

Natividad Sesena, exchange student from Madrid, Spain, discusses college life in her native country on page 2.

East Carolinian

One of our readers is having trouble studying Shakespeare's sonnets due to the current work in Austin. See "Reader's Comment" on page 2.

National Social Fraternity Field Secretary Interested In Establishing Group Here

by Jimmy Ferrell

Donald E. Kindle, field secretary of Sigma Phi Epsilon, national social fraternity, visited here Tuesday to discuss with administrative officials the possibility of establishing a national social fraternity on the East Carolina campus. He is presently visiting other campuses in North Carolina where chapters of Sigma Phi Epsilon have been established.

Chapters have been established at the University of North Carolina, North Carolina State, Wake Forest, Davidson, Lenoir Rhyne, High Point and Duke which includes a membership of 2,000 students in this state. Mr. Kindle explained, "Our fraternity has been in contact with Dr. Messick since 1953 concerning the establishment of national social fraternities on this campus and have recently been corresponding with Dick Ivey, president of Sigma Rho Phi service fraternity."

He pointed out that Sigma Phi Epsilon felt that national social fraternities have a place on a growing campus such as East Carolina and further explained that other such organizations are also interested in establishing chapters here. "We feel that undoubtedly many of the local service fraternities will be interested in securing national affiliation as a group," he commented.

At Other Schools
He said schools in the North State Conference with smaller enrollments than EOC have been developing a very strong fraternity system, and cited as an example the progress at High Point College.

"By working in co-operation with college officials strong well-organized social fraternities will lend much national prestige to the school and

the natural competitive spirit that is developed by fraternities would add a great deal of this spirit to the entire campus," he said.

Mr. Kindle concluded, "Social is having fun, doing things together, and well organized fraternities have fun in being of service to others—parties for underprivileged children, and older people, pledge class "Help Week" projects, and caroling parties, just to name a few.

Chapters Guided Closely

"Sigma Phi Epsilon guides closely each of its chapters. Visitation service by field secretaries at least twice a year and the moment's-notice availability of our North Carolina District Governor are a great aid. Numerous publications, standard bookkeeping, scholarship incentives, song books, and so on, help a great deal.

"Strong alumni guidance, annual district leadership training schools for new officers help educate and guide in not only helping the men have a stronger local organization, but teaching them how to cope with many problems that they will face in the business world upon graduation. Quite naturally, our national chapter has many standard requirements that have to be met so that these goals are achieved."

Trustees Decision

President Messick asked the Board of Trustees last week to reconsider their decision on such fraternities and sororities made in 1954.

After considering the idea at length, the Board referred the situation to the administration and faculty for their consideration and recommendations concerning it, and requested that student opinion be considered.



Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Oklahoma!" will play for the last time tonight at 8 p. m. in McGinnis Auditorium. Steve Farish, Curley, and Frances Smith, Laurey, are shown in the surry, with June Crews, Aunt Eller, standing in the photo on the left. Frances Smith is pictured again in the photo on the right.



Business Classes Take First Place In Gregg Contest

Over 20,000 Students Participate In Annual International Event

According to a report from the Gregg Publishing Company, East Carolina College has been placed first in the Collegiate Division of the International Shorthand Penmanship Contest for 1956. Students of the Business Department who entered the contest which is sponsored annually by the Gregg Company were enrolled last quarter in beginning and advanced shorthand classes taught by Dr. Audrey V. Dempsey, Miss Lena C. Ellis, and Dr. James L. White.

The papers submitted were judged on the basis of accurate and fluent shorthand classes. It is expected that many of the students from here will qualify for individual merit awards which have not yet been announced.

Over 20,000 shorthand writers participated in the contest. As a result of winning first place, the Business Department will receive a trophy in recognition of this honor. The teachers will receive a \$25.00 savings bond.

Dr. Elmer R. Browning, head of the Department of Business here, stated that he was "exceedingly proud of the group, since this is one of the highest honors that could come to any business education group anywhere in the world."

Last year East Carolina participants were placed eighth in the contest.

Williams Says He Notified The IRC

A debate on segregation between Oliver Williams, managing editor of the East Carolinian, and Gerald Adcock, which has caused widespread interest on campus, was not held at the International Relations Club meeting Tuesday night as scheduled because Williams did not appear for the discussion.

When contacted, Williams stated that he did not attend the debate because "I have talked with Gerald Adcock about the debate on several occasions, and he seemed more interested in slandering my weekly East Carolinian column than in discussing segregation."

Williams further stated that he informed the advisor and program chairman of the International Relations Club one week before the scheduled debate that he would not appear. "I also told both of these officers," he went on to say, "that I would be more than glad to discuss segregation or participate on a panel discussion, but I am not interested in arguing with a person who presents his views in the manner that Mr. Adcock has used on the several occasions that I have talked with him."

Perry Says "Oklahoma!" Production Tops All Previous Musicals Presented

by George E. Perry

The East Carolina College presentation of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Oklahoma!" is more than just an evening of good entertainment. It is entertainment that is TERRIFIC, in capital letters, underlined, followed by three exclamation points! The appearance of a musical comedy is an annual event on the campus, and there have been some pretty good ones in past years, but the opening night of "Oklahoma!" topped all previous performances by a good mile. It came the closest to professional quality in every respect of any previous show, and in many ways surpassed many Broadway productions, where the singers often can't sing, and where the orchestras have a reputation for being anemic. This gives me the chance to pay the first and highest compliment to the orchestra, and a finer "pit orchestra" I've yet to hear. The string section was beyond belief in accuracy, intonation, and in blend. But the other choirs were just as notable, and the consummate effect was one of quality that even a professional group would have difficulty in surpassing. Even with hand-picked players, however,

an orchestra needs a conductor, and here the most sincere of compliments is deservedly paid to Dr. Kenneth Cuthbert who kept not only the instrumentalists but the entire production under magnificent control. He directed in a well-defined and easy-to-follow manner, gave cues in a positive way, and kept a good balance between pit and stage.

Vocally and historically speaking, a better leading couple could not have been found than Frances Smith and Stephen Farish. Miss Smith is made for productions of this kind; she acts without over-acting, and last evening showed fine depth of perception in her conception of her role which she did with convincing dramatic ability. Her singing is far better than many I have seen on Broadway, and at all times her voice carried well above the orchestra, especially in her number "Many a New Day" and in the duet, "People Will Say." On a par with her performance was that given by Stephen Farish, who gave a superb characterization of the role of Curley, a name which fits him to perfection. He was every bit as much Curley as the lead on

Broadway. His dramatic ability was surprising, and he handled his part with real depth and understanding. At first his vocal carrying power did not seem to be sufficient to go over the orchestra, specifically in his opening number. But before the first act had been under way ten minutes, he seemed to realize this, and from then on his projection was

(Continued on Page 6)

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Fourteen Coeds Will Reign Over May Day Festivities

Fourteen girls have been named to reign over the annual May Day festivities, sponsored by the SGA, to be held here Saturday, May 12.

The 1956 May Court consists of Barbara Strickland, Barbara Kenney Foley, Jane Credle, Mary Ann Marshbourne, Laura Credle, and Louise Yelverton from the senior class; Ann Cooke, Ann Mayo, Lou Murphy and Shirley Summers from the junior class; Marcia Forbes and Martha House from the sophomore class; and Alice Anne Horne and Jeannette

McIntyre from the freshman class. Qualifications for the May Court are leadership, poise, grace, scholarship (3 average), and attractiveness.

The theme and decorations for the event will center around May. The coronation will begin at 7:30 p. m. in Wright Auditorium with the presentation of the May Court and the crowning of the May Queen. She will wear a silver crown and will be seated upon a throne on a raised platform with her attendants grouped around her. There will be special flowers for the entire court.

Don Umstead, retiring SGA president, will crown the queen and Dock Smith, succeeding president, will serve as head usher.

Following the coronation will be a May Pole dance, enacted by a group from the Wahl-Coates training school. The next attraction will be a special figure by the members of the May Court and their escorts.

Immediately afterwards will begin a May Day dance, open to the student body. Music will be furnished by Calvin Chesson and his Dreamers. Refreshments will be served.

College Radio Studio Opens; Live Broadcasts Now Possible

Plans are now underway which will enable students on campus to actively participate in an enlarged new radio program. At a recent meeting, interested students gathered to discuss and formulate activities making use of the new equipment installed in the radio room of the library.

Although the studio itself was designed when Joyner Library was built, it has been necessary to use inadequate equipment. Now, programs may be broadcast to or from any place on campus by means of remote amplifying pick-ups.

Mr. Wendell Smiley, librarian and a sponsor of the project, explained, "We have a complete radio set-up in the form of announcer's booth, studios, and facilities. The best available equipment has been installed, including RCA console and turn-

tables and Ampex tape recorders."

Student Programs

It is now possible for live as well as taped shows to be offered to radio stations now that the connections have been completed. A variety of student programs are under development to be added to the faculty and student programs already carried by 11 radio stations, and two television stations.

Miss Rosalind Roulston, director of radio and television, when asked about the new program, commented, "We have to have help from the students. Those interested in any phase of radio or television work are invited to join us at our Thursday night meetings. The only requirements are dependability and the ability to get along with people."

Meetings are to be held weekly on Thursday nights at 6:30 in the studio.

Express Sympathy

Mrs. S. R. Neel, mother of Mr. Francis Lee Neel, art teacher in the art department here, died Monday, April 16, at Bonne Terre, Missouri. Students at the college take this opportunity to express their sympathy with Mr. Neel.

Johnston, Lamm, Mann

Campus Religious Groups Elect Presidents

Martha Johnston, Ralph Lamm and Bobby Mann have been named presidents of the Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist student organizations, respectively, for the 1956-57 school year.

Martha Johnston, a rising junior from Paw Creek, has been elected president of the Westminster Fellowship for 1956-57.

She is president of the Inter-Religious Council this year, vice-president of the Westminster Fellowship, and a member of the "Y" cabi-

net. She will also be a member of the "Y" cabinet next year.

Miss Johnston and the other council members will serve approximately 230 Presbyterians on the campus next year.

Commenting on her new position, Miss Johnston said, "I have a wonderful council and am looking forward to working with them. I consider this one of the greatest honors I've ever had."

Ralph Lamm, a rising senior from Wilson, was elected to head the Baptist Student Union for next year. He succeeds Ruth Lassiter as president.

Lamm

Lamm is a member of the Science Club, the Creative Writer's Club, and has served as secretary of the YMCA. He has been on the Executive Council of the BSU for two previous years.

Lamm, along with the other twenty-five council members, will guide the program for approximately 1000 Baptists enrolled at East Carolina. Under their direction plans are being made for the most extensive Baptist student program ever held on the campus.

Mann

Bobby Mann, also a rising senior from Newport, was recently elected president of the Wesley Foundation.

Mann has been active in extra-curricular activities since enrolling here. He is vice-president of the local FBLA group and is also a member of Pi Omega Pi, honorary business education fraternity. He was recently elected as state president of FBLA.

Under the leadership of Mann, the Wesley Foundation will provide a program for the many Methodists on the campus. They are also making extensive plans for next year.

Seminar Series On Religion In Education Begins Here Soon

A series of seminars, the purpose of which is to provide discussion of various aspects of religion and its relationship to education, are being initiated here. The discussion groups are sponsored by the college committee on Teacher Education and Religion, of which Vice President Leo W. Jenkins is chairman.

