

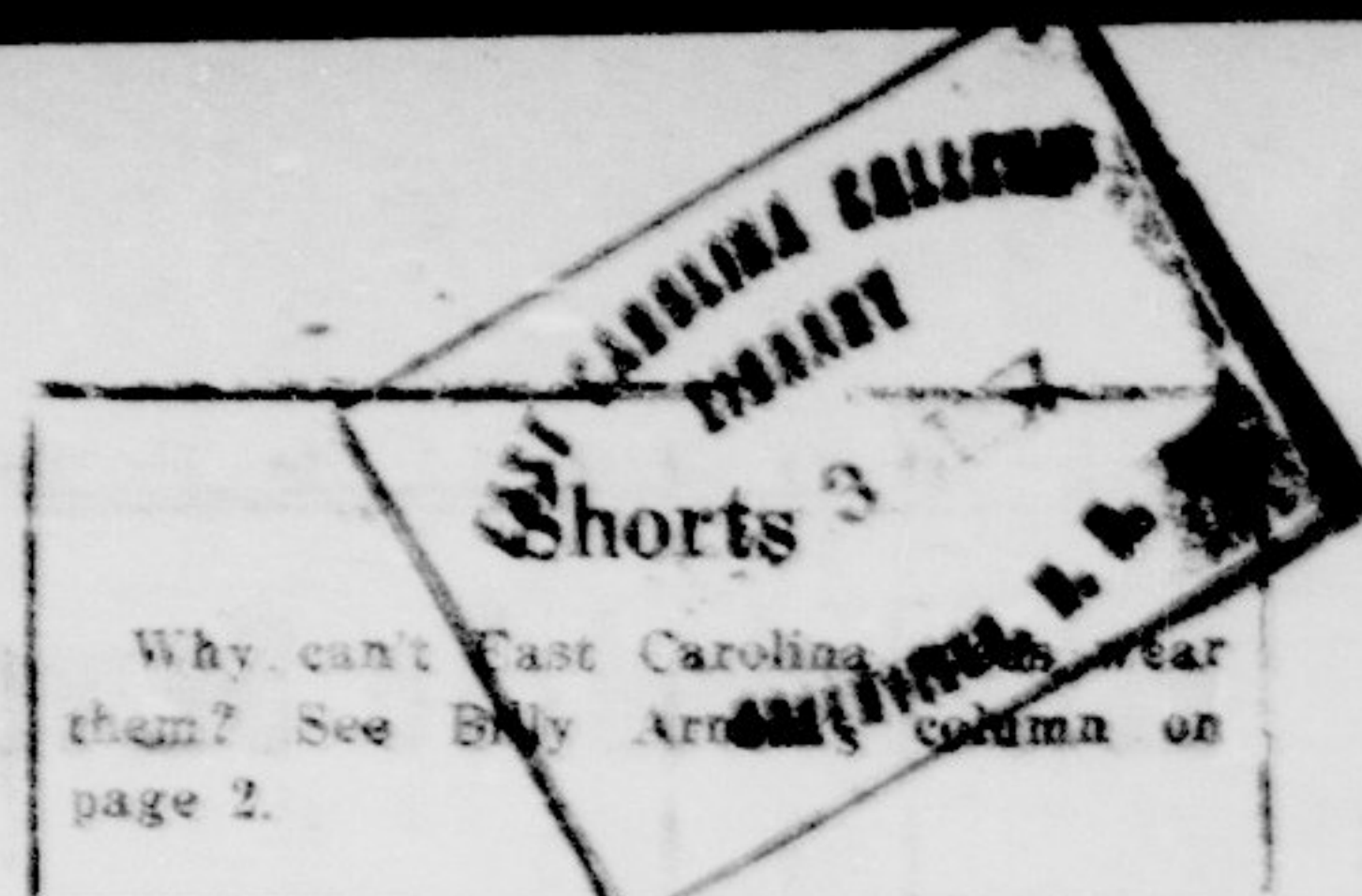
The editors discuss East Carolina's service to the state of North Carolina. See the editorial on page 2.

Volume XXXII

GREENVILLE, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1957

Number 24

East Carolinian



The Student Government Association production of the Rogers and Hart Musical, "Connecticut Yankee," ended a three-night run in McGinnis Theatre last night. George Perry of the music department reviews the show on this page. (Photo by Messick-Henry Studio)

Reviewer Perry Terms Rogers And Hart Show 'Fun, Crazy And Side Splitting'

By GEORGE E. PERRY

"Connecticut Yankee," the Rogers and Hart musical which opened Tuesday at McGinnis Auditorium for a three-night run is without equivocation a SMASH HIT. It's fun, it's crazy, it's side-splitting. It is the dumbest mixture of satire, sarcasm, music, mirth, insanity, and general silliness that I've seen since Olsen and Johnson.

But above and beyond this, it is a well-planned, well-produced, well-staged, and well-directed production. It seems that every spring Mrs. Cuthbert and Utterback put their heads together, wave their magic wands, and come up with another rousing success, and believe me this year is no exception to the established tradition. It moved fast, there were no audible or visible slips, its cleverest lines were touched with just the right amount of piquancy. The characterizations were well-handled, and the cast fitted their roles with great believability.

George Knight, as the male lead, did a realistic portrayal of Martin, and his singing voice actually matched his dramatic ability. Dottie Jo James, as Alice, was the perfect partner for Mr. Knight, and she played her part with just the right amount of winsomeness and intentional intelligence. Barbara Harris, who is as close to a chanteuse (pronounced in this case shan-too-zie) as is resident on the College Campus, stole every scene in which she was seen. As Queen Morgan, she was an ingenious combination of regality, femme fatale, and burlesque queen with a generous overdose of hormones. She was a siren who made every night "her night to howl." If I hadn't known who she was, I'd

have sworn she was Cass Daley.

Other Roles

For those whose roles were less music and more acting, let's begin with Lloyd Bray as King Arthur. Lloyd always turns in a sterling performance because he saturates himself with his part. Last night he was the living embodiment of the dumbest king that ever sat around a round-table. Kenneth Killebrew, as the mighty Merlin, was silly sinister, crochety, senile, and he made his voice and hand-actions fit into his characterization with commendable realism. Ralph Shumaker and Myrl Maness, as Sir Galahad and Mistress Evelyn, were a well-matched pair, each giving commendable performances of their respective roles.

Last year I said this about the orchestra: it beats any pit-band at McGinnis this year. It played together, and in tune, and the brass section added just the right amount of brilliancy. This was the most notable improvement over last year's.

Dean's List Students Will Be Special Guests At Dinner

Dean's list students will be special guests at the first annual Honors Dinner to be held next Wednesday night at six o'clock in the North Dining Hall.

Sponsored by the Guaranty Bank and Trust Company here in Greenville, the annual affair will honor any student on the Dean's list at the time of the dinner. The Honorable John Wilkerson of Washington, N. C., will address the group.

Dean Leo Jenkins said he hoped that those who make this list in the fall or winter will be able to maintain their average so they will be eligible for the dinner in the spring.

He pointed out that the dinner is being promoted "to honor one of the most important groups of students on our campus, namely those who have demonstrated their ability to attain a high degree of scholarship." Dr. Jenkins termed this group "the people who will bring glory and honor to our college and to our state."

Plans are being made to have television coverage of the dinner. Members of the faculty from all departments will be invited and Mr. Herbert Waldrop, vice-president of Guaranty Bank and Trust Company will be present.

College Band Concert Set Sunday Afternoon In McGinnis

East Carolina College's Concert Band, appearing next Sunday afternoon, May 5, in its annual spring concert, will give a program of selections chosen for their musical worth and their appeal to audiences. Several of the numbers will be compositions requested by people both on and off the campus.

The concert is scheduled for 3:30 p. m. in the McGinnis auditorium. Those who wish to hear the program are invited to be present.

Mr. Carter explained that students are welcome to "come as they are." "I believe that this should be one of the most enjoyable concerts that the band has ever performed as we are playing practically an all-request program," he said. "The William Tell Overture will be played in completion including the familiar Lone Ranger Theme."

Herbert L. Carter, director of bands at East Carolina, will act as conductor. He will be assisted by three graduating seniors chosen as student conductors. Each will direct the band in a single selection. They are Roy Knight of Sanford, vice-president of the band; Ralph Chason of Rocky Mount; and Charles Lovelace of New Bern.

Charles H. Armstrong of Elizabeth City, soloist of the afternoon, will

play Rimsky-Korsakov's "Concerto for Trombone and Band." Mr. Armstrong is a past-president of the East Carolina marching and concert bands and acted as drum major with the marching band. A pupil of James Parnell of the faculty, he is a senior in the department of music at the college.

Numbers for the spring concert which will be performed by student request are Strauss's "Blue Danube Waltz," played in its entirety; the overture to Rossini's "William Tell"; and John J. Morrissey's "Caribbean Fantasy." Other selections will be marches by Serge Prokofiev and J. J. Richards, "Break Forth, O Beauteous Heavenly Light" by William P. Latham, and Paul Creston's "Legend."

Spring Quarter Grades

Dr. Orval Phillips, Registrar, has announced that Spring quarter grades will be mailed to the students' home addresses as listed on the registration cards at the beginning of the quarter. Every year difficulties arise from changes occurred. To prevent this, students are urged to contact their local post office or their parents and leave a forwarding address.

Pat Everton, Crofton To Reign Over Annual May Day Festivities

Ceremonies Take Place In Sylvan Outdoor Theater

Twelve Attendants Will Be Honored; Dance Set In Wright

Maidens and music will mark the May Day festivities here Saturday when pretty Pat Everton is crowned Queen of May by former SGA President, Dock Smith.

The coronation ceremonies will take place in Flanagan Sylvan Theater at 3:00 p. m.

The Queen, accompanied by Jane Crofton, her Maid of Honor, and twelve lovely attendants, will again be honored at the annual May Dance at 8:00 in Wright Auditorium.

The attendants are Jane Carter, Lillian Cohen, Neil Dupree, Janet Fletcher, Ann Hall, Ann Hughes, Janet Hodges, Diana Johnson, Rachel Lang, Ann Mayo, Jackie McDaniels, and Jerry McDaniels.

Ballet

Queen Pat will observe the festivities held in her honor from her throne atop the stage. The performances include a free-style ballet executed by eight coed choreographers, a tap dance by Marian Lane, a solo by Jo Ann Sparks, and a jazz dance by Lib Rogers and Laverne Eastmon.

A group of sixth-grade dancers will wind the traditional May Pole and the Queen, accompanied by her Court, will file from the stage ending the program.

Jimmy Phelps, President of the SGA will serve as head usher. Jay Kiester and Cliff Hughes will serve as crown bearers and Cathy Kendrick and Lisa Navarra will be flower girls.

Calvin Chesson's Dreamers will play in Wright Auditorium with music, where the Queen will be re-crowned. A special figure which includes the entire court and their escorts will be held.

Theme

The theme for the dance decorations will center around May. The dance will last until 11:45 and the dress will be semi-formal.

Dave Carson, who is in charge of the May Day festivities, points out that the plans are unfolding well and it looks as if this May Day will be the best in many years.

The Queen and her attendants were elected by popular vote among the students. Their nomination was based on leadership, poise, grace, scholarship, and attractiveness.

