

## ACTIVITIES FOR HOMECOMING CELEBRATION REACH PEAK AS DATE FOR ANNUAL AFFAIR DRAWS NEAR

At left, Faye Barry and Royce Freeman, Evening school students, buy Homecoming Celebration tickets from Homecoming ticket chairman George McGraw in the Atlanta Division Lobby. Ralph Page, Homecoming chairman, looks on. In the right picture, Chairman Page and Evening student body president Bill Robbins, the two in charge of the big yearly celebration, pose for the Signal's camera. The celebra-

tion, which includes a banquet and dance, is next Wednesday, November 21. Harllee Branch, President of the Georgia Power Company, will be the principal speaker at the banquet and Wannie Hester's band will play for the dance. Tickets for the affair are now on sale in the Division lobby or by members of the Day and Evening student councils. — Photos by Jack and Tony Dinos.

### Third Field Trip

## Budding Artists from AD Visit Athen's Lamar Dodd

By Jackie Bachelor

A dozen of the Atlanta Division's budding artists, accompanied by Mr. Miller, recently made a pilgrimage to Athens to meet Lamar Dodd and visit the Art Department there.

This, the Art Department's third field trip of the quarter, was scheduled so that the unusually large number of art majors enrolled this fall would have the opportunity to learn more about their future work. The trip pointed up AD's emphasis on the practical use of commercial art and the use of fine arts in daily life. Highlights of the trip were the meeting with Mr. Dodd and visits to several of Athens art classes.

The first field trip was taken on October 19 to Agnes Sott College to see the joint Warner-Hu-

per exhibit of painting and sculpture. Mr. Warner, head of the Art Department at Scott, is one of the South's foremost contemporary artists. Miss Huper, whose work is well-known in Atlanta, will give a lecture and practical demonstration of modern sculpture at AD in the near future.

A LECTURE by Frank Lloyd Wright, dean of American architects, was the occasion for the second field trip on October 22.

Of interest to all AD students, especially those curious about modern art, is the current all-student art exhibit on the sixth (Continued on page 8)

## Library Announces New, Longer Hours; To Open Saturdays

### Action on Schedule After Signal Editorial

The Atlanta Division Library has announced an entirely new schedule which makes it open to students later on school nights and on Saturday mornings.

Announcing the new hours this week, Librarian W. Wilson Noyes says the library will be open 15 minutes longer Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights and from 9 a. m. until 12 p. m. Saturday.

This is the first time the library has ever opened its doors on Saturday. The new Saturday arrangement will enable students to do a great deal more work and to have access to important books over the week-end.

PREVIOUSLY, the library was open from 8:30 a. m. until 9:30 p. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Under the new hours, it will be open on these days from 8:30 until 9:45.

## Homecoming Celebration To be Held Wednesday

Old alumni never die, they just keep attending Homecoming.

And like so many homing pigeons, Atlanta Division grads, along with hundreds of students and faculty members, will flock to the Homecoming Celebration next Wednesday in the school gym.

But the visitors won't be pigeons for attending — they will get their money's worth (\$1.75 person) and then some.

Harllee Branch, who heads the Georgia Power company, and who is known far and wide for his prowess on the speaker's platform, and his rostrum repartee, will offer the principal address at the banquet which begins at 6:30. The subject of his speech will be "Dilemma of the Educated Man."

Another feature of the celebration will be presentation of three \$150 scholarship awards to top students scholastically in the freshman, sophomore and junior classes of the Evening school. The averages of the three students receiving the awards will be computed up to the time of the presenta-

tion. The Retail Credit company presents the awards. William J. Cordes, general counsel for the company, will make the presentations.

CONSIDERING the features of the banquet and dance, the price of \$1.75 per person seems reasonable. Besides a top-notch speaker there will be turkey and a turkey-trot. The former is the eating variety and will come covered liberally with dressing and other appropriate accessories to tickle the palate. After the eating will come Mr. Branch's speech and then entertainment: girls, music and costumes that reportedly have the Latin Quarter nightclub in New York worried about the competition.