A meeting is scheduled for one day each week on a date announced in advance. The seminars are held in the Mamie E. Jenkins Faculty-Alumni House at 3 p. m. Students, faculty members, and others who are interested are invited to be present.

The series of discussions is part of a study of Teacher Education and Religion now being made at the college. East Carolina is one of fifteen pilot centers in the nation carrying on a five-year project on this subject under the sponsorship of the American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education.

Dr. James Poindexter of the department of English acted as chairman as the series opened Tuesday afternoon of last week. The question under consideration was "What is the relation of religion to other values?"

Other faculty members who will lead discussions this month and next and the dates of meetings are Dr.

Student Writers

This week's East Carolinian, a six-page issue, features creative writing by students on pages three and four. The project is sponsored by the English Club and Creative Writer's Club.

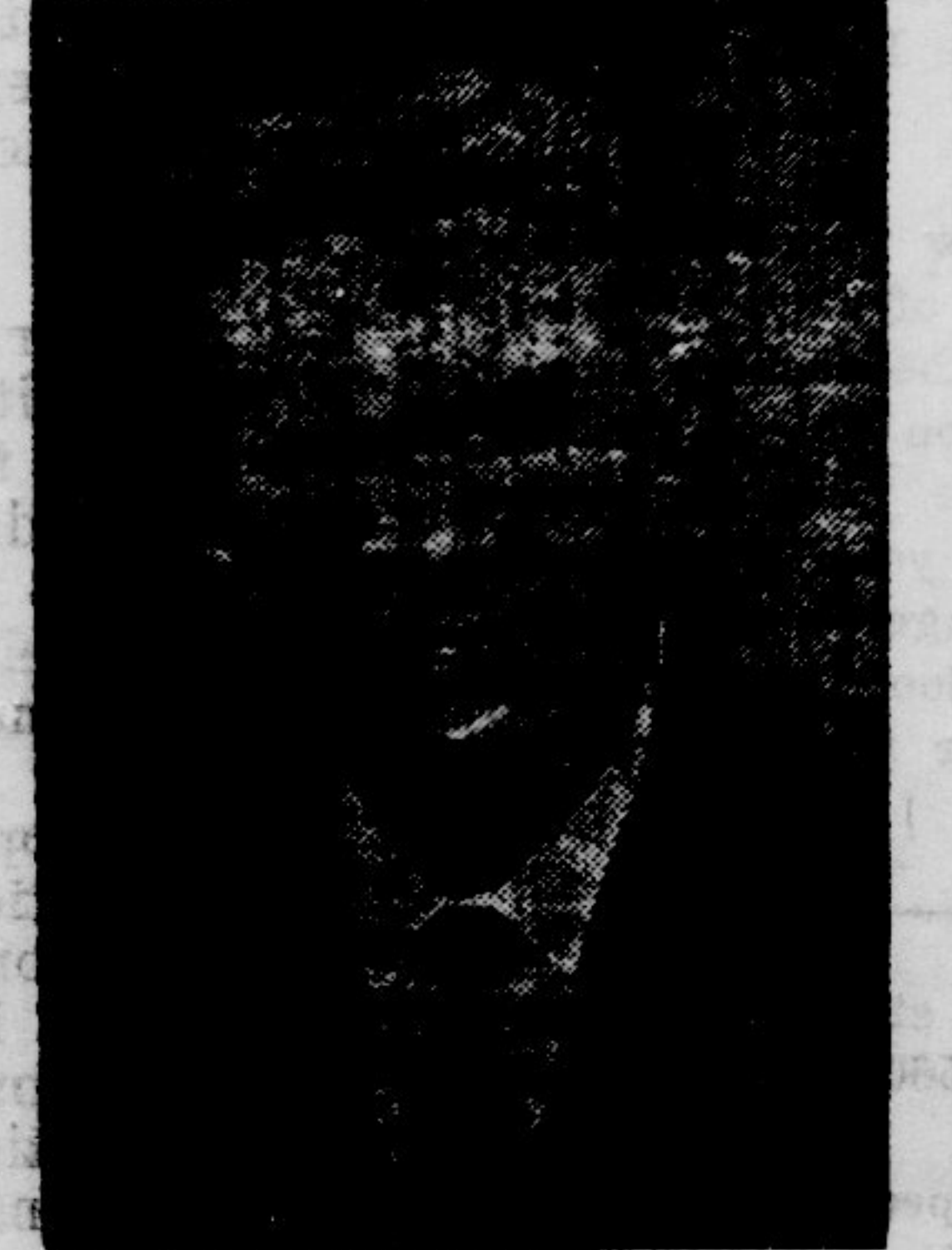
Bertha Mae Woodcock, English Club president, has announced that the prize money has risen to \$15. Winners will be announced in next week's issue.



East Carolina's Board of Trustees met here recently and approved the issuance of bonds in the amount of \$1,425,000 for the construction of a dormitory for men students. From left to right seated: Mrs. B. T. Williams, Stedman; I. H. O'Hanlon, Fayetteville; Fred Willetts, Wilmington; and Mrs. A. L. Barrett, secretary to President Messick and the Board of Trustees. Standing left to right are: Charles H. Larkins, Kinston; F. D. Duncan, college vice-president and treasurer of the board, Arthur L. Tyler, Rocky Mount, board chairman; Dr. Messick; E. E. Rawl, Greenville; and Ralph Hodges, Washington. Not pictured are Henry Balk, Goldsboro; W. W. Taylor, Warrenton; N. Elton Ayldett, Elizabeth City; Mrs. W. B. Umstead, Durham; and Luther Hamilton, Morehead City. (photo by Edwina Haymes, Greenville Daily Reflector)



Martha Johnston



Ralph L. Lamm

"United We Stand"

The installation of the newly-elected SGA officers has been completed, and our campus leaders for next year have taken office. To them, the student body should drink a toast and pledge their wholehearted support and co-operation. Their success for the coming year hinges on these two words. Small though these words may seem, they are the keys to success in student government. And this is all that the new officers wish the students to give. It is a service that the student body can render without much effort if they will only try.

Foremost in the minds of the students should be kept the thought that even if these leaders aren't their winning candidates, yet they were the choice of the student body. Whether or not they carried your support in the recent elections, it is your duty to your school to give these leaders your support and a fair chance to prove that they are capable in assuming their responsibilities. Don't push them off on the wrong foot. Give them an even break just as you would desire if you were taking office for the first time.

Only with support and cooperation can these officers fulfill the duties of their offices and do the things that you have been wanting done. They are the ones who lead the way; it is up to us to back them up. "United we stand; divided we fall."

Once again we wish the new student government administration a prosperous and successful year. We shall follow its actions with the utmost interest and concern. We extend the services of our staff as they may be needed, whether it be to publicize, criticize, or make suggestions. Let's all work together to make East Carolina College a better school.

Controversial Currents

A Question Of Interest In National Politics

by Bobby Hall

Government of the people, by the people and for the people is a familiar statement to all college students. The question is how many of us live according to this statement.

In the past few weeks the most controversial subject seems to be letter writing to the editor. A few students have come up with the idea that state and national politics have no place in the college paper. In last week's edition of the paper a letter was printed in which the writer stated: "In my opinion, your editorials should concern only matters pertaining to the college. Maybe some state politics, but national politics should be left out of our paper. Most students will not read national politics in the big dailies, so we shouldn't waste space writing about them in the school paper."

If this student is correct in his statement, the question tossing in my mind is who is interested in national and state politics? As complicated as government is today, surely college students do not think that the common man will and should be able to control the government.

Andrew Jackson believed in government by the common man. He thought that any common man could run a government office. This may have been true at the time of Jackson but not today. Try to imagine a common man reading the 975 page tax bill passed since the Republicans gained control of the government. It would be like trying to count molecules of water in the ocean. Both would get the same results. If college students have no interest in government, what is going to happen to our government?

Government by the people is easily understood. In order for the people to govern themselves they have to know what they want. If a person remains ignorant on public issues, is he capable of taking part in government?

Most all people like government for the people. This seems to indicate that they are going to get something free. You only get what you pay for! The great mass of services offered by government today are not free; they cost money and this money comes from the American people. Evidence to support this can be found prior to April 15th of each year which is the deadline for filing personal income tax forms.

I assume the student who said that most students do not read national politics has talked to over 1500 students and they have confirmed his statement as there are over 3000 students enrolled in school. He would have had to talk to this many in order to use the term "most."

In order for us to practice the by and for of government we will have to become interested enough in government affairs to select the best qualified candidates for public office. Electing candidates to office is the one control the people have over government. If college students are not interested enough in state and national politics to select the best candidates then it seems logical that the people not attending college will be either.

However, if you have been told you are a Republican or a Democrat and you are to vote this way the rest of your life, "excuse me."

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Natividad Sesena Says More Freedom For Collegians In Land Of Spain

MANY STUDENTS on the campus have asked me on different occasions about college life in Spain. Therefore, when I was asked by the editor of the East Carolinian to write an article for the college paper, I thought this subject would be the most interesting to the majority of the students.

How does college life differ from that in America? First, I will say that Spanish students, for several reasons, have more freedom than those in America. Colleges in Spain differ markedly from those in America in that they are always state supported. They do not function as single units where most everything concerned with college life and education is carried on the campus. For instance, in Spain there are dormitories for the students that do not live in the same town where the college or university is located. However, these dormitories are completely independent from the colleges, without connection with the administration, and their restrictions on the students are lenient. Spanish students are expected to attend classes regularly, but if for personal reasons they miss class it is neither held against them nor is it an influencing factor in their grades. They are completely on their own and their responsibilities are expected to keep them busy and acting as ladies and gentlemen.

ANOTHER DIFFERENCE, which in my opinion is very important, is the vital interest shown by students in Spain, as well as all of Europe, in every aspect of life in their country. Discussions about politics and international problems are very common in the students' everyday conversation. Recently the students of Madrid University rebelled against the official government. Although their insurrection was not a complete success, because of different reasons, that I am not going to analyze now, it serves as proof of their interest and active part in governmental affairs.

The students are important to the changes brought about; for they are the torch-bearers who the rest of the country follow sometimes.

This interest and enthusiasm is also demonstrated in cultural fields. The success of plays and movies in Spain is dependent to some extent on the criticism of the country's college students. Also the most progressive manifestations of art is always supported by the students' initiative.

Concerning amusements, Spanish students are compelled to enjoy more of the little things in life than Americans. Such things as beautiful cars and television sets are things Spanish students can only dream about. Yet, they seem to enjoy life fully as much, or even more, than Americans do, perhaps because of the humor and cheerful background of the Spanish soul.

I appreciate very much this opportunity that the East Carolinian has given me to express my gratitude to my teachers and good friends at East Carolina College. I am very sure I shall never forget this year, because it has been one of the happiest of my life.

So long, "amigos!"

