly that his employees be at work by nine o'clock in the morning, yet he never showed up before ten o'clock.

Sipping my usual morning coca cola, I ambled slowly across the street. Begging with happiness, the old gent greeted me with a cherry. "Good morning, Young Lady." Going to his desk he fumbled through a disorderly mass of typed copy. Without saying a word to anybody, he limped out into the direction of

the post office. I knew that I would have time to read the story in the "Readers Digest" that I had been wanting to read, for it was very likely that Mr. Davis wouldn't be back for at least an hour. Half dreaming, I followed him in my thoughts to the post office. Though it was only two blocks away, it would probably take him fifteen or twenty minutes to get there. He would stop at the Smith Grocery to ask about Mr. Smith's boy in England. Mrs. Harris, who always

does her shopping about this time in the morning, came in to the grocery and cornered poor Mr. Davis. She would have to tell him about the neighbor's baby crying all night, her husband's being in bed with the flu, and about the English girl to whom her son Johnnie has become engaged. Finally managing to get away from Mrs. Harris, he hastened to the post office.

At the post office he met Mr. Jones and Mr. Williams, and immediately they became involved in a hot politi-

Wilmington City Schools, and Edmond Williams McKendrick, of Westinghouse Electric International Company, was solemnized on March 24.

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# May Day Court Is Made Up Of A Group Of Swell ECTC Girls

## Lee Mae Jones Crowned Queen

Lee Mae Jones, age 20 and a senior, known as "the girl with dimples and baby talk" is our May Queen for this year. She is a graduate of Rolesville High School, Wendell, N. C.

While in high school, Lee was editor-in-chief of the school paper for two years and also editor of annual during her senior year. She played the leading role in the Junior and Senior plays. A loving cup was given her for best all-around girl. She also won medals for salutatorian and being the most outstanding student in high school.

In the fall of 1943, Lee transferred here from Peace Junior College in Raleigh, N. C.

While at Peace she was a member of the Magazine Staff and a member of the Pi Phieta Mu Society, which won a silver loving cup for giving the best production of the year in which Lee was the heroine.

Lee is getting a B. S. Degree in Commerce and Social Science. Last year she was an attendant in May Day.

Last summer she was secretary of Cooperative Council and a member at large on the house committee. This year, Lee has been college marshal, Lanier society marshal and treasurer of the Commerce Club.

Lee's main hobby is meeting people, along with telling jokes, writing poems and short stories, and reading magazines, especially Life and Readers Digest.

Her favorites are Cherry Ice cream, the Army Air Corp, semi-classical music and the popular tune, "All My Life," and boat riding at her home.

Wilma Kearney, maid of honor of our May Court, is a Junior and lives in Fleming Hall.

She is secretary of the Alumni Daughters and Sons and treasurer of the Emerson Society.

Wilma wouldn't say very much about her love life, but she did say that she loved the Army Air Corps and men six feet tall. Her ambition is to hook the right one and have a double wedding with Illmar.

She admitted that she spent most of her time "keeping her mind together," but her hobby is getting out old letters and reading them.

When I asked Wilma what her favorite food was, she got that far off lookin her eyes and dreamily answered, "Fried chicken and pecan pie."

Her favorite song is "I Dream of You." I tried to make her tell me who "You" is, but—no luck!

Jean Scarborough, age 19 and a senior, is a graduate of Grifton High School, Grifton, N. C. While in high school, Jean was a cheer leader, co-editor of the high school paper, a debater, and a very good basketball player.

Jean attended Campbell College, Buies Creek, N. C. for two years and transferred here in the fall of 1943. She is getting an A. B. Degree in Physical Education and History.

Last summer Jean was secretary of the House Committee during summer school. This past year she has been a cheer leader, marshal, member of the W. A. A. Cabinet, and secretary of the Emerson Society.

Her hobbies are sewing, knitting, dancing, and collecting pictures of ships.

Illmar Kearney, a duplicate of Wilma, is also a Junior and rooms in Fleming Hall with her sister.

Illmar is treasurer of the Emerson Society and President of the Alumni Daughters and Sons.

When I asked her about her likes and dislikes, she took no time in telling me that she loved the Army Air Corps—namely Raye (with an accent on the "e").

Her hobby is collecting different kinds of perfume; she also loves to swim, try to dive, and try to do the new-fangled dance step, "slew-foot slouch", (don't ask me what it is, I don't know!). But she spends most of her time trying to make Wilma do right!

