

Saieed, Cooper, Mathews Cops NC Student Legislature Post

RALEIGH—Mitchell Saieed, president of the East Carolina Student Government Association, was elected president of the Senate of the State Student Legislature Thursday in Raleigh by an overwhelming vote by 250 representatives from 26 North Carolina colleges and universities.

In the House of Representatives Wade Cooper, parliamentarian of the ECC SGA, was elected sergeant-at-arms, and Ed H. Mathews, YDC president, was elected assistant sergeant-at-arms, both by a huge majority of votes.

Thirteen East Carolina delegates to the mock legislature in the Capitol building left the campus Thursday morning and returned Saturday afternoon when the sessions ended.

A resolution by East Carolina College to unify the costs of courts in the state passed in the Senate with a 40-0 vote and in the House with only four negative votes.

Bob Nielsen, ECC delegate, opened the discussion of the bill in the House and pointed out the irregularity of court costs in the state. A delegate from Greensboro College amended the motion to the effect that the costs should be based on the crime committed, "for example, a robbery case should cost more than a speeding case." ECC Representative Louis Klutz addressed the body and said that the amendment would defeat the whole purpose of the resolution. The amendment failed.

Royce Jordan introduced the resolution in the Senate.

At the joint session of the House and the Senate Saturday morning, Mitchell, chairman of the Calendar Committee, and Royce, a member of the standing committee, received a round of applause for their "good work." Never before had the bills and

resolutions been printed and issued to the various schools so early, it was brought out. Heretofore, they were issued at the assemblies and did not give time for discussion preparation.

Thursday's session lasted until 10:30 p. m., Friday's meeting began at 9:30 a. m. and lasted until 11 p. m. with one hour for lunch and Saturday's assembly lasted until 1 p. m.

Delegates from East Carolina for the Senate were Mitchell Saieed, Jordan, Billy Laughinghouse and Cecilia Cartwright. In the House were Bob Nielsen, Louis Clark, Betsy Hobgood, Shirley Council, Wade Cooper, Ed H. Mathews, Charlie Klutz, T. Parker Maddrey and Hugh "Buzz" Young.

Charlie Klutz and T. Parker Maddrey were elected by the East Carolina SGA to serve on the Interim Council of the State Student Legislature. The council will meet in January to make plans for the spring session of the SSL which convenes in April.

Males Urged To Join AFROTC Program Here

Every boy faces eight years of military obligation!

The above statement was made by Assistant Secretary of Defense John A. Hannah in an interview published in the U.S. News and World Report.

To the boy of draft age, this means two years of active military service and six years in a reserve component.

The Air Force ROTC program here at East Carolina college offers an opportunity for young men to prepare themselves for their active military service as Air Force officers.

According to information received from Dean Leo W. Jenkins and Col. Roger G. Fuller, those second quarter male freshmen who are qualified and who did not enroll in AFROTC for the fall quarter will be accorded the opportunity to enroll commencing the winter quarter. The required 12 quarters of AFROTC instruction may still be completed prior to graduation.

This will be the last opportunity for male freshmen students who enroll in college during the 1953-54 academic year to participate in the AFROTC program of instruction.

Harris Conducts Christian Ethics Course Next Term

Sociology 260, a course in Christian ethics, will be taught winter quarter, replacing Sociology 325 (Marriage and the Family), it was announced this week by Dr. Leo W. Jenkins, dean of the college.

Dr. Carl V. Harris, director of Religious Activities on campus, will be instructor for the course. It is a five hour course and will be taught Monday through Friday at third period. "There's an old saying that one should fear that kind of education which boasts that it has no concern for values or the place for religion in American Culture," Dean Jenkins stated.

"Knowledge of the Bible should be channeled to us not only through our family and church circles, but in college also," he added. "It is for this reason I urge students to consider seriously for electing a course of this type."

Attend Asheboro Meet

Five representatives from the East Carolina industrial arts department attended the annual fall meeting of the North Carolina Industrial Arts Association held at Asheboro Saturday, November 14. They were Dr. C. G. Risher, faculty member of the department, and the following staff: Roy Henderson, Giles Dail, Charles Wentz and Henry Gilbert.

"Well, Tommy, what do you think of your new, bouncing brother?" "Something's the matter with him, Pa. I dropped him as hard as I could on the floor, but he wouldn't bounce."

Conduct Situation Now Under Study Here

The matter concerning personal conduct on campus is now under study by student and staff administrative members. "Confusion" on the campus is hoped to be eliminated through this study, according to one member. After the study is completed this newspaper will present the outcome in the next issue, Friday, December 11.

Wright Building Renovation Now Going As Planned

Renovation of Wright building basement into a Student Union which was started recently, is scheduled for completion in April, according to F. D. Duncan, college business manager.

When completed the \$75,000 recreation area will house the soda shop and book store as well as several facilities not available before to East Carolina students.

Television and record rooms, a game room and a dancing area will be offered. Also included in the area will be a large lobby and a men's and women's lounge.

A kitchen is to be available to organizations meeting in the building. The soda shop will be moved from its present location in the dining hall building to a glass block partitioned area in the northeast corner of the remodeled basement. The present soda shop will be converted into a special occasion dining hall.

Moved from the basement of Austin building, the book store will occupy the northwest corner of the new student union.

Mr. Duncan reports work moving on schedule. At present all interior walls of the basement have been ripped out in preparation for further remodeling.

Jarvis Forensic Club Elects New Officers

New officers for the winter quarter of the Forensic Club are Sue Evelyn Barbour, president, Fayetteville; Ray Sears, vice-president, Greenville; Jean Camper, Parliamentarian; and Gerald Adonik, secretary-at-arms. The secretary-treasurer, who is elected yearly, will be Lou Mayo, Greenville.

A recording was made of the entire meeting, followed by a speech by Ray Sears on fire prevention.

Dr. Meredith N. Posey will continue to serve as faculty advisor for the club.

Cute thing after receiving proposal: "I love you, Joe, but I can't go around marrying every man I'm in love with."

Fall Quarter Graduates Number 72 On Campus

Seventy-one students are scheduled to complete their work at East Carolina College at the of the fall quarter, tomorrow. Those satisfying the requirements for graduation will receive their degrees with their classmates at commencement exercises to be held in May, 1954.

The list of fall graduates includes 60 candidates for the BS degree, which at East Carolina is conferred upon those taking courses preparing them as teachers; six are candidates for the AB, or liberal arts, degree; and five are scheduled to receive the master's degree, which at the college here is a degree for teachers and school administrators.

North Carolinians among the graduates number 68 men and women. Three out-of-state students come from New Jersey and Virginia.

Those completing work for the BS degree include 18 students who have done their work at the college in the fields of primary and grammar-grade education, others have received training as teachers in the secondary schools. The five candidates for the master's degree did their work in the field of school administration.

The list of students completing their work at East Carolina this fall, arranged by North Carolina counties and by states, is as follows:

BEAUFORT: AB—Mary Gwendolyn Richardson, Washington; BS—Frances Ann Daddcliffe, Pantego; Geraldine Swindell, Belhaven; BERTIE: BS—Jane Holland Bond Wallace, Windsor; CARTERET: BS—Alexander C. Sutherland, Newport.

Who's Who List Takes 28 Here

Always On The Go

Band Announces Winter Trips

by Valeria Shearon

The performances we have seen the college band render during football season is a mere preliminary to the busy schedule that has been lined up for the remainder of the year. The band will be heard over radio station WPTF, Raleigh, on Saturday, December 12, at 5:30 p. m. The Christmas program will feature a march composed by John Robert Watson, a junior music major from Greenville.

On December 14, the band will appear in the annual Santa Claus Parade in Greenville. The annual Christmas Concert will be given in Wright auditorium December 18 at 10 a. m. The band will be assisted by the entire music department.

February is another packed month for the instrumentalists, beginning with the All State Band Clinic for high school bands February 5-6. The annual Clinic Concert is scheduled for 8 p. m. Friday, February 5. During the week of Feb. 14-20 the band goes on tour to neighboring towns, at Wilson, Washington, Robersonville and Williamston. Programs will be given in the high schools of the towns visited.

Highlighting the spring plans are the Eastern District Band Contest in March, several concerts in April and May, and participation in the Azalea Festival in Wilmington.

There are definite plans for the band to play at some of the home basketball games.

H. L. Carter, band director, has only praise for the band members. "I am proud of the band for the

hard work they have done. Every member, from the drum major to the majorettes, is responsible for the success of the band. I feel that the band is representative of every department of the college, something which makes it very much an all-college band. I appreciate the fine spirit of every member and the backing of the students and the Student Government Association. We hope this will be the best year we have ever had."

Perkins Attends Meet

Mrs. Dorothy W. Perkins, director of special education in the East Carolina College department of education, participated last weekend in discussions held at the State Convention on Special Education in Charlotte. She was scheduled to speak Monday, November 16, at the state meeting of Farm Bureau Women in Raleigh.

At Charlotte Mrs. Perkins was a member of a panel which considered problems of the exceptional child. Her topic was "Teaching Speech Correction to Mentally Retarded Children."

At Monday's meeting at the Hotel Sir Walter in Raleigh discussions will be based on the 1953 project of the Farm Bureau Women, which is help for organizations working with cerebral palsied children. Mrs. Edna Earl Baker, supervisor in Pitt County schools and president of the Farm Bureau Women, was in charge of the program for the day.

Dick Cherry Receives Support Of Students For All-American

Dick Cherry, Pirate quarterback from Washington, N. C., was elected as candidate for All-College All-American contest in the general student election, Friday, November 13. Approximately 300 voted.

Students on campus are depositing Phillip Morris wrappers in a box in the Soda Shop. Each wrapper will count as one vote for Dick Cherry in the national contest for the All-American eleven.

Cherry, a five-foot, 10 inch blond sophomore, has a record of 17 touchdowns passes for the year. He has been named All-Conference Quarterback for a second year.

Chairman Bill Peniel and members of the committee for this campaign have secured the support of various civic groups in Greenville and those

outside. Radio stations in Eastern North Carolina have shown promise of support also.

Jim North, division manager of Phillip Morris and Co., announced that he would give a carton of cigarettes to the student turning in the largest number of votes at the end of each week. Mr. North expressed confidence that East Carolina College "could have an All-American by the student interest already shown."

Students and fans have until midnight Monday, November 30, to get their votes in the contest. Already hundreds of wrappers have been deposited in the box in the Soda Shop; however, according to Mr. North, students should get every possible wrapper to give greater chances for Dick Cherry being named All-College All-American.

Committee Selects Students On Basis Of All-Roundedness

Twenty-eight students at East Carolina College will represent the college in the 1953-1954 edition of "Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges," nationally circulated yearbook. This annual publication lists and gives biographical sketches of student leaders in educational institutions throughout the nation.

SGA Gives Cheer Leaders Green Light For Games

At Wednesday night's meeting of the SGA, Ann Siler said, "The cheerleaders will cheer at the basketball games this season." Last year they did not cheer at all the games because they felt some of the students thought it was necessary for them to give their support to the team, she added. SGA members expressed that it was "necessary" and cheering should be carried out in all games.