Reader's Comment

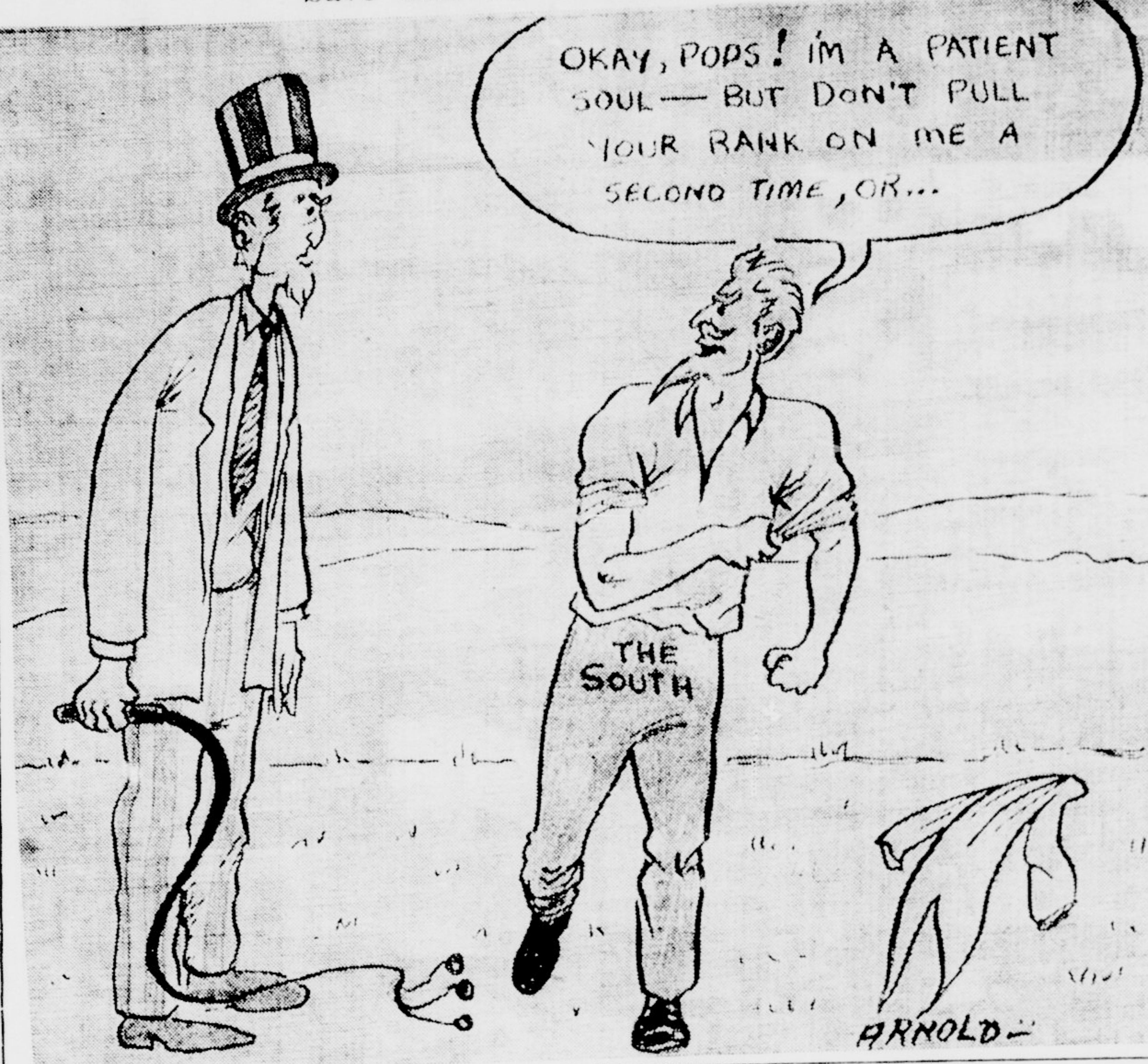
Stop That Noise!

To the Editor:

During the past six months of more Austin Building has been filled to the rafters with the banging of hammers, the thump-thump of equipment being dragged, and the growling of power tools tearing into the tired, old plaster of the walls. This noisy confusion is slowly replacing the old lighting system of the building; it is also driving students and professors nearly insane. Ever tried to study Shakespeare's sonnets, listen to the professor's comments concerning the lesson, and answer questions while a power drill rips through thick wooden beams just outside the classroom door? Great Sport!

What is more important here at East Carolina than learning? It seems some people consider a new lighting system of greater importance. Can't some sensible solution be found to end this class interrupting? And while those people interested enough in trying to solve this problem discuss solutions, Austin will be shaking in its foundations by the bang, bang, thump, thump, whirr, whirr, and grumble, grumble. William Dixon

'Save Your Confederate Money, Boys'



Who's Who Among Students At East Carolina College

Carol Lucas Holds Many FTA Offices

by Barbara Cole

Carol Lucas, a senior from West End, chose to attend East Carolina for several reasons. She had heard that it was one of the best teacher-training institutions in the state, she liked the size of the school, and she had also heard much about its "friendly atmosphere."

When asked about her first impression of East Carolina, Carol replied, "I thought it was wonderful and still do. I've visited several other campuses, both in this state and out of state, and I think East Carolina is the friendliest of all."

"The two very good English teachers that I had, I think, influenced profoundly my decision to major in English. This decision also came, I suppose, because I had always enjoyed English so much, and I felt that I had learned much about how to live by studying literature," Carol said, when asked why she chose English as a major. She is minoring in library science.

Active in Clubs

Carol has participated in many extra-curricular activities at East Carolina. She has been a member of the English Club for four years and is serving as treasurer this year. She has been a member of the YWCA, Library Science Club, Wesley Foundation Council, and the Future Teachers of America.

The majority of her time has been devoted to activities of FTA. As a sophomore she served as secretary of the local chapter, and when she became a junior she filled the important position of state vice-president of FTA. This year Carol is state



Carol Lucas

president of FTA. Carol's offices do not stop with the state presidency, however. This year she is also serving as regional director of the Southeast in the National Association of Future Teachers. She has attended many conferences as a representative of FTA. She attended the Twelfth Annual English Institute in Chapel Hill and the annual Superintendents' Conference at Mars Hill College as a representative of the state FTA.

In the summer of 1955 she participated in the NAFTA Leadership Institute at Northern Illinois State Teachers College in DeKalb, Illinois; attended the Teacher Education on Professional Standards Conference there; attended the National Education Association Convention in Chicago; and in the capacity of regional director, attended the National Classroom Teachers Conference for two weeks at Purdue University in Lafayette, Indiana.

Travels Broaden Education
Commenting on her work with FTA, Carol said, "I think my travels have broadened my educational experience and made my college years much more enjoyable. Meeting many people of different races, religions, and backgrounds has made me realize that there is a brotherhood among all people, even though there may seem to be a difference."

Carol is doing her practice teaching this quarter at Washington High School where she teaches two eleventh grade English classes. She is enjoying her new teaching experience, and has found out early that the students are very observant about the things they read. This was illustrated when a young man, a student of hers, told her the shoes she was wearing "were really sharp!"

Named To "Who's Who"
Carol believes her biggest honor at East Carolina was being chosen for "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities." She feels that this is the culmination of all her previous honors.

One of the things Carol has enjoyed most about East Carolina is living with her roommate, Patsy Davis, for all four years.

After she graduates in May, Carol's future plans are indefinite. She has not yet decided whether she will be an English teacher or a librarian.

Around The Campus

Disc Medicine: Relaxation Through Soothing Music

by Janet Hill and Martha Wilson

Easy Listening . . .
The arrival of spring has not only influenced the many activities of students here on the campus, but it has also brought about some changes in the popular music world. It seems that one of the most enjoyable ways to relax that has been found is to the soothing effect of string music. This musical "cure-for-all-ailments" (such as warped nerves, shattered souls and broken hearts . . . as well as a stimulant for the few normal people left) is most effective when administered at the end of a long hard afternoon or just before the peaceful oblivion of sleep takes over. Recently, MGM and Columbia have released a number of records and record albums which fill this prescription perfectly.

It has been found that "Candlelight and Wine," "My Silent Love," "Poinciana," "Madeira," "Flamingo" and "Moonlight in Vermont" are terrific arrangements designed for easy listening. Other selections made for equal enjoyment are "Imagination," "It Could Happen to You," "While We're Young," "Moonlight Becomes You," "Darn That Dream" and "It's Always You." Also, we'd like to recommend from the recent movie, "The Background Theme From Helen of Troy." And, last but not least, from

the sensational movie "Picnic" with Kim Novak and William Holden, we offer "Moonlight."

Surrealism In Art . . .
Some people appreciate the unusual and the startling more than others. One such exhibitor of this mode of the surrealistic feeling is Salvador Dali. One of the favorite themes of this artist is that of "persistence of memory" in which a clock always appears. This motif occurs in a number of paintings and jewels by Dali, in his religious works of art, one will find emphasis placed upon the psychological content rather than the form. A contemporary artist, Dali combines the strange freaks of nature and unconventional shape in his objects of art. The mysterious, the unusual, the startling—all of these formulate Dali and surrealism.

Dr. Martha Pingel, who is well-known around campus for her interest in advanced writing and her work with the Creative Writer's Club, is now teaching a TV course on English Usage over station WNCT every afternoon at 3:30. Dr. Pingel is the first professor here to conduct two televised courses. Her last summer's English program was the first TV course to be presented by East Caro-

lina faculty.
Nickname Contest? . . .
What do you think about sponsoring a contest to choose an appropriate nickname for the College Union? Perhaps some organization might profit in itself and also the school by such an undertaking. Any club interested might offer rewards or prizes for the best contributions.

Such a contest would benefit East Carolina College in that a title of better taste would be adopted. The recreation area in Unstead Dormitory has been labeled the Pirate's Den, while the College Union has been tagged the "slop shop" or "Y shop." Also this contention would serve to stimulate student interest in their soda shop. Furthermore, this friendly rivalry would serve to unite the students in a movement for nicknaming the College Union as a student project.

Reminder . . .
As of right now there are only sixteen more days of classes. Before we realize it, we'll be packing trunks and loading cars—on our way home. Just to remind you, keep your nose to the grindstone, your shoulder to the wheel, your finger in every pie, your foot in the door, and stay on your toes. In other words, "get on the ball!"

Speeding on U. S. streets and highways injured 702,560 men, women and children.
In 1955, 8,130 pedestrians were killed in U. S. traffic accidents.

'That's The Way I See It' Answer To Readers' Comments

by Oliver Williams

I received this poem from Sarah Joyce Adams in reply to one that appeared in this column several weeks ago. The first poem was intended to be humorous and not taken seriously, but Miss Adams' reply merited my attention.

The horse and mule may live thirty years and never hear of wine or beer, but when they die and do depart, they are not sick at heart. For having made of themselves a fool in front of all their pals from school.

The cow may drink water by the ton, and at eighteen be mostly done, but not because she has not drunk alcohol. Instead, she has furnished nourishment that ranks above all.

In healthful milk the kitten soaks, and after twelve short years may croak, but she's nobody's fool, no sir. She keeps her head and acts as a cat should, enjoying her own soft paw.

Yes, we might outlast them all, maybe on coffee and tea, but not on alcohol. It can bring a person very little but grief, and to some, there may never be relief. They can only obey its command until before the Most High they stand.

I have received many comments and letters, lately from readers who disagree with ideas expressed in this column but was compensated to know that most columnists expect it.

Here's what Harlan Miller of the Des Moines Register said: "As a columnist I'm your natural target. Always talking out of turn. An egotistical type with too many opinions. Injecting his two cents worth every day, rain or shine. . . . Whether anybody asks him or not. So positive too. Seldom an 'if' or a 'maybe'. Criticizing people you admire. Praising persons you detest. . . . When the 1956 complexity and strain curdle you a little, lambast somebody who writes something silly every day, like me. . . . Often I'm proud of the people I annoy. They usually have the worst handwriting, worst spelling, worst grammar."