Blanche Ogburn is her name. If you want to see her, she may be found at practically any hours of the morning or night either pounding

a typewriter keyboard in the commerce building or a piano keyboard in Wright building. In case you haven't guessed by now, she is one of those industrious music and commerce majors.

She is a member of the Lanier Society and the Commerce Club.

Her favorite type of music varies with her mood, but she is rather partial to semi-classical vocal music. She is one of those modest souls and won't admit that she can sing, but, take it from me, she can.

She spends her spare time playing bridge. Her favorite sport is horseback riding. She learned how to ride last summer and liked it so well that she rode horseback every afternoon until she returned to school in the fall.

When asked what foods she preferred she licked her lips and explained, oh, fried chicken and strawberry shortcake and caramel cake and lots of things!

Maid of Honor in last year's May Court, Ruthie Winslow, is also a Wilson Hall blonde. She is one of those dignified seniors that on June 4 will receive a well earned "Sheep Skin".

Ruthie since entering ECTC has been a college marshal, representative to Student Cooperative Council, and Emerson Society marshal.

Ruthie is a primary major from Hertford.

Just like lots of other people her favorite song is "Night and Day" and her favorite orchestra, Tommy Dorsey. She is also quite fond of the Army Air Corps song. Must be caused by a certain navigator.

She likes to play bridge, dance and swim down where "Carolina Moon" was written.

She is planning to teach next year in Norfolk.

Ruthie has always lived in Wilson hall and when asked where her favorite building was she immediately said, "Wilson Hall" and east Wing at that.

Her main exercise is going to the P. O. to see just how much mail she has but always to her disgust there is lots of mail for a box mate "The Teco".

Ruthie is one of those people you read about and want to touch—those that make honor roll.

If you ever see a little ole' brown-haired, green-eyed girl standing around with her mouth gaped open staring at a stray Merchant Marine, you will know that it is none other than that little Creech girl from Selma.

D. J. is a Junior and is majoring in history and English. She lives in "Iceberg 169", Jarvis Hall.

This past year she served as vice-president of the Cooperative Council and treasurer of the Poe Society. She is now president of the Student Cooperative Government Association.

D. J.'s hobby is collecting poetry and pin up pictures, and listening to the pick up when it will play.

When asked what her favorite food was she said, "Oh, I like everything to eat, but I just love 'cool drinks'."

D. J.'s favorite songs are "Moonlight Sonata," "Perfidia," and especially "Stuff Like That There".

As for her love life, she prefers a Merchant Marine with brown eyes—who happens to be named Carl!

Now as I silently close the door, I leave D. J. standing on her head earnestly looking for a bobby pin that fell behind the dresser.

Pat Merrill, the former Pat Edwards, also from Hertford is in the May Court for the first time.

Pat has been President of the Sophomore class and President of the Poe Society, marshal, Treasurer of her Junior class, and Treasurer of Poe Society.

Pat's favorite man is Lt. Leo Merrill, USNAC to whom she was married on January 6, 1945. Right now she is lonesome for him since he is in South America. (But don't worry, Pat, he'll be here soon).

She just loves to eat. That must have been why she enjoyed living in the practice house so much. "Always" is her favorite song. Hobbies are collecting pictures, of which she has a good collection of Leo, and writing nightly letters to her husband.

Pat will graduate on June 4 with an A. B. Degree in Social Science and Home Economics.

Helene Boyette, 5 ft. 2 in., blonde from Wilson Hall, is another maid

in the Court of Lee Mae's.

Helene, is better known on campus as "Hel". She rooms by herself but is always found in Basin's room. It seems they are inseparable.

Helene is a Junior French and English major. She is a member of the Phi Sigma fraternity and Emerson Society.

She transferred from Peace College last year.

As for the branch of service she says, "Just take the big Army Air Corps", we wonder why??

"My Heart Sings" is her favorite song and Harry James her favorite orchestra.

This little blonde is one of those rare people with a Scarlet O'Hara waist line.

Winter days find her cross-legged on a bed playing bridge with Basin, Mot and Bruce (too bad Mot had to break it up). Now when those summer months come she just loves to swim and to get one of those delicate shades of pink sunburns.

Charlotte is a Junior and rooms in Cotten Hall.

Charlotte was a college mrashal this year and also for next year.

When asking Charlotte about her dream man she dreamy eyed replied that her brother Tom led her list of men, of course, there always room for the Army, Marines etc.

Charlotte's favorite food! Ah she was quick on the answer, boiled steak and all that goes with it.