Then comes the second type of fowl mentioned — the turkey-trot. Wannie Hester and his masterful musicians will keep time for the light-fantastic-tripping (Continued on page 8)

## Night Student Body President Bill Robbins Believes Extra Activities Half of Education

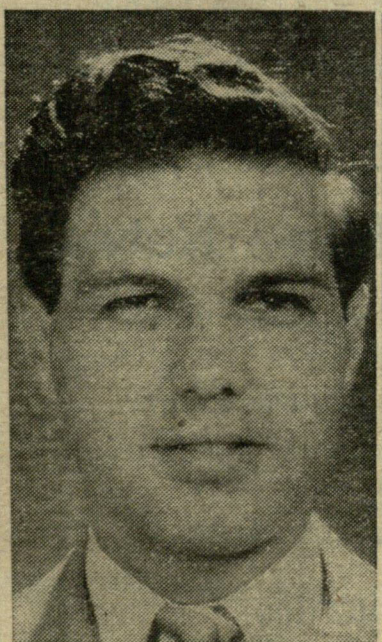
By DESPO VACALIS

"I think getting into school activities and learning how to get along with people is more than half a person's education," earnestly believes Bill Robbins, president of the student body of the Atlanta Evening Division.

And Bill is a model example of his favorite philosophy. Completing his fifth year towards a BCS degree in accounting, he has come a long way from the boy who entered the University over five years ago.

Like most evening students, Bill was in school to learn. As he phrases it, "We are not here to play around. It may be different at other colleges, particularly campus schools; however, the student who attends at night goes to get something out of it. Otherwise, he wouldn't be here."

BUT BILL was different from the typical student in that he had a native enthusiasm for and about people and wanted to join in student activities to learn more



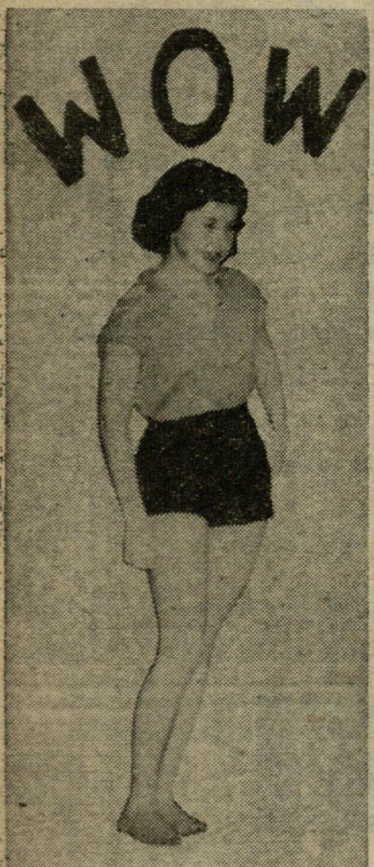
about the ability of getting along with others.

Bill frankly dislikes the term

"school politics." His brown eyes serious, he explains that the student council is just a body of students working for the students.

The Student Council is made up of a member from each 6:40 class who represents that individual class. It is this person's job to convey necessary information to his fellow classmates, distribute tickets, and plan class parties. Also present at the Student Council meetings are of course the president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, as well as the president and vice-president of each class; and a representative each from the Signal, and the Rampway, the University's year book.

BILL SAYS that this body meets approximately every two weeks, depending on the amount of business at hand. He hastens to add that the class representatives are elected each quarter, whereas the officers of the Student Council, the class officers, and the Signal and Rampway rep- (Continued on page 9)



DAY BURNETT — Is the Signal's W-O-W (woman of the week) girl for this issue. Ain't she cute? We thought so too. Sorry, Day wouldn't give us her phone number.

## News Briefs

The Atlanta Symphony orchestra, with a large part of its membership made up of Atlanta Division students and faculty, presented three concerts at the Municipal Auditorium Thursday, for all grade school children in the Atlanta area.

Dr. Henry J. Baker spoke Tuesday to the Henry Grady Toastmasters' club at the Atlanta YM-CA. His subject was "Contributions of Salesmen in Our Economy."

Jonell Upchurch won second place in the American Legion beauty contest held recently at the Legion Convention in Miami.