I suppose none of us were surprised to know that North Carolina still ranks forty-third in the nation in per capita income. Rather, most of us are more interested in knowing what the state is trying to do about it. It was also pointed out in a report released by the University of North Carolina and North Carolina State College that North Carolina ranks last in the Union in the percentage of people twenty-five years or older who have completed high school.

[The News and Observer says that we are poorest because we are least skilled. Although no one has a solution to the problem, it is obvious that we must find an educational system that will keep more people in school through high school graduation.

Pot Pourri

A Scene Of Death

by Purvis Boyette

The car was speeding. A lean, dark arm rested on the window . . . her hair was wild blown . . . a cigarette bobbed on her fleshy lips . . . staring eyes looked steadily ahead but saw nothing. A beautiful collier pup appeared by the side of the road—his tawny hair whipped and matted by the stuffy breeze.

Across the way, his fancy was caught by a butterfly or some other equally unimportant object. Playfully, he bounded onto the sticky pavement. His ears stiffened . . . engine roar! A glance to the left . . . impending danger! With a vice-like grip, body reflexes seized him. He moved with all his musterable quickness—hoping for success. Failure? A goring, shiny metal fender brushed against his shoulder—gold and brown blended as the pup spun upward and then down again. There had been no accompanying squeal of brakes. The car sped on.

A glowing cigarette lay by the roadside. And her arm wasn't on the window anymore.

Culture—the improvement and refinement of the mind.

Whenever this word is mentioned to students, the initial reaction is usually antagonistic. Students tend to associate with the word such meanings as the appreciation of classical music and a fervid admiration of Shakespeare and Shelley. This is the limit of their interpretation. Nothing could be more misleading or incorrect.

The cultured person not only enjoys an understanding of music and literature but science as well. Science and any other field of learning is just as important to refinement as the first stated two. Remember that well-roundedness is the most desirable characteristic one can acquire at college.

I am certainly glad that Grace Kelly has finally made it to the altar. Story-book weddings are fine, but they soon become boring after the twentieth reading. Although as long as everybody else seems to have something to say about her, I might as well too. Her latest movie, *The Swan*, is excellent and nothing short of delightful.

Some people would have us believe that we are all neurotic at one time or another and the condition becoming serious only if we allow it. Whether this is the case or not, I came across some very sound advice recently: live with yourself and abilities and not beyond the limitations of your personality which determines the things you want and need, and the attitudes you enjoy.

The Call Of The Sea

by Helen Lee, Jean Littleton and Rachel Lang

Jan lay on her small bed by the window facing the sea. She was quite unaware of the bright moon that peeked through the curtains, leaving bright patches on the floor and making her auburn hair appear like black. Her young body tossed and turned restlessly, reflecting the inner turmoil of her thoughts. The muted pounding of the waves upon the shore and the splash of the spray as it hit the sea wall surrounding the small cottage seemed only to agitate her more.

That hateful sea, this dreadful little town, I hate it all, she thought. Tony, Mel. Her lips curved into a smile at this thought, but the next instant a frown creased her forehead. I wish I knew what to do. Now, I'm not even sure which one I love. But I hate this place.

Her mind was confused as it went back over the events of the day. It had been such a beautiful Sunday morning. She had walked along, the bright sun picking up the copper highlights in her hair which was being tossed by a light breeze that blew off the sea. She had gone into the dark coolness of the church and sat thinking about Tony. She looked around but didn't see him. I wonder where he is this morning, she thought. Then when she came out into the sun again, he was waiting for her by the church steps.

Jan's heart caught in her throat when she saw his blond, curly hair. He took her small hand in his big fisherman's hand and said, "Hello, Jan," making her name sound like music.

They walked along the gravel road in silence, content just to be together.

"I haven't seen much of you lately, Jan," Tony ventured finally. "I've been pretty busy. This is the busiest part of the season, and Granny needs all the help she can get. I've never seen so many tourists as there are this season!" Tony frowned a little as he said, "Seems you aren't too busy to see that Mel Barrington, though, Jan, eh? He doesn't strike me as being your type."

"Not my type! What do you mean by that?" Jan asked sharply. "Honey, let's not fuss. What I'm trying to say is this: How could you be happy with him? He's a city fellow. Sure, he can offer you a lot that I can't—a convertible, a big house, and lots of fancy clothes, and everything. I'm just a poor fisherman, you know that. But, Jan—I love you. He couldn't possibly love you as much as I do. And, you love me, don't you? Marry me, Jan. Say you will."

"Tony! Of course I'll marry you," Jan cried, her face radiant and her eyes sparkling. "We'll go away to the city, and—"

"Hey, wait a minute, honey," Tony broke in in an amused voice. "Hold on there. What d'ya mean 'go to the city'? We can't leave Seaport. My work is here. We'll live right here."

Jan's eyes went wide with alarm. "Live here! Oh, no, Tony. I'll not live here a day longer than I have to. I hate this town and everything it stands for. I hate the sea! You've known that all along. You know that as why I would never go boat riding or swimming. Look what it did to my father. He was the only one that I had besides Granny, and he was drowned. The sea would take you away from me just like it did him. I couldn't stand to lose you too, Tony," she said, on the verge of tears. "Ever since the accident, I've secretly promised myself that I would get away from this place someday, and I will. Tony, if you love me, you'll carry me away. Please," she pleaded, looking at him beseechingly with her dark green eyes.

Tony's eyes were filled with a pained expression as he answered, "I love you! Jan, you know I love you! But do you love me? The sea, Seaport, is my life, my very existence. I love it here. I can't leave!" "And I can't stay. I love you, Tony, but it wouldn't work. If I stayed here with you, having everything in this miserable place, I would gradually begin to hate even you. It wouldn't work. I guess it will have to be good-bye."

"Good-bye! But, Jan, I love you. Doesn't that mean anything to you? And you love me. You said so. We could make it work."

Jan shook her head strongly and slowly turned her back to Tony. He mustn't see her tear-blurred eyes. She must be strong and firm. "I'm sorry, Tony. I know it wouldn't work. Good-bye," she whispered as she hurried away.

"Jan, Jan," he called after her. She hesitated, but only for a second. She shook her head and walked faster. Her eyes filled with tears as she remembered. She rubbed the tears away angrily. She sat up in her bed and looked out the windows. Foam capped waves were rolling in, and the hatred of them washed through her. She sat there motionless, remembering how the lifeless form of her

father had looked as he was being brought in that horrible day when she was only twelve. After that she had no one but Granny. Jan had lived in Seaport six years now, secretly vowing every day that she would leave.

Jan lay back against the pillow, and her thoughts drifted to Mel. He, too, was a very handsome boy with his black hair and brown eyes. He was very smooth, too. Not at all rugged like Tony. There she had done it again. She forced her mind away from Tony and focused it on Mel.

Mel had called for her that evening in his red and white Buick convertible. She remembered the way he had looked in his white Palm Beach suit. He always dressed so well. Yes, he was nice looking. They had gone to the Seaport Restaurant, the most exclusive restaurant in the vicinity of the little fishing village. It catered to the tourists. It had a big dance floor, always a good band, and a bar in a room adjoining the main one. She had had a wonderful time and glowed under the admiring glances of Mel's friends. She was a rather striking girl with her lovely auburn hair and deep suntan, dressed in a pale green chiffon creation which began low on her shoulders, fitted snugly at the waist, and gracefully flowed into a full multi-layered skirt. Her high-heeled sandals were of the same color.

Mel had been especially attentive all evening. Finally, they danced over to one of the big window doors opening onto a terrace which overlooked the sea. Once outside, Mel put his arm around Jan's waist. "We're wonderful together. You can see everyone admiring us. You don't belong here. Why don't you marry me and come to the city? Dad would give us a new house. We would be perfect for each other. I'm crazy about you, Jan. In fact, I love you."

Jan had known this was coming, but she was not quite prepared to give an answer. She said thoughtfully, "Mel, I like you very much, but I'm not sure that I love you."

"But, darling, we're right for each other. Look at how well we get along, how much fun we have together. You'd love the city. I know you hate this little town. Please say yes."

Jan thought to herself. Why not? I like him a lot. I might learn to love him. Maybe he and the city could help me forget Tony. Still, I don't know. Aloud she said, "Please let me have a little time to think it over, Mel."

"But, sweet, I'm leaving tomorrow night."

"All right, Mel. I'll give you an answer tomorrow."

"I hope that it will be yes!" The ride home was exhilarating. Mel had put the convertible top down, and the wind blew their hair wildly as the car increased in speed. Jan laughed with the thrill as she thought—This is fun!

They walked to the door breathless and laughing. When Mel finally caught his breath, he said, "Jan, I'll come by tomorrow morning."

She turned over again, pleasant thoughts filling her head and making her sleepy at last. Maybe Mel can help me forget everything about Seaport. He is so understanding and so much fun. Why, he was attractive to me the very first time that I saw him with his flashing smile and gay personality. She drifted to sleep, dreaming of tomorrow.

Jan was waiting on a mid-morning customer when Mel came in. He sat down and waited for her. When she was through she called to Granny and took off her apron.

They walked along the road that followed the curve of the sea until they came to a high sand dune. There they stopped and looked around them. It was a beautiful morning. The blue-green sea was dotted with white boats containing village men, busy with their day's work. Jan and Mel could hear them shouting across the water to each other. The harbor was nearly empty as most of the boats were out. A few men had spread their nets along the shore to dry, and others were busily mending theirs. Children ran and played along the beach. Dogs barked. Housewives called to each other. The sun shone brightly on the scene. It is indeed a beautiful and happy scene to those who care for it, thought Jan bitterly, and then with an odd catch in her throat, "I'll be leaving it today—just as soon as I give Mel my answer."

Mel took her hand and they walked slowly down the beach. Mel opened his mouth to ask the question that Jan must answer today. She turned her head and looked out to sea. Suddenly a scream pierced the air, and Jan's eyes opened wide with alarm as she saw a small object being tossed and carried under by the huge, rolling waves. It was a small child.

She grabbed Mel's arm. "Mel, quick, go get that child! She's drown-

ing!" "Jan, the child is too far out! I couldn't possibly save her now. It would be suicide for anyone to attempt to rescue her."

Just then someone streaked past them. It was Tony. Where had he come from? His boat hadn't been in the harbor this morning. He plunged into the water and swam furiously toward the child.

Jan walked to the edge of the water where the waves came up and pulled the sand from under her feet. The child was safe now. Tony had her in his arms and was wading back to shore. Jan, forgetting her fear of the sea, went forward to meet him, her face reflecting her love and trust in him. Mel looked at them, then slowly turned and walked down the road.

The Day The Rooshians Came

by Sonia M. Lyons

Compared to me, the low man on the totem pole was a big wheel. I was nothing. Even the copyboys and copygirls, the scum of the profession, enjoyed some glorified status on the newspaper.

"Boy, get me some coffee—the usual."

"Girl, sharpen your pencil." They would patter off happily. Imagine, actually recognized as a human being, even being differentiated between as "boy" and "girl" by such greats as Pulitzer Prize winners, men who had rubbed shoulders with Mr. President more than once, and called other Washington dignitaries "Harry" and "George," and "Bob." Me? I was nothing. If I'd been a loe-ared kangaroo with a pink ribbon around my neck hopping around the City Room, I wouldn't have attracted more than an annoyed "ugh." But one day—yes, one day—I would be a copygirl, that is, if a vacancy occurred—a death, some unfortunate accident like falling off Mt. Everest, or even a kidnapping, some mysterious abduction by foreign spies—because that's the only way a vacancy would occur. The job

of a copyboy was a much sought-after prize, for that was the step before entering the profession as a full-fledged cub reporter. It was the breaking-in, the training period.

