

REBEL



WINTER 1960

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Published by the Student Government Association of East Carolina College. Created by the Publications Board of East Carolina College as a literary magazine to be edited by students and designed for the publication of student material.



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OVID W. PIERCE

STAFF

Editor
DAN WILLIAMS

Assistant to the Editor
JESSIE ELLINGTON MOORE

Book Review Editor
SANDRA PORTER

Asst. Book Review Editor
DARREL HURST

Art Editor
NELSON DUDLEY

Asst. Art Editor
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NOTICE—Contributions to THE REBEL should be directed to P.O. Box 1420, E. C. C. Editorial and business offices are located at 309½ Austin Building. Manuscripts and artwork submitted by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope and return postage. The publishers assume no responsibility for the return of manuscripts or artwork.



"Summertime"

(Experimental Photo)

by ROBERT HARPER

Interview With

PAUL GREEN

Note: The following interview will be printed in two installments, the second to be printed in the Spring Issue, and the opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the staff or of the administration of the College.

Interviewer: Do you regard yourself as a regional writer?

Mr. Green: Well, the word regional, I guess, is a good word for any writer to cling to as a definition or delimitation of interests. But you might ask, do you consider yourself even a writer, whether regional, national, local color, or what not.

Well, I suppose, I do regard myself as a regional writer, maybe even more local than that, sectional, or local color, or what not. Most of my writing, except for the movies and these symphonic dramas, has been connected with a small section of North Carolina down in the eastern part of the state, poor whites, Negroes, mules, dogs, chickens, and all that sort of thing.

Interviewer: Do you feel that the North Carolina background still remains an undeveloped area in so far as fiction goes?

Mr. Green: Well, what do you mean by North Carolina background? Do you mean North Carolina life? North Carolina customs? Well, pretty much so. We've had the good work of that pioneer down there at Southern Pines, my old friend James Boyd who wrote *Drums, Marching On, Long Hunt, Roll River*—some very fine historical novels. Then, we've had a few earlier ones, you know, Christian Reid and folks you've never heard of

these days, but I heard of long ago. And of course we have Inglis Fletcher's good, honest, fine work; and we have quite a number of people who are working in that field; and, so, I think we are making progress.

Interviewer: Do you feel that North Carolina has been neglected in fiction?

Mr. Green: Well, if you mean North Carolina has neglected herself in fiction, why, of course. Just as she neglected herself in all the arts, in all the sciences, and in all the great philosophies. North Carolina has never done her part in that glorious entourage of eponym spirits. We haven't had ever a first-rate composer, never a first-rate poet, never a first-rate scientist, that I know of, and we have had one first-rate sort of lyric novelist in Thomas Wolfe. You'd hardly call him a novelist. He's a kind of a poetic, autobiographical, soaring voice. And, so, when we say North Carolina has been neglected, if you mean has she been done wrong by other people, why, heck no. Any kind of lack that North Carolina has had she has had through her own niggardly, lazy, poor white point of view about the arts. Well, I could talk for hours on that, so the answer is No.

Interviewer: What are some of your favorite books on North Carolina life?

Mr. Green: Well, of course, I've liked a lot of individual books. We have here tonight one of our distinguished writers, Mr. Pierce. I've liked his work. I've liked Hugh Lefler's historical stuff; and, as a young fellow picking cotton, I walked

under the spell of John Charles McNeill, the poet who used to live down on the Lumbee River and down in Laurinburg. He used to work on the *Charlotte Observer* and wrote a couple of books full of nostalgia. He almost had the real stuff, and he had something—*Songs Merry and Sad* and *Lyrics From Cottonland*.

Interviewer: Do you feel that being a Southerner has its advantages for writing?

Mr. Green: Now that's a good question. In a way it does. Maybe, yes and no. You got to remember that there was a Concord school up there in New England, and they put out Longfellow, Alcott, Emily Dickinson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell, William Cullen Bryant. They had more or less of a coolish, Emersonian environment. So you say, how do they turn out to be that? Well, somebody started breeding climate; and others added to it; and it got to be the thing to do, and so on. Well, in the South if experience is the first need for writing, then the South has had more experience than any other part of the country. It has experienced more hate; of course you have the abolitionists in the North but they were scattered. But there has been more hate in the South, more anger, more prejudice. There has been more sin, more sense of guilt; there has been more frustration, more imagination. Still is, in the South. There has been more of the orator poet reach in the South. The South is acquainted with sin, more than any other part of the country. The South is the part of the nation that has suffered the humiliation of military defeat. We've been occupied. This hill here was occupied by Sherman's soldiers. The University was occupied. We had the carpetbaggers, the hate of the carpetbaggers, we had the Ku Klux here. My own uncle in Harnett County started the Ku Klux there and waited on old Reuben. He was a young Negro. Been talking sassy. And he opened the door, and Heck Gaskins was in front of my Uncle Heck. (They were both named Heck). Old Reuben had an axe and killed Heck Gaskins with the axe, and my Uncle Heck shot Reuben six times. Left him dying on the floor, he thought. Well, I lived to cut wheat in the fields with Old Reuben. He loved Uncle Heck better than his brother. When they would meet, they were buddies. So, we had more love, more friendship. The love between the Negro and the white is something wonderful to behold in the South. Has been. So, the material out of which art, writing and music can be made is here. We are just full of the drip of human tears. So, that if we can get rolling and

keep rolling, we might very well produce the great renaissance. We've had sporadic people like Faulkner, Wolfe, Eudora Welty, Tennessee Williams, Red Warren, and these that are making this splash who, well Tom not so much, play a lot on violence . . . yes.

Interviewer: Do you feel that recent developments have borne out the wisdom of the Supreme Court decision concerning integration?

Mr. Green: I talked to Carl Sandburg about this. I said, "Carl, let's get out a statement." He said, "Hell, letum fight, letum fight." He said, "People gotta bleed, you know, kill each other and so on." And he said, "I'm busy." Like old Archimedes, he was drawing some figures in a tub of sand. He invented all kinds of things, discovered specific gravity. And the Roman soldiers captured the town and there was a shadow behind him. And he said, "Please stand out of the light." Well, it made this Roman soldier mad, and he killed him, you know. Well I told Carl, "Don't you see him?" Well, he said, "I got my poetry to write." "Still there is a Roman soldier in the room with a spear. He's here." "No," he said, "No." I told Carl, "Don't you see him?"

Well, it's a question of right and wrong, I remember talking to the President of the United States once as a humble citizen, and he said you couldn't settle things today on the basis of right and wrong. I said, "What do you settle them on?" He said, "Expediency." So I figured to myself I wouldn't vote for him next time, because I remembered George Washington who said that a nation was like a man, that it should have some code of honor, its obligations were sacred, its word was its bond. So here was the President of the United States saying you can't do business that way. You've got to be expedient.

Well, what's right? Was the Supreme Court right? It was right, it was right. Then the events that follow something that is right may be the events caused by people who are wrong. So, when you ask me, "Have the events borne out the wisdom?" I have to answer that there are certain events. Some were caused by a man named Faubus. His events did not prove the unwisdom of the Supreme Court but proved the foolishness, the narrowness of Faubus.

But, it is right that a man is a man. Jesus Christ said so, and I believe it. When he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me for such is the Kingdom of Heaven," he didn't say let the brown ones stay back or the black ones hide, bring on

the white ones. When Charlie Aycock said, "I want to educate all the people," somebody said, "Godamighty, you mean all?" He said, "I mean all." The Governor of North Carolina, not too long ago, told me right in there, "I believe the way you do." I said, "Why?" He said, "I have to play it the other way." He's told me that twice. He believes, but he says we have to go slow. I said, "How slow?" Three hundred years we have been here; 1660 North Carolina started down there in the Currituck Peninsula. Over twelve million Negroes have lived and died here. Not six have reached their full potential. They work out here for me. Some with voices, they talk down around low C. Great voices, Lawrence Tibbetts in the Metropolitan. Could be, but never will be, until the Supreme Court has made its ruling. So we rob nobody but ourselves. A fellow came over here from Kinston, said, "Jesus Christ, we people down in Kinston have built a four hundred thousand dollar school for the Negroes." I said, "Yes, and I'm sure tired of building for the Negroes; I want them to build for themselves. Pay their own taxes, get them up from here." So I told Luther Hodges, "No wonder you go hunting for industry, but if over a million Negroes in North Carolina got good wages, were lawyers, doctors, owned farms, you wouldn't have to hunt industry."

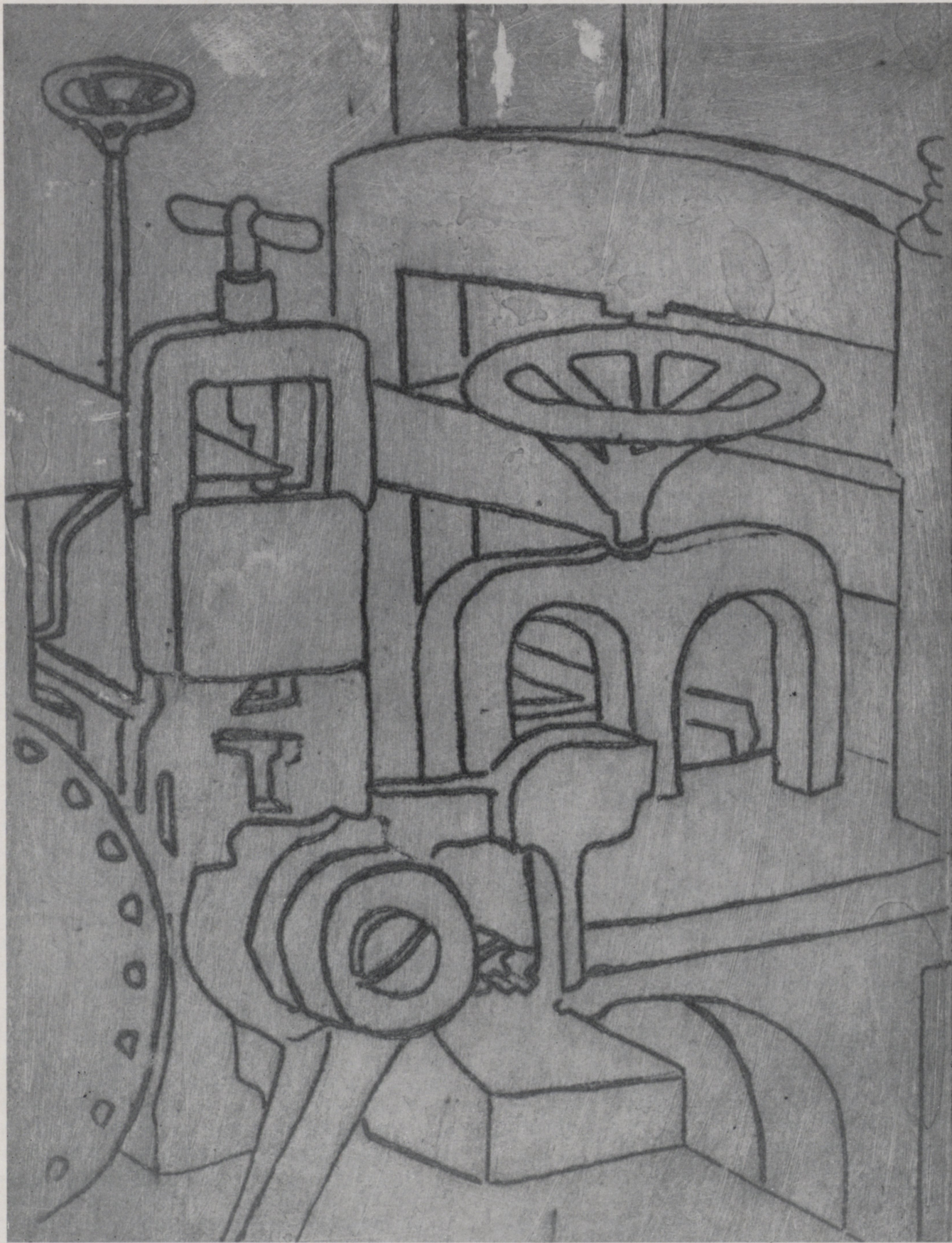
About the time you fellows were ten years old, they had in North Carolina black arithmetic and white arithmetic. A Negro teacher with an A certificate couldn't get as good a price as a white teacher with an A certificate. Well, now they get the same pay with an A certificate. Nobody's been hurt. So, right here in Chapel Hill, there are three or four hundred Negro boys and girls, fine bright minds but will never go to college, will never realize their full potential because they haven't got money to go on. But they could go here, they could work on Saturday and at nights, they could somehow, they could borrow from the loan fund. So what a stupid thing, when a person just because he happens to be darker than someone else has to sue for his rights. And Thomas Jefferson said that the purpose of a Government is to see that the talents of its people come to fruition. The Negro race is a talented race. So, every time we kick them down we rob not only them but ourselves.