Charlie Klutz, a representative from ECC to the North State Conference Committee states that the purpose of the meeting was to thrash out problems that exist on the different campuses and find out how each college can solve these problems.

A discussion was held at this meeting on the price of admission that out of town students pay when attending games at different schools.

The John D. Messick trophy is to be awarded to the college in the North State Conference for the best display of sportsmanship.

The Student Legislature voted that team members and coaches of football, basketball and baseball choose the three teams in the sportsmanship award. Each conference college will hand in three choices also.

Charlie Klutz was elected as a delegate and Hugh "Buzz" Young was elected as an alternate to the State Student Legislature meeting. They were elected to fulfill the vacancies of Ray Sears and Gerald Adonik who resigned from their positions.

AFROTC Members Visits Stallings To Inspect Base

Twenty-three East Carolina Air Force ROTC cadets from the junior class made a field trip November 12 to Stallings Air Base at Kinston. The purpose of the trip was to give each cadet a first-hand insight into the flying training program.

A schedule of varied events was arranged for the cadets from East Carolina. They were welcomed to the base on arrival by Lt. Col. C. B. Lingamfelter, Commanding, 3308th Pilot Training Squadron, and Truman Miller, president of the Serv-Air Aviation Corporation.

During the day the visitors from East Carolina inspected such aspects of the base program as engine building, aero repair, the parachute department, the weather section, the control tower, cadet barracks, the hospital and dental clinic.

Local English Profs Attend Regional Meet

Dr. Donald Murray and Dr. Hirschberg, faculty members of the department of English at East Carolina College, represented the college over the weekend at a meeting of the College English Association held at Lynchburg, Va.

Representatives from universities in Virginia and West Virginia were also present.

Teachers make time for their own education. They are always learning.

Old-time "Fiddlers" are still making music.

Selection of students for this year's volume was made at East Carolina by a student-faculty committee. Bases determining the choice of representatives were excellence in scholarship, leadership and participation in extra-curricular and academic activities, citizenship and service to the school, and promise of future usefulness and society.

East Carolina students who have been selected for inclusion in the 1953-1954 "Who's Who" are Betty Sue Branch, Greenville; Jack Britt, Fairmont; Anne Butler, Greenville; Paul Cameron, Kinston; Anne DuRant, Wilmington; James Ellis, Goldsboro; Dorothy Jean Howard, Garland; Mary Ferber Howard, Tarboro;

Betty Hobgood, Oxford; Robert F. Hodges, Kinston; Royce Jordan, Washington; Wade Jordan, Edenton; Nancy Lou Kessler, Fuquay Springs; James Ray Kirby, Warsaw; Charles Klutz, Henderson; Billy Laughinghouse, Greenville; Thomas Lupton, Greenville; Barbara J. Moore, Raleigh; Dolores Matthews, Henderson; Donnell Muse, Tarboro; Donald McGlothlin, Winterville; Peggy Lou Nash, Durham; Walter Noona, Norfolk, Va.; Robert E. Pennington, Rocky Mount; Frances Radcliffe, Pantego; Mitchell Saieed, Greenville; Vernie B. Wilder, Nashville; and Gwendolyn Williams, Oakboro.

Air Force Team Visits Campuses To Get Recruits

An Air Force Aviation Cadet Selection Team will visit Greenville High School December 1 and East Carolina College December 2. Cadets will be located in the gymnasium and in the North Dining Hall at the college. The days designated for the team are equipped for testing and instruction. For the first time, the team will be high school seniors. Air Force flying cadets are recruited from civilian schools.

Aviation cadets are trained to become either pilots or aircraft mechanics. They are selected from high school graduates and must be citizens and have a minimum grade point average of 2.0. They must also be physically fit and have no criminal record.

Upon completion of the selection process, the cadets will be assigned to one of the Air Force training centers. The Air Force Academy at West Point, N. Y., is the first of these centers.

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State Pianists Schedule Clinic At East Carolina

The North Carolina State Piano Association, a department of the state Music Educators Association, has announced as one of its projects for this year a one-day clinic-workshop for piano teachers to be held at East Carolina College Monday, December 7, in the Austin auditorium.

Dr. William S. Newman, faculty member of the University of North Carolina, will direct the clinic-workshop. Dr. Kenneth N. Cuthbert, director of the department of music at East Carolina, is acting as chairman of the event for the Piano Association.

The program will include both morning and afternoon meetings. The morning session will begin at 9:45, and the afternoon session at 1:30. Piano teachers and college students of piano are invited to attend. A registration fee of \$1 will cover the cost of the clinic-workshop.

The state contest-festival music will be discussed and analyzed at the meeting at East Carolina. Dr. Newman will incorporate in the discussion the subjects of musicianship, technique, and the fundamentals of piano practice.

Dr. Newman is chairman of instruction in piano at the University of North Carolina and past chairman of the senior piano division of the Music Teachers National Association. He is nationally known as a concert pianist, musicologist, and author of books on music.

Circle K Club Pledges Help For Dick Cherry In Football Balloting

The Circle K Club has pledged its support to the campaign of electing Dick Cherry, Buccaneer All-Conference quarterback, as an All-College All-American.

At their meeting Tuesday night, Charlie Klutz presented color slides of the recent Homecoming activities.

Ladies Night, an annual club affair, was announced as being held December 1 at the Country Club in Greenville.

A committee was appointed to examine applications for the recently established scholarship. The \$50 scholarship will be awarded to a male student having been enrolled at the college at least three previous quarters with scholastic leadership ability.

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EDITORIAL STAFF
Editor-in-chief T. Parker Maddrey
Managing Editor Faye O'Neal
Assistant Editor Emily S. Boyce
Feature Editor Kay Johnston
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CIRCULATION
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"The moving finger writes, and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit,
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."
—E. Fitzgerald

Let's Be Thankful

Let's be thankful. Tomorrow we will go to our homes for a holiday. But this is not just a break from school activities, but a period for sincere thanksgiving.

We, as Americans, have much to thank God for. One thing is an opportunity for a higher education. Not many countries can offer their youth education equal to American for the money. America is economically able to provide the best in educational facilities.

The economical status of the American individual is greater. Even though we, as Americans, sometimes feel "we ain't got enough to live on," there are those in other parts of the world who do not know where the next meal will come from.

We should be thankful and give praise to our men in service and those returning from the Korean conflict. They are defending the policies of our government and of the United Nations.

We should be thankful for a strong democratic government. Even though we sometimes disagree with measures taken by our government, we have the freedom to voice our opinion, with the freedom of religion, the press from want.

That is what our forefathers founded for us. They too deserve praise. And it was these Pilgrims who gave us Thanksgiving day for giving praises and thanks to Our Father for the many good fortunes bestowed throughout the year.

We sit at our tables on this year's Thanksgiving with bountiful and good food about us. We also give thanks to our Heavenly Father. We attend services in the church of our worshiping earnestly and heed what he has to say for a period of Thanksgiving.

Congratulations To Our Who's Who

Eight of our juniors and seniors have been named to the most coveted college award, "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities."

We extend our congratulations to these students for making outstanding contributions to the college which is worthy of the award. These students were selected for this honor because of scholarship, leadership, participation in extra-curricular activities and showing promise for a good and outstanding future.

There are quite a number of qualities for which we should be thankful. We imagine that the board of trustees found it difficult to choose from these qualities from the 259 students. The board, also, should congratulate our outstanding students.

Dr. Messick Writes

Dear Students:
It is very important that all county groups meet and organize and plan their activities for the holidays. Heretofore, many groups have carried on radio programs, assembly programs, parties, to interest high school students and have met with alumni and high school senior groups during the holidays.

The second quarter, as you know, begins Monday, November 30, and there are many students not in school who should be; perhaps you can interest some of them in coming. Plan activities both for the Thanksgiving holidays and for the Christmas holidays. Many times words spoken to an individual in an informal way may influence him in choosing his college; why not make your alma mater that college?

With best wishes, I am
Cordially yours,
J. D. MESSICK,
President

Ye Editor's Say

by T. Parker Maddrey

Twelve midnight Thursday and all was well. Things were relatively quiet on the East Carolina campus until — "BLAM!" Then it happened! What was it?

As yet police and other local authorities are not sure. Wild guesses on campus and in Greenville have it as anything from an Atomic attack to the Kremlin, to pranksters with dynamite! Authorities tend to believe the latter. One rumor has it that two sticks of dynamite were tied together with a short fuse and exploded in mid air.

Whatever it was, it rattled the windows in the dormitories and evacuated all the boys from their beds to investigate at that hour in the morning.

A check with the power plant to see if the boiler had exploded proved futile. An employee there gave assurance that all was well. The Memorial Gym was still standing, with no apparent damage. Thus, the explosion couldn't have taken place there.

The Daily Reflector, local newspaper, in giving an account of the mysterious incident, reported that a similar explosion took place here about a year ago.

But the explosion still remains mysterious as we go to press.

Last Friday night (November 13) there were two entertainments on campus with none Saturday night. The Teachers' Playhouse were presenting their annual fall production at 8:15 p. m. just as the Entertainment Series movie was ending. There was adequate time to make both.

The Entertainment Series had previously scheduled the movie for Saturday night, but rearranged the scheduled for the benefit of the student music recital held the following afternoon. Because there was no help to raise the movie screen and set the stage between Saturday night after the movie and Sunday afternoon, the movie was set for Friday night at 6:30.

Employees of the maintenance department here have Saturday afternoon and Sundays free and employing organizations must pay for the services of these men during their off-hours. For a project such as raising the movie screen and resetting the stage would cost about \$20.00, according to Alumni Secretary James W. Butler, chairman of the Entertainment Series. These funds could go towards financing of the additional programs, he added.

East Carolina students and supporters have until next Monday midnight (November 30) to turn in Philip Morris wrappers as votes for Dick Cherry, Pirate half back, for the All-College All-American contest. Wrappers may be deposited in a box in the "Y" Shop.

A carton of cigarettes is a prize offered at the end of each week to the student turning in the largest number of wrappers. All the wrappers obtainable are needed to name Cherry as one of the top eleven in the nation. We, the students, can do this by putting out a lot of effort and showing interest which will influence others to join in the campaign.

Civic organizations in Greenville are giving their support to the project and many outside individuals are giving their help. Now it is up to each student to do his part in the campaign.

We may be a small college compared with others in the nation, but with the support solicited and with continuous effort, there is a good chance for having Dick Cherry named as an All-American, said Jim North, local

Who's Who Among Students At East Carolina

Sports Play Large Part For Jack Britt's Years

"Sports certainly have been a big part of my life," says Jack Britt, right half-back and co-captain of East Carolina Pirates football squad.

Jack, a senior from Fairmont, is majoring in physical education and wants to coach football and basketball. (With Jack's excellent football record we feel that he won't have too much trouble finding a position.) "I've enjoyed every minute of football," says Jack, "and I've enjoyed the many football trips we've taken. That Daytona Beach is OK!" Jack has been a member of the Varsity Club for three years and was vice-president of this organization last year.