I sat at the "Post" table, squeezed up tight against the window, in Bassin's, munching popcorn from a bowl, moodily speculating on how I could bolster my feeble prestige. Just being a Post employee entitled me to sit at the privileged table, but I was on the business end of the paper, and would have to give up my favored seat, soon as the important people started to arrive. At Bassin's, the walls were blue, the upholstered leather seats were blue, the indirect lighting was a pale blue. Everything was blue, including me. Several of the reporters at the table, ignoring me completely, chattered idly on. I didn't care. Bits and pieces would drift over to me above the tinkling of glasses and hushed laughter and earnest conversations. Something about the "Rooshians." That's what they kept calling them, "those Rooshians." The war was over, and a delegation of important Russians, our allies then, had arrived in Washington for conferences or something. What did it matter to me? I was nothing.

It was late evening, the streets were deserted, icy. Soft snowflakes waivered and spiraled downward, some clinging tenaciously and momentarily to the window, then slithering into mush on the sill. Christmas decorations lighted the streets. A Salvation Army worker strode by, ringing a bell jarringly back and forth, calling for donations. An occasional passerby, head bent into the wind, looked longingly, with a sideways glance, into the blue warmth of Bassin's, but hurried on, brushing off the crusty snow and exhaling a misty vapor.

The door burst open with an icy blast of cold air, and a handful of ill-directed snowflakes that soon paid for their rash entry by dissolving into blobs of moisture on the floor. Billy skidded to a halt, speechless with excitement, his mouth working soundlessly. Billy was always excited. He was just a county reporter, but still he was "in the know." Something had happened, but he couldn't get himself together coherently. The others waited expectantly. I didn't. He wasn't talking to me. I was nothing. I didn't care.

"What's up, Bill?" "One of them Rooshians," he sputtered, "outside. Talking, and muttering and stomping his feet, and I can't see."

They arose in a body, all talking simultaneously. All agreeing simultaneously that among them all, they could speak just one language, English.

So that's how I became a "human being" on "the day the Rooshians came." "Move over, low man, make a little room for me on that totem pole!"

hood I had assimilated a vast knowledge of various Slavic tongues. To be sure, a great deal of what I know had gone through the Americanization process and I had never tried it out on a true-blue foreigner, but—nothing ventured, nothing gained.

With great dignity I rose from the table. "I'll talk to him," I said briefly, making a play at boredom although my heart was jarring back and forth like the Salvation Army worker's bell.

"You?" they chorused, almost derisively.

"Yes, Me." I started for the door with Billy. They remained standing, speechless, looking incredulously after us.

Excitable Billy pranced eagerly toward the dejected looking figure on the deserted walk. He motioned me toward the "Rooshian" in an introductory gesture. The Russian looked up sadly, his mustache twitching, his cap in his hand. I timidly called out a greeting in what I hoped was passable Russian. A broad smile broke across his face; he grasped my hand tightly, then engulfed me in a happy embrace. Animated into great garrulousness, he proceeded to give a long drawn-out explanation of his difficulties—in a language that had no resemblance whatever to anything I had ever heard before. I fixed a smile of "comprehension" on my face, and kept nodding and clucking sympathetically, interposing an occasional encouraging "Da" whenever he paused for breath. I was relieved when Billy excitedly raced back into Bassin's to report that we were indeed carrying on a "conversation" in Russian. A few minutes later when I joined them, I was met with a babel of "who, what, when, where and why."

With superior disdain, I headed for the telephone. "He's the chauffeur for the Russians who are visiting here. Just took them to the theater, and the car broke down. Wants me to call a garage."

Back at the table, I was drawn into the tight little circle, the center of attention, the renowned linguist. "We've ordered a beer for you," one said, admiringly.

I started to refuse, but—why not? "Sure," I said carelessly, "put a big head on it." I sat back, smiling. Mona Lisa had nothing on me. But the secret of my smile was that although the Russian and I only understood about one word out of every fifty in each other's conversation, we'd fallen back on the good old universal sign language, and trusted in similarities in both languages to make up the difference. His key words that had set me on the right track were "Chauffeur, Automobile, Pfffft."

So that's how I became a "human being" on "the day the Rooshians came." "Move over, low man, make a little room for me on that totem pole!"

Rail Cargo

by Patricia J. Wentz

The river trestle is out tonight. Unwarned, the southbound passenger and the northbound freight speed on. The wheels beat the rails. The diesels screech through the murky fog. The freight engineer sees the red-board. And brakes to save the refrigerated grapefruit. To save himself for four-year-old Susie. The freight diesel goes first. Down into the deep muddy water. Straight to the bottom like links of a chain. Follow the cars of oranges, lettuce, and string beans. The cab, a hundred cars back, shakes on the rails. And wakes the drunken flagman who looks. Out the window and says, "What the hell d'st'ep here for?"

The southbound passenger ploughs on through the swamp. Answering the mating call of the freight as the tourists dream of Florida. Too late the fireman points ahead to show the engineer. The brakes do their best by holding true to the rails. But the rails are out. Over go the diesel, express cars, United States mail. The empty diner follows four coaches. The moonbeamers in the first Pullman go next.

Little Mary Brown in the third Pullman wakes up and Asks her divorced mother, "Where's Daddy?" No time to think, no time to live, no time to pray. Only time to rebuild the trestle for more Rail Cargo.

Corporal Rorie Reports, Sir

by William F. Rorie

On maneuvers in Fort Lewis, Washington one sultry day in July, Sergeant Wade called to me, "Report to the Old Man, Corporal Rorie." Whenever I heard those words, I always began to get slightly sick, for it usually meant a dirty detail or a dressing down. Little did I realize that this dreaded event was to be the beginning of one of my most exciting adventures while I was in the army.

Three days earlier our enemy had positioned themselves upon a hill where they could see our every movement and easily repel our attacks. Being unable to advance our unit and becoming disgusted with our poor tactics of war, the Captain had begun to harass us squad leaders no end. I had earned the dubious honor of being his pet peeve; so naturally he saved his dirtiest details and harshest words for me.

"Corporal Rorie reports, Sir," I said, as I snapped to attention before the Captain. Then the old familiar words were falling painfully upon my ears again.

"Rorie, I have a little detail for your squad tonight. We are going to try to keep a continuous assault upon the hill in hope that the enemy will tire and retreat. Your squad will keep up a steady flow of fire on the hill from eight until ten to-

night and from two until six tomorrow morning. That'll be all, Rorie."

I felt like saying, "That's enough, Sir," but instead I just saluted and walked out.

At 7:30 my squad of twelve men and I loaded our ammunition upon our backs and started for our position at the base of the hill. Just before we reached our position, we came to a ditch covered with a growth of bushes and running down from the top of the hill. Even though my maps clearly designated this ditch, I discovered it only after I had fallen into it and injured my leg slightly and my patience considerably.

Finally we reached our firing position and I began to assign each man his station. The more I walked, the more I cursed that ditch. Then all of a sudden a thought hit me like a ton of bricks. That ditch was the way to get to the top of the hill. It was so simple I couldn't help wondering if anyone else had thought of it, or if the enemy knew and were guarding the ditch.

Now I am not a hero, nor was I trying to be one that night; but I had to find out if it were possible to reach the top of the hill by crawling up the ditch. Even if I were to be captured, it would be better than the hell I had been through for the past three days.

At 8:30 I crawled into the ditch and began my ascent of the hill. Everything went well for the first 200 yards, but then trouble started. Just as I got inside the enemy's line, I heard voices in the distance. Closer and closer the voices came, until I could make out the silhouettes of five men. I flattened myself in the ditch and tried to stop my noisy breathing, which sounded so loudly through the quiet night. Finally the men moved on and I began my crawling again. As I crawled the last hundred yards to the top, I began to wonder what I would do when I reached my destination. I looked at my watch and received another shock. It was ten past nine, and I had given orders to my assistant squad leader to tell the Old Man I had gotten captured if I were not back by ten o'clock. Whatever I was to do, I had to do fast and get back to my men.

When I had almost decided to return without further delay, I noticed a large tent a few yards away. Could this be the enemy's headquarters? If so, how could I get into it without being noticed? The enemy were dressed the same as I was except that they wore the garrison cap and I wore the dress hat. This single difference was all that distinguished me from one of the enemy. I slipped from the ditch, removed my hat, and casually strolled toward the tent.

"Halt! Who goes there?" My knees felt weak as water when I heard those words from the guard in front of the tent.

"This is no time to get scared," I told myself, as I answered, "Corporal Rorie, with a message from the Captain."

"Pass," said the guard, and I stepped into the tent.

There was only one man, a private, in the tent. As he looked at me inquiringly, I said, "The Captain wants the maps over at his tent."

"O. K., Corporal," replied the private, and began gathering up all the maps for me. "Want to take his pistol, too?"

"He didn't say to, but I will," I replied. So picking up the pistol, I fastened it to my waist, gathered up the maps, thanked the private, and started back to the ditch upon shaking legs.

Once back in the ditch I felt very much relieved. As it was now 9:35, I knew I had to rush. It seemed twice as far going back down as it had coming up, but finally I reached the bottom. When I was out of the ditch and making my way back to my men, I began to laugh to myself. It had been almost too easy. I could hardly wait to see the Old Man's face when I gave him the maps.

"Corporal Rorie wishes permission to speak to the Company Commander, Sir."

"What is it, Rorie?" inquired the Company Commander.

I was really in my glory as I presented the maps and pistol to him and told him of my venture. For the first time the Captain and I laughed together, as he turned the pistol over in his hand and said, "Boy, if only I could see Captain Wadley's face now!"

The next day as dawn broke beautifully over the bare hill, an inspiring sight met our eyes. The enemy was abandoning the hill with great expedition.

That afternoon we surrounded the enemy and ended the maneuvers. Immediately after the surrender I received the order to report to the Company Commander, but this time I didn't feel sick. I was going to report for another detail, but this time the detail was a three-day pass for what the Captain called "an outstanding display of leadership."

Self Portrait

by Betty Lou Small

I am the parching, peeling lips of an old man in the desert, thirsting for water—an old man in the desert, alone. I am the lifted hand of a drowning man, writhing to clutch what isn't there—seeking the plank, the board now gone. I am a frightened, weeping child in the dark, without the ease of a mother's voice or the touch of a mother's hand. I am an unmapped island of mistletoe rocks, away from life, away from laud. I am the hollow, resounding echo of long unanswered calls.

A Prayer

by Margaret Starnes

Let me and all men, Lord, be kind To him who speaks a tongue not mine, To him whose skin Thy hand has touched And left another color such as brown or red or yellow. For Thou, O God of all creation, Didst not create alone my nation nor my white pigment nor my familiar speech. But all men, Lord, are close within Thy reach.

Nightfall

by Jimmy Walton

Peering through the window, I saw the obscure and deep vastness—nightfall. I saw the trees standing erect—A salute to their concealing friend. From a house nearby a light— Searching for the heart of its darkening foe. Surveying the dim immensity, I found that only the moon could penetrate its hovering shell. I saw the shadows cast upon the earth— Projected by the moon from its lofty dwelling. From a chimney a rolling smoke— Adding its veil of dark vapor to—nightfall.