Of course, we are losing the confidence of the world, because we have been so slow. This horrible thing down in Mississippi, Emmet Till and this Parker boy—You young fellows gonna see things done right. You see, we wear this Christian

religion as something in our lapel. We don't really believe in Jesus Christ. We go to Church and we pray to him and we adopt him as our folk God to fit our folk mores. But if you really believe what that Man said, "Brotherhood: I am my brother's keeper," why yes, yes, yes. Jesus Christ didn't know this prejudice. And He would have been the first to have said, Yes the Supreme Court is right, but a bit slow. But, thank God, they have given the truth, that is that no man is to be denied his rights because of his color. So the events have simply bubbled up, some due to prejudice, some to ignorance. So, as the Attorney General said to me, "Green, you're reckless." And I said to him, "Yeah, and you are too damn slow." So we had quits. Some due to recklessness, some due to the tardiness, and so on. So, it has got to be, it's got to be, and we have got to come to it. We have got a dull, dead fellow up there in Washington named Sam Ervin. I was in school with him, and I asked myself, "What did they teach Sam Ervin here at the University?" They didn't teach much. Somehow, they didn't reach him. So he fought this thing all the way down. I was in Asia and saw the results—the reaction of Asia to the Supreme Court. It made a tremendous difference.

Interviewer: Do you feel that an important purpose is filled by undergraduate courses in writing and college literary magazines?

Mr. Green: Yes, I certainly do. I think that is all good, just like playing tennis, and baseball. You got to get out on the sandlot. You got to, you know, try. You gotta practice, practice, and this—all is encouraging—gives encouragement, gives a chance to practice. And it is a wonderful thing. We ought to have more of it everywhere. They even give doctor's degrees at some of the Universities. And that is all good because you can't do anything unless you try. And practice makes perfect, or, anyway, helps. So this is a wonderful thing, this thing you are doing down there, this magazine, there's nothing like it. There is a fellow coming here tomorrow from *Reader's Digest*, and he's a nice fellow; we were talking on the phone today, and he says that he never gets over opening that letter and seeing that check in there for something he's written. And he learned, started writing for the magazine in college. Tom Wolfe used to write here at the University for the magazine, just kept it full of stuff. Gave him a chance to practice. And that's good—it's wonderful.



"Machine"

(Etching)

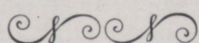
by LARRY BLIZARD

COMMENT TO REBEL READERS

Spring Quarter, 1958, a group of students and a member of the English faculty decided that East Carolina College ought to have a literary magazine. This was a natural decision as far as they were concerned because they were creative writers, and they recognized the need for a creative outlet for the student body as a whole. On our campus there were many activities that provided an opportunity for self expression, but there was none offering a goal, an outlet, or a challenge, specifically for the creative writer. Through their efforts and initiative, *The Rebel* was first published. This group limited by a meager number of copies for a fast growing campus, by inadequate financial support, and an idea evoking almost no response, succeeded in presenting East Carolina College with a publication that has made the initial steps toward a real creative potential. When the plans were made for the first issue, and material was being sought, there was no guarantee of any later issue. At the beginning of the 1958-59 school year. *The Rebel* was guaranteed its existence for only three issues. These three issues were a critical period. Lack of copies prohibited an adequate introduction of *The Rebel* to the people on campus. Over half the student body never saw a copy. It was almost impossible to encourage students to submit their work to a publication of which so few were aware. Another formidable problem

was the organization of an enthusiastic staff willing to spend time on a project with so little future. Then the question was asked, "Does this magazine really serve a purpose?" This question was answered at a meeting of the Student Government in the Spring of 1959 when they voted unanimously to continue *The Rebel*. With the school year of 1959-1960 *The Rebel* doubled the number of copies of each issue, the staff was doubled, and most important of all, the students recognized *The Rebel* as their college literary magazine, and began to contribute actively. Members of the faculty have contributed some of their work and added their support. Now, in some respects, *The Rebel* can represent a part of the creative talents at East Carolina College. In the future, through the exchange program, *The Rebel* will represent East Carolina on many college campuses; it will serve as a valuable project for those interested in publications; it will give the students and faculty the opportunity of examining some of the creative work being done on their campus, and most important of all, it will encourage young writers, perhaps recording their best efforts. Although our beginning was discouraging, the future holds promise. This year's staff and all the ones to follow owe a salute to that group who brought the idea to East Carolina College.

—DAN W.



NIGHT SONG

The cool night winds
Blow enchantingly across lonely moors
Singing their ancient melodies
To the glittering stars.

Sing, O winds;
For I abhor your silence,
And the haunting refrains quench
The restless stirring in soul.

DAVID C. COXE

The Rebel Yell

With the Winter Quarter *The Rebel* has attempted to present to the campus a wider range of student participation, and more variation in the material published. The increase in page size is necessary to keep pace with the growing amount of available material, the larger staff, and the stronger general interest in the magazine. The staff believes that there is room to grow, and that much still remains to be accomplished before *The Rebel* represents the full creative interests of the campus; we hope the efforts recorded on these pages are representative of the best creative work being done at the time at East Carolina College.

The *writing contest* is another attempt to encourage those students who have a sincere interest in writing; the deadline for entries was set for the first of February, but, due to the time involved in selecting the winning composition, and the steady flow of submissions, the closing date for the contest has been extended to the first day of April. The best essay, short story, or poem submitted will receive the prize, and will be one of the features of the Spring issue. The judges will be: Miss Mary Green, Dr. James Poindexter, Dr. Edgar Hirshberg, Mr. Hugh Agee, and Mr. Ovid Pierce, the advisor for *The Rebel*. All students are urged to mail their entries to Box 1420 or to bring them by *The Rebel* office at 309 Austin building.

APO Fraternity has joined *The Rebel* staff as *ex officio* member. It will assist the business management in circulation and advertising. As a result of a vote by members of APO, *The Rebel* was adopted as one of its service projects. Interest such as theirs is important encouragement to the magazine editors. Added encouragement has come from the fact that a number of *Freshmen* have joined the staff. They were chosen on recommendation by faculty members and are being trained

to replace editors graduating at the end of this school year.

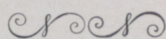
The art work for this issue was selected after a careful examination of the available work in the Art Department. Emily Neale, Larry Blizzard and Rose Marie Gornto are past contributors, who have done some very fine work for *The Rebel*. Karen McLawhorn, Al Dunkle, James Smith, and James Sanders are newcomers who specialize in wood engravings, pen and ink drawings, and charcoal drawings. A new experiment in photography is also included by former Art Editor, Robert Harper. Nelson Dudley, presently Art Editor, designed the cover and contributed the etching "Of Sun and Sweat." There are plans for an art contest for *The Rebel* to be held during the Spring Quarter.

Featured in this issue is an interview with Paul Green which is one of the most valuable presentations of the magazine; short stories written by Coleman Norris of the Business Department and Derry Walker of the English Department were chosen from the creative writing class. An essay on the writings of Pearl Buck by Fred Ragan was chosen because of its adept handling of the clash between cultures as is shown in some of the novels written by Mrs. Buck. The poetry was chosen from contributions by a number of past contributors as well as a number of new contributors and there are two selections by freshmen. Featured in the poetry section is Janice Brand; the poetry by Mrs. Brand appearing in the last issue of *The Rebel* has been entered in the Arts Festival to be held in Greensboro this Spring. The book review section has been enlarged still further to provide a larger area of interest and a more complete coverage.

The Editors would like to extend to any the invitation to criticize, or comment by letter. Letters will be printed in the magazine on an Editor's page, with answering comments by the Editors.

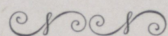


Poetry BY JANICE BRAND



Father

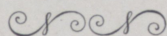
Father! Father! Blood-tongued Neanderthal!
Fury-browed Neanderthal!
Kneel down again before your demon fire
Kneel now beneath the cryptic antelope
(Ten million revelations' burnt your fire and
smoke has charred your cryptic antelope)
Father! Father!