Government Positions

Mr. Britt, representing the Personnel Department, State of North Carolina, will be in Room 11, Joyner Library, at 5:30, Tuesday, May 7. He is interested especially in Majors in Business, (Including 2-year Secretarial Course) and Science, but will talk to anyone interested in employment with the State government.



Lovely coeds Pat Everton, Columbia, and Jane Crofton, Plymouth, will reign over the annual May Day festivities to be held tomorrow at 3 p. m. in the Flanagan Sylvan Theatre. Miss Everton represented the college last year at the Azalea Festival, and Miss Crofton has served this year as Head Cheerleader. Both are seniors. (Photo by Nora Willis)

Queen Pat Everton Adds Another Star To Her Crown

By KATHRYN JOHNSON

Pat Everton, the bronze, blond beauty from Columbia, added another star to her crown recently when she was chosen May Queen by the student body.

Showing her golden tan to its best advantage, Pat will wear a long white tulle over satin dress, appliqued with iridescent sequins. In the queenly tradition the dress has cap sleeves and a sweetheart neckline.

"I consider it a great honor to have been chosen May Queen by the students and I am very fortunate to have such lovely attendants," claimed Pat.

Maid of honor Jane Crofton of Plymouth exclaimed, "Anyone would consider themselves very fortunate to be chosen Queen of May Day, but I feel that I am quite honored to have been selected Maid of Honor, especially since our queen is such a lovely girl. Next to being elected head cheerleader I consider this my greatest honor since being at East Carolina."

Jan's dress is like the other attendants except hers is pink and theirs are aqua. They will wear large feathery hats to match their dresses. Pat's Jane Crofton, weighing a mere 97 pounds, was Miss Summer 20 out of 1954, Homecoming sponsor, and has been a cheerleader for four years. Both girls are education majors and plan to teach next year.

Picture Taking For ID Cards Begins Next Week

Work has begun on a new-type student identification card, and according to student government officials, the nontransferable card will be ready for distribution next year.

Pictures for the cards will be taken next week in the Wright Auditorium from 9 a. m. until 6 p. m. on May 7, 8, and 9. Students who do not have their picture made during these scheduled hours will not be given an ID card at registration next fall, and according to the committee, will have to wait until the cards are issued to the incoming freshmen.

The new card which bears the picture of the holder has been studied by a legislative committee throughout the year, and according to President Phelps will be ready for use next fall quarter.

Costs of the new cards will be paid by the Student Government Association. It was earlier stated that the student would have to pay the cost of having a card made for his identification at college functions. Phelps pointed out, however, that this was not the case now and that the only possible expense to the students might be a twenty-five cent fee levied to cover the cost of laminating each card.

It was also pointed out that students who lost their card would be fined two dollars before a new card would be issued.

Four-Year Card

The new cards will be used for four years or as long as the student is in school here and will take the place of the old cards that have been issued at registration each quarter.

The cards will be cased in plastic and will include not only the student's picture but his signature, the East Carolina seal, and blocks for validating.

Nontransferable

In order to enforce nontransferability, the committee is working on a plan whereby the cards will be confiscated when presented by an improper person for admittance to a college function. The card will be held until the student owning the card pays the penalty for allowing someone else to use it.

Two-fold Purpose

Not only will the new cards benefit the college by making it necessary for outsiders to pay instead of using student cards at college functions, but they will also be of benefit to the students. The cards will serve as identification at college events, when cashing checks, and at any time when identification is required.

The need for identification cards that could not be transferred arose because of the fact that many outsiders have been using student identification cards to gain admittance to college functions.

Playhouse Selects Nominees For Annual Laurel Day Awards

The East Carolina Playhouse has completed nominations for Laurel Day Awards, to be presented May 8 at the annual Playhouse Laurel Day banquet.

Sixteen awards are to be given to members for outstanding work in drama this year. Twelve of the recipients are to be voted on by members of the Playhouse, and four selected by a faculty committee composed of Professors Hoskins, Garren, Poindexter, Cook and Overly.

The committee will judge from the following nominations: Best Actress in a Leading Role: Bobbie Dixon, for "State of the Union"; Alice Anne Horne, for "Pygmalion"; Margaret Starnes, for "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp"; and Gayle Simpson, for "Mr. Roberts."

Best Actor in a Leading Role: Al Carr in "Mr. Roberts"; Lloyd Bray in "Pygmalion"; Ken West in "Mr. Roberts"; Jay Robbins in "Aladdin"; Bob Tyndal in "State of the Union"; and Bill Dixon in "State of the Union."

Supporting Roles

Best Actress in a Supporting Role: Margaret Starnes in "State of the

Union," and Pat Baker, for "Pygmalion."

Best Actor in a Supporting Role: Tommy Hull in "Mr. Roberts"; Bubba Driver in "Mr. Roberts"; Charlie Briggs in "Pygmalion"; J. C. Dunn, for "Pygmalion"; and Charles Jenkins, for "Aladdin."

Best Set: "State of the Union," "Pygmalion," "Mr. Roberts," and "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp."

Other Awards

Playhouse members will vote on the following awards: Best Portrayal of a Character Role by an Actress, Best Portrayal of a Character Role by an Actor, Most Improved Member, Most Promising Newcomer, Most Valuable Playhouse Member, Best Light-ful Lamp, and Gayle Simpson, for "Mr. Roberts."

Playhouse President Bubba Driver stated that the awards would consist of laurel wreaths, in keeping with the tradition established by the Ancient Greeks, who made such a wreath the symbol of excellence.

Dancers Whoop It Up In McGinnis



Choreographer Chuck Shearon, Carol Harris, and other members of the "Connecticut Yankee" dance chorus whoop it up in a number from the Rogers and Hart show. (Photo by Messick-Henry Studio)

Established To Serve

While East Carolina College is commemorating its Golden Anniversary the East Carolinian would like to pause and reflect upon its service to the community throughout the years. This has been primarily a teachers college, and as such has touched the lives of three generations directly and indirectly.

As one member of the faculty said, she felt like a grandmother, having taught here for a quarter of a century and seeing father, son, and then his son pass through the portals of this college. It must be a tremendous experience to watch a campus grow from six buildings to four times that number and the enrollment increase from 462 to over 3,000; the first staff of fourteen members and now two hundred.

The motto of ECC is "To Serve." Taking a sample period of our history, from 1922 to 1956, 50,880 teaching degrees were awarded from here. For the mathematically minded, if ten per cent of this number taught for ten years classes of a minimum of 28 students, then 1,646,400 pupils profited from the establishment of this college by the state. We cannot begin to estimate, actually, just how many people in this area and the surrounding states have been taught by ECC-trained teachers.

These teachers, primarily for their devotion to the profession, and (certainly not for the beginning state salary of \$2400) spend many long hours after the school day is over with not only classroom preparation but taking part in the community activities. They serve from Girl Scout Leaders to Bible School teachers, in the varied roles which are expected of them without complaint.

East Carolina College expects that before a student is graduated he shall have a comprehensive acquaintance with and appreciation of cultural heritage and a vast body of knowledge to help him live effectively in a complex society. He has been presented a functional philosophy of education and life. He has been trained in the principles of learning and the techniques of teaching, together with demonstrated skill in the art of guiding educational experiences of children. The faculty and the staff of ECC give of their best to prepare these future teachers.

Students from this college go out to be band directors, music teachers, auditors, statisticians, English teachers, drama directors, Air Force pilots, and a multitude of others—most of which are positions of service. Each year and every day they touch the lives of those around us. The leaders and workers of tomorrow are directly influenced by them as they teach little children.

The presence of an institution of learning means an increase in both educational and cultural advantages for the people. So East Carolina means a better and fuller life for Eastern North Carolina in particular and for the state in general.

It has been said, "What we have done for ourselves alone dies with us. What we have done for others and the world remains and is immortal." This is reward enough for service.

East Carolinian

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Jimmy Ferrell Editor	Mary Ellen Williams Business Manager
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"From the 'Rubayyat of Omar Khayyam,'
The moving finger writes, and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit,
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."
translated by E. Fitzgerald.

Jimmy Ferrell On Arthur's Gang, Theater Manager, And A Sickness

MONDAY, April 29—King Arthur's gang in "Connecticut Yankee" just might leave the campus critics raving and forgetting about the cowboys and a musical called "Oklahoma!"

After watching a few scenes over the weekend, it left me eager to see Thursday night's finished product.

GEORGE KNIGHT and Dottie Jo James bounce around McGinnis stage as lovers again this year. Their roles are bigger than the Will Parker—Ado Annie parts in last year's "Oklahoma!" and the laughs they bring are bigger, too.

Ralph Shumaker and Myrl Maness handle supporting roles with ease; and Barbara Harris, who's running after a man again just as she was in last Spring's production, proves herself a top comedienne in this year's show.

DANCER Carol Harris is as smooth as the jewels in King Arthur's crown, and choreographer Chuck Shearon and other members of the dance chorus handle some red, hot dance numbers in fine fashion.

ALICE ANNE HORNE is amazing. Miss Horne, who has played leading roles, on campus in everything from Shakespeare to Shaw, pops up in the dance chorus with nice long hair, nice long legs, and rhythm plus more rhythm than you can shake a stick at.

She's Jane Russell in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Jane Russell in "The French Line," and Jane Russell in her next bump and grind musical.

LLOYD BRAY, and he's played a few leading roles during his four years here, leaves the Playhouse for musical comedy and bursts out with song as an eccentric King Arthur. He and Knight made for a nice duet in the second act.

The Rogers and Hart show is one laugh after the other backed by, as Dr. Cuthbert, Musical director, has put it, "good solid jazz," and a dance chorus with plenty of oomph!

And it's another Utterback-Cuthbert success. You never can predict what those two will turn up with next.

MR. GORDON STURN, Pitt Theater manager, stopped by the office recently to present his side of the story concerning a recent letter in the East Carolinian. The letter implied that the Pitt has been taking East Carolina students for a ride as far as prices are concerned.

The amiable theater manager expressed concern because Mike Katsias, author of the letter, didn't contact him before writing the piece.

Mr. Sturn told us that the Pitt isn't "charging any more just because of ECC" and said their prices—50 cents, matinees; 60 cents, night—are the same as those in Washington, Rocky Mount, Wilson, Goldsboro, and other towns equal in size to Greenville.

He explained, too, that film rental forces the theater to increase prices for such spectacles as "Giant," and said the management is considering giving reduced rates to college students on special occasions during the coming school year.

"I'm not mad at anybody," Mr. Sturn commented.

COLLEGE ANNUALS, in many instances, are the biggest liars in the world. But it's no fault of the editors. Pictures must be taken at a certain time and there's no other way of getting around it.

I haven't studied this year's Buccaneer very closely as yet, but one look at the newspaper section and my stomach starts churning. A picture in this year's section shows approximately 25 students gathered in a group shot of the so-called staff.

Take a look at our masthead on this page. There you'll find the publishers of this year's newspaper. Many of the people in that staff picture came the night photographs were taken and haven't been seen since. But students will thumb through the Bucc, see the shot, and swear all of those pictured have been galloping around campus this year hunting down stories.

Two members of the present staff, who have done just that, aren't pictured. That's the way it goes.

There's nothing more sickening than to see students smiling in an annual picture of some organization when you know they haven't put forth any effort for the organization at any time.