On Death

by William Arnold

Lucky Shelley drowned to death, Shakespeare died of Time; Alcohol put short an end To Dylan Thomas' rhyme; Keats fell low to lung disease And Byron met his wake, When ripped by screaming pistol balls In war for freedom's sake; Wilde decayed in prison, Dope bestilled Poe's breath— But my fate here in English Class Is to be bored to death. Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, tells about the time during World War II when he received a frantic radio from another American ship saying that the flagship was shelling it. Burke radioed back: "We are stopping fire. Please excuse last four salvos, which are now on their way, I hope they miss."

night and from two until six tomorrow morning. That'll be all, Rorie." I felt like saying, "That's enough, Sir," but instead I just saluted and walked out.

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Cyrano And The Cat

by Charlie Briggs

I was warming my hands over the fires of Hell one night when I met the two strangest characters. They were both on my stoking crew and I was almost positive I had met them somewhere in the other world. One of them had been there a good deal longer than I but hadn't made supervisor yet due to some conflict with the Big Boss. The way I heard the story was that the Devil had been talking about big red roses and the old guy had yelled, "Whose nose?" and stuck a sword in the Red Demon. This other guy had just arrived the day before and looked, acted, and talked typical East Side. He was assigned to pick up the lump of coal that went on the fellow called Burgularack's shovel. In case you didn't know, we stoke our furnaces real slow down here to cut down on volcanoes and earthquakes tonside.

This punk looked over at the old-timer and said, "Hey, Man, I be the coolest cat from Catfish County. What is your handle?"

"Young man, you appear as fresh as they come. I place not your tongue, where be thou from?"

"Are you square or something, don't you dig this lingo; it is the latest from all the dolls and daddy-o's."

"I am adept at language, a master of six. This rubbish you utter puts me in a fix."

The dearest of the Dead-End Kids looked bewildered and asked, "OK, I will round the edges. What is your name?"

"Recognize you not this obnoxious nose

So ably described in poetry and prose?"

"I'll admit that is a terrific snozola, but it don't ring no bells."

"Cyrano is my name, not related to any bell, Elsewhere, I'd say thou could go to Hell."

"Simmer down, Cy, I ain't trying to start no gang-war. I see that real gone swishblade you are holding."

"Just ye not of my trusty nimble blade,

Tis thrice more effective than thy spade."

Kool Kat staggered back about three steps and pondered. A short circuit occurred as the idea stuck and he mumbled, "I remember now, we had to eyeball your story in the little red 'Blackboard Jungle.' I learned how to play hookey before we finished it."

"Your abashness shows the education you lack; No doubt you were expelled and never let back."

The kid hung his head and then his eyes lit up and he said, "You had a real cool chick in that story."

"Forgive my ignorance and pardon my scowl.

Where in my play did you encounter a fowl?"

"Your skirt . . . broad . . . dame . . . Say Daddy-O, your mind must be a total blank. Your woman that flipped over that other monster."

"Speak not thou foul of Roxanne, the maid,

Lest revenge be echoed through my blade."

"Cy, you are the touchiest. I just want to get the facts, man."

"Facts yee shall have and all them true

Tread lightly or it will be the end of you."

"I am all ended now . . . look where in Hell I am. Say, them pants of yours are sure pegged to the least but they must have shrunk. Ain't they been Sanforized?"

"Do not laugh or utter any snickers

In reference to my stately knickers."

The kid marvelled and exclaimed, "You are the most, Cyrano. I wish the boys in the poolroom could see me now. I am sharing a shovel and job-nobbing with real class."

"Keep thy respect and have no fear

Together we'll be many a long year

If the Devil ever gets tough with you

Shout for Cyrano and I will run him thru

We'll stoke these furnaces till we mend our ways

Once converted, we will see much better days."

"Thanks, Cy, but will you do me just one small favor while we wait?"

"A friend is a friend even in this fire,

Pray tell me, son, what is thy desire?"

Hope was reflected in this young man's eyes as he blushed and said, "There is a real gone little broad carrying water for this crew and with a little of that frost a Snowman like you freezes, I could snow her."

"I MUST DECLINE TO ASSIST CUPID ANYMORE I SEEM TO HAVE HEARD THIS SONG BEFORE."

Fujiyama

by Gus George

My first impression of Mount Fuji was that its presence dominated the entire countryside. It was a perfect example of what I had always thought a mountain should look like. Resembling an inverted ice cream cone, it rose to a magnificent height of twelve thousand feet. The peak was covered with snow and surrounded by a halo of clouds. From the base of the mountain to about a third of the way to the top, green grass and small trees covered the sides. The rest of the mountain up to where the snow began was bare. There were a few buildings located on the slopes and fewer still were situated on the surface of the mountain. A trail which started on the eastern slope could be seen winding its way to the beginning of the snow. Sometimes you could see snow being blown from the peak and this would make you realize that the wind that high you realize. I never got used to the mountain's dominating presence as long as I remained where I could see it and it always made me realize what small insignificant creatures, we really are.

I Was "All Wet"

by Bill Couch

We were out for a last day of bass fishing and were in a small boat powered by a not-too-strong outboard motor. Since the weather had been changing frequently, we didn't pay much attention when the wind began to blow up white caps on the water. As the wind tipped our boat with a powerful gust, my companion, Pete, said, "Say, Couchey, those clouds are getting pretty dark. Maybe we should troll closer to shore in case it starts storming."

I replied, "I hate to quit this good spot, Pete, but I guess you're right."

I started the motor and headed the boat in the direction of the far shore, where our car was parked. We had been going but a few minutes when we noticed that we were making very little headway against the wind. Pete said, "Head for that island, and we will wait until the wind dies down."

After many minutes of maneuvering I finally worked the bow of our boat into a small cove and Pete jumped out. After beaching the boat, we sat down to wait and think.

Pete said, "They surely have foul weather up here in this end of the state." When I did not answer, he poked me and shouted, "Hey, aren't you listening to me?"

I replied, "Pete, you know we have been out in the woods for three days. Remember that hurricane we heard about before we left? You don't suppose it has traveled up the coast, do you?"

Before he could answer, the sky opened up and the rain began to pour. We jumped up and crawled under the boat, giving full expression to our discomfort with forceful expletives.

After a mighty sneeze, Pete grunted, "Couchey, this must be a hurricane. We never have storms like this, not even at this time of the year."

"It won't get any better now, Pete," I said. "We had better try to reach shore before darkness sets in, and it gets rougher out here."

Pete thought it was raining less but he finally agreed that we had probably better make the effort, and we set the boat in the water and "shove-off." We were blown back against the island several times before we finally reached open water. By now, we were both so wet that the rain was partially forgotten. The little motor was straining

mightily to push the boat against the strong wind, and we were only gradually lessening the distance between us and the shore. Suddenly, as Pete was bunched down on the bottom of the boat muttering to himself, he remembered something. Jumping up, he shouted, "Hey, we are towing our string of fish behind us. Don't let it get caught in the propeller."

"Maybe we should pull it into the boat," I said.

My companion is not a graceful creature at best, and being hampered with wet clothing, he was even less co-ordinated. I shouted, "Sit down before you upset us!" but my warning was in vain. As Pete made his way toward the fish-trainer, he tripped over his lunch box, lurched against the side, and over we went—fishing tackle and all.

When I came to the surface, Pete was shouting, "Come over here, Couchey; I'm standing on the bottom!"

Reaching his side, I began to realize where we were. "We're standing on that old stagecoach road we saw on the map, Pete," I said. "If we follow it, we can probably walk all the way to shore, and then we can reach the car."

Relief flooded Pete's face, and he replied, "O.K., but we'd better push

the boat in with us, for we don't want it to drift away and get lost."

After planting an oar in the bottom of the lake to mark the spot where our tackle lay, we started feeling our way toward the shore. We got there more quickly than we could have by boat against the wind.

Locking the boat to a tree, we made our way to the car and turned on the heat. The warmth soon made us more comfortable, and we could think about our situation. Suddenly it seemed funny to me, and apparently Pete thought so, too; for as I looked at him, we both burst out into spontaneous and uncontrollable laughter. Neither could stop for some time. Finally I said, "Boy, you surely looked funny flying over the side of the boat!"

"You should have seen yourself," he replied, "when you came up out there in the water. You were spitting out water like a whale, and you looked like a walrus floundering around out there."

After exchanging a few more "compliments," we had a smoke and started home. As we drove south, we turned on the radio for some music. From the news reports that were continually interrupting the music, we learned that we had just escaped the clutches of the most destructive of the hurricanes—"Hazel."

Phi Kappa Alpha, Service Frat, Organized

Phi Kappa Alpha, a new service fraternity, whose aims are to award a scholarship to an outstanding freshman and to award a trophy to the outstanding actor and actress as chosen by the fraternity, was organized on March 20. Other purposes and aims of the new fraternity include working to encourage college spirit, to foster friendship, and to develop leadership.

Jim Warner, a sophomore from Charlotte, North Carolina has been elected president of the newly-formed fellowship. Other officers include Mac Lancaster, vice-president; Herb Prythorich, secretary; Bill Walker, treasurer; Clark Taylor, sergeant-at-arms; and N. J. Aydielt, chaplain.

The new fraternity plans to admit pledges each fall and spring quarter. Prospective members who meet the requirements of the fraternity shall be elected to membership by a three-fourths vote of the regular members.

Also of interest to the fraternity situation is the fact that social fraternities are being considered and studied by the faculty and administration. The problem is scheduled to be discussed at a faculty meeting to be held in May. The discussion,

which will include student opinions, was planned after the Board of Trustees discussed such fraternities and referred them to the faculty and administration for their advice and consideration.

Westminster Fellowship

"Christ to the World Through Me" was the theme of the Spring Retreat of the Westminster Fellowship, it was held on Bogue Sound near Morehead City, N. C. at the Presbyterian camp site on April 13 and 14. Twenty-three members and Mrs. L. W. Topping, the minister's wife, attended.

The Retreat was opened after supper on Friday night by Janet Watson. Reverend Joe Brooks from Rocky Mount, N. C. was the leader in a Bible discussion which centered around Paul's life. After this, Martha Johnson led an informative panel discussion on "Higher Christian Education."

The Westminster Fellowship recently elected new officers. They are as follows: President, Martha Johnson; Vice President, Kay Thomson; Secretary, Marion Morrison; Treasurer, Gus Manos.

These were installed on April 16 during the Monday evening fellowship program. Also installed were the Commission Chairmen, who are: Faith, Annette Capps; Fellowship, Ruth Turnage; Outreach, Alice Flye; Citizenship, Jim Bowden; Witness, Lee Giles. Others installed were: Editor of the Presby-Pirate, Carole Carr; Publicity Chairman, Betty Briggs; Hostesses, Ouida Reaves and Dee Harper; Music Chairman, Frank Sinclair; Pianist, Marion Morrison; Pro-

gram Chairman, Kay Thomson; Reporter, Bee Mendenhall.

Circle K

The Circle K Club held its supper meeting Wednesday, April 18 at The Best Yet Restaurant.

At that time the following officers were installed for next year: President, J. B. Nichols; Vice President, Lemuel Cox; Secretary, Eddie Dennis; and Treasurer, Gus Manos. The Board of Directors include: Eddie Harris, Dave Carson, Merle Teachey, and Bill Helms.