Green Willow Gold Willow

Children, listen:

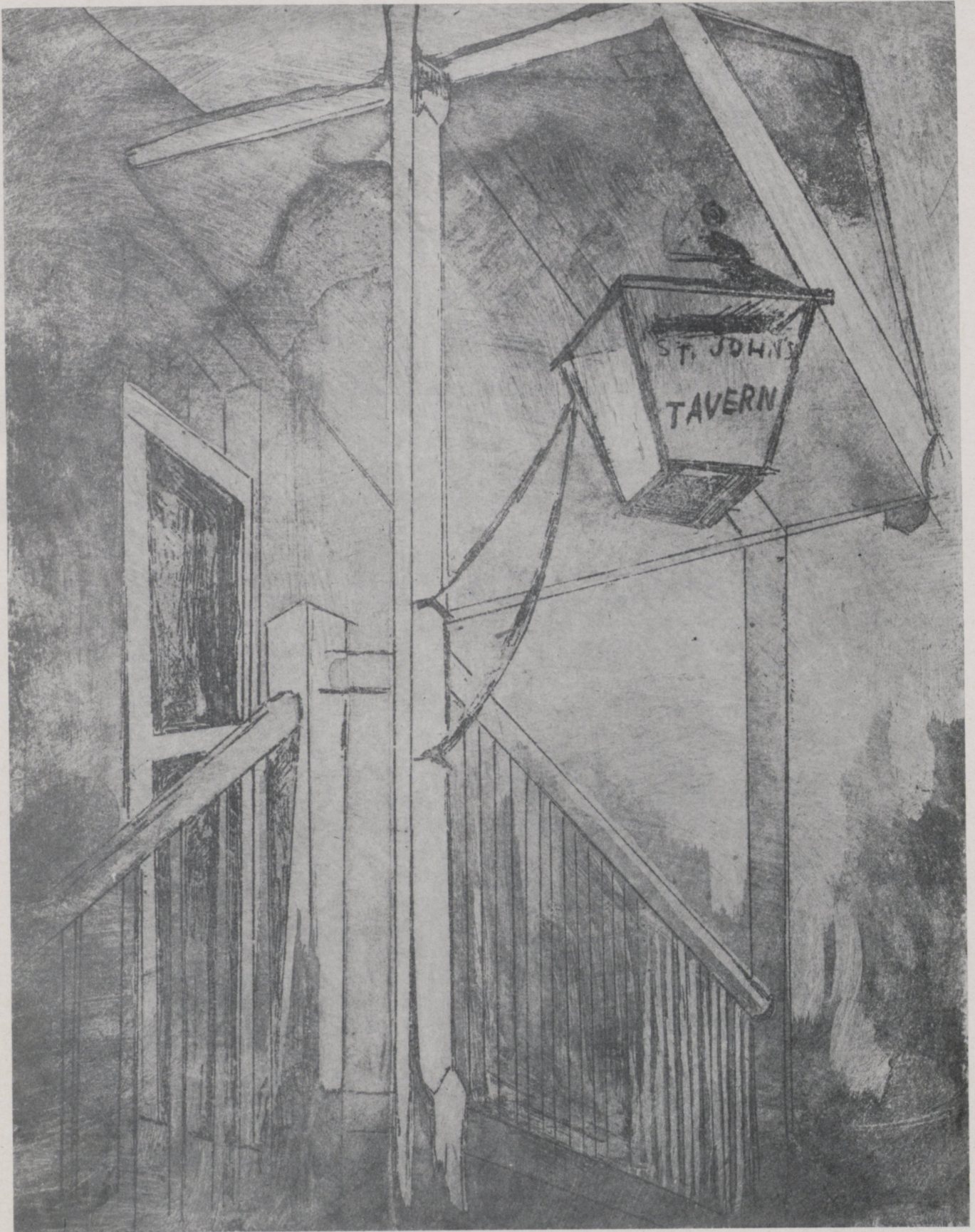
Soft within the circle
of the green drenched waving willows
softly there I drink forbidden dreams
and softly there the secret tongues
lament rising fluttering then made mute
offering silvery serpents
their strange luminiousant fruit. . . .



The Letters

By God! I burnt them all
and stood to watch
the ebon rose shrink
from the golden grasp;

then fixed my foot firmly
upon its breath,
and thought how sweet,
to watch black petals blow.



"The Tavern"

(Etching)

by EMILY NEALE

SOMETHING IN COMMON

by RONNIE GOLLOBIN

The door to the bar swung open and Martha Deidi walked out into the sunshine of the sidewalk. Her high heels tapped down on the pavement and faded in the city traffic sounds.

Inside the bar, Joe Cutler sat. An empty whiskey glass was in front of him. Mike Garcias, the bartender, came over to Joe's table. No one else was in the bar. Mike spoke.

"Will she come back?"

"I don't know," Joe replied.

"Where is she going?"

"I don't know," he said again.

"Do you care for her?"

"I don't know. She was just another girl at first."

"A year is a long time."

"It's not so long."

"Is she different from the others?"

"I don't know."

"Will you find another one?"

"I don't know."

"Am I bothering you?"

"No. I don't mind talking about her." Joe looked at his empty glass. Suddenly he looked up at Mike. "You ever been in love, Mike?" Mike shrugged his shoulders.

"What is love? I thought I was in love once in college. She told me she loved me and couldn't stand for anybody else but me to even look at her."

"What happened?"

"She eloped with another guy."

"Somebody she had dated before you?"

"No. Some sailor she had known about a week."

"Ever think about her?"

"Sometimes. I got a letter from her last month. She's divorced and wants to see me."

"You going?"

"Nope. I don't want to get hurt any more." Joe stared at Mike. Mike stared out the window. Without looking around, Mike spoke.

"How about you?"

"What about me?"

"What are you going to do about Martha?"

"I don't know."

"Why did she leave?"

"She said that I didn't really like her. That I was just giving her a run around."

"You treated her like the others."

"You have to."

"Did she know about the others?"

"Yes. She knew."

"What did she think about them?"

"I don't know." The bartender studied Joe for a moment then he spoke.

"I think you love her." Joe was silent for a long time before he answered.

"I think I do too, now," he said.

"Better tell her," the bartender said.

"I've told her before. She knew I didn't mean it then, and she won't believe me now."



Will she come back?

"Guess you are right. What are you going to do now?"

"What can I do? If she wants to come back, she will."

"Suppose she doesn't come back?"

"I don't know."

"Will you find another one?"

"I don't know."

Outside, the sun was still shining brightly. Inside the dimly lit bar, Joe Cutler drank another whiskey sour. The bartender, Mike Garcias, wiped off the counter with a dirty rag.

Musical Note

Music is perhaps the most misunderstood creative art; of all the arts more misconceptions exist concerning music than any other. A great number of people never develop their musical potential beyond the more simple forms such as folk songs, popular favorites, and rock and roll. One of the reasons for the widespread appeal for this type of music is the fact that it requires so little effort. In classical music one particular selection may contain any number of themes or ideas. The theme or idea throughout the selection expresses the feelings of the composer and attempts to instill a particular feeling within the listener. To appreciate and understand classical music one must sharpen his perception beyond the mono-theme which is the basis for rock and roll. Of course, there are compositions in all areas that are exceptions to the rule; however, classical music for the most part is an ensemble which has expression far beyond the repetitious beat of rock and roll. The basic element in rock and roll is one continuous rhythm, whereas classical music varies from the simplest of solo melodies to the greatest symphonic work. For example, the simple melody could be the song "To Love Again" which was taken from the Eddie Duchin Story, and is the theme from Chopin's E flat Nocturne written many years ago. Other such songs are heard daily and people enjoy them without realizing that they are taken directly from a classical selection or varied slightly from the original. Some are:

"Don't You Know"—Della Reese—taken from Musetto's Waltz, *La Boheme*, Puccini.

"I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" — taken from Chopin's *Fantasia Impromptu*.

Phillip Morris Theme Song—taken from "On the Trail," Fred Grofe.

"Tonight We Love"—taken from Tschai-kowsky's *Piano Concerto No. 1*.

"Full Moon and Empty Arms"—taken from Rachmaninoff's *Piano Concerto No. 2*.

"Where"—Platters — taken from Tschai-kowsky's *Romeo and Juliet*.

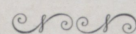
"I Love You, Porgy"—Nina Simone—taken from Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*.

Creative arts owe their validity to the length of time they enjoy recognition; classical music as a creative art dates far back into history, perhaps increasing its popularity with each successive year.

In comparison rock and roll has a history of nearly a decade and is already on the decline. The reason for the lack of durability of the temporary music fads is evident when we examine the intricate process which precedes the development of a classical selection. Every classical musical composition requires a knowledge of musical form on the parts of the composer, performer and to some degree, the audience. Rock and roll requires only the most elementary fundamentals which for the most part are nothing more than the recognition of a regular beat and three different chords.

In rock and roll the dominant expression is excitement, whereas in classical music the expression can be a religious theme, one of happiness, sorrow, jubilation, or triumph. These can be fulfilled through voices, various combinations of instruments, tempo, dynamics or the difference in tonality.

JOAN EUDY



Music As A Force In Campus Life

Have you ever thought of what the campus would be like without any kind of music? Without the performance groups, operas, musicals, and even without the radios, T.V. and record players that almost every student has access to?

Music has become such a part of our life, that we have come to take it for granted, without realizing or thinking about the many new worlds it can open for us. Everyone loves some kind of

(Continued on page 24)

Universalism:

PEARL BUCK

by FRED RAGAN

A writer worthy of the title has something to say to man. Pearl Buck has something to say about two of our worlds; our limited secure provincial world, and our complex frustrating world of many cultures, strange manners, and varying standards.

The works considered here, with one exception, *The Good Earth*, cannot be defended as an artistic presentation of an observation of life. Buck appears to be more interested, at times, in the idea she is dealing with than in her characterization. Malcolm Cowley describes Buck with this statement, "Naturalists like to write about a community or social environment." The world community is one of Mrs. Buck's subjects. The objective here is to trace the arguments that appear in some of her writings for the world community, which is the universal thesis. For she does more than write about this community, she argues for it.

Provincialism is a very real and strong feeling among men. As one's eyes are opened to the world beyond, usually it is to the immediate surroundings of a larger world within the nation-state. In *The Good Earth*, Wong Lung is forced by famine to move South and leave his beloved land. Here he becomes conscious of his differences: his language, his diet, and his appearance. Wong Lung encounters a young man haranguing a crowd, "China must have a revolution and must rise against the hated foreigners. . . ." Wong Lung becomes frightened, believing he is the foreigner about whom the man speaks and moves away from the crowd. Wong Lung's feeling is provincial. His realm of experience has not encompassed men in his own country. Little Josui has a similar experience in *The Hidden Flower*, a novel dealing with an inter-cultural marriage. Josui, a first generation Japanese-American in

California, is popular with her friends, but when Japan bombed Pearl Harbor, her friends became hostile. In this situation the people involved could not separate their feelings of hate from little Josui who brought to mind the bombing of Pearl Harbor. The actions of her friends is the result of a narrow provincial feeling.

From the provincial conflicts within the nation-state, the line of argument can be traced next to the point of ideological impact when the cultures meet.

Pearl Buck's first book, *East Wind: West Wind*, reveals the astonishment of a young Chinese woman when she learns that other people believe her habits, her customs, and her language queer. The Chinese woman listens to her husband, who has studied in America, tell her of life in America.

He laughed when I exclaimed, 'Oh, funny—oh, strange!' 'No more strange than we are to them,' he said for some reason greatly amused.

'What!' I cried in fresh astonishment. 'Do they think we are funny?'

'Of course,' he replied, still laughing. 'You should hear them talk! They think our clothes are funny and our faces and our food and all that we do! It does not occur to them that people can look as we do and behave as we do, and be wholly as human as they are.'

The husband serves as the agent through which Buck argues for the acceptance of the universal thesis. He stimulates his wife to think; Buck attempts to stimulate the reader to think.