Not only does Jack participate in sports, but he also officiates them. He has been officiating boys and girls high school basketball games. "I'd rather call a boys game than a girls game though," Jack says, "because girls games get me confused sometimes." (Wonder why?) Jack has also played on the intramural basketball and softball teams.

Jack's activities on the East Carolina campus have been varied. He has been an active participant in the YMCA for four years, serving religious activities and a member of



Jack Britt

on its council several times. He is also on the Baptist Student Union Council and was president of his Sunday school class last year.

Student Teaching, Fun?

Jack did his student teaching last winter and has had some quote: "rare experiences." "One day" Jack states, "while I was teaching, several members of the class asked if one of the students, who was a talented im-

tator, could imitate the different teachers. I could foresee no serious harm in this activity, so I gave my consent. Was my face red when the boy started imitating me and me only." Not only do you have to be a teacher but a life guard, fireman and about everything else, Jack continues. "One day my class was out on a picnic and one of the girls walked out on a diving board. She jumped up and the next thing I knew the diving board had fallen through and she was sinking fast. Of course teacher had to go to the rescue."

Honors and the Future

Jack has been a member of the Phi Sigma Phi, an honorary education fraternity, for two years and feels that this club has added a great deal of enjoyment and knowledge to his life at East Carolina.

Jack is one of the 28 students of East Carolina who has been chosen as "Who's Who Among Students in Colleges and Universities" and he is very proud of this honor.

"I expect I'll be drafted as soon as I graduate," Jack says, "but I'm not going to worry about that yet. I still have a lot to look forward to here at East Carolina."

That Darling Jones Baby

by Kay Johnston

My name is Johnny and I am one and a half years old. I guess I'm a pretty average baby, but I hope I don't live a pretty average life. Why? Because I certainly would feel sorry for any baby that had to put up with what I have to put up with!

Have you ever been "good" over? I'm telling you it's perfectly disgusting. Everytime I get all comfortable and start dreaming of the days I can begin talking and letting this "crazy" world know a few things, someone comes in and starts "going" over me. "My little wheatear," Mother says. "Goo, goo, goo." "My little football player," my father says, "goche coche goo." Then the punching of the ribs begins, with the tickling of the feet. Those horrible childish baby rattlers are rattled in my ears until I feel like hitting people over the head with my baby bottle. And if they only knew what a ridiculous picture they make with those toys on their heads! If they want me entertained, why don't they let me look at that TV set they're always fighting over?

One of the most trying experiences I have to go through is Mother's weekly bridge club. She dresses me all up in my Sunday best, complete with uncomfortable rubber pants, and then places me in my play pen with instructions to be a good "little boy and not disturb the ladies. Disturb those ladies? Ha! you could not disturb those ladies with an atom bomb! (Pretty smart for a one year old, don't you think?) Yap, yap, yap, for two solid hours I hear all about their babies, husbands and other people's wives with other people's husbands. The latter part is pretty confusing to me, but they seem to find it a pretty interesting topic. I wish they would realize that even though I can't talk, I certainly can hear. More than once those old biddies have trampled on my feelings. Just the other day one of the ladies came over to my pen, "good" for a few minutes and then turned to Mother and told her I was the cutest, sweetest, most adorable baby in this world and she loved the precious outfit I was wearing. Usually I'm not taken in by flattery, but I must admit that my one year old sized head had swelled up to a three year old's, at this gushy lady's attention. However, not five minutes later my Mother left the room and I do know what that two-faced old biddie brain said? I quote: "Do you know, I think Mary must have gotten the wrong child by mistake at the

hospital. Just look at that hair, straight as a stick, and that nose! It looks like Bob Hope will have competition when this little fellow grows up. And that tacky outfit he has on! Poor Mary and Tom must be having it pretty bad these days. I wouldn't dream of letting my child be seen in such an outfit! Oh well, maybe their next one will come at a better time and let's hope the next one will improve in his looks."

At the end of those flattering remarks, my Mother returned, and biddie-brain, without any guilt whatsoever, gushed, "Mary, I just can't take my eyes off of your darling baby."

You can just imagine what my first words are going to be and who I'm going to say them to! Yes, a baby's life is pretty tough, but I do have the consolation of growing up one day. And when I do grow up, you can believe I'm going to have me one good time going at everybody until they can't stand it, and I'm going to go around and tell everybody in town what those sweet denure ladies talk about at Mother's bridge club. Then I wonder what they'll have to say about the "Darling Jones Baby?"

THE END.

The Green Knight

by Pat Humphrey

It was a night of long ago That Arthur's court did meet. No word was spoken by the knights Who only sat and watched.

This cowardice enraged the king And mocked he Arthur's court. "Are these the knights whose deeds are known In every realm and port?"

These taunts the king could stand no more He seized the battle-ax. A blow he was about to deal When Gawain grabbed the ax.

"I beg good king," said Gawain bold, "To let me take the challenge." A mighty blow did Gawain give And soon he slew the challenger.

The stranger rode to Arthur's throne



"It's a disgrace to think a book could be missing for three years—
Put a tracer on it and phone my office immediately on any information
and furthermore . . ."

Couple Of The Week

by Evelyn Blount

It seems this column is becoming a regular "advice to the lovers" on how to meet your mate.

Lillian Haynes, a junior from Goldsboro, and Wade Jordan, a senior from Edenton, met three years ago at the tennis courts. Lillian was playing with some girl friends and Wade, with his roommate. This situation called for a game of doubles and so everyone was introduced—everyone, that is, except Lillian and Wade. They identified themselves to each other only as "Blue Eyes" and "Brown Eyes." After the game "Blue Eyes" (Lillian) to the dorm and the afternoon ended with his asking for a date the following night. Arrangements were made as to the time he would call for her and everything was fine until the next day when Lillian suddenly realized that she didn't know his name. In desperation, she asked everyone in the dorm if they knew who he was and finally succeeded in learning his first name. That night, still not knowing his last name, she asked Wade how he spelled his last name. J O R D O N was the reply, and, says Lillian, "I really heaved a sigh of relief."

After such a beginning it was still more than a year before Lillian and Wade started going together. One time when Wade was visiting Lillian, her mother became ill and Lillian had to cook supper. She asked Wade if he'd like to have biscuits, and, says Lillian, "He asked for it. The dope said yes. When he cut one of them it was so hard, it flew all over the table. Guess that cured him of my cooking!"

After graduating from ECC, Wade plans to attend the University of Virginia as a graduate student in science. Lillian plans to teach but, says she with a sparkle in her eye, "That will only be temporary."

(Editor's note: By being named Couple of the Week, Lillian and Wade will each receive a gift from Saslow's Jewelers and a ticket to the Pitt Theatre.)

POT POURRI

by Emily S. Boyce

Once upon a dark night dreary,
While I slept weak and dreary, dreaming of
quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore.

While I nodded deep in sleep, my roommate brought me to my feet, by a sudden screaming
"Who's knocking at my door?"

"Tis only some prankster roaming," I returned with a roar, and with these words, I slept once more.

Ah, distinctly I remember for 'twas the month of November, the month after September and before December.

And the noise I heard was completely absurd, for the hour was late and closed was the gate.
Eagerly I wished the noise would go away, for all too soon it would be day, but alas, the screams were here to stay!

I looked at the bed with yearning, all my soul within me burning, but I knew I would sleep no more, until I found who knocked at my door.

So I quickly turned and fled from the room and in my hand I held a broom, for I thought the culprit I may chance to meet and when I did she was going to get beat!

But no, a great surprise beheld my eyes, not one culprit did I see, but a thousand culprits staring at me.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering and fearing.

Until at last I managed to speak, and when no one answered I started to shriek, "What on earth is all this commotion?"

"Do you mean," they chorused, "You didn't hear the explosion? Why we know Slay Hall must be blown to bits," and with these words they continued their fits.

They ran to and fro from window to door, and I knew I'd never seen such scared girls before.

At last I looked up and said with shame, "I was asleep, I thought it all a game."

"A game, a game," they all seemed to shout, "Let's call the police and find what it's about."

So off they ran in every direction, and I must admit for them I felt no affection. Waking me up at such a hour! Ha, I'd like to throw them all in the shower. For I certainly had heard no explosion and if I had, I would have shown no emotion.

So open here I flung the door and tried to sleep amidst the roar.

But again, alas, I heard the noise and this time it sounded like a passle of boys. Out under my window they all stood and said, "Did you hear that noise, it ran us from bed."

"Well, damn," I had had all I could take for one night, and here I will end the tale of my plight. For this time I flung open, not the door, but the shutter and quietly jumped into the gutter and left the girls sanding there, wringing their hands and pulling their hair and kicking their heads upon the floor—

For now they knew they could pester me no more!

After wondering over the above piece of literature, the reader will no doubt focus his attention on the name under Pot Pourri. Let it be said that this article (can it be called a poem?), was composed by three girls of Flensing Hall the day after the explosion, all of whom desire to keep their names in secrecy. The narrative began as a rhyming contest, each girl adding a little more to the rhyme until finally, "they knew they could pester me no more!", was added and so ended this absurdity. It was quite a night, wasn't it?

Talk Topics

by Edwina McMullan

(Editor's note: Edwina was managing editor of the East Carolinian last year. This year she is majoring in journalism at the University of North Carolina. The following is a column which appeared in the UNC Daily Tar Heel.)

Do girls ever talk about anything except boys? Many people think not—especially boys. Yet although the male portion of the population quite often provides an interesting and controversial subject for conversation, girls do discuss other things.

The other night we wandered around our dorm (just felt like taking a walk after a long, hard bout with stuff called homework) and listened in on quite a varied number of topics in discussion.

Down on first the merits (?) of "Tom Jones" were being aired, together with a few comments thrown in concerning *From Here to Eternity* and *The Naked and the Dead*. Note: Elsie Dinsmore was mentioned, too—just mentioned.

Meandering across the hall we peeped in and heard the final comments in a debate on whether it would be wise to teach a course in communism at the University. Nobody yelled "Commie" at the proponents of the measure, either.

Climbing up to second, we managed to get in a few words for the South in another Civil War battle. Among other things, we were told that "Civil War" is an incorrect title—it was "The War Between the States" or "The War Between the North and South" because the Southern states had seceded and were no longer a part of the Union. . . . oh, well. We managed to slip out quietly just before a House Council member down the hall shouted "Quiet hour!"

Muted sounds of music floated through the transom of the room across the way and we ventured in. Half an hour later we left with strains of *The 18th Variation* mingled with Johnny Ray's moans floating around in our heads. "If your sweetheart . . ." "Joan! Joan!" a pajama-clad figure galloping down the hall almost knocked us over. "Joan, guess what?!" We never did find out 'what' as we were cruising in the opposite direction from Joan's residence. We just calmly marched on up to third.

East Carolinian Magazine Section

Appearing once each quarter as an outlet for the creative writing of East Carolina College students.

EDITORIAL BOARD

Bob Hildrup, Chairman; Dr. Donald Murray, Dr. James Poindexter and Mary H. Greene.

Introducing The First Magazine Section

This issue introduces the first Magazine Section of the *East Carolinian*. Contributors from students of various majors have put sincere effort in their work. The literary section's board of editors has worked hard in editing material. Both groups together have strived to give the best to you, as a reader.