Chess Class

If you are interested in learning the game of chess, go to the College Union on Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock where a class in beginner's chess instruction is being taught. Mrs. Fagan, new assistant recreational supervisor, will supervise. She encourages all who wish to learn to attend these classes.

Garrett Interior Almost Ready

Interior work on new Garrett dormitory has reached the final stages, with a few last finishing touches being added. Furniture has been moved into the unopened wing and the area in front of the dorm is being landscaped. As only a few students requested to move in during the Spring Quarter, it has been decided that it is impractical to open the other wing at this time.

In the wing being used at this time, the equipment for the recreation room in the basement has been moved in. Ping pong tables and card game and other similar game equipment tables are present. Dispensers for soft drinks, milk, nabs, and candy will be added at a later date.

There will be three pay telephones, one on each floor, with a main intercom on the first floor as in the other girls' dorms. The kitchen and the laundry room which are located on the unopened wing have not been equipped as yet, and also the recreation room on this section.

Garrett Hall will function as two separate units; they will probably be known as Garrett East and Garrett West. There will be a counselor for each, a separate office, and separate wing student councils. TV sets for each of the recreation rooms will not be furnished. The girls, approximately 150 in each section, may elect to finance a set by private means.

This dormitory has been set aside as an upperclassmen women's dorm. The girls have already signed up for their rooms in it for next Fall quarter.

Added conveniences which have been initiated are luggage rooms for storage purposes and trash shutles for quick disposal of debris.

New Representatives

The Campus Merchandising Bureau Inc. of New York recently appointed Dorothy Mizelle and John McPhaul to become Chesterfield representatives at East Carolina College.

Miss Mizelle and Mr. McPhaul were selected when the former representatives, Jean Thompson and Bruce Phillips, graduated in February.

Throughout the remainder of the year, they will be contacting the students for the purpose of allowing them to discover for themselves why they believe Chesterfield is the finest cigarette on the market.

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Up And Over!



MAYNARD MOVES ON—East Carolina trackster Bob Maynard is shown above hurdling the bar, as he and his mates captured second place in the tri-angular match with N. C. State and Wake Forest.

Buc Tennis Club Splits Contests With High Point

In a match that started on Monday, and was continued the next day, East Carolina's tennis squad clipped a visiting High Point club, 4-3. Outstanding for the Bucs was Maurice Everette, Al Webb, Gil Underwood, Gene Lilley and James Blake.

Now A Golfer

Don Harris, a junior at ECC, it was announced today, will be employed by the Greenville Miniature Golf and Driving Range for the full summer season.

Guilford, Elon Here

Nice Work Partner



BUC TRACKSTERS—Charlie Bishop and Jim Henderson shake hands on a job well-done at a recent East Carolina track meet.

Mallory To Use Ace Hurlers Against NS Conference Foes

Pirate Golfers Are Defeated By High Point, Guilford Squads

Under Coach Howard Porter, the East Carolina golfers lost two matches to High Point on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

East Carolina's diamond nine will play host to a visiting Guilford team here at College Field on Friday, then will meet an invading Elon Christian outfit on Saturday.

THE CROW'S NEST



by Billy Arnold

It has been reported that East Carolina was turned down flatly several years ago, after having applied for entrance into the Southern Conference.

success in these small sports. This season, the swimmers, under Coach Raymond Martinez, defeated such teams as the Southern Conference's own Davidson, Clemson, The Citadel, as well as William and Mary of Norfolk and Washington and Lee.

East Carolina Tracksters Snare Second Place In Raleigh Match

by Bill Boyd

Buc cindersmen managed to emerge with second place track honors in a tri-angular meet with Wake Forest and N. C. State last Saturday in Raleigh.

They had a pacer on the anchor man of the relay. Another encouraging event was the jumping of Bobby Perry as he took first place in the broad jump with a nifty 22 feet and 7 inches.

(WF), 3-Williams (S), 4-Scribner (EC), 22 ft. 7 inches. Pole vault: Christy (S), 2-Hurst (EC), 3-Scall (WF), 4-Wheeler (WF), 12 feet.

Milt Collier Asset To ECC As Manager, Gridiron Star

Patience is a virtue that anyone must possess in order to reach his desired goal in life, and Milton Collier, a very popular senior of the ECC student body, is one individual to whom this statement certainly applies.

Upon entering EC, the 5-8, 170 pound athlete wasted no time in promptly becoming one of Coach Jack Boone's top backfield men on the football team.

Turner Hits



GENE TURNER—East Carolina's hard-hitting sophomore centerfielder is shown walloping a long one out of the park against Catawba.

Married to the former Caroline Sessler, also of Portsmouth, his major is Physical Education; his minor, Social Studies. Milton has strong hopes of landing a top coaching and teaching position in his native Norfolk County area after graduating from here next month.

EC Drops League Tilt To Catawba By 5-3

East Carolina dropped its second North State Conference match of the season Monday, as Catawba won out 5-3, behind the seven-hit pitching of Fred Duncan.

ly to third, the ball bounced solidly off Smothers' head, out of the park, and the big 220 pound senior trudged home for the score.

Teachers Wanted. Openings in the elementary, junior, and senior high schools for 1956-57. Excellent living conditions, salary supplement approximately 15 per cent. Apply to: J. W. WILSON, Superintendent Mecklenburg County Schools Charlotte, N. C.

Owens Beauty Shop. Why worry with nightly pinups? Have your hair cut, shampooed, permanently curled and styled by a professional. Prices start at \$5.00 complete. 309 Evans Street Phone 3386

MEADOWBROOK DRIVE-IN THEATRE. Thurs.-Fri., April 26-27 Jennifer Jones in Good Morning, Miss Dove! Sat., April 28 BELLE STARR'S DAUGHTER with George Montgomery and Judy Canova in Carolina Cannonball Sun.-Mon., April 29-30 Running Wild starring William Campbell Tues.-Wed., May 1-2 Glenn Ford & Eleanor Parker in Interrupted Melody



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DIXIE LUNCH A GOOD PLACE TO EAT "Good Food Means Good Health"

From any angle — it says "College man" ARROW —first in fashion SHIRTS • TIES • SLACKS. Look around campus. You'll see that the "Arrow" details of this Arrow University shirt are definitely "college correct."

Fifty Students Make All One's During ECC Winter Quarter; Dean's List Includes 147

Six men and forty-four women at East Carolina made all one's during the Winter quarter, according to Dr. Orval Phillips, registrar. The list includes: Dorothy Deen Barnwell, Blanche E. Bateman, Doris Eron Bulluck, Betty Jo Carroll, Barbara Ann Cole, Jane Mann Credle, Laura Blount Credle, Peggy Joyce Creech, Jeanne E. Cullifer, Robert M. Cullis, and Virginia W. Dixon.

Margaret Moore Eason, Julia Isabelle George, Virginia Herring Grant, Cally Patricia Hall, Jean Tetterton Hinton, Gertrude Jean Johnson, Mrs. Peggy Ann Guthrie Keith, Peggy Sue Kepley, Frankie House Kermon, George W. Knight, Jr., Carolyn J. Lowder, Mrs. Sonia M. Lyons, Pearl Hogan May, Ann Lee Mayo, Jean Ward Mabley, Barbara Ann Morton, Elizabeth W. Odham, Willie E. Page, and Mercer Cranor Parrott, Jr.

Joyce Annette Pierce, June Ellen Quinn, Catherine Karver, Peter M. Raymer, Ouida Lee Reaves, Josephine Annette Roberson, Janet Marie Ross, Jean Faye Sermons, Earl Conrad Sloan, Doris Leone Spivey, Patricia Ann Stanley, Ann Jean Thompson, Olivia Stead Thompson, Mrs. Evelyn S. Tyler, Dorothy E. Tyndall, Edith Florine Vaughan, Shelby Dean Wickler, and Janet Ruth Williams.

The Dean's List included sixty-two men and eighty-five women. They are as follows: John Robinson Anderson, William Clark Armstrong, Betty Joan Ashley, Carolyn Atkinson, Bobbie Lou Avant, George G. Bailey, Greenville Banks, Jr., Anne Airlee Barbour, Dorothy Jean Barnes, Thomas Allen Bennett, Charles Earl Bishop, Virginia C. Bobbitt, Ann Bowles, Nancy Cooper Boyd, Dorothy Elaine Branch, Sara Parkin Brooks, Betty Sue Brothers, and Peggy Ann Brown.

Harold W. Brower, Janie Annette Capps, Eunice Frances Castellow, Lloyd Ralph Chason, Mary Warren Collier, Patricia Ruth Daniels, Geraldine M. Davenport, Charles Ray Davis, Letty Bridgers DeLoatch, Carl B. Denton, Robert Waldo Dickinson, Raymond Langford Duke, Gayle Liles Dunn, Marjorie Ellis Boyd Dunn, Glenda M. Edwards, Joan Doris Edwards, Marion Murray Evans, Stephen Thomas Farish, Freda Jean Fisher, Louise Fitzgerald, Marcia Dean Forbes, Joyce Smith Furlong, Wynnette F. Garner, James H. Gaylord, and Wallace Lee Giles.

Helen McDuffie Gooden, Charles Gryb, David Clarence Gurkin, Ennis Ray Harrell, Joy Ann Garris, Edwin Francis Garrison, Eugene Hayman, William Hampton Holley, Frances Carolyn Horton, Alton Edwards How-

ard, William Donald Howell, Frederick Charles James, Alvin William Johnson, Eleanor Jane Johnson, Charlotte Gray Jones, Louise A. Jones, Artemis Chris Kares, Polly Ann Kearney, Rebecca Glenn Knight, William Hugh Knox, Faye Lanier, Nancy Jane Lilly, Joseph Carroll Lina, Dorothy Ruth Lloyd, and Richard Karl Lore.

Hilda Grey Lowe, Billy Alvin McAdams, Joan Carolyn McKenzie, James Paul McSwain, Bobby Mann, Shirley Marie Markham, Mrs. Inez N. Martinez, Ethel Poe Mercer, Clarice Rose Merritt, Mrs. Mildred J. Miller, Joyce Ann Mitchiner, Betty Helan Mobley, Eva Jean Modlin, Carolyn White Moore, Wayne Bryant Morris, Emily Marion Morrison, John Deal Morrow, Patricia Ann Mumford, Jodie Kathleen Neal, Mary Loretta Neal, Mary Neale, Troy Wendell Pate, Jr., Roberta L. Patton, Ann Davis Peel, Robert Grady Penley, Carolyn H. Pillsbury, and Joseph Alton Pons, Jr.

Wilburn Robert Pope, Durward Willis Potter, Margaret Rose Powell, Margie Willen Price, Marvin Roland Pridgen, Gene Darwin Rackley, Joan Ramseur, Patricia Patterson Redfearn, Marvin Malcolm Rhodes, Sue Richards, Don Leon Ricketts, Richard E. Riddick, Thelma Carole Robbins, Ruby Blair Roper, Peggy Laverne Savage, Billy Williams Sharber, Margaret Jacqueline Shaw, James L. Shelton, P. George Simon, Ellsworth Edwin Sinclair, Betty Lou Small, and John Wesley Smith.