After the shock of the meeting, a clash develops. Not all creatures withdraw from the crowd as did

Wong Lung. Some refuse to allow expressions of the new culture to invade their life. The old mistress in *East Wind: West Wind* refuses to accept the new way brought home by her son who studied in America. But as some will not accept the new, others accept it after a period of conflict. In all cases, a conflict appears, and with its appearance there is struggle and sorrow. "These are ruthless days for the old. There is no compromise possible between old and young. They are as clearly divided as though a new knife hewed a branch from a tree."

After the initial encounter of the cultures, a universal feeling emerges in some shape or form. The brother, in *East Wind: West Wind*, is rejected by his family. His American wife gives birth to a son, the "world child." The brother's sister, after contemplating the sorrow which brought the "world child" into being and the beauty of the child, wishes the "world child" "to be a brother to my son."

Josui, who had been carried back to Japan by her parents after the war began, accepts the universal thesis without great anxiety. But she realizes that her American husband cannot give up what is demanded by the combination of cultures that make up the universal thesis.

Mrs. Buck makes another strong argument for the thesis in a scene with Dr. Stiner, a refugee from Hitler's Germany, who accepts Josui's child, after the mother decides she no longer wants the "world child."

At first, you must know, we could not imagine that they really killed little children of mixed blood. It was not your blood, but it was my blood, mixed with the Germans. They said we must have only pure blood—as though human blood is not pure wherever it is found!

In *East Wind: West Wind*, *The Hidden Flower*, and *Command the Morning*, scientists are the instruments through which the universal thesis is projected. The knowledge of science is used as in the above quote to add substance to the thesis.

And finally there is the attitude toward the new life which is created or destroyed because of the meeting of the cultures. Dr. Stiner's helper de-

fends the "world child" from the bitterness of their neighbors.

'Lennie ain't Japanese,' she retorted. 'He's different from any baby I ever did see.'

'Especially,' they said cruelly, 'when your son was killed by a Jap.'

She still bled at the heart when her Sam was mentioned, but she said, 'It wasn't Lennie that did it for sure.'

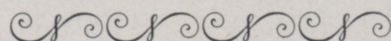
The husband of the Chinese woman in *East Wind: West Wind* consoles his wife when she reflects on the sadness which was necessary for the "world child's" conception. "Think only of this—with what joy of union he came into the world! He has tied together the two hearts of his parents into one. Those two hearts, with all their differences in birth and rearing—differences existing centuries ago! What union!"

Mrs. Buck emphatically maintains that a combination of the cultures is a beautiful union. She approves of the union of East and West, and she has high hopes for the new creations coming forth. East is East and West is West and the twain shall meet!

In her latest book, *Command the Morning*, Mrs. Buck attacks the problem of man's ultimate loyalty. Is it to man? Or is it to a political unit? This book deals with the scientist and his conflict while creating the atomic bomb. One point of conflict was the question of the use of the bomb. And after it was used on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, each of the American scientists displays a sense of guilt. The European born scientists continue to work to ban the bomb from further use.

The philosophical question raised is one of value. Mrs. Buck argues emphatically for the world community. Each of the major characters in *Command the Morning* withdraw from any work which can be connected with destruction after the bomb is used. Typical is Jane, a brilliant young physicist, who changes her area of research to biology, the study of life.

Pearl Buck adheres to the idea that mankind is one. The question of our highest human value is raised and her position is unequivocal. But any question of human value must be individually considered.



THE HOUSE ON THE SWAMP

by DERRY WALKER



Suddenly there was no floor beneath him.

"What a road," Dave muttered as his car bounced over another series of rough bumps. He glanced at the speedometer and noticed he was only moving a few miles per hour, yet he felt he was going to bounce through the roof of the car any minute.

His headlights shone on the lumpy clay road ahead. Rain speckled his windshield but there wasn't enough for the wipers yet. By his headlights and by the occasional big flashes of lightning he could see the thick undergrowth on both sides of the road. The closely knitted dark green foliage looked impenetrable.

"A Salem witch wouldn't buy land around here," he thought. He leaned forward and squinted at the distance ahead. He wished silently that

the lightning would come more often; he was afraid his headlights would miss the side road he was to take. He chuckled softly as he recalled how he had gotten into this predicament. He was the unlucky pledge who happened to be convenient when the two fraternity brothers were looking for someone to harass.

"Pledge," one of the brothers had said, "you are going to be an errand boy tonight. I left a coonskin cap in the house on the swamp. Now I think a lot of that cap and I want it back, so you go get it."

They didn't tell him where the cap's exact location was, only that it was in the house and he had better find it. So here he was.

The storm broke and waves of rain crashed

against his windshield with each gust of wind. The clay road began to melt into a shapeless mess, and he felt the rear end of his car slide and he cursed the storm. He thought about the house on the swamp. Haunted, they said. There was a ghost legend behind it. He remembered hearing it discussed one night when he and some of his friends were swapping yarns about legendary spooks. The house had been unoccupied for thirty years, ever since the family that lived there had been killed. There had been much talk about the murder. Some said that it had been done by robbers; others said it was done by a maniac who was on the loose; a few said it was done by a monster that inhabited the dingy swamp—a monster that wandered along the edge of the swamp about this time of year.

Dave laughed aloud as he thought of the monster legend.

"Crazy people in this world," he smiled. Abruptly he checked the smile as he caught sight of a break in the undergrowth a few yards ahead on his right; there was the road to the house.

"Now," he mused, "I'll get in there and get that cap and get out of this forsaken place." He cut the wheel sharply and headed into the road to the house. It was an uphill climb and a winding one; low-hanging limbs raked across the top of his car and he heard the tall weeds rub the underparts of it as he passed over them. Rain came so hard, his windshield wipers could scarcely work fast enough.

The little road seemed endless; he drove on and on watching the eerie scenery creep by. The storm was reaching its peak. The wind grappled with the vines and scrubs, twisting them about unmercifully, revealing the luminous bottoms of their leaves. The sudden drop in temperature had caused his windshield to fog, and he turned on his defroster. At length, the road grew wider, and he saw in the distance ahead what appeared to be a clearing; he shifted out of low gear into second and increased his speed.

All at once he emerged from the leafy passageway. His headlights projected their beams across a hundred and fifty yards of weedy terrain into another wall of trees and undergrowth on the opposite side of the clearing. To the right of his lights and above him, he saw a huge dark form at the top of the hill. A tremendous crack of lightning nearby revealed an immense gray structure with large gables; four tall columns supported the roof at the front door. The windows were wide and the few shutters that had not blown away hung by one or two nails. The building was



Then he put his shoulder against it and shoved it open.

square and very tall. A steel rail fence surrounded it. This is the house on the swamp, thought Dave.

Dave came to an obstacle he had not expected. The steel gate in the fence was closed. He stopped his car and stared at it for a second, then opened the door and stepped out. The wind wrenched the door from him and slammed it shut. The rain pounded him fiercely and nearly blinded him as he made his way to the gate. He felt his clothing stick to him as the rain drenched him. He fumbled with the catch in the gate and finally heard it click, then he put his shoulder against it and shoved it open.

He jumped back into his car and drove through the opening. He felt water running off his forehead into his eyes and he felt it trickling down his back. He was soaked. He drove as close to the front of the house as he could and stopped. His lights played on the porch and the huge oaken door. He reached under the seat and groped for a flashlight. Finding it, he raised up and pushed the switch for his headlights in; he started in his seat and jerked the switch out; he had seen something move; he knew it, but now it was gone. Just as his lights died, he saw a form leap from

the porch into the darkness, but when he snapped them on, it was gone.

Dave thought for a moment.

"So," he whispered to himself, "they're going to try to put the scare on me, are they?" He laughed to himself as he thought about how much trouble his big brothers in the fraternity must have had planning this one. They sure were going to be disappointed, because he wasn't scared. He cut the headlights off again and stepped out of the car. He snapped on his flashlight and jumped onto the porch. He found the knob on the door and turned it; nothing happened. He put his shoulder against the huge door and shoved; it resisted at first, then gave finally and swung around on its heavy iron hinges. Dave flashed his light in a half circle before him. Just to his left, stairs led to the second floor. The banisters leaned away from the stairs and appeared on the verge of toppling over. Wall-paper hung in shreds from the walls and the floor was littered with ancient debris. To his right an archway led into a large room which appeared to be a sitting room at one time. The hallway in which he stood led by the stair-case and ended at a door which probably led to rooms in the rear of the house. Slowly, he brought his light to bear on an open doorway a few feet in front of him. He stopped and jerked his head in that direction; his heart beat against his spine and he felt his legs grow numb. His reaction to what he saw seemed to rise abruptly to the base of his skull and explode, sending thousands of pin pricks across his forehead and down his back.

He took one step backward and stared at the four huge fingers that curled around the door-facing. Each finger was as large as three of his, and was almost hidden by coarse black hair. They ended in dark jagged nails, like claws. The hair on the fingers glittered in the beam of his flashlight and he saw a drop of rain-water fall from them onto the floor. The someone or something to whom the fingers belonged was wet, and must belong to the same being he had seen leap from the porch when he switched off his headlights.

His eardrums echoed his heartbeats and his stomach seemed to shrivel into nothing. He pivoted quickly and darted into the archway on his left and as he did so, he heard a thump behind as if someone had taken a sudden leap forward. He pushed his legs hard against the floor and ran across the huge sitting room. He whirled to the right at the other end of the room and lunged through a doorway, bashing his knuckles as he flung open the door. He heard another

thump, closer behind him than before, and he increased his speed. His foot slipped and he fell to one knee, but was up running again until he came to a door. He wrenched it open and felt a muscle strain in his back as he darted through it, then, suddenly there was no floor under him and he catapulted downward. His flashlight flew from his hands and he felt his knees grate against heavy steps; he somersaulted over as he crashed downward and finally smashed to a stop on a heavy oaken floor. His head roared and his ears buzzed; his body burned all over and his muscles ached, and then he heard laughter all around him. He opened his eyes and looked up. In the sparse light from kerosene lamps he saw girls and boys looking down on him, laughing. All his big brothers in the fraternity were there, and there were as many girls.

"Congratulations, pledge," one brother laughed, "you made it to the party." More laughter. "We're having a surprise party for all the pledges out here tonight. Those that get here get free beer. Those that chicken out get a firm paddling. You're a good boy, you didn't chicken out." One brother came forward and helped him up. The others continued laughing.

"You all right?" he asked.

"Yeah, sure," Dave quavered. "But how . . ."

"Oh, we all left our cars about a mile from here and walked, so there would be no tracks. We watched you come all the way. We were going to go up and get you if you started to leave. We told all you pledges to come out here . . . each separately. But it's all over now."

"But . . ." Dave began.

"Perfect night for it, isn't it?" the brother asked.

"Right," Dave agreed. The others laughed again. "But who's upstairs?" Dave asked, rubbing his hip. "God, what a scare." Everyone laughed harder.

The brother by Dave laughed with them.

"No one's upstairs," he giggled. Everybody's down here, you nut. Can't you see that?" By this time, everyone was weary of laughing. Some of the brothers held their sides.

"No one is upstairs?" Dave asked.