Take a look at some of the other organizations. You'll find the same story.



Billy Arnold

Girls Should Live Modern

Why can't girls at East Carolina wear Bermuda shorts?

Several weeks ago, President J. D. Messick called upon the student body to bring about a "cultural revolution", to seek a new trend in thinking and a deeper understanding of the arts. Of course, girls in Bermuda shorts have nothing to do with art (some boys would disagree with that), but if a student body is expected to think modern, they should be allowed to live modern.

The whole country is in a state of revolution of a different kind about this season of the year. Young people all over the nation have taken to Bermuda shorts as a sensible and acceptable way to beat the summer heat and fatigue. In the higher circles of the Business and Fashion worlds, Bermudas have become the thing. Even the United States Armed Forces have jumped on the Bermuda wagon. The Government has issued a special uniform consisting of short sleeve shirts and Bermuda shorts to be worn in warm climate.

Yet, East Carolina still clings to tradition, unwilling to let its women wear the shorts on campus. The boys have managed to beat down most of the opposition by simply wearing the things doggedly to class and elsewhere. Three years ago, when Bermudas first made their appearance on campus, several boys were ordered out of the girls dorms when they arrived to pick up their dates. But they have been persistent and now Bermudas are a common sight among the men here.

But it is a different matter for the girls. Not only are they not allowed to wear Bermudas to class, they are forbidden to even walk across campus in them on their way to the tennis courts. They are required to wear coats—coats, mind you, in the summertime—to cover themselves.

Greenville Goofs. I suppose it'll take a four-way collision and a little blood to convince the city of Greenville that a traffic light is needed at the North entrance to the campus beside the administration building.

That corner is one of the most hazardous in town and already several accidents have barely been avoided there.

East Carolina has been asking the City Council and Highway Commission to install a light on that corner for some time now. Yet, those in charge have refused to do so.

Instead, last year, the City installed one of those gadgets that counts traffic. After a short survey, it was decided by our town leaders that there wasn't enough traffic along that stretch of road to warrant a traffic light there.

At the same time the City is telling ECC that there is practically no traffic along Fifth Street, a traffic cop has been stationed just one block further down (at the Training school) to direct traffic while the kids cross the street every day at dinner.

There were few weaknesses even in the minor roles, where Shakespeare's soft spots usually are found. Silvester and Phebe, the third pair of lovers were nicely done by Tommy Hull and Joyce Whittle. She creates an awkward situation by falling in love with the wrong person, and Joyce carried it off very well, despite a little trouble in projecting her voice. Claude West was convincing as Corin, the ancient shepherd with nothing left but his memories, and Joe Steelman did Sir Oliver Martext competently, though he's a little too tall and handsome to be the type. James Kohler, on the other hand, was perfectly cast as M. Le Beau, the court dandy.

Other minor characters made for an almost professional perfection for the whole performance, and many of them, like Jim Trice and Norm Pierce, were doubling in brass as stagehands and what-not. The whole affair was successful both as a community-college project and as a well-done Shakespearean play. Director Joe Withey deserves the highest praise for bringing the many complicated elements connected with production into orderly shape, and his handling of the big stage and varying levels at the Flanagan Theatre had the mark of true showmanship.

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Pot Pourri

Bravos... For "As You Like It"

By JAN RABY

Summer weather is really with us (ed.—cross your fingers and say "at this writing.") and classwork is running a poor second. Meanwhile, those days are fast slipping by—14 "X's" left for the seniors to cross off on the calendar.

BRAVOS... are in order for the cast of "As You Like It" which was performed last Thursday and Friday nights in the Flanagan Sylvan theatre. Register, Cook, and Overly caused much favorable comment with their performances for the gentlemen and Miss Blalack was commented on by one viewer as "acting like a professional."

It's A Shame... that we paid around a thousand dollars and had a Metropolitan Opera star (Mildred Miller) to come here to sing for such a pitiful audience (in size).

It Must Be Nice... to be a boy and have a chance to wear bermudas on campus and to class. If I were a "Big Wheel," I'd surely ask the girls. They certainly have much nicer looking legs. Eh, professor?

Ants and Tea... It really is nice to be having that cool refreshing iced tea in the dining hall, but it's not so pleasing to have those self-invited ants crawling on the table. Quick, Mr. Julian, the Flit!

A Challenge... to the new WRA officers. Now is the time to plan for improvements, and there's plenty of room for it. Try to measure up to the group of 1954 and 1955, or even do better!

Don't Miss... the Water Show over at the pool May 8, 9. It's worth the price. Music and mermaids, too...

Deadlines... are not nice as we can't say anything about seeing "Connecticut Yankee," but it's a good idea to have the reserve seat tickets.

From the Scrapbook... "If God had intended that man should go backward, he would have given him eyes in the back of his head."—Victor Hugo.

"A man always has two reasons for doing anything—a good reason and the real reason."—John Pierpoint Morgan.

Controversial Currents

An Aerial View... Of Girls' Sun Court

By OLIVER WILLIAMS

In spring a young man's fancy certainly doesn't turn to writing. The first time the thermometer reaches 70 you start counting off the numbers of columns left for the rest of the year. Finally you get down to two—and not an idea anywhere.

Even the trees aren't inspiring. It seems that Spring is everywhere except the second floor of Wright. On a second thought maybe this is Spring—it's almost like a fever.

This time of year, you have to be inspired in order to write. There's nothing inspiring about the newspaper office. A few struggling columnists, a smoke-filled room, and an occasional club news reporter dropping by—what's inspiring about that?

Besides it seems that all of the clubs are electing men to do the club reporting now. But you can't complain about noise.

It's Friday afternoon. Everybody couldn't have gone home. No, they haven't. I heard some girls in History 140 say that they were going to spend the whole weekend in the sun court.

Sun court—that's an inspiring subject, and I hear that there's a good view of the Ragsdale Spring social center from the Buccaneer offices.

So here I am—writing a column from the Buccaneer offices. There are not many girls out yet, but it's time for the sixth period rush. Here comes a ur-ur-yes, it's a girl, but what is all that paraphernalia on top. Oh, it's sun glasses, tan lotion, a coke, a blanket, of course, and a newspaper (?).

Well, that's a good way to use one's spare time—getting a healthy tan and reading the latest news. I thought that all they did was lie in the sun for hours with only one objective in mind—to look pretty when night comes. But reading the paper at the same time—why that's profitable loafing.

Oh, but she's not reading the paper. In fact, what is she doing? I have never seen anyone tear the paper in two pieces and put half of it over the face and another piece over one arm.

Well, I watched her tan for two hours, but I never did understand what the newspaper was for. The only thing I could figure out was that she had been driving with one arm out of the car window and that her face already had enough tan. But, if that's a new way to read the paper, will someone please show me how?

NOW THEY'RE SAYING... that the girls in Wilson like cokes better than sun courts. At least, I hear that they will be drinking cokes for the next two weeks.

AND SPEAKING OF CONTROVERSIAL CURRENTS... While judging the East Carolinian, the Columbia Scholastic Press Association said that the newspaper gave good coverage to Greek letter societies. This columnist, who has often been called a fraternity sympathizer, was surprised to hear this statement. Evidently, the judges don't hear the student's opinion—at least from East Carolina.

The Solid Man

By BILLY ARNOLD

It was one of those little dimly-lighted, smoke-filled places in Green-Village, off on one of the back streets and in the basement of a tenement. Few tourists ever wandered far enough from the main stream to find it.

Inside, three members of a four-man combo were knocking out the strains of Basin Street. The drums rattled near the rear of the small bandstand. The customers, all three of them, were too drunk to notice it was two A. M.

Barney Litcher sat humped over the bar, resting awkwardly on his hands. His hands moved automatically to the beat of the music and his slender white fingers drummed against the wood of the counter just within reach of the beer mug.

"Why'd you go hammer on them drums, Barney Boy?" asked the tall man behind the bar. "You be coming to look like a regular customer up here. 'Cet you don't pay." Barney could hardly make out the half-dressed, grey face in the semi-darkness of the room. The only lights besides the candle, at each end of the bar, were the dazzling red, green and yellow spots that streamed down from the handstand, revolving slowly like a ramp in the ceiling. They lit dancing red blots in your eyes when you sat under them for hours. Barney had been under them since seven o'clock. Sometimes he could see them playing around in his sleep, long after closing time had come and he had gone home.

He didn't answer the bartender and he had taken a long, deep swallow of beer. "When your boss starts saying me enough, Garrity, I'll start saying my beer."

The bartender grinned and wiped a dry spot on the counter with a rag. "You know," he said, leaning on the bar with his elbows, "the old man wants to pay you in this stuff and everybody'd be happy all the way around."

"Beer," granted Barney. "Man's gotta provide for his brood, too, Garrity. You should know that with fourteen kids." He was tired and the drink was beginning to reach him, turning the joints and muscles of his body into water. He needed sleep.

"I got four," Garrity corrected, grinning his real grin that he kept locked away inside during the duty hours. Barney had come to recognize that real grin from the pasty, artificial one that the slender man kept ready for paying customers. There wasn't much difference but Barney could feel it. It was funny the way the lights, the smoke, the music, somebody's damn grin.

He pushed himself away from the stool and swayed in his shoes for a moment, drawing himself together again. "I guess I'd better get back to the skins," he said to himself. Garrity had already moved to the far end of the bar again and was wiping the counter.

Barney glanced at the three paying customers on his way back to the stand and wished they'd go the hell home, if they had a home at two o'clock in the morning. Two of those beanie women with ragged hair-ribs and horn-rims and a man younger than either of them. They didn't even know where they were and didn't give a damn and Barney had to play for them if they stayed until three the next day. Business. As long as they could buy the beer they could bear the music.

He cursed a bit under his breath and stepped up onto the stand. Lev Grover, the trombone, said, "The crochard son has returned," and swished his tongue over the mouth-piece of his instrument.

"Whatta we doing?" Barney asked, not caring, sliding into his seat behind the big bass drum. From where he sat, with the yellow light streaming into his eyes, he could see only vague, weird dream-like images and it was the whole world for the time being.

They kicked off on South, and the old steady, warm feeling began to wind back into him, starting in the pit of his belly and working outward from there, and ending in a tingling feeling in the tips of his fingers and toes and in his head. The world was suddenly the easy flow of notes and rhythms and lazy but vital movements, and it seemed to Barney always like some great river of fog that swept into him and carried him along with its ebb, moving into him and drawing from him that strange and powerful thing inside that was the music and the feeling. He didn't know whether he was drunk or not and didn't really care, now. There was music and he was part of it and it kept him and that was all he knew in the world. There was nothing else.

His hands moved in a swaying motion and his foot kept a steady,

easy movement into the heavy drum. It was all automatic with him. He couldn't feel it in action. He could no more control it than he could the day or the night or the lights that poured over them now. He could see himself from a distance, sitting there, in his mind's eye, when he tried hard enough. But usually there were no thoughts; there was nothing physical. Only the floating, driving, lifting, jerking of his whole mind and being. Like being a soul detached from its body and being compelled through a mist by only the force of music.

It was four-thirty when he got home. Kathryn was sleeping soundly and he stood over her, watching her for a long moment. She was breathing softly, easily, beautifully, as she did everything else. She was a beautiful woman, he thought absently, as if seeing her for the first time in his life.