For a number of years there has been no outlet for student creative writing here other than in a few English composition courses. At present there is no creative writing course offered. However, a great interest in creative writing has been shown by the numerous responses received from contributors to this literary section. Only about three weeks notice was given to the effect of publishing such a section, but it was long enough to get an abundance of material.

We hope that this, *East Carolinian's* first Magazine Section, will prove successful and that we can continue it as a quarterly publication of East Carolina College. As a reader, your comments of this section will be welcomed.

Irrigation Makes Its Debut As Carolina Marches Forward

by Faye Batten O'Neal

A not too old, dusty black sedan, smeared on the outer surface by children's finger marks and occasionally splattered in star-like circles where water splashed during a non-soaking summer shower, moves slowly over a recently built asphalt road. In the car two men are talking. One of them, the driver, clad in farmer's blue denim and chambray and wearing a three-day stubble of beard, speaks excitedly.

"Up there in the tobacco patch to the right—dangled if it ain't doing somethin'! Look at that water, man!"

"Stop if you want to—got more time than I'll ever have money," his companion, a similarly dressed farmer, replies.

In the field to the right, amidst the yellowing shoulder-high tobacco stalks whose leaves have lately been turned searchingly toward the sun and sultry rainless summer skies, the landowner—shall we call him Mr. Able?—looks outward, smiling like the cat that ate the fattest rat, at his hired blacks and tenants. Water, seen little this year, leaps in circular sprays from newly-acquired sprinklers fed through aluminum pipes, bigger than a man's arm, from the shadowed river to the southwest of the cleared land. Irrigation! Water! The driest spell in ten years is defeated! Gonna have a hardy crop after all!

The two visitors, not alone, three other skeptics having come up, stand at the end of the rows of tobacco in stepping distance of the road shoulder. Still they talk, out of Able's hearing.

"What do you make of it?" Not waiting for an answer, "Ground looks like it's getting pretty wet all right." One man, eyes lit up, says, "It's the thing, I tell you! Wish it was in my field. My bakker won't be worth a continental unless it wets wet soon."

Josh Byrd speaks emphatically, his hands black and sticky with gum from sucker-breaking an hour before,

"I just don't know now—I just don't know—Reverend Bost over the church house Sunday says it ain't a man's place to try to make rain; a man just ain't got no business trying to do the Lord's work. The ole lady head, he continues, "I just don't know about it. No sinner, just count me out!"

The oldest of the group, stooped from many a year of ploughing and toiling as a tenant, gives his opinion. "Just another new idea—always something new—a feller can't even raise a crop without somebody stirring up the whole community with something new." "New" to the gent seems to be the nastiest word in his vocabulary. The conversation ends quickly. Able's nephew, out from Agricultural school for the summer, stops a new farm truck on the road's edge and hurries to get across the field. He probably is the only non-doubter in the country.

Up in the field two boys, aged 5 and 9, one glistening black, the other tan and dirty where his faded cabana shorts do not cover, squeal as the water from the sprinklers falls on them, streaking their almost naked bodies with dirty streams and splashes. A black parent yells sulkily, "Git outa dis field, you devilish boys, afore dem pipes git broke!"

A door slams to the left. The men turn their eager eyes toward the two-story farm house, gazing deeply as Able's daughter, aged 19, steps out on the wide, cool porch, attired in an outfit more suitable for sunning than irrigating.

A cloud passes over the sun; a pleasant breeze cools the air only momentarily. In the fields water coughs and sputters yet spurts steadily with an honest stream down to the thirsty gray earth from sprinklers placed three yards apart.

Irrigation takes a bow in North Carolina!

THE END.

East Carolina Remembered: 20 Long Years In The Future

by Mildred Lipe

1973. I sit here on my back porch steps, lazily warming myself in November sunshine. Curled up at my feet in dozing sleep are our twin Persian kittens, John D. and Leo W.

Birds are chirping happily all around me and I can see a big blue jay selfishly splattering in the old gray stone bird bath in the crowded left corner of our little rose-covered back yard. Our pocketbook garden, now almost bare, has furnished its last bit of nourishment, except for several collard plants which my husband is saving to prove his theory that the first frost sweetens and tenderizes them.

My daughter's youthful voice drifts from her upstairs window. She is singing proudly of her—and my—"dear old Alma Mater," East Carolina, which has just won a thrilling 6-0 victory from Duke University, the team which won this season's Atlantic Coast Conference championship.

"... your joys we'll all share ..."

1953. East Carolina's campus is bursting with excited activity. Homecoming weekend! Gala festivities, dazzling parade of marching bands, streamlined co-eds atop streamlined convertibles, magnificent floats! Dorm decorations portraying overwhelming victory for the Pirates and utter defeat for the visiting

Elon team. Then the game—a true thriller. Cheering crowds, half-time performances with the crowning of the queen. The game continued, a struggle to the finish, but victory! A dance to complete a perfect weekend.

Campus life back to normal. Contentious professors keep warning, "Don't overcut. Get to class on time. Review, review, review!"

The daily routine of sleeping late, breakfasting on cokes, nabs and sweets from People's Bakery, darting to classes just in time to have a tug of war with the instructor who is trying to close his door to outside confusion, flitting away free hours in gab sessions, canasta, or gossip in the Y store.

Students continually griping about pops. One psychology pop is flunked by the entire class—with one exception. A football player makes a four. The papers are scored legally, too!

Students, particularly women, continually griping about stiff restrictions. Two Wilson Hall roommates were given three demerits for leaving a Milky Way candy wrapper in their waste basket. What's a waste basket for, anyway?

Thursdays always seem to be wet. Girls sympathetic with the poor ROTC boys who must drill. Veterans

Aristotle, Augustine Discuss Evils Into Which Man Can Fall

by Ethel Poe Mercer

The small room was dimly lighted and the sole occupant was seated before an ancient desk. In a corner of the room was a statue, about three feet high, resting upon a black marble base. Except for a small, hard bed in another corner, the room was bare and stern looking. The man evidently was deep in thought as, with troubled brow, he studied a book of St. Paul's Epistles.

Finally tiring of his work, he pushed the book away and drew from one of the deep recesses of his desk a small flask of wine. Turning about, he glanced into the corner where the statue was placed. The dim rays of the late evening sun cast a flickering light upon the small figure and seemed to give, along with the brightness, a vibrant, life-like quality. As he stared, it seemed to wink at him. Unable to believe his eyes when the image cast a quiet smile, he muttered aloud, "Alas, Augustine. These seventy years have been fruitful, but I fear this is the end of them. I could swear I saw this old statue of Aristotle wink and then smile at me. An old man must be allowed his fantasies, although I'm sure I had better not mention this incident to anyone, or they will be placing some other man here as Bishop of Hippo Regius."

As the old man turned slowly away, a troubled expression appeared on the face of the statue. "Dear Augustine, pray allow me to speak. If you will not believe your eyes, then open your ears. For many years I have been a part of your room, and by listening to you speaking aloud, have learned your thoughts. Think how it is, Augustine, to sit here through century after century, and not to be allowed to speak until now! Can you imagine sitting in countless rooms, watching men make the same mistakes thousands of times, and being unable to say the words which would bring safety to all involved? Now, when at last I have regained my power of speech, for how long I do not know, do not deny me this moment of happiness."

Augustine's face was a study in wonderment. "It is true, my friend, that we must take advantage of this priceless opportunity. Strange events are happening, but it is evident that only the hand of God could have caused this miracle. Who am I, to defy the will of God, and say it

could not be possible to talk with a statue? Therefore let us talk."

Aristotle: First tell me what was troubling you as you sat at your desk with such an expression of sorrow. You, of all men, should be happy.

Augustine: I should be happy, and many times I am, but then I think of all my sins, and become sad again. Oh, to be cleansed thoroughly of these sins of mine, Aristotle!

Aristotle: Do not grieve, friend Augustine. You have repented of them, and it is apparent that God has called you for one of His chosen few. Are you not happy as Bishop of Hippo Regius? You have turned the people from the false manichean ideas, and led them to truth, which is God. All the people lay adoration at your feet. Do you not have pride in this, Augustine?

Augustine: Speak not of pride to me, Aristotle! Pride stood too long between God and me, keeping the light of the Holy Spirit hidden. The three fundamental lusts which are pride, voluptuousness, and curiosity have been, and still are, the most difficult to overcome. I have been a hard struggle to overcome temptation, for I was once in the lowest ebb of humanity, thinking of nothing but satisfying my own earthly lusts. All the while my soul was aspiring vainly to reach God, and all this was unknown to me. I have found these struggles easier to conquer since my complete conversion. It was a gradual process, Aristotle, but the final incident occurred in a Milanese garden. I had been reading Paul's Epistles with Alypius, one of my dearest friends, when, in a fit of temper, I flung myself beneath a fig tree, and cried to God to grant me salvation. Then I heard a sweet young voice, as if that of a child, saying, "Take up and read." Returning to Alypius, I snatched up the book, and opening it at random read these words: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envy; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make not provision for the flesh." I felt that this must surely be a message from God, and soon after, I was bap-

tized by Ambrose.

Aristotle: It does seem apparent that this message was sent to you from God. The passage which you read then brought you the final resolution that you must put away desires of the flesh to be able to find God. You did the right thing indeed when you followed this inspiration from heaven, for it has been my belief that man should not allow himself to be swayed by passion, but should use his ability to reason to conquer all things. Your mother, Monica, had much to do with your achievement of the good life, did she not?

Augustine: Yes, she followed me wherever I went, shedding tears for my errors, and begging me to return to Catholicism. What a wise woman she was, and how good! I am glad that I discovered my mistakes and returned to the fold of God before she died. Perhaps my mother planted the seeds which brought about the harvest of my soul. God could be called the reaper, who, when the seeds of His crop have grown into tall golden wheat, chops it down, and transforms it into bread for His family. So it is in life. God is a tender father who nourishes and protects His children until they are mature of age. Then He shows them the spiritual path of life, and sends them out as priests or missionaries to feed His other children, whose power of reasoning is not as great, with the power and divinity of God.

Aristotle: Well said, my friend. It is easily seen that you have opened new secrets of life, and I will tell you now that your name will be long remembered and revered among men. I cannot tell you more than this. I feel my lips growing cold again. Remember me, Augustine. Farewell, my friend, farewell. Augustine awoke with a start. Someone was pounding steadily upon the door. His head had fallen upon the table, and as he jerked quickly up, he realized that it must have been a dream. His eyes swept the room for even a tiny bit of evidence to prove that the conversation had taken place, but there was nothing. It is true, however, that when Augustine looked at the statue he thought he detected the semblance of a smile.

THE END.



Battle Of Nerves Climaxes With Ninth Inning Homer

by Charles Huffman

As Jim stepped from the "on deck" box, he could almost feel the tense-

ness of the crowd as a hushed stillness settled over the baseball park. The bat in his hand seemed very small, and he wished that he had something more to cling to and on which to rely. It was only natural that Jim was a little nervous and afraid, because Bill Jackson, his

taminate, had just gotten a hit to load the bases. It was the last half of the ninth inning and there were already two outs and the stubborn Yankees were clinging desperately to their 6-5 lead. If only Jim could get a hit, he could bring home two runs, which would mean a win for his Red Birds.