"No one," the brother repeated. "We decided just to let you guys scare yourselves. C'mon, and have a beer." The brother smiled and walked away. Everyone smiled. But Dave didn't smile back. He looked at the stairs and the open door at the top with only darkness beyond it, and he didn't smile at all.



"Woods"

(Pen and Ink Drawing)

by AL DUNKLE



"Alone"

(Wood Engraving)

by KAREN McLAWHORN

The Arrival

by COLEMAN NORRIS

1st. Lt. Bob Andrews had been stationed overseas for two years prior to his transfer to the states. He had fifteen days before he was to report to his base in California so he decided to spend a few days at home. This was only his second day home, but already he had become restless. Ever since his high school days he had been like this; just hated to sit home.

"Mom, I think I will ride out to Grandpa's farm and look it over. It's been so long since I walked over it, and I promised Grandmother I'd come out today anyway."

"Alright, Bob, but don't stay over a couple of hours. We'll have supper around six o'clock."

After driving out into the country for about ten miles, he turned off to the right on the dirt road that led to his Grandfather's farm. He stopped the car under the oak tree in the large, shady front yard and walked up the dirt walk to the screened back porch.

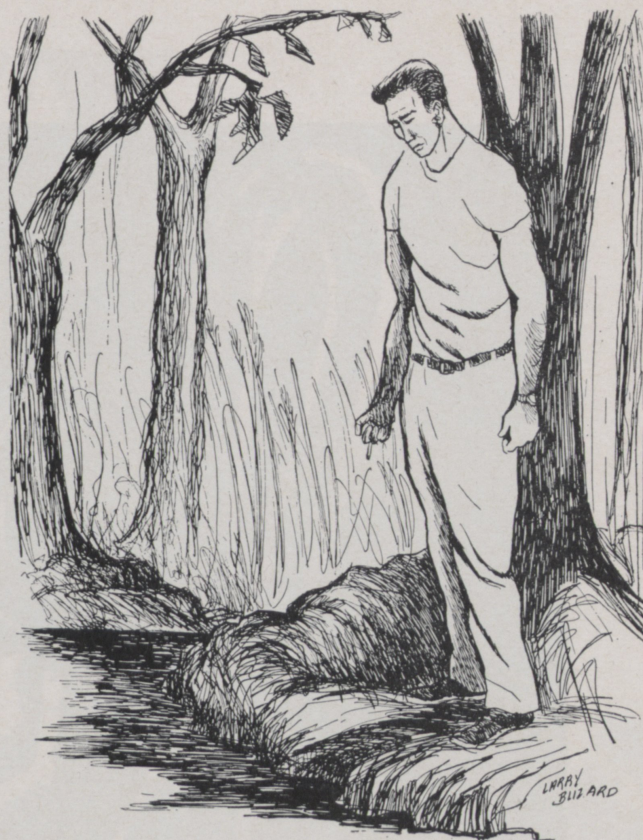
He walked on into the house without bothering to knock. He saw his Grandmother bending over the cook stove in the kitchen so he tipped on in and said, "Hey guess who's here?"

His grandmother jumped, dropping the spoon she had in her hand and whirled around. She stood still for a moment—an expression of surprise and happiness covered her face. She rushed toward him with her arms out stretched.

"Well Lord have mercy, Bobby!" she exclaimed, and then could say no more as the words were choked with tears.

His Grandfather had heard the commotion, and came rushing into the room and the hugging was repeated.

After about thirty minutes of answering his grandparents questions, Bob said, "I think I'll



walk over the place. Want to come, Grandpa?"

"Naw, son, I ain't up to it. My back's been giving me trouble lately. But you go ahead."

Bob walked down by the barns and down the hill through the pasture. After about fifteen minutes he came to the pines that separated the large pasture from the tobacco fields.

He got on the path and continued to walk through the woods until he came to a creek. He stopped and looked down into the clear, fast moving stream of water. He looked for a long moment before he realized that he was looking at himself.

He saw the reflection of a boy in the water. Not a different person in his mind, one completely unattached to him. The only relationship between them would be that the grown man would remember the boy and the boy's childhood, but they wouldn't be the same person.

He then looked over to the right and saw the gully he used to play in when he was small. He walked over to it and stood for a moment and then ran down the side to the bottom. There were still some of the old rusted tin cans lying around that he had brought there when he was small. It was funny, but he couldn't remember for what purpose he had used them.

The wall of rocks that he built was still there. He had built it to keep wild Indians out when he

as a cowboy, to fight the enemy with when he was a soldier, and for a hundred other purposes.

He sat down on the wall and let his thoughts once again drift back into the past. It was so odd, he thought, how he was still very much like the kid that used to play here during the summers of years past.

He had always wanted to be a lawyer and live in a big city. He would be a different person. That was the only way he could conceive or picture the future.

He wouldn't even look the same. Except for his mother and father and grandparents, he wouldn't ever come back here.

He would have good looking girls all the time and a big pretty apartment. And talk! He would be able to say anything he wanted to in such a big and right way. He would know all of the big important people and have plenty of money, enough so he could spend it any way he wanted. He would be grown then and would retain no part of the boy. He would emerge just like a butterfly from a cocoon.

But as he sat there he realized just how little he had changed. He had grown up a little, but not over a couple of feet. He didn't even feel as big as a grown man had looked when he was small.

He just couldn't leave the kid behind. His thoughts were not those of a different person. It had not been fourteen years ago, but just a little

while. There hadn't been the revolutionary change or the expected transformation in himself.

Even Christmas and his birthday came every twelve months now instead of just once a year, as they had when he was small. His thoughts were broken by the gear rattling on some mules coming down the path from the field. Bob stood up to look out of the gully and saw two mules led by Uncle Thes. Uncle Thes was the old colored man that tended the place for Grandpa and had been tending it as long as Bob could remember. As they were crossing the creek, Bob walked out of the gully.

Uncle Thes looked old and tired now. His hitchup overalls were patched and dirty, his faded blue shirt was wet with sweat. His worn brogans and the bottoms of his overall pants were damp and muddy from crossing the creek. A dirty felt hat sat down on his head, but still little blotches of his white wool-like hair were visible. Slowly his cracked, tired voice rose and fell to the rhythm of an old spiritual. "I'm patiently waiting for dat great day when the trumpets will blow. I know it's a coming, just a little while longer down here."

Uncle Thes limped along; the mules tramping behind. The animals seemed to be walking in slow unison to the beat of the deep-pitched song he was singing.

To Bob this brought back many old memories.

(Continued on page 32)



SONNENT 21

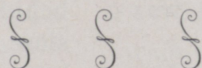
How dissolutioned of fate so unkind
To search for and never find
Till star studded patterns twisted our way
Destined our meeting one blue skyed day

Surely Venus mothered our design
And created this ecstasy so sublime
A wonderous joy from us hidden
Patiently waiting a thing forbidden

Then bursting forth as Phoebus light
Thus it came when all was right
Filling our hearts from that day
With love lasting for eternity

Infatuations, fate, from ours must reign
To fleeting loves passed, all in vain

PUCK



BLACK SPOT

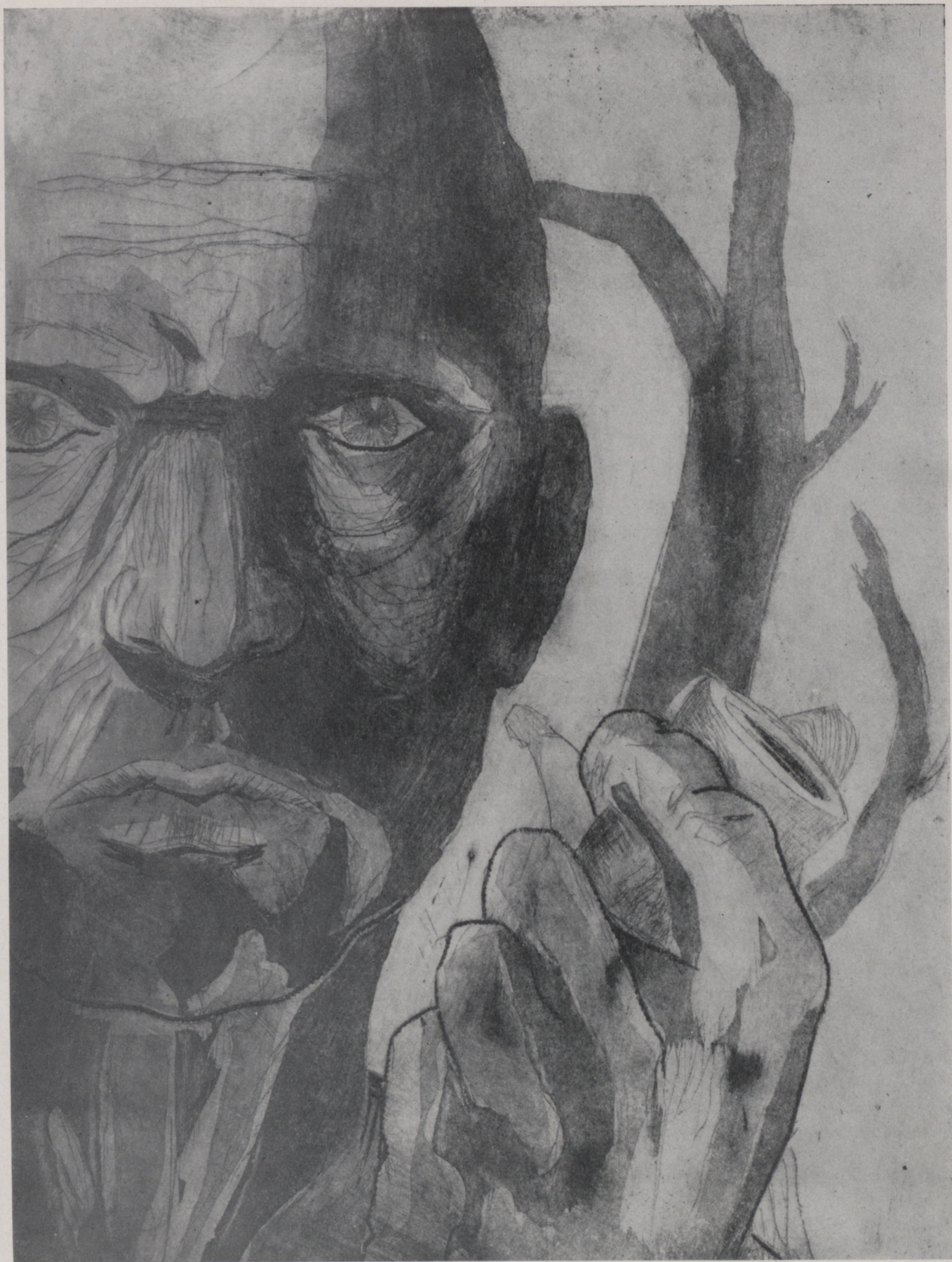
Down the unhushed jubilant street
The blind man hobbles and falls
Through doors of dampness
Rattling with cups not tin.