"You're a long way from home," he said aloud thoughtlessly. Then he smiled and kissed her lightly on the cheek and went to bed with his shoes on.

Kathryn didn't stir him until dinner time the next day. Even then when he got up and showered and dressed, he felt dog tired. She wasn't saying much, he noticed again. She hadn't been much of a talker for several months, in fact, when he actually thought of it. He knew what was wrong, of course. But he wasn't going to bring it up.

Without much appetite he sat down at a plate of warm beef and biscuits. "You already eaten?" he asked, noticing that she had prepared only one place.

She nodded. "I ate breakfast late," she said, filling his glass with water. He looked apprehensively at it for a moment but didn't say anything. Maybe it won't hurt me, he thought.

He ate in silence, just putting the food in his mouth and letting his digestive system do the rest. He wasn't hungry. He hadn't been hungry—really hungry—since he could remember. He leaned his elbow on the table for a moment, absorbed in the thought: He could remember when he was in high school down in Georgia and he used to go out during the weekends with some of the boys and get drunk just for kicks. It used to make him hungry then, to drink. He remembered, sometimes he would drink just for the purpose of enjoying his eating for the next day or two. Ahhhhh, long ago, he thought.

"What's the matter?" Kathryn asked over her shoulder at the sink.

"Nothing," he began to shovel the food again, automatically, thoughtlessly. Five years is a goddam long time, he mused, again slipping away within himself. He smiled at the thought of himself as a high school drummer, tall, gawky, wide-eyed and putting on a real show when he played with the group at the dances. Imitating all the drummers he had seen in the movies. He had spells; for a while he was Gene Krupa, then Buddy Rich and then somebody else. It's a wonder they didn't laugh at me, he thought, smiling.

He looked up at Kathryn, washing the dishes, her back turned to him. She was straight, nicely put together. Nice legs. Five damn years. How long had he been married? Something over four years and a few months, he figured, not wanting to bother to count it up. She's changed a lot, gotten some face wrinkles; doesn't keep her hair like she used to. But time hasn't bothered with her from there down.

He pushed his plate back away from him and felt in his shirt pocket for a cigarette, he couldn't find one. "Honey," he said, "where are some cigarettes? I'm out."

"I think there's some over there by the bed," she said a bit coldly. He knew what was up. Let her bring it out, though, he thought. I'm tired of it. He found the cigarettes in the other room, lit one, and stretched out on the bed again.

She didn't mention it until after she had finished the dishes and had padded around the bedroom for a while. Barney closed his eyes and pretended to be dozing.

"Barney," she said finally, in that frank, flat, sensitive tone. Here it comes. He sat up on his elbows, his head hunched forward between his shoulders, his chin resting on his chest. He grunted, still holding on to that last moment of pretended sleep.

"I want to talk serious," she said. She was sitting across the room, holding a drumstick she had found that he had lost earlier.

"Hey, where'd you find it?" he said perkily. Hold on to it, he thought. Dammit. Keep the peace as long as you can.

"It was under the cushion." She tapped the arm of the padded chair.

"Barney," she added quickly, determined to break into it; she gripped the drumstick tightly, not knowing that it ruined her attempt to appear calm.

Barney sat up, defeated. Okay.

"Barney—Darling—" she inserted the darling shakily, tenderly. "Do we have to go on like this?" That was all. It opened up the whole picture now. It laid things open and bare and simple out on the floor for them to pick at and argue over and eventually get angry over, just as before.

"I don't know what to say, Kathy," Barney said flatly. Let it ride, he thought; she'll pick it up from there.

She said: "You know how I feel. I don't like it here, Barney. I don't like the town; I don't like the way you work yourself to death for nothing and the way I never see you except at times like now." She searched for the words, while the expression on her face spoke them.

"You wake up in the afternoon, you look like hell, you eat dinner, you lay back down and sleep another two hours and then get up and eat again and then you go off. I can't take it anymore, Barney. I can't."

He knew it. She was right. But he couldn't agree with her. There was something vital inside that wouldn't let him give up. It meant something big inside, somehow. He didn't know how, but he could feel it.

"Kathy, Kathy," he said softer than before. "I know it's hard for you now. But it won't always be. I promise you that now. I'll get better soon."

"It's not just me I'm thinking about, Barney," she said from across the room. "It's you, too. You keep saying those same things; the same things you said in high school; the same things you said when we were married in Georgia. You remember that?"

Barney nodded and lowered his head. But something inside flowered again in his chest, fluttered and kept probing, kept protesting. "I told you then that it wouldn't be easy, didn't I, Kathy? I told you before we were married that I wanted to be a musician and that I wanted to go to New York or some place big."

"And you got it!" her words were hot now. She was straining forward in the chair, clenching its sides with both hands. "You're here, Barney. You've been here for two years and look at you. Look at this room and look at us. That's what I mean!"

"Dammit, Kathy," he said. He couldn't find any other words now. It was beginning to come too fast.

Kathrine settled back into the chair and ran a hand through her short dark hair. Her face was red slightly, and not so beautiful any more.

"What hurts," she said softly now. What hurts, Barney, is that you're happy with it, I think."

"Are you nuts?"

"No, Barney. I mean it. I think you're happy with it all. Maybe not with the money or the apartment. Not with me. But you're happy with those drums down there in that cheap, filthy little place and with your quota of free beer every night." She just looked at him now.

He stared at the drumstick in her hand as if it could somehow know how he felt, as if it were part of the feeling inside of him that he couldn't tell Kathy. What could he say? She was right in her way. She was normal; an everyday, normal, healthy American girl, who didn't know beans about music except that it was good to hear, that people played it, that there were all different kinds and that if you put a quarter in a juke box in Georgia it would play for you. How could he tell her that it was something that can't be broken down into goddam stupid words and spat back and forth across a room? Could he tell her that it was a thing inside him, just as important as his genitals and that it made him move and breathe and live? How could she know what it felt like to sit there in the smoke and noise of the night life and feel the hot lights burning into your face and then feel the music pour into your body and take you to another world. It was crazy, he knew. Maybe he exaggerated it all to himself. But it was there, just the same. It always would be. What could he say?

Kathrine moved to his side and sat down on the bed, took his hands in her own and held them tightly. "Barney, Barney, Barney," she whispered hoarsely, "don't you see what I'm saying? Darling, where can we go from here? We've been put in this one dreadful place and nothing ever changes, and nothing ever gets better and it seems like we both get a hundred years older every day. Where does it all point to, Barney? I'm afraid."

Barney kissed her on the cheek. Still, he couldn't find the right words. "We can't move in any direction,"

she continued, almost pleading with him now. "And, Honey, I know there's something about it—maybe it's just the dream of being able to play your kind of music for people—I don't know. But there's something about it that has gotten into you and made you content, here."

"It takes time, Kathy," he said with effort. "The top isn't far away." He almost laughed at the word. The top. A damn movie, he thought. He could see Kirk Douglas, his trumpet clutched next to his heart and one hand extended to the stars, shouting: "I'll be a long, hard grind, but I'll make it to the top, Mama! Cripes. It made him sick."

Barney stood up suddenly. Hell, it always ended the same way: Him thinking his thoughts, her thinking hers and never getting anything solved. What was there to solve?

"Barney," she said. It was that tone again. He could feel something in it. He waited. "Barney, I've called my brother." She paused a moment to see his reaction.

"Whattaya mean?" He asked, not knowing what to expect.

She smoothed her dress carefully, thoughtfully. "I talked to Jim about a job for you."

Barney looked at her. "A job? A job or me? What the hell are you talking about?" Somewhere in the back of his head he could see the pieces falling together, but he wouldn't look, brushed them aside. "What are you talking about, now?" he said again.

She looked up at him now, something flashing in her eyes. "I asked him if there might be someplace you could fit in in his business. I know you despise me for it, but I can't take any more of this, Barney."

"Well, what did he say?"

"I told him how it was. We didn't agree and all. He said there might be something there. He wants to talk to you."

"Ohhhhhh, God!" Barney groaned. "You want me to sell real estate?" He stood there like a man with amnesia, unable to make up his mind whether to laugh or curse. Instead, he went into the kitchen and drank his undisturbed glass of water. Kathryn following him.

"Cal said I called him at a lucky time," she said. "They're expanding or something down there and he said if you talk to him soon he might fix us up."

"Cripes," Barney said. "Listen, Barney," Kathryn snapped. "Cal doesn't like the idea very much. It's his business and taking on somebody who never did anything except play drums in some—"

"Well, that's fine! I don't like the damn idea either. Selling real estate."

Kathrine was getting angry again. Listen. He said he'd still be willing to put you on, now, if he can. Now, dammit, Barney, he doesn't have to tell us."

"You damn right he doesn't." He went back into the bedroom and shook a cigarette out of the pack. Kathryn followed.

They sat for a moment, without speaking. Then, Kathryn said, "Barney, please call him. Please. Just call." He didn't answer. He couldn't. "He said you'd have to call him this afternoon, told me he'd wait for you to call. He's got to go out for town on some business, but he'd wait. Won't you just talk to him?"

Barney still couldn't think. He smoked his cigarette.

Kathrine lighted one for herself and went back to the chair. "Please call him. You can call him collect. But just call. He'll be gone now for a week after today and it'll be too late after that. I mean it, Barney. I can't take it any more. I don't know what I'll do if thing stay like this."

A damn threat, Barney thought. He squashed the cigarette in the ash tray and stood up. "I'm going out," he said. Kathryn jumped up and ran into the kitchen.

She came back with a scrap of paper. "Here," she said. "It's the number—you can call from downstairs—Barney."

Barney took the paper and put it into his pants pocket. He got a clean shirt from the closet, put on a tie and slid into his coat.

"Aren't you coming back before you go to work?" Kathryn asked, afraid.

"I don't think so," Barney said flatly. He took the cigarettes and shook another one out and stuck it in his coat pocket. "I'll bring us home a carton tonight."

She waited for him at the door.

The two men sat, hardly speaking, just bare, necessary words. The twilight crept into still darkness, violated by occasional growling sounds of passing oil tankers and speeding autos. The night hazed into the room without breath, and the electric light was turned on. They were at cards. No chatter, no conversation, just cards.

"Your deal, Frank," Pete dragged a cigarette, then flicked the ashes aside, half-falling in the tray and on a table to join loosely scattered trails of butts and match stems and other ashes. Frank aroused himself and picked up the cards. He fingered them awkwardly; his hands trembled.

"What the hell's with you? You're looking like the palsy." "My leg's troubling me. The one ain't got." Frank's forehead wrinkled, hunched rugged brows into thick furrows.

"That again." Pete bit his lip. He squinted one eye at the cards in his hand, and then brushed puffs of smoke from his face. It was old and deep to him, Frank's leg, Frank's complex, the jitters, the shaking, the ill humor.

"It itches, man, it itches. Them Reds must be tickling my toes." He shuffled, jerking the cards in spasmodic jumps, flinging them on the table. "Wish I had that damn Chink right here."

"Lay off, Frank. You're mauling yourself. It's all over now. Think about that." Rummy night after night, gripe, rummy, gripe, scratching a leg you ain't got.

"Pete, you just can't stand to hear me talk about my leg. Does it bother you? Why should it bother you, you don't feel nothing? You can't stand it, can you? You just can't stand it."