As the public address system blasted forth with, "The next batter is Ellerbe," it seemed that it would never stop echoing in his ears. Just as he approached the batter's box, he paused, stooped down, picked up a handful of sand and let it slowly trickle through his fingers. He rubbed a little of it on the handle of the bat as he glanced at the pitcher and saw a determined look on his face that only frightened him a little more. He quickly turned his head to observe the situation and the position of the other fielders. As his eyes went in the direction of the right-field wall, he saw the setting sun as it seemed to peer at him over a beer sign which read, "You will enjoy a Schlitz Beer." Jim seemed to gaze at it for a brief second and all the time wishing that he were somewhere in a tavern drinking that beer and watching this game on television.

He stepped into the batter's box squeezing the handle of the bat as if he could break it. He dug his spikes into the dirt and adjusted his cap. As the pitcher made his windup Jim stood poised with the bat a little above his right shoulder and back of him. If only he knew what kind of pitch to expect, he would be ready for it, but that was part of the game. At that instant Jim saw the round, horseshoe covered sphere hurtling through space as it left the pitcher's hand. Jim almost swung his bat, but hesitated, then relaxed and listened, as the umpire shouted, "Strike one!"

Jim stepped from the box, knocked the dirt from his spikes, with the bat and cursed under his breath. He asked himself, "Why didn't I hit that pitch? He probably won't give me another one like it," but it was gone and he would have to take his chance on another pitch. As he wiped his hands on the leg of his pants he glanced at the scoreboard in center field, which only reminded him again how important a hit was to the team.

On the bottom landing it paused. And then it moved slowly toward the pool of moonlight in which the man's body now lay.

Keeping ever to the darkness, it circled the body once and then stopped. It glanced upward, passed the never-ending stacks to the rotunda, and eyed it calmly.

The shadow cleared its throat and walked slowly toward the door.

Traffic cop (producing ticket book): "Name, please."

Motorist: "Aloysius Alastair Cyprian."

Traffic cop (putting ticket book away): "Well, don't let me catch you again."

He stepped back into the batter's box with a look of hatred and determination. As he watched the pitcher go through his customary windup and release the ball once more he wondered if he should swing at it this time. His keen sight and quick sense of judgment told him to let it pass. As the umpire bellowed, "Ball one!" Jim breathed a sigh of relief. This time he remained in the box with his eyes frozen to the figure atop the pitcher's mound. Jim then recalled last year when he was in the same situation against the Red Sox and how he had failed in his effort to win that game. Would this be a repeat performance? Jim shuddered as he recalled the heartaches which resulted from his failure to win that game, but there was little time for reminiscing now, because the figure atop the mound once more became active. Jim watched the ball that sped toward him and once more decided to let it pass. This again proved fruitful judgment, as the echo of ball two sounded in the dreaded silence. There was a loud cheer from the stands and Jim could hear, "That's the way to watch that ball" coming from his loyal supporters. This made him feel good inside and gave him a little more confidence in himself.

Jim turned to walk from the box again, paused, then changed his mind. "Boy, that left field fence looks inviting," he said to himself, as he gazed in that direction and saw in large black numerals a sign which read 330 ft. Again his eyes returned to the pitcher and thought it would be so nice if only he could see the catcher's signal on the next pitch, but looking at signals just wasn't acceptable in baseball so Jim had only his guessing power on which to rely. As the pitcher once more released the horseshoe, Jim saw it was a good pitch. He got set for it and swung hard, but at the last moment the ball had curved and Jim had missed it by inches. There were a few muffled "ah's" coming from the crowd as Jim stepped from the box, wiped his hands again and stepped back into the box. Now was the time to think fast. It was between Jim and the pitcher, and the winner would be the one who could out-think the other. This time Jim had no time to think of anything, because the pitcher had hurried his pitch in order to catch him off guard, but in doing so had thrown wide of the plate. Jim was lucky on that pitch. He would have to be on his toes now.

The count was three balls and two strikes. Jim knew that the pitcher would have to put it across the plate or either walk him, but the problem was deciding whether it would be across before it was too late to hit it. Jim dug in, more determined than ever now, and choked the bat tighter. Now was his chance. He just couldn't let the team down this time. The pitcher looked at Jim with hatred as he went into his windmill-like procedure to deliver the ball. As the threatened sphere came flying at the plate Jim looked, got ready, and took a mighty swing that connected squarely with the ball and gave it a ride far into left field. Jim lost sight of it while it was in flight, but when he heard a loud, deafening roar go up from the crowd and saw programs flying in all directions, he had that feeling of a job well done, and he should have, because he had just knocked a 365 ft. homerun to win the game for the Red Birds.

THE END.

Shadow On His Footsteps

by Emily S. Boyce

He clattered up the steps and stood panting in the shadow of the library's silent columns.

The crickets chirped in the hot July night, a street car rumbled in the distance and from somewhere a clock struck three. But the man on the library steps didn't hear. His eyes strained into the moon-flecked shadows of the park across the street. And then a shadow moved. With deliberation it stepped out into the full glare of the moonlight and moved slowly across the street.

He shrank against the wall and felt its cold clamminess against his back. Through his sweat-soaked shirt the icy marble sent chills scurrying along his spine.

Slowly he slid towards the bronzed impassive doors. He grasped the handle and turned. Open!!!

With a desperate effort he swung back the door and stepped inside. Glancing behind he could see the shadow standing quietly immobile at the foot of the marble stairway that led up towards him.

The shadow took a step forward. He turned and dashed inside. His footfalls mocked him from the echoing stacks. He glanced back again and collided with a shelf. Sensing, rather than hearing, the dull echoes that resounded through the building, he struggled to his feet and scrambled toward the winding stairway.

Round and round the stairway sneer.

Letters written to the state legislature begging for more dorms. Expansion program, deluxe new gym and library.

Springtime and hay fever synonymous. So are warm weather and sun bathing. Weekend beach trips add darker shades to patiently acquired tans.

Flunk slips that we try to intercept before they reach mom and scare her silly.

"... And our hearts devotion ..."

Yes, those were the good old days. "... To thee, our Alma Mater, Love and Praise ..."

THE END.

spiraled. His shoulder throbbed dully from the impact with the book shelf but he hurried on. Upward, ever upward as the row on row of silent shelves echoed back his noisy climb.

When at last he reached the top, he paused. Grasping the banister, he looked down. He was dimly aware of the sticky dampness in his arm pits and the muffled thunder of his racing heart.

A bead of sweat trickled slowly down his nose as his eyes followed the endless rows of books downward to the marble floor far beneath.

The blanket of silence hung heavy, cut only by his rasping breath. He stared dazedly at a pool of light from the moon's beam that lay on the distant marble floor. Around this shining puddle all was inky darkness. And then a shadow carved itself

upon the floor. The outlined figure of a man engraved itself upon the one great eye of light.

He drew back, cowering against the endless volumes. And then he heard it. The footsteps started across the floor. They echoed to the rotunda above him and lost themselves in the darkness.

A whimper rose to his lips, but he stifled it. And then the footsteps paused, only to begin again. The first step of the stairway, the second. His eyes tried to follow the relentless noise as it rose toward him.

He steeled himself and approached the edge of the balcony once more. The moonlight still shone placidly beneath. It fascinated him with its seemingly omnipresent glow. And the footsteps. Onward, ever onward, upward, methodical, unrelenting.

He turned and faced the final landing. With one hand on the railing he moved backward, listening to the rising pitch of the footsteps. He drew up against the wall. On his right was the railing. On his left the myriad of books.

He heard the footsteps pause as they reached the final landing. His eyes bulged toward the final speck of darkness in which the shadow lurked. He sucked in his breath and heard the air whistle sharply between his teeth. The footsteps began once more as the shadow stepped out into the half-black, fluid darkness at the corridor's end.

A weakness seemed to settle in his knees and he was conscious of a dull pounding in his temples. He glanced back at the slowly approaching shadow once more and then hoisted himself onto the railing's edge and sat dangling his feet into empty space.

He was faintly aware of having said like this as a child, long ago, dangling his feet in the cooling water of some forgotten river.

And then he relaxed. His body slid noiselessly over the railing's edge and plummeted downward.

All was quiet. At the sound of the sickening crunch the shadow stiffened. It turned and began to descend the stairway. Once more its footfalls echoed through the building.

And choose these words to guide me as I move, "To strive, to seek, to find"—and then to teach.

Credo

by Lucile Noell Dula

Unless I dream I cannot teach the young To set their sights upon the brightest star;

I must explore if I would search for gold

And find the shining nuggets where they are.

I must sow seeds within their fertile mind

If I expect a harvesting of grain; I must set sight upon the mountain peaks

If I would have youth rise above the plain.

Unless I search for treasure in the young, I'll find the guilt and never see the gold.

Unless I learn the language that they speak, The message that I have will go untold.

And so I set my vision on the hills, Which rise so high above the things I reach,

And choose these words to guide me as I move, "To strive, to seek, to find"—and then to teach.

Rescue At Sea

by Hubert G. Simonds

The ship's log of the USS Blank reads:

1945 Sounded "Man overboard drill"

2000 Mustered ship's company at quarters, Swenson, A. B., chief water-tender, absent

2025 Hoisted out No. 1 motor whaleboat

2030 Swenson, A. B. CWT returned on board

So was recorded one of the most unusual events of the Second World War.

One night, in the early spring of 1942, shortly after Japan had attacked Pearl Harbor, in a convoy of approximately 75 merchant and warships enroute from Balboa, Panama, to one of the islands in the South Pacific, the word that navy men least like to hear rang out, "Man overboard!" Cookie Johnston, sitting on a bench on the fantail, had heard a splash and a faint cry of "Help!" Immediately he sounded an alarm, rushed to the bridge and notified the officer of the deck, who sounded the general alarm.

Commander See, who was on the bridge at the time getting the ship settled in the routine for the night, noted the position on the dead reckoning tracer, an instrument that shows the approximate location of the ship at all times. This was most important, as we were in a war zone and not allowed to use any lights. It was better to lose one man than to endanger the whole convoy.

Reports began coming to the bridge; division after division reported all present. Soon, however,

people to be friendly towards us is just as improbable as the leader of my country conferring with one of the common people."

Other man rose again. "Mr. Chairman, the leader of my country confers with the common man, and it seems to work."

Despite the argument the vote was in favor of destroying the spacemen, so at the peak of dawn the next day there was an ear splitting explosion that shattered the morning quiet.

The morning papers carried a complete story on the whole affair with bold headlines stating, "Venus Saved From Invasion By Earthmen."

came the report all had been dreading to hear, "B Division reports one man absent, Swenson, A. B., chief water-tender." A quick check was made throughout the ship. It was definite. Swede Swenson was the man overboard.

It was indeed a ticklish problem to get the ship back to the spot where the man had fallen overboard. The searchlights could not be used, the ship had been moving ahead at about 20 knots on a zig-zag course when the alarm had sounded, and we could maneuver only to the port side, as we were on the left flank of the convoy. To make matters even worse, it was one of those dark, dark nights at sea. The moon had not yet come up, and not a single star was in the sky. Commander See, using all the technical knowledge of 24 years naval service, hastily evaluated the many factors and gave the order to the engine room, "Stop all engines."