Georgia Power company president Harllee Branch, who will speak at the Atlanta Division's Homecoming banquet next week, addressed the visiting trade editors and journalism students in the Commerce-Journalism auditorium in Athens last week.



**MARKETING CLUB RECEIVES CHECK FROM RETAIL CLINIC**

The Atlanta Division's Marketing club, which helped to sell tickets for the Retailing Clinic held here recently, has received a \$50 check for its work. Above, Wallace Lambert, right, presents the check to Mack Driver, president of the club. Others in the picture are, from left, Jim Clouts, John Green, club advisor William Harris, and Newman Striplin. — Photo by Jack Dinos.

**Sneak Thief Purloins Ham, Handsome Hero Hams Plot**

By Jackie Bachelor

(Editor's note: The following epic drama (?) was written using the surnames of some 100 students registered at the Atlanta Division. Capitals denote the names of students woven into the story. The only editor's comment is, this prose by any other name would smell the same.)

Once upon a time in Thistle-down-by-the-sea near DOVER, lived a young couple named HANNAH and DANIEL. Although they were not very RICH, they lived in a large HOUSE which had been built by the village CARPENTER, a very ABELMAN. In the servants' quarters on the BOR-

ed the DEAN of DUKE-s. "Our MANN is HYDE-ing in the BEAVERS KAVE down by FAIRCLOTH FIELDS."

HASTY-ly the posse set off CROSS country to intercept the HOOD, LEDBETTER than ever by a FARMER who had let the HAYSLIP through his fork so he could join the fun.

Sure enough, they found the GUY CAMP-ed in the KAVE, sitting on a BLACKSTONE and knawing a PIGEON BONE. "Aha," said the BARBER, "a BYRD in the HAND is worth two in the BUSH." The crook was FULLER of applejack than HAM and snarled, "Go FRY your own HERRING," until DANIEL pulled a small CANNON from his McINTOSH.

Some of the posse wanted to LYNCH him there, but the BISHOP reminded them that "JUST-

"Oh, HECK," murmured HANNAH as she sank onto the nearest DAVENPORT and pressed a LACIE hankie to her nose. "DANIEL, my LORD and KNIGHT, this PAYNE-s me greatly. Don't just stand there like a LUMMUS! You simply must take your trusty GUNN and a PAIR of BYRD dogs and HUNT down this crook."

"He's taken it on the LAMB," replied he, "and it'll be CHANCEY work to find him, but MAY-be we can HEAD him off before he has a chance to HYDE."

Swiftly a posse was formed of the BISHOP, the BARBER, and the DUKE of BLANKENSHIP. A COUNCIL was held in the GREEN and LAVENDER shade of the BIRCH trees.

"By GODFREY, that thief is not going to DUCK out on us. We'll find him if we have to search ALL of ENGLAND and CANADA and DENMARK, too!" stormed the DUKE who was quite a MANLY MANN.

With these encouraging words, he clambered into his LEAKEY old FORD CARR and led the way down the LANE toward the NORTH. After riding LONG MILES over HILL and DALE, through MARSH and MOORE, the LITTLE group stopped in some MEADOWS to let the DUKE PONDER for a while.

At last, as DAY faded into night and the MOON shone on the late BLOOM-ing BLUE BERRY-s, inspiration struck.

"JACKSON, I have it," declar-

**NEWS BRIEFS**

Dr. George M. Sparks and William Layton, the Atlanta Division's Director and Assistant Director, have returned from a convention of University Evening Colleges of America. The meeting was held on Nov. 13, 14 and 15 in Detroit, Mich.

ICE must be done ORR the KING and QUEEN WOOD be angry." So they hauled him before the ALDERMAN without giving him time to HATCH a plan of escape.

The jury, composed of a FISHER, a FORESTER and a presiding ELDER, handed in a verdict of guilty.

"It never RAINES but it pours," siped the prisoner. "I know I'm no ANGEL; besides we can't be ALLGOOD ALL of the time. If you won't GRANT me mercy, I'll have to pay the PRICE."

The judge's heart was PIERCE-ed by this plea, so he declared the thief a FREEMAN.