"Aw—come off it, LeV's play." Pete snapped a jack of hearts on discard. He crooked a grin at Frank. The air tasted of sweat and smoke and peevishness, it floated listlessly.

Creative Writing

The stories appearing on this page are the efforts of several students taking a course in creative writing under Mr. Ovid Pierce. According to Mr. Pierce, these stories represent a variety of subject matter that was submitted to the instructor, and were written early this quarter.

"Barney," she said, touching his face. "Will you please call him." It was not a question. It was a plea.

"I don't know," he said, sincerely. "I've got the paper in my pocket. I've got to get out and think." He kissed her then, hard and she returned it desperately. They looked at each other and he smiled softly before closing the door.

Outside, winter was just giving way to the initial advances of spring and the streets were filled with men in their shirtsleeves. It was not a warm day, but there was that sunny, crisp, summery lightness to the breeze that invited early indulgence. Barney's watch said that he had forty minutes before making his decision.

He walked for a few blocks, looking at the buildings that had once seemed so strange and wonderful and gigantic. He thought, or tried to think, about the problem that had become the biggest thing in his life now. Yet, he could not focus upon it.

It's funny, he thought, about Kathy and me. But his mind kept repeating: It would go no further. Simply, it's funny. He couldn't think, just as always when he was upset and worried. He only knew what he felt. He loved Kathy, he had always. And she loved him. She had given up a plushy set-up in Georgia to marry him and to come to New York. Now they were at each other's throats constantly. But they loved each other. He knew that. He could feel that above all.

Barney walked a while longer, down past Times Square, a long way from the apartment, up by Madison Square Garden and past it down the lousy streets, filled with tenements that all looked alike. He walked and his mind throbbed within. Nothing was plain.

After a while, a long while, he dug into his pocket and withdrew the scrap of paper. He held it and thought hard of Kathy and himself and of his drums down at the bar. He closed his eyes hard and then opened them again. Nothing had changed, just as he had known that it wouldn't. Then he took his fingers from the paper and watched it dangle in the wind before he hailed a taxi.

LARRY'S SHOE STORE
Campus Footwear For All Occasions
At Five Points

Explosion

By S. PAT REYNOLDS

streamed with the blue tint, and stuck to their faces. The men swatted at it, but it still stuck. They wiped their cheeks with the backs of their hands, but it still stuck. "You gonna play?"

"Yeah, I'll play. I won't run from it."

Pete crouched over his cards and sipped on his beer. He did not look into Frank's eyes. He couldn't.

"Yeah, I know what you mean, Frank. You won't run from it. You've called me a coward. You look, slip a remark, your eyes, your accusing eyes, let me remember it, you don't let me forget it if I could. Your leg itches, you hate me for it because I can't feel it, I've got two legs. When I itch, I scratch. You can't, and you hate me for it. I can't forget it, that would be too easy, it's here, with us now. You brought it here."

I lay there, sweating and hugging that M tight. The earth sifted into my mouth and ground into my teeth. I wasn't even conscious, I just lay there and chewed the dirt. You were scared, too, but you didn't crack. You took it calm, watching and waiting and biding your time, but I fidgeted and squirmed and panicked.

"Frank, Frank, I'm scared. Them damn Reds are gonna get me. I can tell. I'm geared."

"Shut up, Pete."

"I tell you, they're after me. It's me I'm the bull's eye, I'm the X, and I just lay here on my belly, waiting, waiting. Listen, they know we're here. They want us to sweat it. Making us wait for it. Well, I can't wait any longer, I'm getting out of here."

"Shut up, fool. You'll be mowed down like a sitting duck. Don't give me no target practice. You ain't one. The whole company's with you, and you don't see us squirming. Just wait, we've got the hill. That's something."

"Hill, hell, we're sitting up here, a mile high. You can't see 'em, but I feel 'em. I can't fight it."

"Well, then, shut up. You're going to panic the whole company."

Yeah, I remember. The rain pelted against us and slapped us in the faces, and we wallowed in it like dogs waiting for the slaughter. And he rain beat me and I beat myself and bit my arm to keep from screaming. You lay there, not speaking, not even looking at me, you could wait. But I couldn't. I was a fool, a scared fool, and I ran, I ran like the dogs were after me; I ran. I didn't call you, I didn't ask you to be the hero, to be brave, but you did, in a minute you had me and dragged me back and fell in on top of me. I didn't get scratched. I wish I'd been killed. "Frank, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to run, Frank, please don't hold it against me." But you lay there staring up at me and your leg bled and the men looked at me and called me a coward without saying a word. I was sorry and wanted to die, but all the words I said and the tears I cried didn't give you your leg back.

"Your play, Pete."

"Oh," Pete drew a card, then flipped an ace-king-queen on the table in front of him. Frank had no showing. Pete always beat him.

"Lousy hand I've got. Just like all the other breaks, lousy."

"Stop moaning."

"I ain't moaning. I'm tired, sick and tired of the whole mess. I'm killing myself and killing my wife. She works at home all day, then part of the night at the cafe. I sit around smoking and griping all day, and What kind of man am I?"

Outside the night settled back and lull, murmuring drifts of front porch talk. The hum of cars filtered in and died away with the flip of cards and the exhaling smoke. The sitters slapped at mosquitoes that had buzzed through holes in the screens. They rounded themselves with smacking hands while a loud radio blurted out in a monologue.

Then blasting and beating the sense softness, an explosion threw heated light into the room. A child screamed, a woman screamed, and rushing and running footsteps dashed pandemonium in and upset the silence.

Both men were up. They pell-melled down the stairs. One hobbling in jerky motions on crutches, another running faster ahead.

"Daddy, the baby's asleep up there." The kid had run from across the street to her father and pulled his arm and pointed. The orange flames licked up the wall, and reflections danced like savages on the window panes.

"What?"

"I was scared. I forgot Frankie." The light flickered over Frank's face. He chewed his lip. He bolted and fell on Pete. His crutch slid from under him and clattered on the cement.

He faced Pete and clutched him and clung to him. "My kid's up there, Pete. I can hear 'im crying. He's gonna die." The fire spluttered and cracked, the roar couldn't drown a kid crying. Eyes switched from the See EXPLOSION, page 4

MUSIC ARTS

FIVE POINTS

Records -- Instruments -- H. F.

For Drug Needs, Cosmetics and Fountain

Goods -- Visit

BIGGS DRUG STORE

Proctor Hotel Building

Open 8 a. m.-10 p. m. -- Sunday 8:30 a. m.-

10:30 a. m., 4 p. m.-10 p. m.

A Day For Changing

By LETTY DELOATCH

It was September. The sun shone on the long strip of golden sand and the salty air, with a tinge of fall, blew at the little waves of the sound. A row of grey beach houses, facing the ocean side along the sand strip, were boarded up, and stood as weatherbeaten monuments to the just-past summer. The wind blew gently over the long grass and only not drying-racks broke the rhythm.

The grey clapboard fish houses leaned over the water, and two white ducks paddled along near a bed of discarded oyster shells at the water's edge. Farther along the sound side, fishing boats, with their radio poles piercing the sky line, swung to and fro gently as the choppy little waves smacked against their sides.

In the sound, fishing nets were draped, as giant spider webs, over poles, ready for fish. The opposite shore, like a beautiful ribbon of golden sand and green grass, was broken only by a deserted, half-fallen fish house, still clinging to the stilts it rested upon. Outside the house, two boats lay, discarded many days before, and now companions only to the waving grasses. Two sea gulls flew lazily over the sound, dipping and swooping as they circled low over the fish nets.

An old fisherman slowly paddled his small boat past the nets and weathered fishing hut, finally coming to shore near the oyster shells. The ducks squawked as the boat slid against the shore and the fisherman, wading, pulled the boat up to rest in the grass. Taking his hard stand of fish out of the boat, he walked

EXPLOSION

Continued from page 3

fire to the men, one hanging on the other because he had lost his crutches, the other looking at the mouth of flames eating the house. Ears faintly heard a muffle of cries, ears listened to a man pleading, "My kid's in trouble, Pete. You can't let 'im burn up. That's hell. You can't let that happen to my kid."

He didn't answer Frank. He couldn't. Words wouldn't come, they choked him. He had a job to do, he was scared of it. They called him a coward, every one of them that stood there now, looking at the house burning up, knowing that a baby was going to burn with it. They're scared. But I'm the coward. I lost Frank's leg for him so I'm the one that's gotta do it. "Anybody call the fire trucks?"

"Somebody just went to. It happened so fast."

"Pete, my kid'll be dead before they get here," Frank's body shook, rattled with sobs. He trembled down to the cement. Somebody picked him up. "He passed out."

It's a long way up that wall. It might crumble and take me down with it to hell, roaring, burning, stinking flesh, that's what I'd be.

"He ain't passed out. He just can't stand up."

"Coward! Somebody please help me. My best friend's a coward. He lost my leg for me. I can't get my kid. Please, somebody save him for me—oh, please, damn you, please." Sweat poured down his face. His eyes spewed hot tears.

I burned my finger on a cigarette, Pete stared at the crumpled form. The cripple leaned against a man in a blue shirt. That little place hurt like hell. I can't stand the pain. I'm a coward, I'm killing Frank's baby. I can't face it, oh God, I can't face it.

He looked at the wall. It seemed firm enough, but fire spat out the doors and clawed out the windows. It didn't quiver and shake. But inside, he knew its guts were eaten out by flames that licked and chewed and burned and cast down into piles of glowing hells. That wall might not hold me and a ladder. Three stories to go. One child screaming away up there. Scared to death, waiting for a coward to come get it.

"Pete, my kid. He's screaming." His eyes pleaded. The accusations were gone from them.

"Give me the ladder." He reached, blind, not feeling, not realizing. Only grabbing at the ladder and taking it and throwing himself on it. "I'm getting your kid, Frank. I'm giving you your leg back. I'm getting your kid."

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over to the village in the distance. Once more the beach remained silent, except for the gulls calling to each other over the sound, and the waves lapping against the stilts of the shack.

John struggled through the marsh grass to a tiny strip of sand near the water's edge, and there he dumped his easel, paint box, canvas, and a brown paper bag on the ground, and sat on an overturned boat to rest and survey the landscape. Getting up, he picked up his easel and stuck the three legs in the soft, damp sand, and anchored it with a piece of rope. He opened his paint box, set it on the boat, and sorted the brushes and paints which had become scrambled. Next he set his canvas on the easel, surveying the work he had accomplished the previous day. He stared approvingly at the greys and tennas on the canvas which had taken the shape of the old fishing shack. Turning to the paint box, he pulled the palette from the lid.

"Where is that Ochre," he muttered, as he scrambled through the box, finally selecting a crumpled metallic tube with a somber yellow and of paper around it. He squeezed the color onto the palette, with cerulean blue and alizarin. Dipping his brush in the mixed oil and wiping it on a torn pajama top, already over-used, he mixed his colors and studied the scene before proceeding to his work. Wiping the brush through the pigments he began to paint the reflections of the shack upon the water and stood back to survey his work.

"It could use more cerulean on the left side," he thought as he stepped forward again. After spreading the paint thinly over the corner of the palette with the palette knife, he added the brush across the paint and touched it to the canvas. He stepped back to study his work.