Loose cobbles bump his toe
Shoulders jostle his
As he makes his stumbling way
Down the thoughtless avenue

Coal burns in the coal-black day
The horse trot rumbles
He reaches for the distaste—
Full human touch

Clambering by ridged-surfaced walls
With only one black spot.
This strange, familiar
Cane-tapped earth.

ERIC SMITH



"Of Sun and Sweat"

(Etching)

by NELSON DUDLEY

WINTER, 1960

MUSIC AS A FORCE IN CAMPUS LIFE

(Continued from page 12)

music. Tastes may differ with the person and the occasion, but in the end for enjoyment, entertainment, or relaxation people instinctively turn to music. For intense listening a person may enjoy a Beethoven Symphony, or a Mozart sonata, but for light listening or dinner music he'll probably turn to Percy Faith, or some other popular orchestra or band.

What would we do if we never came in contact with music? If we didn't have a radio to turn on when we went back to the dorm or the room for the evening? Music seems like a basic part of life; in fact music gives added meaning to life. In an age of science which emphasizes the material aspects of living, there is all the more need for the leavening qualities of music. So many people are moving so fast, and perhaps with no purpose, that they don't take time out to relax and take stock of themselves. Music soothes us when we are depressed, and adds to the enjoyment when we are happy.

Music is necessary to help man find his moral and ethical balance, his spiritual destiny, his search for truth. One might say that music speaks directly to the heart. Through the study of the music of a people, one begins to understand much of their culture. What could be a better history lesson than to listen to and analyze the music from the different ages, and countries? Mozart's chamber music, conatas, concertos, church music, and serenades were in the eighteenth century tradition. To know a Mozart minuet or trio is to sense the feeling of a courtly and aristocratic people. Likewise, the music of Spain, their glorified dance forms and colorful, descriptive music, helps one to develop an understanding of the people of Spain. The contemporary music of today helps one feel the ever-changing and uncertain condition the world is in.

The music that has come into being through the centuries is a priceless heritage and can be a source of enduring beneficence in human life. Music is also a way of reviewing things that have been important in the lives of people, even though they may be far apart both in time and space. All phases of life are found in the songs of mankind. Music has accompanied almost every race of mankind in its joys and sorrows. It has been

a part of ceremonies and merry-making. Even before music was recognized as an art, it lightened the burden of tedious tasks.

Music gives a basis for forming value judgments. In calling upon one's faculties, power, and attention music teaches concentration. To enjoy and analyze music, one must be able to sit down and listen to the music, observing its style, form, and the composer's individual way of composing. Music also helps one to be a well rounded individual.

One can feel closer to the cultural aspect of life if he has experienced hearing an opera, a good symphony orchestra, or perhaps a good dance band. That is why our Entertainment Series committee is striving so hard to bring to the campus appealing programs, with music to suit every listening taste. So far, they have brought to the campus Giuseppe Campora, famed Metropolitan opera tenor star; Richard Cass, pianist from Greenville, S. C.; the internationally famous Vittorio Giannini, as guest conductor for the college orchestra; and the Festival Company from Norway. Many more such groups are yet to come this year, including the U. S. Navy Band, Fred Waring and the Four Freshmen.

Among the many musical performance groups on campus are the college bands, orchestra, choir, Woman's Chorus, College Singers and the dance bands. Other valuable phases of music on campus are the Opera Theatre productions, and the annual musical show. In past years this group has presented "Carousel," "Oklahoma," and "Kiss Me Kate," all well known Broadway musicals. This year they plan to present "Annie Get Your Gun."

Listening to music is in itself one of the most important phases of a program of music education. Through listening, children and adults alike can have contact with music beyond that which they are likely to perform for themselves.

The music appreciation course strives to interest the students in forms of music other than those they usually hear on radios and juke boxes. More students are inclined to listen to and buy a good classic record after they have really come in contact with and have learned to appreciate all the kinds of music. Before one can like something, he first has to give it a try.

The students should be justly proud of all the musical advantages which our college has to offer. The force is certainly here, and with just a little effort on the student's part, they can develop culturally in music, as well as socially and intellectually.

THE REBEL REVIEW

Reason Is the Remedy

The Seeds of Time. Henry Savage. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1959. \$4.50

The South Strikes Back. Hodding Carter III. New York: Doubleday & Company. 1959. \$3.95

Finally, out of the great deluge of books concerning the South and her problems has come a really worthwhile book, a work in the tradition of *The Mind Of The South*. *The Seeds Of Time* by Henry Savage in this book. Savage, a native South Carolinian, carries out well his stated objective, exploring the background of Southern thinking. Every facet of the South's past, from prehistoric times to very recent history is explored. Savage is a perceptive exponent of rationalism as a means of both understanding and solving our dilemmas. All of the factors which he unearths as being important in the background of Southern thinking are too numerous to mention. However, the two most basic factors are: the extreme ruralism of the South and the presence of the Negro in large numbers. A result of the geography of the region, ruralism manifests itself in Southern hospitality and the great emphasis on church and political gatherings. But its most important manifestation is in the extreme conservative thinking of most of our area. The impact of mind on mind through urban living makes for a greater degree of liberalism, of thinking in accord with the times. As for the Negro, Savage sees two main factors. The old "Othello" prejudice (standard emotional equipment of persons of Anglo-Saxon, Celtic and Germanic origins) is the first. Its counterparts are the prejudice of the Boer and Briton in South Africa, the Englishman in India and Hong Kong. This is not essentially a Southern characteristic as such. It appears so because the South possesses a greater degree of Anglo-Saxon, Celtic and Germanic ancestry than other parts of the country. The second factor concerning the Negro is an economic one. An educated, integrated Negro poses more competition in an area which is already

economically second to the rest of the country.

This writer considers Henry Savage a truly admirable writer with a valid message for us all. In this book he preserves his integrity as a writer, as a rationalist, as a Southerner, and as an American. The book is as objective as any human work can be. Injustices to the South are duly recognized as injustices but with the realization that we cannot live in the past, but in the present. At the same time, misdeeds and mistakes of the South's own making are pointed out. These offer opportunity as well as responsibility.

As Southerners today, we know well the intense love, loyalty and pride which we feel about anything concerning the South, a separate entity, the South. The feelings which arise at the sight of the Stars and Bars, and most of all, that feeling unlike any other, which results when we hear the sound of "Dixie" are close to all of us.

But we must recognize the truth of Savage's message for us. He should be allowed to speak for himself since he does it so well. "Those who speak of an impending choice of ways speak without the perspective of history. There is no such choice. That choice was made years ago when the South embraced change, chose the American way and sealed its choice by truly remarkable accomplishments and deep commitment. Now the only choice remaining to the South is one of the means of resolving difficulties now flowing from its irrevocable commitments to the American way. It is fatuous to think that there can be any revocation of those commitments to progress. Society, like all other living organisms, must grow or die. If Southerners can accept . . . the fact that just as man cannot be an island unto himself, so, also in the closely knit world society of today, no society can be an island unto itself and if they can accept the fact that the dogmas of a stagnant past are inadequate to the dynamic present then, in one way or another, acceptable solutions to the South's formidable problems will be forthcoming."

Another valuable view, not only of the South's problems, but also of the unfortunate steps that have been taken to rectify them, is presented in *The South Strikes Back* by a native Mississippian,

Hodding Carter III. Carter traces the growth and development of the White Citizens Councils. This organization "has far greater influence than its ancestor of the 1920's, the Ku Klux Klan." The Council is dedicated to maintaining segregation and the reactivation of states rights. Although the early Councils alleged that they were pledged to achieve their goals without violence and by legal means, they became increasingly radical as time went by. By 1955, they had their own newspaper, secret police and underground. In the meantime, the Council had spread from its home state of Mississippi throughout the South, with especial strength in the lower South. The weapons of this group are: appeal to emotionally rooted prejudice and the feeding of warped egos concerning such subjects as "white supremacy" and "racial amalgamation". This is to say nothing of economic boycotts against anyone suspected of integrationist sympathies.

Carter places the responsibility for the power which the Council wields squarely on the shoulders of moderate white Southerners who literally went underground in the face of the furor about the Supreme Court decision in 1954. This is the element which perhaps could have saved the day had they not been afraid to seize the initiative.

Both Henry Savage and Hodding Carter are optimistic to the extent that they believe that the forces of emotion and prejudice which now ride the crest will inevitably be destroyed because they comprise an essentially negative movement founded on the defense of the *status quo* and dedicated to its preservation. "Defense of the *status quo*, as history has shown often enough, is an arduous task at best. When in a democracy such as ours, it involves the repression of a minority, it becomes an impossibility."

These two Southern writers make a real plea that we, as *intelligent*, civilized people, return to the art of *thinking*, of employing our rational faculties. This is a plea that we cannot afford to ignore.

SANDRA PORTER

Queen of An Era

Elizabeth the Great. By Elizabeth Jenkins. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1959.

This story of England's first great Queen Elizabeth is a rarely found and beautiful combination of sound scholarship and narrative skill. Miss

Jenkins makes Elizabeth come alive both as a sovereign and as a woman. Her significant addition to the mass of biography that already has been accumulated probably will be in her contributions to our knowledge of Elizabeth as a personality, rather than in her conclusions about her historical importance.

Most striking of Miss Jenkins' hypotheses is her theory concerning Elizabeth's spinsterhood. The question of why the most eligible woman in the western world remained single throughout her life has vexed biographers for centuries. Miss Jenkins thinks that the reason was her fundamental fear of marriage as an institution, as exemplified by the fatal unions between her father, Henry VIII, and his various but fated wives.

In particular the beheadings of Ann Boleyn, Elizabeth's mother, and Catherine Howard, Henry's fifth wife, made irrevocable Elizabeth's terror of marriage among royalty. She was eight years old when Catherine's execution took place, and from that time onward, according to Lord Leicester—one of her later suitors—she had always said, "I shall never marry."

But Miss Jenkins' book is a full-length biography, not merely an account of the abortive attempts that were made to find an acceptable husband for Elizabeth. The intrigue of her court, the story of the victories of her navy over the Spaniards, the long, heart-breaking preamble to Mary, Queen of Scots' execution, her final years as a near-deity—all are told with the verve of a first-rate novelist combined with the scrutiny of the scholar. Touches of her personal life—such as how she dressed and ate and spent her leisure time—finish off a picture which to most of us has been incomplete. Miss Jenkins converts her from the cold, queer virgin of the historian to the vibrant, high-strung, intensely intelligent woman she really was.

My only reproach to Miss Jenkins is that the mention of William Shakespeare is never made in her book. That the greatest English Queen and the greatest English dramatist could live out their years simultaneously and yet never have an important association is to me inconceivable. Shakespeare scholars know that there were many such associations, and Miss Jenkins, I'm sure, knows too. If this biography has a defect, it is in the omission of any attempt to correlate the lives and influence of these two giants of the English Renaissance.

DR. EDGAR HIRSHBERG

THE REBEL

From Homer To Wolf

Your Literary Heritage. Frederic E. Faverty. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1959. \$3.95

Here collected are eighty little essays by Professor Faverty of the English Department of Northwestern University, dealing with selected literary works in chronological order from the *Odyssey* to *Look Homeward, Angel*. The purpose of the essays, all of which originally appeared in *The Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books*, is "to stimulate interest in some of the masterpieces of world literature." (The unfortunate title—Isn't it *his* literary heritage, too?—probably has the same intent.)