Because the villagers were so glad to be free of this one man crime wave, they had a celebration. Everyone ate POUNDS of roast BULLOCK and POTTS of RICE. Afterwards, they DANCE-ed around the FOUNTAIN in the square while they sang CARROL-s.

HANNAH and DANIEL decided that life in Thistle-down-by-the-sea was too exciting. They moved to PARIS where they lived ever after in their own PARADISE.

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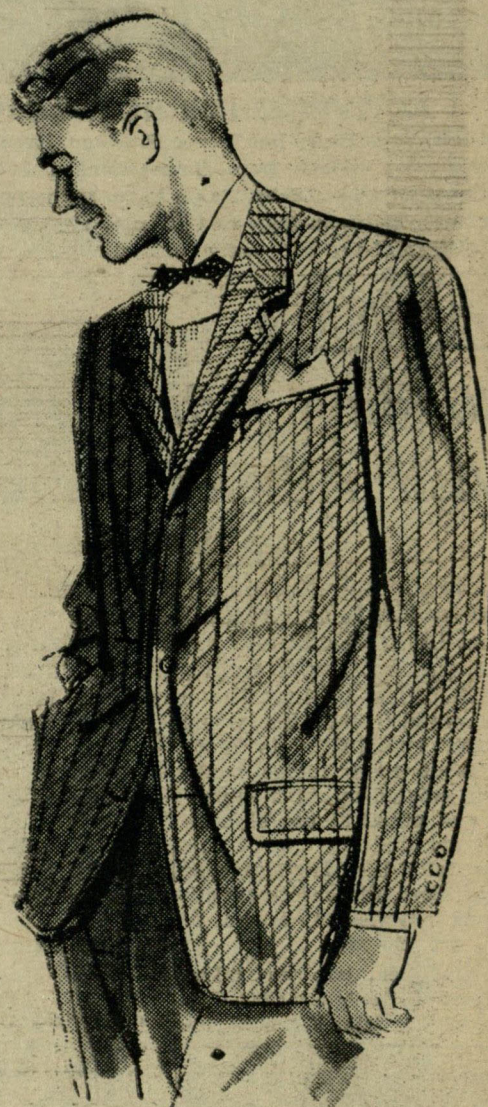
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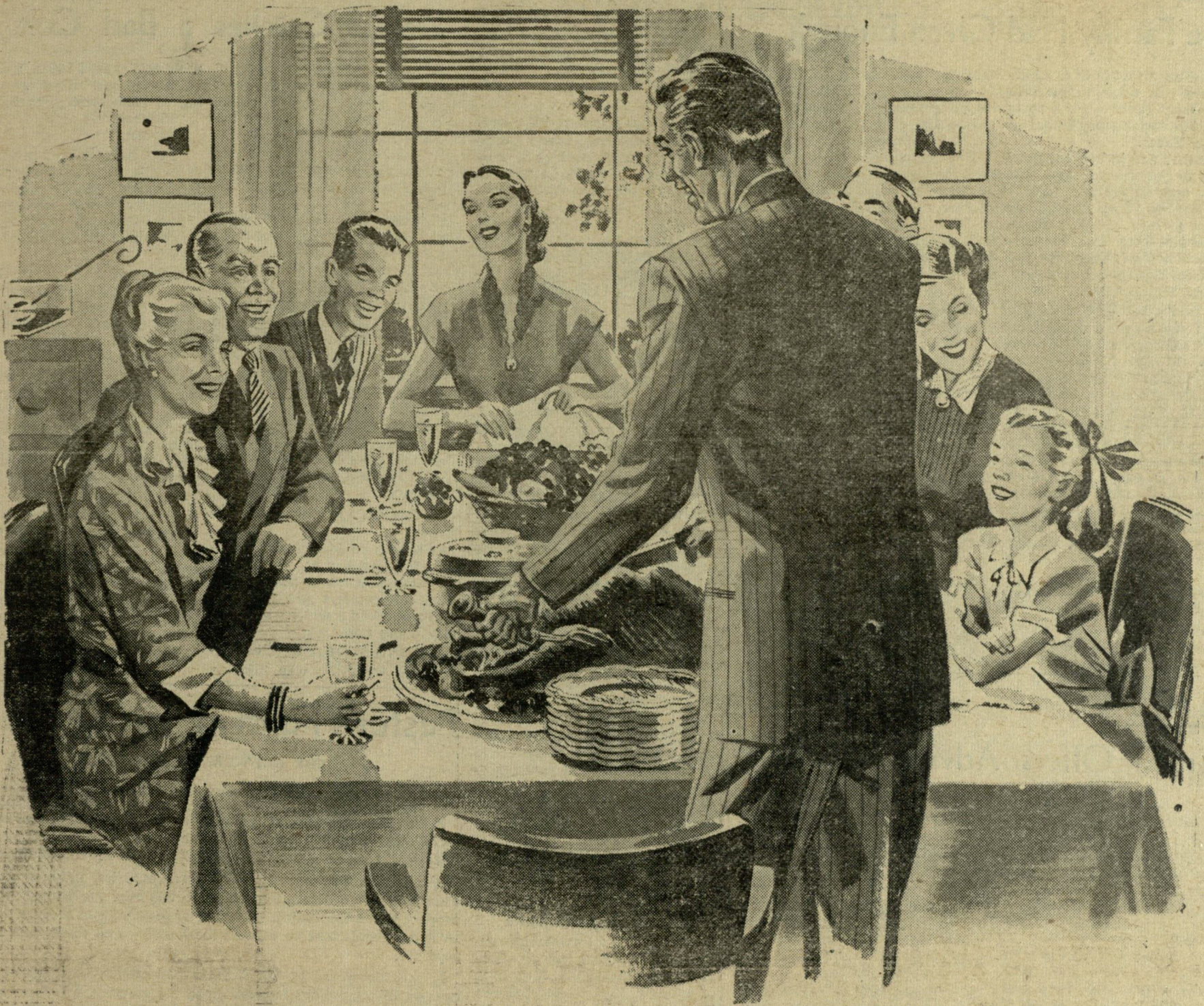
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# Thanksgiving