Her favorite songs are "Through the Years" and "All My Life." Wonder who she has in mind?

In her spare time she delights in making hats and sleeping, added her roommate.

Erma Hinant—You know the girl who always greets you at the dining hall door with a smile.

Erma is a junior from "Little Pikesville" or rather near Goldsboro.

She has been very active during her three years here. During her Junior year she served as president of the Lanier society, and was a member of the handbook committee, and a member of Cooperative Council.

Now she is serving as vice chairman of Woman's Judiciary and is serving on Cooperative council.

Erma says, "I don't have any special hobby except collecting picture post cards, and I do like to try to play tennis."

Boy, does Erma like to eat. Her favorite foods are oysters and anything chocolate.

There are always two things that go well together—We always think of John and Erma together. Keep up the good work, John! Be sure to keep on your toes, because the Navy doesn't give up without a fight.

Night and Day is Erma's favorite song. Wonder why???

Marjorie Privette is a senior from Edenton this year. She lives in Cotten Hall.

Marjorie was president of the Women's Judiciary this year and a marshal for the Lanier Society.

She is crazy about fried Chicken and her hobbies are eating and sleeping.

Her favorite song is "Always" and she has a definite weakness for the Navy and civilians. Maybe there is some confection with her favorite song. Who knows?

If you see a cute little blonde with a winning smile and blue eyes strolling around campus it will probably be none other than Muriel Whitehurst.

Muriel is a senior primary major from South Mills. She is a transfer from Louisburg College and has been

## Freshmen Give Juniors Dance On April 28

Early spring was the theme of the dance the Freshman class gave in honor of the Junior class last Saturday night in Wright auditorium. Row upon row of pine trees formed the background for the College Swing Band, which furnished the music.

An ivy trimmed arch and white picket fences covered with honeysuckle at the end of the dance hall opposite the door, gave the suggestion of a garden. Color was furnished by the pastel streamers forming the ceiling and the light dresses also gave a festive air.

Junior and Freshman class officers formed the figure with the initials of the two classes, "F-J"—Freshman-Junior. The Juniors were: Edna Earle Moore, Alta Earl Tyson, Frances and Elisabeth Temple, and Margie Smith. Those of the Freshman class were as follows: Jean Hull, acting president, Hennie Ruth Whitehead, secretary; Truman Cherry, treasurer; Decoration Committee: chairman, Betty Jervis, Mary Sue Cotton, Jean Hull, Audrey Mallard; Refreshment Committee: Sue McGee, chairman; Billie Perry, Mell Perry, Carolyn Lowe, Bessie Nae Butt, and Camilla Selby; Properties Committee: Charles Woods; Orchestra Committee: Dorothy Bennett; Figure Committee: chairman, Camilla Selby, and Helen Brown; Chaperon Committee: chairman, Shirley Savage; Invitation Committee: Helen Owens. Chaperons were: Dr. and Mrs. Posey, Dr. Hanes, Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

at ECTC for two years.

While at Louisburg College, she was president of the student body. For the past year she has been vice-president of the senior class and 2nd vice-president of the A. C. E. and has served on the social committee. Muriel is also a member of the Emerson Society.

When asked about her hobby, Muriel said writing letters to her mother, but her roommate informed me that she knew better!! That there is a little boy by the name of Jimmy that receives quite a few letters from her.

Muriel's favorite sport is riding bicycle and she said, "I can't play tennis, but I do like to try."

Sammy Kaye's orchestra is her favorite orchestra and "Sunrise Serenade" is the song which she said that she has liked for the longest time. She also likes "Together", very much. Now, I wonder who she was thinking about!!!

Muriel said that she is planning to loaf this summer and teach next fall if that certain one doesn't change her mind.

Alta Mae Thompson is a junior from near Goldsboro.

She has taken an active part around the campus. During her Junior year she served as college marshal, secretary of the Lanier Society and secretary of the Junior class. She will be the treasurer of the Senior class next year.

Alta Mae has that sweet expression on her face all the time. All right! Stop blushing! You can depend on her to lend a helping hand

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## High Schools Hold Music Festival

The annual High School Music Festival for this section of the state was held in Wright Auditorium on Friday, April 27.

The plan of the day was as follows: The bands gathered in time for the afternoon concert. The directors chose their places on the program. Prof. Earl A. Slocum, one of the most noted band directors in the South and a member of the music faculty of the University of North Carolina, was here to criticize constructively the playing of the different bands. After the concert in Wright Auditorium, the bands assembled in marching order and paraded to the courthouse. Here the massed bands gave a short concert under the direction of Mr. Slocum.