"There," he said with a note of finality. "That should satisfy Miller." He laid his brushes and palette back on the boat and fumbled in his shirt for the folded envelope in his pocket. He drew it out, unfolded it, and stared at the familiar address on the corner—57th Street—New York City. Taking the letter out, he scanned it once again, his eye catching the familiar phrases—"if summer work is approved—permanent position with museum—appointment in October."

He folded the letter and returned it to his pocket. Smoothing his jeans with his hands he stood up and stared out over the water, watching the playful reflections of the nets and poles. He touched the letter again, sighing. John turned toward his palette again, but instead of picking it up, he sank down beside it on the boat, putting his head in his hands. He looked up and saw only the perpetual little waves which made the only sound in the prevailing stillness as if they were waiting for him to make a move.

His mind kept returning to the letter. It was his key—the password—to the life he had always dreamed of. He thought back over this summer—the hours painting in the golden sun—the occasional dips in the foaming surf—and the smell of hickory logs on an oyster roast—and now fall had come.

John remembered the sun-shiny day of early spring when he had been interviewed for his first position—with a small junior college in mid-state. He had felt a certain dedication to teaching art there and he was happy, very happy.

—and that day last year when the college had sponsored a Fine Arts Day, one of the visiting painters, inspecting John's work, suggested that he go to New York to be interviewed by a gallery and see if he were good enough to be taken on as a member. John's head had swum with excitement as he thought of the possibility of a gallery affiliation. The next month he had taken a few of his better paintings to New York.

Once he was there, he had tried several of the galleries on 57th Street before anyone became inter-

ested. Ruben's Gallery finally gave him an interview. Miller and the board looked over his work and told him they would let him know. Two weeks later, he received the letter he still had in his pocket.

All summer long he had painted diligently, and now he was ready to take Miller's work.

But the position at the college loomed in the back of his mind. It had been wonderful at the college, working with his students, sharing their problems, helping them paint. But he felt that the chance Miller offered him was a once-in-a-lifetime. If he could only be accepted. Next month would tell.

John rose from the boat, stared out over the water and once again paused for a minute to study the painting and the landscape. As he turned to get some linseed oil from the paint box, he glanced to the right. Over on one of the discarded boats sat a tiny figure clad in a plaid suit—a little girl—about six—her big brown eyes shining under a mop of golden curls. She twisted her finger in the corner of her dress as she slid from the boat and began to push through the grass toward him.

"Hello," she said in a small voice. "Hi! Yourself," John answered as he replaced his palette on the boat. She came toward him, glancing now and then to the painting.

"Do you come out here often?" "I live here now. Over at the village," she replied.

"You do?" answered John, for lack of something else to say. John looked down into the little round face that now stared at his painting. "Do you like art?" he asked.

"Oh! Yes! I have some colored pencils and lots of drawings of Mama and Daddy and Uncle Bud and Susie and—just everybody." She shrugged her shoulders as if to punctuate the infinite art work she had done.

"What's your name, honey?" "Alice," she replied with a smile. "I'm six years old and I'll go to school next month. I'm going to learn how to read and write and sing and draw and do everything."

She studied his face for a moment and asked hopefully, "Are you a painter?"

John smiled down at her, answering, "Yes, I am."

"An honest-to-goodness real live painter?"

"Yes," he replied, feeling very important suddenly. "Would you like to draw some too?"

Her eyes flashed with excitement. He picked her up and sat her on the boat beside the paint box. Reaching into the box he produced a sketch pad and some vine-charcoal sticks.

"Now, do you see those ducks by that old boat over there?" he said, pointing to the place along the shore. "Let's see if we can draw them."

Handing her the charcoal, she eyed the ducks for a minute and then began making bold, awkward marks on the paper resembling the duck's head, back, and webbed feet.

"That's wonderful," John exclaimed enthusiastically as he looked at the childlike drawing. "Now let's see you draw the other one."

Alice made several more marks and lines. John picked the sketch up and looked at it critically and said, "You're really going to be an artist one of these days."

"You really think so?" "I certainly do," John looked at his watch—11:30. "You want to join me in some dinner? I usually eat out here so I can paint more. I brought some sandwiches, and milk," he said, reaching for the brown paper bag leaning against the boat.

"Oh! I'd like that!" He pulled out a peanut butter sandwich and handed it to her. Getting one for himself, he sat down on the boat beside her. Alice looked up at him, smilingly and asked, "Where do you live?"

"I live here on the beach, over by the Cranach's cottage. But I'm going away next month to the city."

"You are?" "Yes, to New York City."

Alice's little face tightened into

a frown and she stared down at her sandy bare feet. John looked over at her as she said "We used to live in New York, but I didn't like it."

"You mean you and your family?" "Mama and Daddy and Susie and me."

"I always thought New York was a wonderful place to live." Alice frowned again as she said, "I still don't like it."

"Why not?" "I didn't have any place to play. Everything was so crowded, and none of my friends came to see me much. Everybody was so busy." Her peanut butter sandwich lay half eaten in her lap as she looked down at her bare feet again.

John looked at her bowed curly head and smiled. "Poor kid," he thought. "No little friends to play with in that smothering city."

Looking up, Alice asked, "Do you know what sim . . . sim . . . simplicity is?"

He looked at her in amazement saying, "That's an awfully big word for such a little girl to be using. Sure I know what it is. It means plain or not complex. I don't know if you know what I mean, but it's like—well, it means living with just what we need and no more, like when you go shopping with your mother, and she only buys what the family needs. Why?"

"Well, Mama, when she was in New York, used to say she couldn't find simplicity, so we moved out here. I like it so much better. Mama and Daddy do too." She took a bite from the sandwich and looked out over the water toward the nets.

John stared at the tiny figure and he kept saying to himself, "Simplicity? Is the life in New York the life I want—will I lose simplicity too—maybe—"

Finishing the sandwich, Alice slid off the boat. "Guess I better go home. Me and Susie are going crabbin' this afternoon."

John snapped back to reality and got up from the boat.

"I'm sorry you have to leave, Alice."

"Maybe I can come back another time," she said, as she picked up her sketch of the two ducks.

"Bye," she shouted, as she darted through the marsh grass. Stopping suddenly, she raced back toward the little sandy strip where John stood, the sketch flapping in the breeze as she ran.

"Here," she said, handing him the sketch. "I want you to have it because I like you." She turned and ran toward the village.

He folded the sketch and put it in his pocket. Gathering his materials, John started back toward the cottage.

Dr. Richard C. Todd

Named National Phi Sigma Pi President

By CLAUDIA TODD

Another faculty member has won national recognition. Dr. Richard C. Todd, faculty member of the social studies department, has been elected national president of Phi Sigma Pi. He was chosen for this office at the meeting of the Grand Chapter for the national convention at Warrensburg, Missouri April 12 and 13.

Dr. Todd has been national counselor for Phi Sigma Pi for the past two years, and has been advisor to the Tau Chapter here on campus or the past seven years. Dr. Todd's interest in the fraternity began when as a junior in college he was initiated into the Sigma chapter of Phi Sigma Pi twenty years ago this month at State Teachers' College, Millersville, Pennsylvania.

Duke Graduate

A member of the faculty at East Carolina College since 1950, Dr. Todd is a native of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and is a graduate of Duke University and a former member of

the faculty of High Point College. Phi Sigma Pi is a national honorary fraternity which requires superior scholastic standing, a demonstration of leadership ability, and a capacity for fellowship.

The duties of his office will be calling of meetings of the National Council to manage national affairs of the fraternity; making recommendations for improvements of the local chapters; to encourage the establishment of new chapters; and preparing the agenda for the national convention.

Fourth Largest

At the national convention April 12 and 13 East Carolina's Tau chapter of the Phi Sigma Pi was reported "fourth largest in the nation and the largest chapter in the south. There were five delegates from East Carolina. The delegation was composed of President Horace Rose of Richmond, Va.; President-elect Eddie Dennis of Durham; Jeneal Tender of Jacksonville; Purvis Boyette of Raleigh; and Official Delegate Lee Giles of Raleigh.

Dr. Todd stated, "I consider it a high honor to be elected national president of Phi Sigma Pi, a national honorary educational fraternity whose chief purpose is to improve scholarship, leadership and fellowship on the campuses of American colleges. Through its activities the fraternity strives to be an influence for good in the world."



Dr. Todd

spoke on "Great Experience—Great Response," and special music was offered by the choir and Carolyn Elam.

Club Activities

Wesley Players

James A. Daugherty of Kinston, will act during 1957-1958 as president of the Alpha Zeta Chapter of the Wesley Players, dramatic club composed of Methodist students at the college. The Wesley Players is the only national society specializing in the field of religious drama.

Other officers of the Wesley Players who will work with Daugherty during the coming school year are W. Joseph Stell of Greenville, vice president; Margaret Rose Powell of Greenville, Secretary; Barbara Davaport of Creswell, treasurer; and Virginia Blanton of New Bern, reporter and scrapbook chairman.

A. D. T.

Twelve new members have been elected to A. D. T., an industrial arts scholastic fraternity. The members are Jasper Jones, Joe Lina, Willard Moody, Henry Wheeler, Avis Armstrong, Vernon Burgess, Don Wiles, Richard B. Anthony, David W. Bitt, Charles Cox, Lewis Douglas, and William Armstrong.

The new members will be initiated at a future date. At the last meeting the members learned the purposes and the aims of the fraternity and were welcomed by the charter members and Dr. Kenneth L. Bing, head of the industrial arts department.

B. S. U.

The newly installed officers on the executive council of the Baptist Student Union will assume their responsibilities this week. According to the installation committee, Joe Pearce, chairman, Jean Slaughter, Ann Pruden, and Ralph Lamm, the service was held Sunday night in the Memorial Baptist Church.

Gloria Blanton, director of the BSU,



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LADIES READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES

NC State Here For Night Game With Bucs

Lefty Ben Baker Slated To Handle Mound Chores For ECC

North Carolina State's Wolfpack invades Greenville Friday night at Gay Smith Stadium to do battle with Coach Jim Mallory's North State Conference baseballers.

It will mark the first time State's baseballers have ever played in Greenville, and will give fans of this area an indication of how a good North State Conference team shapes up against a good Atlantic Coast Conference club.

At the present time, ECC is pacing play in the North State loop with an 8-2 record. The Pirates are the defending champions of their conference, having won the title for the last two seasons running.

State, occupying the number three position in the ACC at the time this story is being written, has a 5-3 mark. The Wolfpack has been in the thick of the battle for top honors in that conference since the season opened. Duke and Carolina are in first with 7-2 marks.

Baker to Start

Coach Mallory has elected to start lefty Ben Baker against the State club, Friday night. "State has a lot of left-hand hitters," Mallory stated early this week, "and it will be to our best advantage to start a lefty against them. Besides, Ben has pitched some of our best ball this year and should be able to do a good job."

Baker's record is 3-0 for the season.

Expected to pace the Pirates at the plate will be Joel Long, who is hitting at a .385 clip and leading the team in homers with three. Also Dean Robbins, freshman first baseman from Lenoir, will be a leader. He's hitting .400. Berney Stevens and Gary Treon are expected to contribute to the power hitting also. Tommy Nance, a regular catcher, has been shifted to the outfield to make room for his booming bat. He has two homers to his credit.

The starting Buc lineup by positions will be as follows: Robbins at first base; Treon at second base; Jerry Stewart at shortstop; Bucky Reep at third base; Nance, Stevens and Long in the outfield; Baker pitching and Tink Bowen catching.