Getting in contact with the personnel on duty on the fantail, Commander See ordered everyone to keep a sharp lookout and listen intently. A faint sound was heard on the port side, Commander See, who by now had come from the bridge to the fantail, used a flashlight, shining it briefly out towards the sound. In the flashlight's tiny beam was seen a figure in the water. It was Swede. The motor whaleboat was hoisted out and Swede was soon aboard, exhausted but happy.

"How did you feel out there, Swede?" asked Gunner Jones, in the chief's quarters shortly afterwards.

"I wondered if the cruiser would send out a plane for me in the morning, with some food," replied Swede, as he took a big bite from his sandwich and had a drink of coffee.

So ends the story of a rescue at sea under the most adverse conditions; no lights allowed, no moon or stars to help, the wind and sea conditions to evaluate, the speed and course of the ship, all to be summarized so as to find a man in the ocean, like trying to find the proverbial "needle in the haystack." A remarkable episode of the use of technical knowledge, common sense and quick thinking.

THE END.

The Flush

by Ed Mathews

I'm no piker as far as a good game goes, but these boys were big time. I had been hired, with another boy, to fix drinks and keep everything needed at hand.

It wasn't like the movies, with a small, smoke-filled room. We were in one of the best suites in the hotel and there was plenty of light.

Like most bar boys, after I had everything fixed and had handed out a drink all around, I picked out a nice fellow who wasn't superstitious and watched him play.

The man I was watching was a stranger to me. He was up from Florida just passing through on his way to New York. He seemed friendly and had tipped me a half dollar when I went down to get him some smokes, so I decided to pull for him. He was quiet and a real poker player. He didn't have the loud voice that the Slater brothers did, or the showman's ways of Louie.

The fifth man in the game I didn't know, but he looked like a fellow they had just gotten to fill out the table. As the night went on the "fill in" lost heavily and my man was winning a little—around a hundred.

Of course, I didn't get to see all of the games, but the ones I saw showed me that the "fill in" was out of his class in this game. The night wore on and the game changed from draw to seven card stud, to five card stud to Chicago, and back again.

My man started a game of progression and it built all the way around to the "fill in," who by this time had dropped five or six hundred. He was on my man's right and as he straightened the deck after one of the Slater boys cut he flashed the



The Weeping Willow

by Ralph Lee Lamm

It stands in humble silence there, In majesty and beauty rare, Its boughs whisper a mournful sound, Bending lovely to the ground.

The silence there is of the dead, While as if in prayer it bows its head, The breeze brings forth a sobbing sound, Its boughs in sorrow rove around.

It symbolizes grief and sorrow, It saves its cheer for some tomorrow, When it will look to skyward realms, Where the light of happiness never dims.

Clerk: "This chemistry book will do half of your work for you."

Student: "Great, I'll take two of them."

Visitors From Space

by Ed Mathews

The entire assembly was as quiet as space. Never before had anything like this occurred. There were no rules of procedure to cover such an occasion because no one ever expected it to actually happen—but it had.

The cause for the disturbance was the strange creatures from outer space. They had come in a round flat ship and had allowed no one to go near it since it landed. These were the key scientists of their world and were peaceful enough, but the thing that worried us was: were all the people of their planet peaceful, or, if we allowed them to leave, would they return with an army and try to conquer us?

Secretly the council had had the ship observed and had the ground under the ship dug out and one of our newest bombs placed there, just in case.

"Mr. Chairman, fellow members,

As we all know the people of our own world cannot get along with each other, why should we believe that these people would not constitute an even greater menace to us? It is my opinion that this is merely a scouting party sent out by a hostile world and should therefore be destroyed before they can return and bring a horde of their countrymen to destroy our civilization. I therefore move that we set off the bomb that has been planted under the intruders' ship."

At that moment another member jumped to his feet. "Mr. Chairman, I object to this suggestion. These people, although having a strange shape and an unusual color to their skin, are still human beings and since they came in peace, it seems only right that we let them leave in peace. Besides, if their race is so far advanced that they have mastered space travel there is no way of telling what marvelous discoveries we might learn from them."

The first man rose again. "Mr. Chairman, it seems to me that my worthy colleague has only strengthened my point. To expect these

people to be friendly towards us is just as improbable as the leader of my country conferring with one of the common people."

Other man rose again. "Mr. Chairman, the leader of my country confers with the common man, and it seems to work."

Despite the argument the vote was in favor of destroying the spacemen, so at the peak of dawn the next day there was an ear splitting explosion that shattered the morning quiet.

The morning papers carried a complete story on the whole affair with bold headlines stating, "Venus Saved From Invasion By Earthmen."

San Diego, Greenville Differ

by Ann Stokes

San Diego and Greenville—how could there be a greater difference in two places located in the same country? It is not only that San Diego is a metropolis and Greenville a small town, but there are more important differences, than size and population which make this sharp contrast.

They are as alien to each other as the West Coast is to the East Coast just as far apart in beauty and climate. I found this out in the summer of 1951 when I had the wonderful opportunity of taking my sailor brother back to San Diego. He had told me about the city, and as we drove across country, I wondered if it would be as exciting as he had described it.

Upon my arrival in San Diego, I immediately noted the two most outstanding types of architecture in the city. There were the ultra-modern buildings that fitted in with the layout of the city and whose towers rose far above the busy streets below. There were the buildings with the electric eye doors and the escalators which so often scare and delight the small town person. One who enters this type of building has the feeling of being just one of the crowd, and actually his individuality becomes lost in the great multitude of people. These structures represent the impersonal atmosphere that surrounds the city and people.

My favorite type of architecture was well represented in this city as well as in the surrounding areas of Southern California. The Spaniards definitely left their influence in San Diego, for many of the prominent buildings are of Spanish design. I saw numerous homes and churches with patios, featuring the traditional adobe brick. And always surrounding these buildings were the many varieties of beautiful flowers, taller and more colorful than you would ever find in Greenville. All of this reminded me that this city displays a past history in the life and ways of the people. The fact that the people remember their heritage made me recall that I was only a few miles from another country—Mexico.

And, smooth streets could easily be considered one of San Diego's assets. It would seem that it would be easier to drive in a city of this size, but it was easier in Greenville. Drivers

there are more considerate of others and keep in mind that the pedestrian always has the right of way. In Greenville, I'm afraid that the pedestrian leads a jinxed life. The city also provided well-built highways for our use. San Diego is truly the land of progress in many fields.

When night comes, it seems as though someone pulls a master switch that turns on all the neon signs in the city. These signs advertise the various forms of entertainment and recreation available to everyone. There are famous nightclubs, restaurants, bowling alleys, skating rinks and more risqué places that have a thriving business. I could easily say that San Diego is another New York with all the trimmings. I was deeply impressed by all this splendor because in Greenville, the Pitt Theater is almost the only form of entertainment offered.

For a partial change of atmosphere, the people merely travel the few miles to the Mexican border, where they discover an environment full of excitement waiting for them. Tijuana is not the typical sleepy Mexican village, but a tourist town. Every businessman there depends on the tourist as the source of income. If the tourist trade would cease, Tijuana would have to close its shops and return to the quiet Mexican life it knew before it became a boom town.

Horseracing at the renowned race track called Caliente in Tijuana draws a huge crowd of San Diego's citizens as well as tourists. Since I had never seen a horse race, I was very excited over the prospect of winning some extra money. But the thoughts of the colorful shops kept me from parting from my American money. "Stop right up, Senorita and Senor. We have friendship rings, wedding rings and divorce rings! We have everything you could wish and all at a low price!" And they did have everything, but not always at low prices. The Mexicans are gifted salesmen and can high-pressure most anyone into buying their merchandise. The San Diego natives and visitors, regardless of the frequency of their visits, never weary of the excitement of their next door neighbor.

La Jolla, pronounced La Ho-ya, represents another type of popular entertainment to the people of San

Diego. An interesting suburb of San Diego, La Jolla offers water skiing, boating, swimming, spear fishing and many other sports which contribute to the enjoyment of the tourist. It is also a haven for artists and the wealthy class of Southern California.

I was astonished to hear the many dialects and languages as I traveled the different sections of San Diego. I then learned that there are mixtures of almost every race known to man. There is the Mexican who came to San Diego to better himself but who works for lower wages than the white people. He finds it very hard to understand the North American's way of life, even though there are only a few miles separating his village from San Diego. His dark skin, black hair and eyes, and his colorful shirts identify him from many other races.

Next there are the tourists who, like myself, can be distinguished from the natives by the type of clothes they wear as well as their accent. Their expressions and mannerisms are probably very odd to the average San Diego citizen who, indeed, is a very casual person. Tourists come from all states to get a view of the "land of perpetual sunshine" that they have heard and read so much about. They are bewildered by some that they see but eventually they will learn the ways of the city as I did.

The backbone of San Diego and its chief means of livelihood is the military life which has surrounded it since 1917 when it became the site for the United States Army, Marine and Naval Training schools. Boys from Greenville or anyone's hometown get their basic training there and look on San Diego as a wonderland filled with bright lights, an appropriate place to spend a weekend pass.

Perhaps the only real injustice that I uncovered in this city is the treatment of these boys by the natives of San Diego. The people tend to ignore the boys even though servicemen support the town. I hope that this situation will be remedied in the future and that the people will think of the boys as somebody's sons and not just as sailors.

Unlike Greenville, the religion there is concentrated in Catholicism brought over by the Spanish. I don't know the exact statistics, but it is

The Case Of

Sallie Shootaline

by Valeria Shearon

Have you ever committed yourself and afterwards wished you had not?

This is the case of Sallie Shootaline, who is worrying about just such a commitment. Her thoughts are running something like this.

"Why did I ever promise to write a short story for the newspaper? I must have been temporarily out of my mind. 'Lonely Love.' Gad! What a title! As many subjects as one can write about. I have to choose a mushy topic like that. Oh, well—here goes."

"Tick, tock. Tick, tock." "Look at that clock. I've been slaving for two hours and what have I got to show for it? Ann loves Bill. Bill loves Sue. Sue is Ann's best friend."

"Tick, tock." "I'm getting nowhere fast. This triangle I've invented is becoming too complex for me. Ho-hum—guess this proves that I'm not a born author. I'll have to leave this business to some modern Margaret Mitchell or Thomas Hardy. Might as well call the 'East Carolinian' office and confess that I don't have a short story after all."

"Ring-g-g-g" "Hey! What goes on? Doesn't that silly phone know it's not supposed to ring here? It should ring in the newspaper office."

"Sallie! Sallie! Wake up! The first bell just rang—time to go to class—and don't forget to take that wonderful short story 'Lonely Love' to the newspaper office today."

"Roommate, am I glad you woke me up. What a dream!"

known that a large per cent of the people are members of the Catholic Church. Their churches are very inspiring and are usually considered the prettiest in the land.

My reasons for liking San Diego are probably entirely different from other opinions but I only have my own personal experiences to judge by. Both places are wonderful in their own right and if I had to choose between them, I really don't know which it would be.