The pilgrims who inaugurated Thanksgiving Day left their homes to make the perilous trip across the Atlantic for more than a piece of land. They risked their lives and wealth to win the right to worship freely — to live democratically. It was on these basic principles of liberty that our great nation was founded. It was for these principles our forefathers fought so long and so valiantly.

We, who are the inheritors of this fine tradition, are faced by a threat now, too. So this Thanksgiving Day, when we sit down to our laden tables to feast and give thanks to a benevolent Lord, let us add a determined resolution to rededicate ourselves to these democratic principles. Let us resolve to preserve for our children the very same freedom our forefathers fought to give us, freedom which has brought us such abundance.

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## Dick Hatch

### The Family Had Given Enough

I called on a family in a suburban home this week to perform an unpleasant task: to get a story about a 20-year old boy killed in action in Korea.

His mother was in bed, too grief stricken to get around and his brothers and sisters sat silently around the bed. They showed me his latest picture and they showed me his last letter from the hospital where he died. They also had letters from friends of the boy, expressing their sorrow.

**THE BOY'S** father had died a couple of years ago, a happy man. His four oldest sons had all served in World War II—one in the infantry, one in the air corps, another in the artillery and still another in the engineers. The father had been very ill near the close of the war and his family said his only prayer was that he would live to see them all safely home. They all returned, though one of them was wounded seriously, and the father died a few months later, happy in the thought that his five sons would live out their lives in a "brave new world."

**FURTHEREST** from his mind was the thought that his youngest child, then still in high school, would die on a foreign battle field in a few short years. He died

thinking, and rightly so, that his four sons had given blood so that future generations would live in peace. He died thinking he and his had given enough.

You might say, and very truly, that this family's grief is no more or not even so great as thousands of other families'. But I am telling the story because it points up so well the tragedy of the Korean War. It is such a short time that we were fighting what we hoped would be the last war!

**ANOTHER POINT** of this story is that the boy who died volunteered for the service. I have noticed that there is not much of the patriotism in young men now that caused so many to enlist in the last war. And you can't blame them. Many of them fought in the last war. Many of them lost brothers and fathers in the last war. They fought thinking they would not have to fight again, at least in their lives. You can't much blame them for not rushing to the colors, waving flags, full of patriotic elan.