Each essay begins with some facts about the author's life, moves to a sketchy account of his work in general, and finally concentrates on a particular work. Although the essays contribute nothing new, either by way of information or insight, occasional rewardingly happy phrases appear; for example: "Housman . . . has not been dead long enough for us to determine whether he will live."

Because these essays are aimed at the generality of newspaper readers (of whom Professor Faverty's opinion, however low, is higher than that of the average newspaper reporter) and because they are so short, they are vulnerable to obvious attacks that in the circumstances would be unfair. Be it said, then, that these essays, however short and superficial, *do* stimulate interest and that the thirty-seven-page bibliography of editions in print of the works discussed, a biography and a critical work on each author, is only further evidence of Professor Faverty's desire to assist the inexperienced reader.

DR. FRANCIS ADAMS

Pretty and Perfidious

La Belle. Elizabeth B. Coker. New York: Doubleday and Company. 1959. \$4.95

Marie Boozer was known throughout the South as the provocative, beautiful daughter of Amelia Boozer. Although her mother was unacceptable to Southern aristocracy because of her Northern sympathies, Marie was loved by all who met her.

When Sherman marched on Columbia, South Carolina, Amelia openly declared her loyalty to the Union army and proved to be a valuable spy for General Sherman. Amelia's actions were prompted by her obsession with wealth and power.

Marie was forced to leave Columbia with her mother as Sherman evacuated. The people of the South thought that Marie was also a Northern sympathizer and so did the Confederate soldier with whom she was in love.

As the shock and pain of her lover's desertion wore off, Marie looked forward to a new life in New York City. At first Marie was bitter and unhappy in her new role, but gradually she became accustomed to life in the North, especially after she met the handsome Union officer, Lloyd Phoenix.

Because of her mother's plotting, Marie found herself hopelessly entangled in a scheme to be married off to a rich, elderly gentleman. Despite her marriage, Marie found herself still drawn to the dashing Union officer with such intensity that she could not resist his charms, even in the face of an international scandal.

Seldom has a novel been written that so closely followed the actual facts concerning a person's life. In her book, Elizabeth Coker has printed the historical facts pertaining to the life of Marie Boozer above each chapter head and with her own vivid imagination has filled in the details. The ruthless burning and calculated killing by Sherman in the cities of the South are graphically portrayed in these pages, especially centering around the city of Columbia, South Carolina.

KATHERINE PRYTHERCH

They March Again

They Who Fought Here, Text by Bill Irvin Wiley, Illustrations by Hirst D. Milhollen, N. Y.: The Macmillan Co., 1959—\$10.00.

Bill Irvin Wiley wrote books entitled, *The Life of Johnny Reb* and *The Life of Billy Yank* which are still in print in one volume under the title of *The Common Soldier In the Civil War*. Through a great knowledge of contemporary diaries and letters the author tells in text with the aid of 207 graphic photographs by Hirst D. Milhollen all about those who fought here both North and South. Mr. Milhollen turned to public and private collections, libraries, museums, and historical societies for his selection of photographs which so well embellish the text. *Divided We Fought*, *Presidents on Parade*, and *The Declaration of Independence* are other outstanding books of which Mr. Milhollen edited the pictorial content.

"Joining Up", "Rations", "Clothing and Shel-



"Study of Head"

(Woodcut)

by EMILY NEALE

ter", "Weapons", "Diversions", "Crime and Punishment", "Morals and Religion", "The Sick and Wounded", and "Pass the Infantry to the Front" are some of the pictorial and written accounts that for the most part are given an adequate presentation. In many of the pages there is a real insight into the feelings of the soldiers; there are answers as to why some fought: "Quiet fell and presently the man who had lost a leg inquired, 'Why did you come down here anyway, fighting us?' Equally without emotion but with much pride, the man in blue whose arm was gone replied, 'For the old flag.'"

The text and illustrations also tell who they were: "From paper hangers to pianists, from lads of eleven and twelve to determined graybeards approaching eighty, from scholars whose haversacks held Greek and Latin textbooks to farmhands who could not read at all.

Sometimes the account is saddening, often poignant, and in some instances amusing. For example there is some amusement in the statement about what they wore: "One hole in the seat of the breeches indicates a captain—two holes a lieutenant and the seat of the pants all out indicates that the individual is a private."

In over-sized format we have a rendition of what it was like to enlist and leave the homes, to march the long roads north or south, perhaps to die. *They Who Fought Here*, tells us about those who were "Out in the sunlight, in the dying daylight, and under the stars, they stood, and although they could not advance, they would not retire."

—DAN W.

Manners, Morals and Metaphysics

The Book of the Courtier. Baldesar Castiglione. New York: Doubleday Anchor Books. 1959. \$1.25

One evening in March, 1507, the group of brilliant courtier-humanists who make up the circle of Duchess Elizabetta Gonzaga of Urbine gather with the ladies to entertain and edify themselves with conversation. (This, of course, is because there is no TV available.) The subject for conversation, formally chosen and ratified, an analysis of the qualities of the perfect courtier, proves to be of such interest to those present that the dialogue is prolonged for three more evenings.

To us busy, restless moderns, the whole thing is likely to seem absurd, a mere fiction. Thus we will not be surprised to learn that in fact we are dealing with a great fabrication, and that Castig-

lione, a man of many parts, is on a mission to England at the time and therefore is in no position to record the talk which his book contains.

Yet this is but another case where fiction is truer than mere reporting, for if these conversations were never actually spoken as Castiglione gives them, they could have been, since the Renaissance was one of the great ages of courtly conversation; and his work does in fact represent the spirit of the age better than do any literally factual documents which have come down to us. Here we see brilliantly reflected the urbanity and humane tolerance, the breadth of philosophic and artistic taste and curiosity, the thrust toward true knowledge and total perfection, which are so characteristic of one side, at least, of that violently contradictory period.

The dialogues themselves, after the fashion of good talk anywhere, are but loosely organized, allowing the author to work over a wide field. There is also a good deal of realistic clash of opinion among the participants, based upon what Castiglione actually knew about their varied temperaments in real life, as well as other devices employed to give variety to the composition.

Still, it must be admitted that many readers are likely to find occasional dull spots, especially in Book III, which somewhat tediously concerns itself with a perennially tedious subject—the nature of humor. Book IV, on the other hand, should be required reading for all students of the Renaissance. First, it deals with good governance and the responsibility of the courtier to his prince with respect to it (See Kent in *King Lear*), and it closes upon a tremendous climactic passage in which Pietro Bembo, developing the philosophy of love and beauty from Plato's *Symposium*, raises his eyes above sensuality to the mystic harmony of union with God:

If, then, the beauties which every day with these clouded eyes of ours we see in corruptible bodies . . . seem to us so fair and full of grace that they often kindle in us a most ardent fire . . . what happy marvel, what blessed awe, must we think is that which fills the souls that attain to the vision of divine beauty! What sweet flame, what delightful burning, must we think that to be which springs from the fountain of supreme and true beauty—which is the source of every other beauty, which never increases or diminishes: always beautiful, and in itself most simple and equal in every part; like only to itself, and partaking of none other; but so

beautiful that all other beautiful things are beautiful because they partake in its beauty.

Here not only occurs a fusion of the idealism of the pagan spirit with Christianity, but also a transfiguration of the medieval doctrine of Courtly Love which will color literature for centuries. At the same time Castiglione helps transform the clanking knight into the trim gentleman (remember Ophelia's lament over Hamlet), not an entirely anachronistic figure even now, one hopes, though how he will fare in outer space is problematical.

Though there are three earlier translations of this important book in the Joyner Library, this is the most readable. And it is worth reading—just to see what Philip Sidney, Spenser, and Shakespeare liked in a bestseller, if for no other reason. But there are other reasons in the realms of manners, morals and metaphysics.

DR. JAMES POINDEXTER

Victory for Free Enterprise

The Communist Challenge To American Business. Clarence B. Randall. Boston: Little Brown and Company. 1959. \$3.50

Psychologists and religionists tell us that confession of one's wrongs is good for the soul. In that case, Mr. Randall's conscience must be greatly relieved. The first portion of this book relates Randall's evaluation of conservatives and liberals. (After the reading of this book, I am convinced that anyone would call himself liberal.)

Mr. Randall addresses himself to the problems of interest and participation by the businessman in the policy making of our government. Randall portrays his fellow associates as "negative, when not openly hostile" to government. But when the businessman faces up to the great question (Communist challenge to "free enterprise") which confronts this nation, he will want a part in determining policy and "have it carried out by those no less competent than himself." But the businessman as of yet has not sought to meet the challenge, and for this chides his associates. But he believes that when his associates accept the challenge, they will solve the problem "winning a glorious victory" for free enterprise.

A strong argument is put forward in support of free trade. He supports the concept emphatically, but he fails to come to grip with the issues that make world trade such a perplexing problem.

The discussion of the relationship of the men

of the Randall Commission was very entertaining, especially that of Randall calling time limit on Senator Millikin. When in Europe, Randall was astounded by a country "where it was simply taken for granted that natural resources were the property of all the people." I think this astonishment throws light on his use of the word "liberal." In reality it should be "conservative." Several references are made to centralization to meet the Communist challenge, but they are never adequately considered. In fact, there is doubt as to the meaning of centralization as used by Randall. The use of the phrase "the wisdom of the many" is another of Randall's ways to slide easily over challenging problems.

The government should build up countries in basic facilities (power and communication) so that American business may enter these "underdeveloped" countries. But no mention is made of the responsibility of the profit making companies. Will it be similar responsibility as shown by the steel industry (Randall is former Chairman of the Board of Inland Steel Company)? For public aid to business, Randall is willing to repent for his stand on the social security issue.

FRED RAGAN

Nothing But Pleasure . . .

The Great Byron Adventure. Doris Langley Moore. Philadelphia and New York: Lippincott. 1959.

Doris Langley Moore has been a Byron devotee since the age of fourteen, and she contends that she is "perhaps the only woman to whom nothing but pleasure has come from having loved that poet." Her devotion to the man prompted her to collect over a span of many years material about Byron to be incorporated into a book. Rather than write a biography, Mrs. Moore decided in 1953 to write a study of the furor that arose following the poet's death. However, the one obstacle that remained in her path was the inaccessibility of the coveted collection of Byronic material known as the Lovelace Papers. *The Great Byron Adventure* is Mrs. Moore's account (previously printed as four articles in the *London Sunday Times*) of her meeting Lady Wentworth, Byron's great-granddaughter, who had the family archives in her possession.

This interesting little booklet is the precursor of Mrs. Moore's book, *The Late Lord Byron*, which will be published this year. In *The Great Byron Adventure*, she manages to whet the literary appetite of her readers with brief glimpses

of the light she hopes to shed in her study on the controversial Byron marriage and the separation a year later that provoked considerable scandal. Byron lovers may look forward with anticipation to Mrs. Moore's book.