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SPORTS ECHO

by Bob Hilldrup

The regular football season for the 1953 East Carolina football squad has ended but thoughts and plans concerning the grid game are still in the air.

Plans for a Thanksgiving game here have definitely fallen through but prospects for a New Year's Day contest in Florida at Tampa (Cigar Bowl) are still possible. Bowl representatives were in the stands last week when the Pirates slaughtered Stetson University 40-6 but so far no definite approach has been made. Should an offer be received, then the Athletic Committee would make the final decision for or against acceptance.

And to top all this off the athletic department is hard at work attempting to arrange a schedule for next fall. Southern Conference squads are still showing a distinct allergy to meeting East Carolina. Contacts are however, being maintained with new schools in Florida, Virginia, Alabama and Texas and some of these squads may well appear on the 1954 slate.

Five games for next fall have already been definitely set for the Pirates. Included in these are four home contests: Catawba, Western Carolina, Stetson University and a September 18 opening date with West Chester (Pa.) Teachers. The latter club is rated as one of the small college powers in the East and should provide top-notch opposition for the Pirates.

In addition to these, the Bucs will journey to Florida for another contest with Tampa University with the Spartans coming to Greenville in the fall of 1955.

The Bucs open their season a week

from today against Belmont Abbey and return here December 5 for their home debut with Guilford. Quite often it is thought that the opening contest for an athletic squad will be a "breather" but this is not the case as far as Belmont is concerned.

Just this year the Abbey switched from a junior college curriculum to that of a four-year institution and are emphasizing athletics to match the change. Not having a football squad, Belmont can concentrate on the cage game and, as their schedule shows, are doing just that. Among Parochial college near Charlotte are the teams on the schedule of the Holy Cross and Villanova to say nothing of Rio Grande, the school that boasts the fabulous Bevo Francis, who set numerous national scoring marks last year.

In addition to an imposing schedule the Abbeys have an equally imposing squad led by towering Johnny Coil, 6-foot, 10-inch center who performed for the West Virginia Mountaineers last season.

It looks therefore, like a long haul for the Pirates as they start defense of their regular season North State Conference championship but the sportswriters are already tagging the Bucs as the team to beat. Gone of course, is Sonny Russell, the greatest eager ever to wear a Pirate uniform, but returning are Cecil Heath, Bobby Hodges, J. C. Thomas, Charlie Huffman, Paul Jones, Bob Moye and a host of newcomers.

In view of all this then, the Bucs should give someone trouble in the run for the Conference crown but let's not start drooling over that championship trophy until we get it.

Pirates Ready For Season Opener

Buccaneers Ruin Stetson Homecoming With 40-6 Win On Rain-Soaked Field

by Bob Hilldrup

EMI Defeats Buc Jayvees In Extra Period By 50-49

East Carolina's Jayvee basketball squad dropped a heart-breaking thriller to the Edwards Military Institute quintet 50-49 in an overtime period at Salemburg Tuesday night.

The baby Bucs took an early lead in the first quarter, but lost it as the first half drew to an end. EMI led 18-13 at the mid-point.

In the third quarter the Baby Bucs seemed to come to life and by the end of the period they had whittled the score down to 29-27 with EMI still out front.

The start of the fourth quarter saw the Baby Bucs' Scarborough and EMI's House locked in a scoring duel, but the Bucs couldn't seem to overcome the two point margin held by EMI. Then, with five seconds to play and the score 45-42 in favor of EMI, Len Cox was fouled by Waters, Cox stepping to the line with two free shots, hit on the first and the score stood 45-43 EMI, the second was no good and all hope seemed to be gone, but William McArthur tipped in the rebound and the game ended 50-49 EMI.

In the overtime period the Baby Bucs' offense attack couldn't click and the game ended 50-49 EMI.

	fg	ft	f	pts
Scarboro	4	1	1	9
McArthur	2	4	3	8
Cox	0	3	5	3
Dunlap	1	0	0	2
Rice	2	9	3	13
Hughes	2	0	1	4
Simmons	0	1	0	1
Williams	4	1	4	9

	fg	ft	f	pts
EMI	15	19	17	49
Trott	1	3	3	5
Broke	0	0	1	0
Waters	1	0	3	2
Baugh	2	3	2	7
Davenport	2	1	2	5
House	8	6	4	22
Ross	3	0	1	6
Dean	0	0	2	0
Callett	1	1	4	3
Totals	18	14	22	50

Held to a 7-0 margin at the end of the first half, the East Carolina Pirates exploded for 33 points in the second session to spoil Stetson University's homecoming festivities at Deland, Florida Saturday, November 14.

A steady downpour soaked the playing field thought the first two periods and turned the field into a virtual quagmire. Even the acts of nature however, could not halt the victors as the Buccaneers drove to a score in the first period when Dick Cherry pitched a nine yard scoring pass to right end Larry Rhodes. Cherry, who was out of action the preceding week as the Bucs dropped their first contest of the year to Tampa University, sparkplugged the attack.

Stetson, which had been named as slight favorite due to an early season win over Tampa, was unable to move the ball out of their own territory during the first period and barely averted a shutout in the final session when halfback Art Park pounded over for the one.

The initial Buccaneer score was set up when halfback Toppy Hayes returned a Hatter punt 17 yards to the home team's 3 yard marker. Emo Boado picked up six yards and a fifteen yard penalty moved the ball to the nine. From there Cherry pitched to Rhodes in the end zone. King's kick was good to give the Bucs a 7-0 margin.

Neither team scored for the remainder of the first half but the hard charging Pirate line led by Bobby Hodges, Willie Holland and Johnny Brown kept the Green and White well away from the Pirate goal.

Second Half
Claude King received the second half kick-off for the Bucs and returned 38 yards to the Stetson 40 before being stopped. King, Jack Britt and Boyd Webb alternated to move the ball to the Hatters' 22 yard line from where King twisted into the secondary and outraced the defenders to the goal. Bulba Matthews kicked the point to give the Bucs a 14-0 margin. Boyd Webb provided the thrill of the day soon after King's tally when he intercepted an errant pass and followed perfect blocking for 65 yards and the third Pirate score. John Daughtry's attempted placement failed.

Stetson received the kick-off but

the charging Pirate line shook the ball loose with Johnny Brown recovering on the Hatters' 20. Emo Boado picked up ground a few yards at a time and finally drove over from the 1. Bobby Hodges booted the point to put East Carolina in front 27-0 at the three quarter mark.

Stetson Scores
A screen pass good for 24 yards plus an unnecessary roughness penalty moved Stetson to the East Carolina one yard line soon after the fourth period began. Park carried over but the placement attempt was wide.

The final tally came with but 20 seconds remaining on the clock. Boyd Hooper, the Bucs fourth quarterback to see action, pitched a pass to Tom Allsbrook in the end zone. Matthews added the point.

Score by quarters:
East Carolina 7 0 20 13 — 40
Stetson 0 0 0 6 — 6
Scoring: East Carolina, touchdowns, Rhodes, King, Webb, Boado, O'Kelly and Allsbrook. EP: King, Matthews 2, Hodges, Stetson, Touchdown, Park.

Pirates Finish Regular Schedule With 8-1 Record

Ole' Man Football bowed out last week at East Carolina, leaving the Pirates with one of the most successful seasons in the history of the school. A January 1 bowl bid for the Bucs remains in the picture but the regular schedule was completed with the 40-6 romp over Stetson.

Leading the Pirates to their final mark of eight wins against one loss were soph quarterback Dick Cherry and senior end and co-captain Bobby Hodges. Cherry, a top candidate for Little All-American honors, pitched 17 touchdown passes while Hodges, also a candidate for post-season honors, gathered in ten scoring tosses plus an extra point boot for 61 points.

Breaking into the scoring column in one form or the other for the Bucs were no less than 13 players in addition to Cherry and Hodges. Larry Rhodes, Emo Boado, Teddy Barnes, Tom Allsbrook, Bulba Matthews, Claude King, Paul Gay, Boyd Webb, Jim Stanley, Jack Britt, John Daughtry, Harold O'Kelly and Toppy Hayes all tallied points in one form or the other for the locals.

The line was headed by such stalwarts as Willie Holland, Johnny Brown, George Tucker, Algie Faircloth, Lou Hallow, Don Burton, David Lee, Al Habit and Tubby Thomas.

The Buccaneers opened their season with a 41-0 romp over Wilson Teachers College of Washington, D. C. Following that they stomped through the North State Conference in rapid fashion to compile a perfect 6-0 record and gain their first league title. Included as victims were: Lenoir Rhyne, 34-0; Catawba, 13-6; Elon, 45-25; Western Carolina, 26-7; Guilford, 40-0 and Appalachian, 40-7. Two weeks ago Tampa University upset the Pirates 18-13 but the locals bounced back to blast Stetson University 40-6 in the season's finale.

A look at the final tally shows a 292 point scoring total for the locals—an average of 32 points, or five touchdowns per game—against 59 points (an average of 6 per game) for the opposition.

Locals Meet Belmont Abbey In First Of 19 Cage Games

by Anver Joseph



With the return of six lettermen and host of promising freshmen and transfers, Coach Howard Porter will ring up the curtain on the 1953-54 basketball season when the Buccaneers travel to Greensboro to meet Belmont-Abbey December 1.

It was like a second homecoming away from home—the 40-6 whipping the Pirates laid on the Stetson Hatters. The pistol hot East Carolinians jaunted the porous Florida crew without mercy. It was sweet solace for the setback handed them by Tampa on the previous Saturday.

As the second half got under way so did the Pirates. It was nothing short of mayhem. The rain ceased but the touchdowns began to pour.

As the curtain falls on the 1953 season so ends the careers of Jack Britt, Bobby Hodges, John Daughtry and Johnny Brown, senior performers who will be absent from next year's edition.

Britt, co-captain from Fairmont, has been an outstanding halfback for the Pirates for the last three years. A real mercury-heeled scooter who gave his best for the East Carolina colors, Jack will certainly leave a hard spot to fill on the campus as well as on the gridiron.

Bobby Hodges is another senior athlete who has helped lift East Carolina to a pedestal never before reached. The towering 6-5 ace is as versatile a sportsman as they come. Bobby is endowed with talent for both football and basketball. He scored touchdowns this past grid season and has bucketed 1,354 points on the hardwood during the past three seasons. Replacing Bobby is going to be a tremendous task.

Selected honorary captain by his teammates when he was forced to discontinue football in 1952 because of an injury, John Daughtry performed in fine fashion when given the opportunity this year. The big fullback from Wilmington showed streaks of brilliance during the past campaign with his clutch running and his presence will certainly be missed.

A hard-hitting tackle who has been one of the oak barriers in the Pirates' defense all season, Johnny Brown leaves a prominent impression with us by his loyalty to East Carolina on the gridiron. Johnny always gave everything he had and his number 43 in the lineup contributed much to EC's finest football year.

Although the Bucs lost their big gun, Sonny Russell, due to graduation, Coach Porter will be relying on the services of freshmen Fred Anders, Don Harris, Ronald Hodge, and transfers Waverly Akins and Emory Bush.