Large Crowd

A tremendous crowd is expected to witness the game. It marks the first night game in Greenville in over seven years and at least 3,200 local fans have taken tickets. Even more are expected.

College View Cleaners and Laundry, a local firm, purchased 3,200 tickets to be given away free to anyone wishing to see the game. All of those tickets have been taken. More have been bought. All college students will be admitted free, of course, with the presentation of an ID card. Game time is slated to be 8:00.

Tennis Team Is Successful On Tour To South

Coach Ray Martinez' tennis team made the most of the Easter Holidays on their Southern Tour. They traveled all the way to Florida, and came home with three victories out of four matches.

They toppled the College of Charleston 7-2, defeated Stetson University 9-0 and trimmed Jacksonville Naval Base. On their way back to North Carolina, the Bucs stopped off at Charleston again to meet the Citadel.

Having lost to the Citadel 5-4 earlier, the match was a revenge thing. The Citadel, however, defeated the Pirates by the same score, 5-4.

Making up the team for East Carolina were Mike Katsias, James Blake, Maurice Everett, Billy Hollowell, John West, John Savage, and James Daughtridge.

In the Citadel match, Hollowell's singles winning streak was broken at 10.

Week-ends are the most dangerous time to be on U. S. highways. In 1956, more than 56 per cent of all fatalities occurred on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays.

BAKER'S STUDIO
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Bucs To Battle Catawba Friday On Local Field

Catawba's Indians invade College Park Friday afternoon for a regular North State Conference baseball game—just a few hours before ECC tangles with NC State, Friday night.

The contest will be an extremely important one for both teams. ECC is at present the top team in the league. The Bucs cannot afford to lose a single game in order to cop the 1957 championship.

Due to the fact that both Catawba and Elon play two more games this season than does East Carolina, the Bucs will have to win every game on their schedule from here out. Should they lose even one, they will miss out on the title by percentages.

The presence of All-State pitcher Charlie Russell and outfielder Tommy Land in the lineup this week has boosted ECC's chances of walking off with the championship for the third consecutive season. Russell, who has never been beaten in collegiate competition, has been out most of the season with a sore arm. Land, regular centerfielder when the campaign started, has been on the sidelines with glandular fever.

Commenting on his team's strength, Mallory said early this week that "We're probably tougher now than we've been all season. Our boys are hitting much better. It has been steadily improving and we've been hitting better in the clutch."

Mallory stated that "Gary Treon has been a pleasant surprise to us at second base. He's been hitting very well." Treon is now batting at well over the .300 mark.

ECC whipped Catawba earlier this year 6-2 at Salisbury. Probable starter for the Pirates against the Indians will be either Leonard Lilley or Mack McPherson.

ECC Nine Moves Into First In Conference Play

In one week, three games, East Carolina's baseball team moved from a 4-2 record and third place in the North State Conference to the top slot in the league.

With a 4-2 mark, Coach Jim Mallory's Bucs traveled to Guilford first, two weeks ago, and walked away with a 13-2 decision over the Quakers. The next day, the Pirates journeyed to meet the then-league-leading Catawba Indians. East Carolina finished a 6-2 victor.

Atlantic Christian was next on the list and the Pirates whipped them 12-4 at Wilson. The road trip moved the Buc record to 7-2 and pushed slightly ahead of both Elon and Catawba, who were holding 5-2 marks.

Last Friday afternoon, at College Park, the Pirates then played host to High Point and Ben Baker whipped the Panthers 8-1 with a fine six-hit performance. ECC's 8-2 mark then gave them a ½-game lead over their nearest rivals.

Tuesday, Atlantic Christian invaded College Field for an important contest.

More than 96 per cent of vehicles involved in fatal accidents on U. S. highways in 1956 were in apparently good condition.

In 1956, there were 1,280 persons killed in U. S. train-car crashes.

GARRIS GROCERY STORE

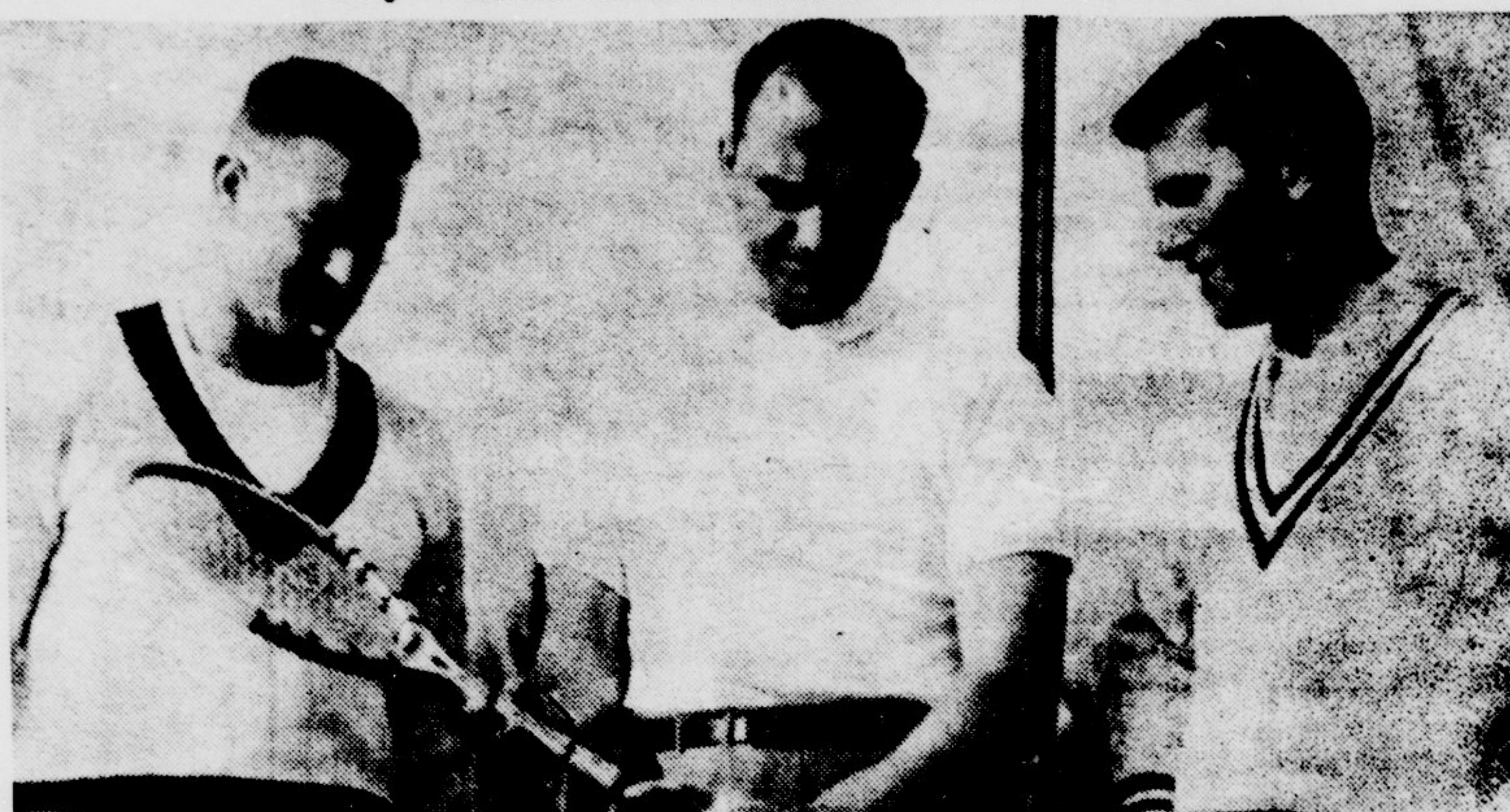
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They Paced ECC Netters To NS Crown



GETTING TIPS—Veterans James Blake (left) and Maurice Everett are shown getting tips from Coach Ray Martinez concerning a game they've played very well this year. The Bucs defeated Guilford 6-1 here this week to clinch the North State title for the second straight season. Their record was 5-0 in league play.

ECC Tennis Team Clinches Title With 6-1 Win Over Guilford Crew

East Carolina's tennis crew walked off with the North State Conference championship Monday here, Monday to clinch the North State Conference championship.

For the Bucs, it was the second consecutive season that they have been champions of the league. Last year, the Pirates shared a three-way tie with Guilford and High Point for the top position.

With two matches still remaining on their North State schedule, ECC is still assured of first place. Guilford could conceivably tie the Pirates, should ECC lose both the High Point matches, but they could not surpass them.

The Guilford victory placed the East Carolina conference mark at 5-0. In over all play, the Pirates have defeated Wake Forest (twice), NC State, Stetson University, Jacksonville Naval Base, and the College of Charleston. Their only losses this year have come at the hands of Kalamazoo and The Citadel (twice).

Winning singles matches against Guilford Monday were Maurice Everett, Billy Hollowell, John Savage, and Mike Katsias. James Blake, a senior, was defeated.

In doubles competition, the Duo of Everett and Savage whipped Guilford's celebrated Atlas and Washburn. The loss was the first suffered by Atlas and Washburn in 29 matches. Katsias and Lawrence Brown also won doubles for the Pirates.

Other matches this week saw Cherry Point and Atlantic Christian here at College courts on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons.

NC State, previously beaten by the Bucs 7-1 at Raleigh, withdrew from a scheduled match here, this Saturday, due to "conflicting difficulties."

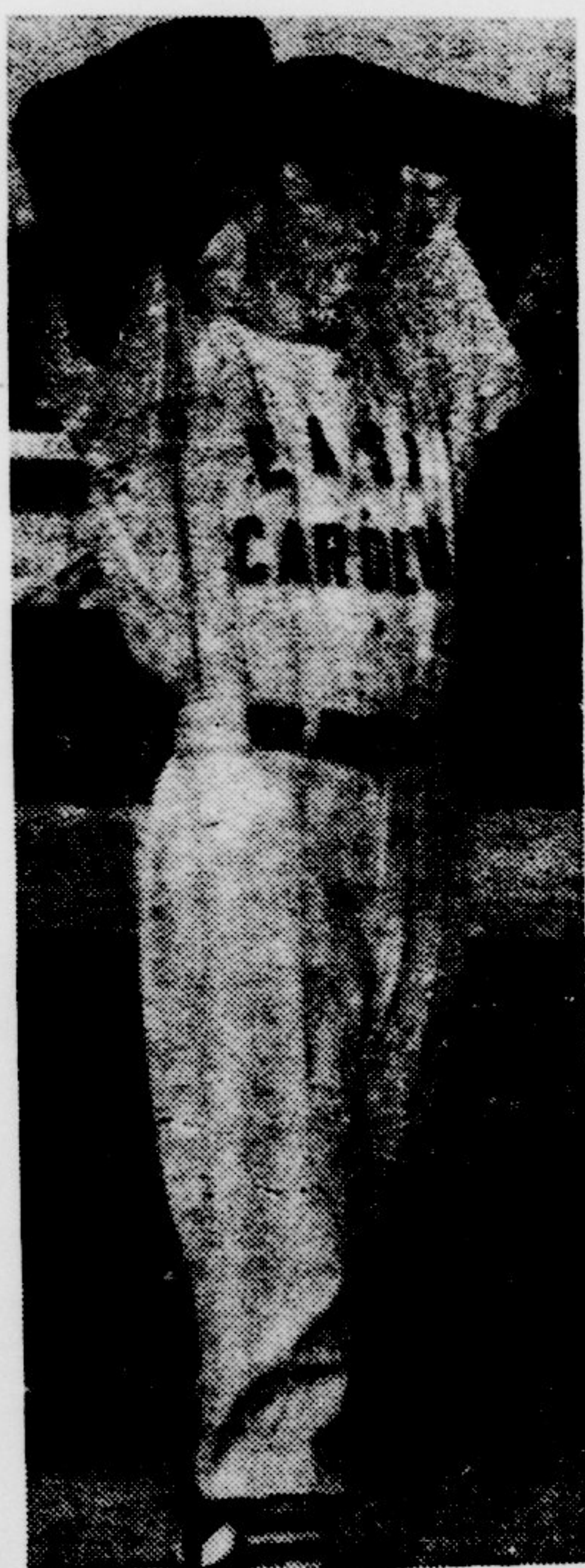
Next week, ECC journeys to the North State Conference Meet.