But still there is enough of the spirit to make many men offer to fight, and enough to make others fight bravely, though not by their choice.

## John Greene

### Green Offers Advisor Advice

Since the initiation of the student counseling program, the faculty members have been busily recruiting and button-holing a large portion of the Day student body in an apparent attempt to bolster the strength of student enrollment in their respective departments.

Various students have been seen at times in the halls mumbling to themselves, "He only gave me three courses under him next quarter, Dr. Baker must really like me."

I will here attempt to picture some of the different kinds of advisors. Any resemblance to your own advisor is purely unaccidental.

1. This elective will give you a good foundation for your major type." He is one that must be approached with caution. This course is usually one of his own and furthermore he probably has inside dope that the course will not count next year on your degree. My advice is, change your major.

2. Masterful advisor type. He tells you that this or that course must be taken next quarter. This kind of advisor used to be a sergeant in the army and he forgets himself at times — nearly all the time. Of course the student can refuse this dictatorial advice. But sooner or later in your quest for completion of your degree, he will likely have that required course you need to graduate. Logical advice: tell the master to abate.

3. The workhorse type. He is an-

other well liked species. He wishes you to work for not one, not two, but three degrees. I suggest that you take the first two, but give him the third degree.

4. The fatherly type. This type is the most friendly. You can tell him all your problems, but the trouble is, he tells you all of his. Just be sure to have plenty of crying towels handy.

5. The stubborn or goat-headed type. He is the one that keeps butting in all the time, and trying to change your entire schedule. Tell this type to take it on the lamb.

6. The unreasonable type. He is the most obnoxious of all. He wants you to imitate Hercules cleaning the Augean stables, using a pencil instead of a shovel. He advises you to enter into six different extra-curricular activities, take two major courses, and maintain an A plus average. My advice: castrate your curriculum.

## As Time Sees Us Dan Matthews

Time magazine, in its usual clear and concise style, has published a penetrating article called "Portrait of the Younger Generation." It is something worth reading.

Frequently slanting its news, Time nevertheless rarely ever pulls any punches and on a subject where it has no apples to peddle can and does do a superlative job. Such is its look at America's youth. Gathering reports from its correspondents over the nation, Time has taken a long and discerning look at the heart of the younger generation — seeing and reporting what makes it tick and why.

**ONE CONCLUSION** we liked most concerns the morals of the younger generation. Time says the young folks can still raise hell and cut immoral capers, but do so because they enjoy it and not to shock a prim and straight-laced Victorian society. In this respect the article says, and very truly, they are more intelligent than were their parents. It is no longer clever or cute to get drunk just for the sake of getting plastered. Such was the case in most of the binges of the flaming youth of the twenties. Today the drinking by the youngsters is usually moderate. Young people are generally more serious than were their parents, better students we think, and in many ways more mature.

We highly recommend the articles to all students here. We think many of Time's shots will hit the mark in most young people.

### Who Threw Jeans In Mrs. Murphy's Clambake

from the Red and Black

According to all available comment, coeds at the sorority formals were universally attired in the epitome of style and fashion. Dreamy, strapless gowns view with off-shoulder models for popularity, but regardless of the gown, the average girl spent several hours in preparation for the dance.

Toward the end of the evening blue-jeaned stags appeared and broke on the ladies. It is estimated that these men spent an average of four minutes dressing for the dance.

The Red and Black has heard many definitions of the word "gentlemen," but none show such disrespect for a girl's efforts.

### Daniel Catches a Bad Colt

As your correspondent sat and shivered at last week's Homecoming game, strong odors of saddle soap kept breaking through the stronger stuff everyone was sniffing. Thinking that someone had figured a variation on the familiar blonde-coke, an investigation followed.

A shrill whinny as a Bulldog drive from the three ended on the four led me to discover a large horse, calmly seated on a feed sack in the student section.

**BEING ACQUAINTED** with horses only as the punch-line to poor jokes about poor beer, a broaching ensued. Also the subsequent dialogue:

"What Ho, Horse!"

"Don't call me horse, my friend," replied the beast taking a long slug from a stirrup cup, "Call me Highball—Highball the Ribald Pie-bald, in fact."