The evening program was devoted to choral music. There were five group choruses after which each chorus sang individually. Dr. Karl V. Gilbert, head of the music department of ECTC directed the mass group in three numbers — "To Thee We Sing" by Tkach; "The Music of Life" by Cain; and "Praise to the Lord" by Christiansen. Dr. Gilbert was the critic for the singing of the individual groups.

"The Festival was a success in every way," said Dr. Gilbert. "The improvement from a musical standpoint of the different groups was most apparent and seemed to prove the worth of the day to the high schools and to ECTC."

The high schools represented were Kinston, New Bern, Rocky Mount, Williamston, and Greenville.

when it's needed. Her favorite song is "Candy". A certain Smith boy from Pikesville likes it too.

Alta Mae is really happy when she is working and listening to records. She likes chocolate cake best of all.

Reading is one of Alta Mae's favorite past times. She likes to read novels more than any other books.

Alta Mae wants to do nursery school work. She has a way of getting along with people and I am sure she will get along with the children.

## Hi School Debates Held At ECTC

Fourteen High School debate teams of Eastern North Carolina held their district debate contest at East Carolina Teachers College, April 26. The query for debate was "Resolved: That the voting age should be lowered to eighteen."

Dr. Meredith N. Posey was director of the debates throughout the contest. Members of the Jarvis Forensic Club who served as chairmen for the debates were Nell Murphy, Jessie Love Carter, Miriam Averette and Mary Elizabeth Carr.

The teams were organized into three rounds. The afternoon series of debates ran along smoothly with Greenville, B. F. Grady High School and two Rocky Mount teams as winners and therefore contestants for the evening debates. Rocky Mount affirmative team won over B. J. Grady High negative, and Greenville affirmative won over Rocky Mount negative, in the evening debates. The two winners will represent this area in the state contest to be held at Chapel Hill in May.

The teams that took part in the Contest came from high schools in Conway, Rocky Mount, Edenton, Greenville, Roanoke Rapids, Aulander, Columbia, Creswell, Kinston and

where. To please the men some women used dainty holders. Tailored suits fast became the rage of style. It was a good way of disposing of the men's off suits and it was smart too. Dainty hats were cut down to several different sizes. College girls adopted a new fad that of wearing porlie pie which was definitely a mannish creation.

Casualness was achieved in the last few months when girls bought out the nation's supply of blue jeans and seraters in size 49.

When we entered the war in 1941 the ladies demanded a uniform and not it. There is practically no man's job the women say they can't do.

Women today wear the same clothes as men, they fight the same battles as their men do, they claim the same rights.

There is just one question. Where is the line to be drawn? Just how far will the women go.

This was the actual beginning of a movement for Ladies First.

Ladies began to bob their hair and some even had theirs cut like men. The skirt riding habits were done away with and pants were worn by the horse-lover.

By 1920 the men were beginning to wonder what would happen next. The women were getting out of hand. The women began to smoke. They smoked not only at home but in cafes, in automobiles in fact every

## BSU Elects Officers For Next Year

The Baptist Student Union has elected the following officers to serve on the council for 1945-46: President: Catherine Charles; Devotional Vice-President: Kathryn Davenport; Social Vice-President: Margaret Butler; Membership Vice-President: Frances Whitley;

Secretary: Elizabeth Thomas; Treasurer: Gilmer Edgerton; Reporter: Rosa Stephenson; Baptist Student Representative: Rosa Stephenson;

Y. W. A. President: Anne Shearn; Memorial Sunday School Representative: Trilby Johnson; Ebenezer Chestnut; Immanuel Sunday School Representative: Mariel Day; Memorial B. T. U. Representative: Mary Callie Lewis

the B. F. Grady High School.

The judges for the contests were Miss Lois Grigsby, Dr. Beecher Flanagan, Mr. E. C. Holler, Dr. Paul A. Toll, Dr. Lucile Turner, Dr. E. J. Slay, and Dr. E. R. Browning.

## Women Have Always Been Will Always Be Different

Ever since there was such a thing as a woman she has prided herself in being entirely different from all other creatures. Her white arms, smooth hands, her charm and her passion for silly hats characterized her.

The real bombshell came when in 1919 the women were allowed to vote. Out of the homes came the skirted creatures to cast a vote at the pole.

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