Kenneth Judson Smith, Jr. Priscilla Leon Smith, Trilby Lee Smith, Adolphus Lee Spain, Nancy Hayden Spain, Peggy Love Spruill, Rachel Steinbeck, Walter Johnson Stell, III, Barbara Ann Strickland, Lenora Ellen Sturkie, John Robert Sutton, Joe Terry Swaim, Claudia Jane Todd, Harold Curtis Troxler, Ann Ahrens Tucker, Martha Elizabeth Underhill, Joyce Elizabeth Vinson, Linyear Mayo Wallace, Jr., Nancy Lynette Ward, Willard Beanie Waters, Jr., James Hugh Wease, Robert Houston Wease, Salley Bryant Whitehead, Mrs. Elaine W. Wilbourne, Ann Dixon Wilkerson, George Neil Williams, Kenneth Eugene Williams, Robert F. Williams, Martha Clinard Wilson, and Jane Winchester.



Cadet Colonel Emo Boado is shown explaining some jet principles to the cadet sponsors who have recently received WAF-type uniforms. The girls are: Kay Linthium, Mary Cleeve, Barbara Windley, Joan Melton, and Ann Cooke.

Perry Reviews First Night Of "Oklahoma!"

(Continued from Page 1)

as the likable old Andrew Carnes, and James Page as the charlatan, Ali Hakim.

James, Knight—Terrific

Another well-teamed couple were Dottie Jo James and George Knight who did terrific jobs as the comedy couple. Miss James handled most convincingly one of the best comedy roles that has ever been written into a Broadway production, and as a matter of fact came close to stealing the show on several occasions. George Knight as the man in her life was wonderfully suited to this part, not only dramatically and vocally, but in the role of a dancer. As a matter of fact, his dance following his "Kansas City" number, nearly brought down the house. In a sentence, Dottie Jo was a perfect scream, and George was right behind her.

Others in lesser roles who added a lot to the show were June Crews as a warmly maternal but humorous Aunt Eller, Joe Stell as a very sinister Jud Fry, Barbara Harris as a giggling Gertrude Cummings, Joan Sparks who because of a nice clear voice made something musical out of the part of Ellen, Charles Starnes

but last night the cast brought Dr. Elizabeth Utterback onto the stage to share the ovation they received, an honor which she more than justly deserved, for the dramatic side of the production was on a level with the musical, and for this she is responsible and should be congratulated. One noticeable thing which I'm sure was her doings was the "accent" which was consistent throughout.

To conclude, "Oklahoma!" is the best integrated musical comedy Greenville has ever seen—at least during my eight years here—and any

local citizen that misses it during its three-day run at McGinnis Auditorium will regret it. It is American to the core and darn good entertainment.

Paintings By Faculty Members Of Art Department On Display

Oil paintings and ceramics by three faculty members of the department of art make up an exhibition now being shown at the Greenville Art Gallery in the Sheppard Memorial Library here. The art show will be open to the public throughout April.

Frances Lee Neel and John Gordon are represented in the exhibition by oil paintings, and Roberta Stokes by work in ceramics. Mr. Gordon's paintings include still life and figure studies. Mr. Neel's works include one based on animal life and several abstract paintings.

Ceramics displayed by Miss Stokes, who is exhibiting locally for the first time, include pottery free hand and on the wheel and objects of various sizes and designs. Of special interest is the blue glaze which she uses, formula which she originated while engaged in graduate study. Her work in salt glazes has also attracted favorable attention.

Mr. Gordon and Mr. Neel have both given one-man shows at the Greenville Art Gallery and have shown their works in other local art exhibitions, at the Lenoir County Arts Festival, and elsewhere in North Carolina and other states.

Miss Stokes joined the East Carolina faculty last September as a member of the department of art. A native of Missouri, she has studied at the University of Missouri and the New York College of Ceramics and has taught at each of these institutions.

Twenty-seven per cent of all drivers involved in fatal auto accidents in the U. S. last year were under 25 years of age.

local citizen that misses it during its three-day run at McGinnis Auditorium will regret it. It is American to the core and darn good entertainment.

Geography Frat Compiles Campus Map For Visitors

The Campus Maps distributed on High School Day, April 6th, were compiled and drawn by Joseph Dix, senior, Geography major. A campus map was a major assignment in the cartography course being offered this Spring Quarter by the Geography Department. Dr. R. E. Cramer is the instructor in this course. Each member of the class compiled and drafted a map of the campus which was accurately drawn to scale.

Several thousand copies of Mr. Dix's map were printed and distributed on High School Day. They are now available to visitors when they call at the Administration Building. The distribution of the map was made possible through the partial financing by the Beta Iota Chapter of Gamma Theta Upsilon Fraternity.

Two new projects are now underway in the cartography course: A map of North Carolina on which geographical matter will be plotted, and a land utilization map of Greenville.

These are new members, initiated April 10, 1956, of the Beta Iota Chapter of the National Geography Fraternity, Gamma Theta Upsilon: Alice V. Byant, Benjamin C. Gray, Clyde Haddock, Amory Mullen, George Potter, Stephen E. Davenport, Coy Durham, Rupert R. Bonner, Marion E. Ratliff, Glenn C. Woodard, William A. Weathering, William O. Jordan, Ronald G. Sykes, Robert L. Jones, Frances W. Oakes, Jr., E. Everette Bennett, Charles E. Elgin, Joseph McN. Hoffman, L. Nan Averette, Deryl L. Bateman, and Charles M. Sioussat.

local citizen that misses it during its three-day run at McGinnis Auditorium will regret it. It is American to the core and darn good entertainment.

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Navarra Directs Workshop In Science For Teachers

Dr. John G. Navarra, faculty member of the department of science, will direct a three-day workshop for teachers of science in the lower grades in Gaston County schools April 26-28. Meetings will be held at the High Shoals School.

"The Nature Trail as a Teaching Tool" will serve as the theme of the workshop and will provide a focal point for a series of varied activities during the three-day period.

While in Gaston County this week, Dr. Navarra will visit a number of county schools on Thursday and Friday. He will be at the orthopaedic hospital in Gastonia Friday morning. On these visits he will observe work done in science by young children and will act as consultant in formulating plans for instruction leading to "a richer life through science" for boys and girls.

A special feature of the workshop will be a series of exhibits made by pupils in Gaston County schools.

These will deal with light, electricity, sound, the solar system, conservation, and other subjects of interest to children from the kindergarten through the eighth grade.

A special feature of the workshop will be a number of field trips directed by Dr. Navarra and based on the idea of using the resources of the county in instruction in science.

Dr. Navarra recently completed a televised course of study on "Science in Childhood Education," which was sponsored by the college and broadcast from Station WNCT of Greenville, Channel 9. Since joining the East Carolina faculty last September, he has acted as director of workshops in science in several North Carolina counties.

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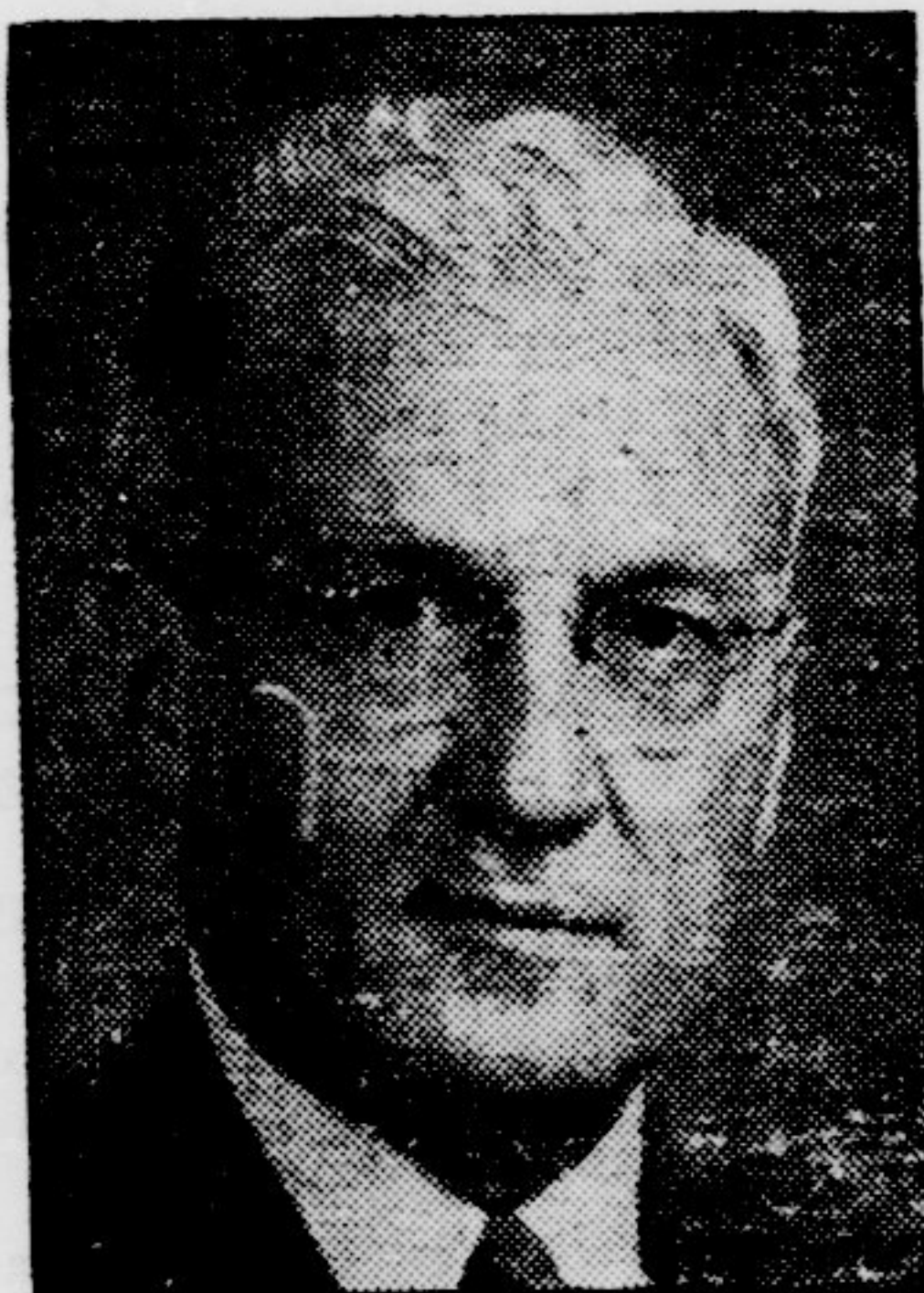
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Dr. Frederick Rypins

Speaker Plans Talks On Hebrew Faith And Psalms

Dr. Frederick Rypins of Greensboro will be guest speaker on campus May 1 in a series of lectures stressing the Hebrew faith and rituals and the Psalms.

His topic for chapel at noon in Austin is "Beginnings of the Bible." He will speak on "The Essence of Judaism" in the Library auditorium at 7 p.m. Classroom visitations will also be held.

Rabbi Frederick I. Rypins was ordained a rabbi at the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati in 1921. He has been spiritual leader of Temple Emanu-El in Greensboro since 1931.

Rabbi Rypins previously occupied pulpits in Wilmington and in Roanoke, Virginia. He is very active in all communal affairs and lectures on college campuses under the auspices of The Jewish Chautauqua Society, an organization disseminating authentic information concerning Judaism.

Classroom visitations will include Old Testament, 4th period with Dr. Bennett as sponsor, English 220 at 2 p.m. with Dr. Pingel as sponsor. Everyone is urged to take advantage of this opportunity to gain information on this subject.