"In fact?"

"In person, or at least in horse."

Following an intense interrogation I learned that the equine spectator was an ex-draft horse. When he couldn't get draft he drank bourbon, which he was busy doing now.

**REFUSING A SHOT** of "Old Saddle-Sore" which he was thinning

with cotton-seed hulls, I continued the queries. "What are you doing at Homecoming, eyeball?"

"Highball."

"Pardon."

"I am here under a grant-in-aid from one of the leading campus fraternities, provided through the generosity of some old grads."

This stirred the curiosity within me and a plea to elaborate followed.

"It seems, droll human, that you have not heard the charges leveled at fraternities and old grads at the football games. People say that they are horsey."

"You mean . . ."

"Yep. They bring me along to the games; I sit around and nibble on coeds, kick faculty members, drink great draughts of bourbon, swear loudly, stand up at odd times, put my tail in other people's face and generally make an—if you'll pardon the expression—ass out of myself."

**WHEN PEOPLE** turn to complain, my frat brothers and the old grads point at men and exclaim, 'Aren't we a horsey lot!'"

"Hmhmhmhm. A scrape — er, Horse, is that what you mean?"

"You guessed 'er Chester."

"Dan."

"Pardon."

## Pastor's Faith in Facing Death

ROY BREWER, Religious Editor

(Guest writer for this week, Dr. Robert Griffin)

Is the Christian idea of personal immortality just a sop for grief? —Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Take this as an actual example: During the course of World War II the German forces occupied the Low Countries, and in one of them, at least, made a determined effort to win over the sympathies of the people. When that failed, it became necessary to issue more and more stringent regulations to control the hostility and disobedience of the populace.

It was discovered by the German government that following each new set of regulations imposed upon the country, a letter was going out from an anonymous leader of the Protestant church in that country. The letter contained comments on the new laws, and frequently advised that church members now show their disapproval by non-cooperation. To German eyes, this was disobedience of the first order.

**IT WAS NOT LONG**, for the police were efficient, before the writer of the letter was arrested and brought before the chief of the Gestapo. The officer said to him, "It has come to our attention that letters urging crime against the government are going out to the members of our churches. This will stop at once."

The Pastor standing between two armed guards said, "That is true; such letters have gone out. I do not, however, believe that they will stop." With an angry moment, the officer whipped out his revolver and pointed it at the pastor's middle.

"Do you know what that means?"

"Yes, I think so. At least I know what I think it means to you. You think that if you kill me the letters will stop. But they WON'T. My successor has already been appointed. If I don't return from this office, he will send out the next letter. You will be able, doubtless, to find him and kill him. But his successor has already been appointed. There are more men ready to see that this pastoral letter gets out than you can find and kill. The letters will not stop.

"And another thing," the pastor continued, "that gun does not mean the same thing to me that it means to you. Actually, if you pull the trigger, you will be doing me a great favor. When you destroyed our capitol city, my wife and my son — the only family I had in the world — were destroyed with it. They are waiting now for me to come to be with them. I do not take my own life because I have duty to perform here. But you would release me to the greatest happiness I can conceive of if you were to fire that gun in your hand."

The pastor was not shot. And not many days later, the officer was suddenly transferred.

**THE COURAGE WE GET** for living our daily lives out to a right conclusion depends squarely upon what we believe about the life to come. If we believe that death is final, then survival itself would become the highest good. And if we believed that it was important to survive for its own sake, then our moral nerve fibre is severed, and we will sell ourselves daily to buy a few more hours before the final curtain of darkness falls upon us.

Do you suppose that this is what is the matter with us these days? Once those who had been with Jesus found that there was abundance in their lives; they felt that death was an incident almost casually to be experienced. Now we find life such a crushing bore that it takes all our effort to make it through the day. And to us death has become the ultimate tragedy.

(Editor's Note: Thanks to Dr. Griffin for this article and for the great job he is doing as Executive Secretary of the Atlanta Christian Council. He is the originator of The Pastor's Study, a very inspirational and informative program you may hear over WSB Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights at 11:30. Another prominent minister writes for this column next issue.)