The starting lineup so far is a rat race between eight members of the present team. These are Cecil Heath, Charles Huffman, J. C. Thomas, Don Harris, Fred Anders, Bobby Hodges, Paul Jones and Waverly Akins.

Little information has been released by Belmont-Abbey, but it is known that they have turned to big-time basketball. Their coach is the former head mentor at Boston University, and they imported players from New Jersey and a 6-10 center from West Virginia University.

According to Coach Porter when confronted with the question of what he thought of the other North State teams, he replied, "This year the North State should have a little more competition, with maybe Lenoir Rhyne, A.C.C. and Appalachian leading the way."

The schedule:
Dec. 1—Belmont-Abbey, there
Dec. 5—Guilford, here
Dec. 12—Lenoir Rhyne, here
Dec. 14—Catawba, here
Jan. 5—Belmont-Abbey, here
Jan. 9—Elon, here
Jan. 16—Lenoir Rhyne, there
Jan. 18—Western Carolina, there
Jan. 21—Appalachian, here
Jan. 23—Guilford, there
Jan. 25—Catawba, there
Jan. 27—High Point, here
Jan. 29—Western Carolina, here
Feb. 1—Appalachian, there
Feb. 3—Atlantic Christian, here
Feb. 10—McCrory's, here
Feb. 13—Elon, there
Feb. 18—High Point, there
Feb. 20—Atlantic Christian, there
Game time: 8:00 p.m.

Three Games Remain In Loop

Only three games remain as the North State Conference readies itself for its 1953 gridiron swansong. And of those three the Thanksgiving Day clash at Hickory between Catawba and Lenoir Rhyne looms as the most important.

East Carolina's Pirates wrapped up the league crown weeks ago but the winner of the Indian-Bear clash will finish in second spot. Both of the contending clubs won this past weekend—Catawba blanking Guilford 18-0 and Lenoir Rhyne thrashing Elon 27-13. In the other contests East Carolina throttled Stetson University 40-6 and now awaits a possible bowl bid, Appalachian whipped Morris Harvey 26-6 and Western Carolina

dropped its ninth by a 20-7 count to Presbyterian.

In the other two contests scheduled this weekend Appalachian travels to Tampa to do battle with the Spartans while Elon and Guilford continue their rivalry with the Quakers listed as the home club.

	W	L	T	Pct	Pts	Opp
Guilford missing, Mr. Proofreader						
East Carolina	6	0	0	1.000	198	45
Catawba	3	1	1	.700	71	59
Lenoir Rhyne	3	2	0	.600	79	113
Appalachian	3	3	0	.500	92	99
Elon	1	3	1	.300	71	121
Western Carolina	0	5	0	.000	52	80

	W	L	T	Pct	Pts	Opp
East Carolina	8	1	0	.889	292	69
Appalachian	5	4	0	.556	157	132
Lenoir Rhyne	4	4	0	.500	107	153
Catawba	3	5	1	.375	99	157
Guilford	2	5	0	.286	46	141
Elon	1	5	1	.167	97	187
Western Carolina	1	9	0	.100	90	152

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Science Publication Offers Cash Prizes For Novelette

What will life in America be like 100 years from now? That is the theme of a new collegiate fiction contest and a national science fiction magazine is paying \$2,000 for the

Merchants Give \$25 Xmas Prize For Best Float

The Greenville Merchants Association has set December 4 as the date for their annual Santa Claus Parade. Every student and organization at East Carolina College is eligible to enter competition for the prizes offered, according to John Lautares, Greenville businessman, who heads the parade committee.

Prizes amounting to as much as \$25 for a single winning entry in the parade are being offered. There will be nine divisions of the parade and three prizes will be given in each division. The awards will be given for the three best entries in the following categories: ponies, dogs, pleasure saddle horses, buggies or hacks, costumes, mule teams, other pets and decorated floats.

The parade, usually a big affair, will begin at 3:45 p.m. on Friday, December 4. It will begin on West 9th Street and continue along all the main streets in the city. The feature of the event is the appearance of Santa Claus at the end of the parade. The old fellow will distribute candies and goodies to the children.

With submissions limited exclusively to undergraduates in the United States and Canada, students will present their prophecies in the form of a 10,000 word novelette, basing their predictions on classroom work, their own interpretations of the trend today and their imaginations.

The form of a novelette has been selected as a medium by the editors of "IF" magazine, sponsor of the contest, because 10,000 words can be handled more easily by amateur writers than a long novel, which requires too much time and experience. The editors believed there are a great many young people in colleges who would like to express their ideas and fancies on the opportunity. Professional writers attending college will not be eligible to enter.

Ideas, imagination and plausibility will count more than actual writing skill. The background can be any phase of life. The scene can be a city, village or the country. Plots can be built around a family group or a single character.

First prize is \$1,000 in cash, with six runners up receiving an additional \$1,000 in prizes. Students submitting manuscripts must have them in the mails before midnight May 15, 1954. Winners will be announced nationally the first week in September.

Home Economics Group Gives Tea For Faculty

Among social events of the fall season at East Carolina was a tea given last Sunday afternoon by home economics students at the home management house on the campus.

AFROTC Open To Frosh

Colonel Roger G. Fuller announced that any second quarter freshmen who did not enter the AFROTC course of instruction in the Fall Quarter may be initially enrolled commencing the Winter Quarter if they desire.

College Seniors Observe, Teach In Lenoir School

Four seniors at East Carolina spent last week as apprentice teachers in schools of Lenoir County. Their work included both observing and teaching and is being done under the guidance of Merle Scott, Kinston school supervisor; H. H. Bullock, superintendent of Kinston schools; and principals of schools concerned in the project.

During the fall quarter, now terminating at the college, the seniors are doing student teaching in the intermediate grades of the campus Training School. They were chosen as apprentice teachers because of high scholastic records and demonstrated ability as student teachers.

The East Carolina students and their assignment in Lenoir County are: Martha Conway of Greenville, in the eighth grade of the Contentnea school, Mrs. Lucile Hoker, teacher; Gale Dorsey of Wrightsville Beach, in the sixth grade of the Southwood school, Mrs. Lillian Kintz, teacher; Mrs. Drusilla Hodges of Pine Brook, N. J., in the seventh grade at the Moss Hill school, Mrs. Zulienne McArthur, teacher; and Peggy Kennedy of Kinston, in the seventh grade at the Deep Run school, Margaret Hull, teacher.

Thursday, the Lenoir county teachers participating in the project visited the Training School on the East Carolina campus and visited classrooms of the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. Supervising teachers at the Training School who served as their hostesses were Mrs. Myrtle Clark, Mrs. Ellen Carroll and Elizabeth Hyman.

The apprentice teacher exchange program is now in its third year of operation at East Carolina. The object is to evaluate good teaching practices, to exchange new ideas, to promote closer college relationships with teaching problems in the field and to raise educational standards by developing better teaching techniques.

Clarinet Recital Set By Dolores Matthews In Austin Next Week

Dolores Matthews, senior from Henderson, will be presented in a clarinet recital by the East Carolina music department at 8 p. m. on Thursday, December 3, in Austin auditorium. Miss Matthews is a senior music major.

George Perry of the college music faculty will be accompanist at the piano and Frank Hammond, a junior trombonist from Wilmington, will assist.

On program will be Mozart's "Clarinet Concerto in A Major," Debussy's "Premiere Rhapsodie" and Lefebvre's "Fantaisie-Caprice, Opus 118," which will be rendered by Dolores Matthews, and "Concerto Number Two in A Major" will be rendered by Frank.

Alumni News

BURLINGTON-ALAMANCE ALUMNI HOLD MEETING

The East Carolina College alumni of the Burlington-Alamance area held its November meeting at the home of Mrs. Jennings M. Bryan on Tarleton Avenue in Burlington, with Mrs. Sophia Mayo as co-hostess.

During the short business session, presided over by President W. C. Council, yearbooks were distributed by the committee composed of Mrs. W. C. Council and Mrs. Sophia Mayo.

It was announced that the December meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Bennett and it was suggested that each member bring a Pollyanna gift.

Bridge and canasta were enjoyed with respective high score prizes going to Lester Ridenhour and Mrs. W. C. Council.

The hostess served orange chiffon pie with whipped cream, nuts and coffee to the 15 members present.

DURHAM CHAPTER MEETS DECEMBER 3

The Durham Chapter of the East Carolina College Alumni Association will hold a meeting on December 3,

with Alumni Secretary James W. Butler as speaker, announces Program Chairman James H. Blake.

Wake Forest College Professor Of Religion Addresses EC Students

Dr. W. R. Cullom, professor emeritus of religion at Wake Forest College, was principal speaker here at a religious service conducted Sunday night as a special pre-Thanksgiving program. The appearance at the college of Dr. Cullom, widely known as a leader in Christian education, was sponsored by the Inter-Religious Council of East Carolina.

He drew large attendance in the Austin auditorium, according to Dr. Carl Harris, director of religious activities at East Carolina.

Others participating in the program were W. Parker Marks of Speed and Richard Ottaway of Wilmington, students at the college here. Monteen Winstead of Tabor City sang "Rejoice Greatly" and George E. Perry of the faculty served as organist.

'Skin Of Our Teeth' Opens Season For Playhouse Group

Three performances of Thornton Wilder's comedy "The Skin of Our Teeth" opened the 1953-1954 season successfully for the Teachers Playhouse, student dramatics club at East Carolina College, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week.

The play was presented in the College Theatre under the direction of Dr. Joseph A. Withey of the English department, assisted by Patricia Goodwin of Memphis, Tenn., student director. Audiences from both on and off the campus were generous with applause for the student actors.

Both principals and those in minor roles gave creditable interpretations of their parts. Faye Sermons of Greenville made an attractive Sabina. Percy Wilkins of Benson, Nancy, Cooke of Dunn, Douglas M'chell of Greenville, and Betty Sue Gay of Dunn combined effectively the light touch with considerable dramatic and emotional power in their portrayals of members of the Antrobus family, surviving "by the skin of their teeth" down through the ages.

Marie Vines of Washington, D. C. put on an excellent performance as a fortune teller. Others in the cast include Robert Hill, Goldsboro; Dock Smith, Princeton; Charles Hill, Jacksonville; Jimmy Walton, Lexington; Ben Wolverton, Greenville; Thomas Pierce, Robert Gardner, and James Corum, Rocky Mount; Rachel Mundine, Newport; Alice White, Greensboro; Laura Credle, New Holland; Ann Willis, Garner; Jane Linge, China Grove; Jeannette Smith, Wilmington; and Faye Jones, Wilmington.

Effective staging contributed to the success of the production. Particularly attractive were the bright colors, the ray costumes and the groupings of characters in the scene on Atlantic City's Boardwalk. The Dinosaur and the Mammoth which in Act I wander out of the cold into the Antrobus home were hits with audiences.

Famous for its unusual technique, the Wilder comedy was presented with attractive and appropriate scenery, costuming and lighting. Much of its success was due to the work of a technical staff of more than thirty members, headed by William Penned of Goldsboro as technical director and Jean Tetterton of Greenville as stage manager.

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