HUGH AGEE

Realization of Mortality

The Rack. A. E. Ellis. Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1958. \$4.50

Some books are fun to read; others may be exciting, titillating, or disgusting. The experience of reading *The Rack* I can describe only as harrowing. There are compensations, of course, as there are compensations in every life's story. But if you want a merry tale of love and life and adventure and good cheer, this is not the book for you.

The central figure is Paul Davenant, a Cambridge undergraduate who goes to a sanatorium in the French Alps because he has tuberculosis and wants to regain his health. He is with a group of other students who all are in various stages of the disease. None of them, he soon discovers, is as seriously ill as he is, and his life in the little Alpine village of Brisset, where the sanatorium is located, is a gradual unfolding of his realization that he has nothing left to face but death.

The harrowing part of Paul's story is in the development of his physical condition, and in the details of the various treatments to which he is subjected in a losing battle against the ravages of the bacteria which have lodged in his lungs. The nature of this treatment and his minutest reactions to it are described in gruesome yet fascinating detail. As pure narrative—a narrative of disaster—the book has the touch of the master.

If A. E. Ellis himself did not have T. B., he must have been intimately acquainted with somebody who did. And if he did not go through Paul's experiences, he must have been pretty close to experiences like them. He makes no compromise with reality. You, as the reader, feel with Paul the very deepest depression and, in the rare times of hope, the highest exhilaration. You suffer with him, you go to the bathroom with him, you faint, vomit, almost die with him. And with him you are led up and down the tortuous paths of recurrent hope and fear, faith and disillusionment, cautious happiness and blank despair. You are spared

nothing. At the book's end, you feel as though you too have been stretched upon "the rack of this tough world," and would, with Paul and Shakespeare's King Lear, hate him who would "stretch you out longer."

The compensations in Paul's life are sprinkled throughout his constant chronicle of sorrow like errant stars in a dark and sombre sky. His love affair with Michele is his only real help. From the first it has the quality of impossibility. Michele, another patient in the sanatorium, gets well and leaves, but only after she and Paul have fallen in love. The progress of their romance is tactfully and delicately told, but the degeneration of Paul's physical condition breaks it off and destroys it. His debility, humiliating, demoralizing, life-consuming, sweeps all before it in a bloody flood of purulent sputum. Other compensations include humorous episodes connected with everyday life at the sanatorium and deep but fleeting friendships with other patients. But all of his relationships with the world about him attenuate and ultimately disappear in his concentration on the single objective of staying alive.

The nature and effects of his disease are particularly destructive and tragic in bodies, like his, of young people. This is what he sees on a mid-day walk through the town: "Brave youth of Brisset, bravely attired. . . . Young girls in ski-clothes, eyes a little too bright, cheeks a little too flushed, figures a little too slim. Young men, firm, vigorous, golden-skinned, the pears or peaches of a dishonest fruit vendor, resplendent without and rotten within."

Why should anybody want to read a book like this one? It is depressing, about a repulsive subject, and offers no hope or inspiration of any kind. On the other hand, it is beautifully written, it contains some lovely descriptive passages, and has much to say about the inner workings of the human mind and spirit. I would not term it a great book, but—if you have what the English call the stomach—it is well worth reading. It certainly makes you glad to be alive and healthy, assuming of course, that you are healthy. It reveals a segment of life which very few of us ever think about unless we have to be a part of it. It treats of sickness and death, two very unpopular subjects. Unpopular as they are, perhaps it is good for us to think about them occasionally. At least one of them, and probably both, are facts in our mortality which each of us, sooner or later, will have to face.

DR. EDGAR HIRSHBERG

Deviate

The Empire City. Paul Goodman. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc. 1959. \$6.95

Another good, though unusual book has appeared on the literary scene. This book is different because of the extraordinary variety Paul Goodman has employed in telling his story. One finds in it myths, fairy stories, allegory, puns, satires, off-color jokes and some verse. Yet, in spite of the digressions from story-telling, the author seems to have accomplished his expressed objective, "to make it possible to grow up as a human being into culture without losing nature." He has done more; he has written a lengthy novel, but one which the occasional reader can pick up, turn to any page and the few lines there will provoke his interest in the story.

The basic story is that of a male inhabitant of the city which, as the title suggests, is New York. For some reason, unknown to the reader, Goodman calls him Horatio Alger. The reader meets him as an eleven year old orphan brought up, however inadequately, by his brother and sister.

The first few pages set the pattern for the book. Horatio, by placing himself at the right place at the right moment, manages to detach himself from society by stealing his records from the school on his first day of attendance, thus preventing the school and the rest of organized society from having records of his existence. He then educates himself through experiences and learns to read and write from the headlines in newspapers.

From those first few moments with the hero, one begins to understand him. Yet one can never fully understand him because his life deviates so from the norm. One may get a glimpse of understanding, and then some absurd occurrence is depicted by the author. For example, one may learn that Horatio's nephews have become werewolves; that the entire cast are practitioners of cannibalism; or that one of the characters is a space traveler.

These absurdities prevent the book from staying entirely on the level of even the fantastic reality of Horatio's world. One is quite often reminded of Cervantes' *Don Quixote* in the modern rendition of several Quixotes.

There is something else in this book. It is a history of our time. Beginning with the depression the author recounts the adventures of Horatio and his comrades through four phases of history:

before the war, during the war, after the war, and modern times. Actually it is four books in one. Goodman explains that he has merely "added to it . . . as the historical situation varied. . . ."

C. W. WARICK

THE ARRIVAL

(Continued from page 21)

He then realized how he had missed the old Negro man. His memory of how he used to sit on Uncle Thes' knee as a boy and listen to tales of faraway places flashed through his mind. And how Uncle Thes used to always make him and Little Jonah toys and take them with him to feed the mules and cows.

Uncle Thes' eyes had gone bad, and he didn't see Bob until he was almost to him.

Bob ran to Uncle Thes and threw his arms around him.

"Uncle Thes," was all he could say.

"Mr. Bob," Uncle Thes said, "Well, dee Lord have mercy on my soul."

Bob now released him and backed off a step.

"Boy, where is you been so long? Why I thought you'd done gone away and ole Uncle Thes wouldn't never see you again."

"You knew I would come to see you if I ever got the chance," said Bob.

"I shore is glad to see you, child. I reckon dee good Lord done took care of you. He done called Little Jonah home when he wuz in Ko-rea, but me 'n Mary Eller ain't fussing, 'cause He de one who know de best. But I shore is glad to see one of my chillens home."

Bob couldn't think of anything appropriate to say, so he remained silent and started walking with Uncle Thes toward the barn.

"Yessuh, boy, you shore is growed up and fancy looking. 'Member how you used to set on Uncle Thes' knee and how I told you how you's gwine to be a big man one day when you was all growd up. You ain't the same little boy now, but I won't never fureget you and Little Jonah as younguns, not til de good Lord calls me."

The sun was setting behind the trees as they walked up the hill to the barn as they had done a lifetime before.

THE EXAM

And the multitude
moved numbly, dazedly away
bewildered countenances, deficient attitudes;

These dreamy moving statues float room to room
as cold, forbidding, bespectaled orators,
pronounce to each lost soul—his doom.

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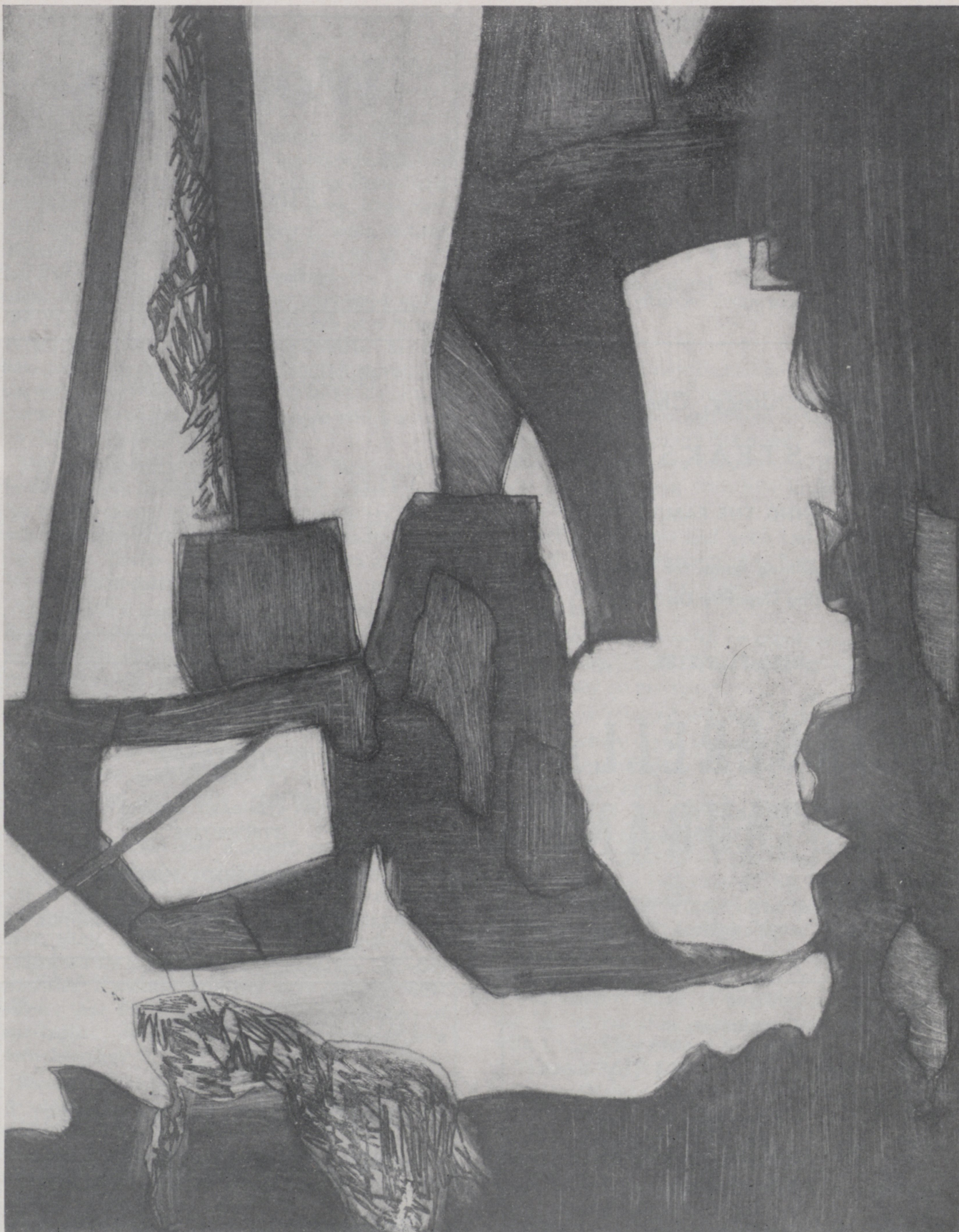
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