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Back In Lineup



CHARLIE RUSSELL, All-State pitcher for the Bucs, is now back in the ECC lineup after a long struggle with a sore arm. He pitched six innings Tuesday in the Pirate's 6-5 victory over ACC, here. Russell is expected to see further action in the three remaining games.

Tracksters Take Second In Norfolk Triangular; Morse Cracks School Mark Again

NORFOLK, VA.—A powerful William and Mary Division track team won 9 1/2 points of a possible 162 in the Norfolk Triangular, broke the school mark in the two-mile event, and won the North State Conference title in that event last season, Morse has gone undefeated this season and has broken the school mark each time he has run. Against W&M and the Newport News outfit, he placed first in what was his best attempt of the year, 10.07.5.

East Carolina grabbed the second spot with a total of 56 and the Newport News School finished third with 44.

The Pirates, still seeking their first win of the season, "made a very good showing," according to head coach J. O. Miller. They took five first places and every man on the team, except for two, scored.

Miller said, "We were playing a little out of our league against William and Mary, but we like good competition. And our boys did well against them."

The overall marks in the triangular events were exceptionally good, according to the statistics.

For the third time this year, Foster Morse, an ECC trackster, broke the school mark in the two-mile event. Winner of the North State Conference title in that event last season, Morse has gone undefeated this season and has broken the school mark each time he has run. Against W&M and the Newport News outfit, he placed first in what was his best attempt of the year, 10.07.5.

Another Pirate who is undefeated this year is Dennis O'Brien. He took first in the pole vault with an 11'6" effort.

Jim Henderson, veteran from Norfolk, paced the Pirates with a total of eight points. He took first in the low hurdles with a 24.6 time, his best of the year.

Others who competed were Eddie Dennis, who took a first in the javelin. The ECC track relay team of Patterson, Ruck, Atkinson and Bishop also finished first.

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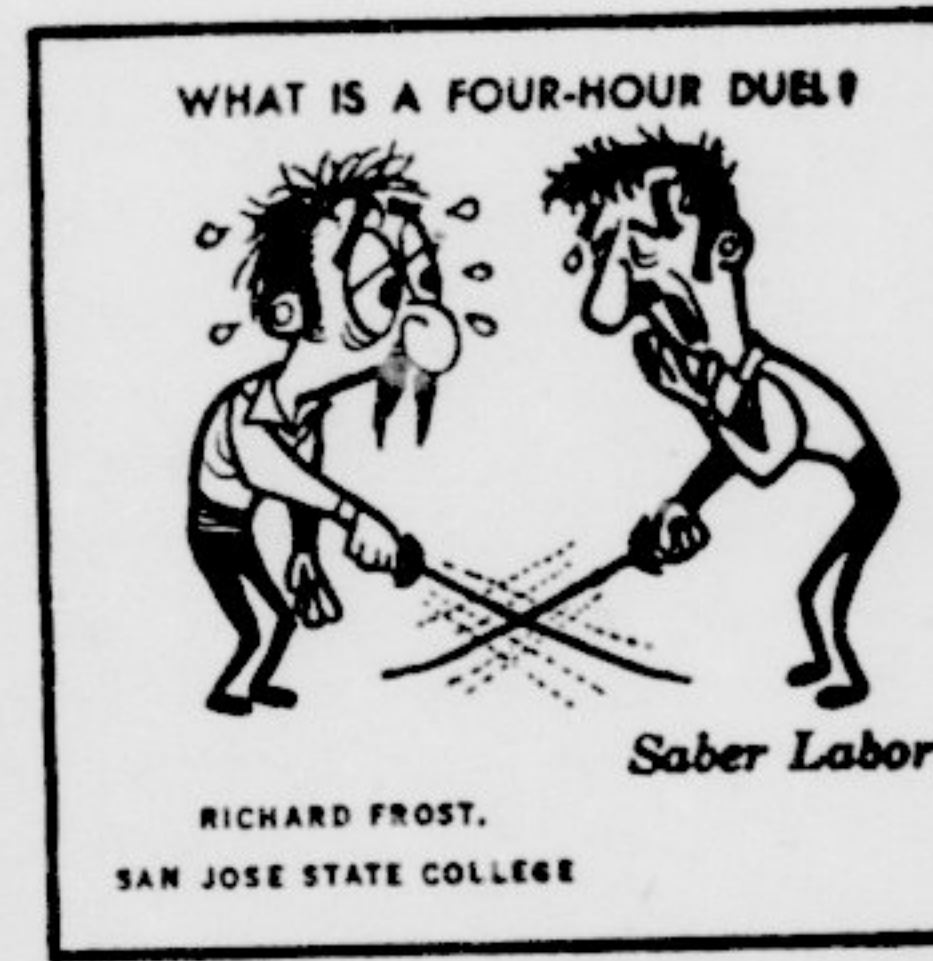
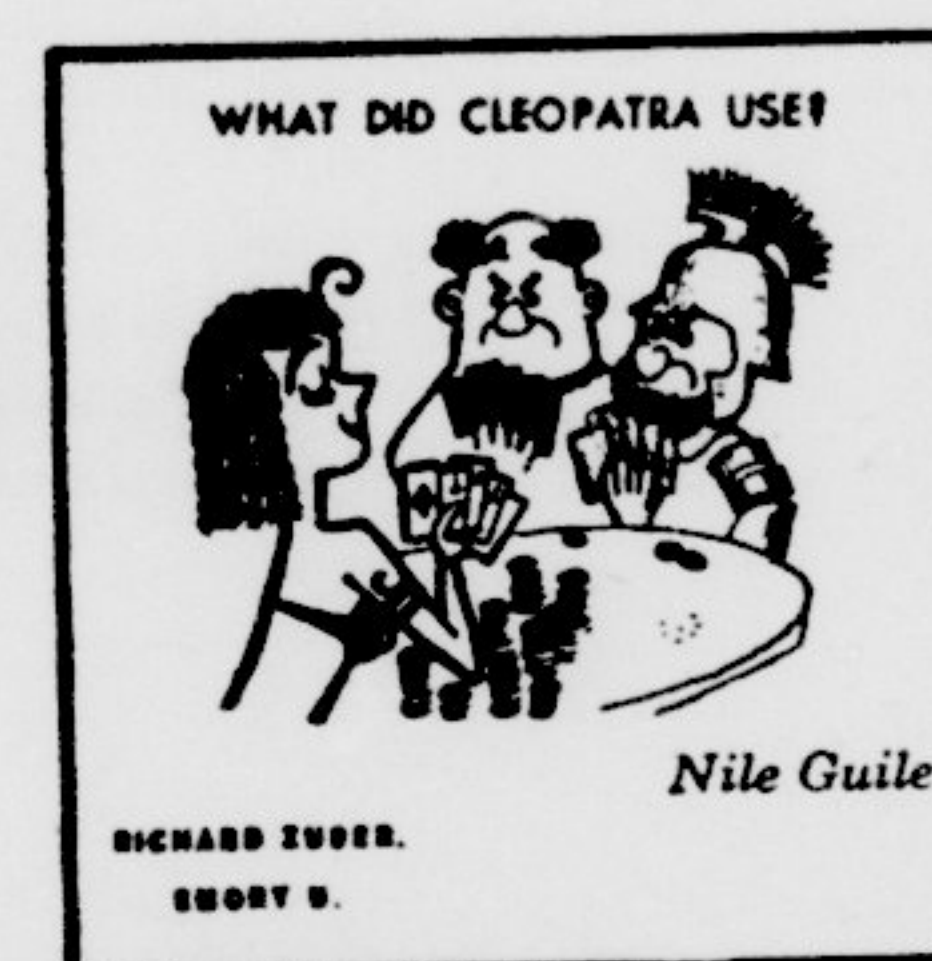
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Bermuda Shorts Week



SGA President Jimmy Phelps, officially proclaimed this "Bermuda Shorts Week" to launch the wearing of the comfortable apparel. The men above took advantage of the proclamation and are seemingly enjoying the cool effects.

College Plans Workshop In Educational TV This Summer

A study of the possibilities of educational television will be made here this summer. The National Association of Educational Broadcasters has approved a grant-in-aid which will provide funds for a two-week summer workshop.

Miss Rosalind Raulston, Chairman of the Radio and TV Committee will direct the course of study which will be open to parents, teachers, and others interested in the opportunities offered by educational television.

Extending from June 17 through June 28, the workshop will have the technical assistance from staff members of station WNCN of Greenville. The facilities of the station will be available for the production of several broadcasts.

Consultants from major networks, other commercial stations, and various other organizations now using closed-circuit television, will also be on hand to offer assistance and consultation.

Fundamentals

The chief purpose of the workshop

will be to gather information about televised offerings and their best use. The workshop also aims toward acquiring the fundamentals of preparing and producing local programs. The course of study will also include exploring the possibilities and advantages of closed-circuit television in local situations.

Promising Workshop

Dr. Henry J. Skornia, executive director of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, commented in a letter to the administration, "You are a promising workshop, which it is a pleasure for us to support."

President Messick commented on the project last week. "Until teachers on the public school level in all sections of our country are aware of their connection with and responsibility for education-through-television both as provided by commercial stations, and educational institutions, the medium cannot help us realize the national goal of an educated citizenry."

Final Examination Schedule

The following is the schedule for final examinations.

1. Thursday, May 16 and Friday, May 17, will be devoted to double-period examinations for all three-quarter-hour courses, four-quarter-hour courses, and five-quarter-hour courses. These examinations will be administered according to the schedule given below.

2. All one-quarter-hour and two-quarter-hour classes meeting three or four times a week will be limited to one-hour examinations and are to be administered according to the schedule given below.

3. All one-quarter-hour and two-quarter-hour classes meeting one or

two days a week will be limited to a one-hour examination, to be administered during the last regularly scheduled meeting of these classes prior to Thursday, May 16.

Schedule For Spring, 1957	
Thursday, May 16	
Periods	Periods
Classes Meet	Examinations Held
2	1 and 2
8	3 and 4
6	5 and 7
4	8 and 9
9	From 5:00 to 7:00 p. m.
Friday, May 17	
1	1 and 2
7	3 and 4
3	5 and 7
5	8 and 9