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#### UNIVERSITY SIGNAL

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# Inspiring Speech on Soldier's Death

(Ed. Note: Just this past Sunday we celebrated Armistice Day, the day that was originally designated to celebrate the peace following the war that "Ended all Wars." This peace was broken by the start of World War II and Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor.

In honor of William H. Manley, the first Atlantan to be killed in World War II and also an Atlanta Division student, we have taken from Mrs. Cantrell's files a speech Dr. Elmer G. Campbell made at the William H. Manley Memorial Ceremony on Monday, May 11, 1942.)

We are now in the performance of a duty that we all wish did not exist. The faculty and the students of this institution a little while ago called Bill Manley their own, and we are still calling him our own. We have taken a portion of earthen materials, and we have molded them into an appropriate and a graceful form, and we have inscribed upon this plaque a memorandum of his heroism. At this late hour, that is the best we can do.

Yesterday, we might have sown the seeds of brotherhood and generosity. We did little, but the world is now in a mighty spasm of hate. Yesterday, we did fill the churches and school-houses, and in them we should have taught the world how to behave. We should have taught good manners to the nations of this world. We did a little, not enough perhaps, and so, in this hour, brotherhood and culture have gone to war, religion and education are burying the dead and comforting the living bereaved by the fortunes of war, and the face of civilization is splashed and stained with innocent blood. What faculty member, or what student would not, in this moment, pray that religion give up its vagaries and denominational envies, and kneel unitedly to the great task of building a righteous world. Who from among us who make up a college would not now be willing to turn from teaching students how to make a better living, to teaching them how better to live? To the end, of course, that there should be peace, universal peace, on the face of this earth of yours and mine.

**WHEN I SPEAK** of the name of Bill Manley, who of you would not, vow very earnestly that he died for a great cause? You know, there is something strange and incomprehensible about the greatness of a man who will die for a cause. Do you understand it? I do not. I have never died for a cause, but I would like to tell you, if there is a cause on the face of this earth that merits the loss of one young life as Bill Manley's, then that cause is worth living for. That cause is worthy of the very heart and every nerve of education. That cause is worthy of the united soul of religion.

Our boy died. We are here acknowledging that our boy did die, and that he died for a cause; and what a small and feeble thing it is to stand here and talk, just talk, in the face of what Bill Manley did.

We have done a lot of talking. Education has been talking for a long, long time; and we have trained thousands and thousands of medical doctors, and it seems to me sometimes that we have trained a million doctors of philosophy; and therefore, I am sorry to see even now that civilization is still sick. Will you join me in the hope, and in the faith, that soon educators, and ministers will place themselves upon the altar of peace and good will, and live there

and die there, for the sake of a righteous world?

Often in my life, someone has said to me that as long as we have human nature, and a world, there will be world wars, and I am glad to inform you that I have good reason to believe that, in general, there is as much inherent good in the human body or soul as there is inherent bad. Now if a child is born with equal amounts of good and bad in him, which half of him should we educate? I think on the average, perhaps, there is more good born in a child than bad. This is not only good biological faith, but it is the faith that must form the basis of all hopes in a peaceful world. It is the faith which, in the future, must form the basis of all our educational arrangements. It is a biological faith upon which, in the future, all the sermons and prayers of the church must be made. For what have we been in training? For what have we been praying, and for what have we been educating?

**NOW, THIS MIGHT** be said. We have known what we have prayed for, but the question now might be asked — upon what altar have educators and ministers placed themselves and offered themselves? And I am inclined to believe it will take a great deal of intellectual honesty to bring forth the true answer to this question.

Some summers ago on the shore of Lake Michigan, there was a great crowd gathered, enjoying the cool, crystal waters of that lake. In spite of the warning of the life-guard, one venturesome man went out into the deep, and soon found himself in trouble, and there was a call for a volunteer to rescue him. One fine lad swam out and brought the drowning man back with him. He succeeded in getting him to safety at the end of the dock, where, somehow, the brave rescuer fell back into the deep, and before someone could rescue him, his life was gone. Finally, his lifeless body was brought back to the dry sands of the beach. Everyone was passing remarks about him, and this was heard: "He did not need to die had he not gone to the rescue of the other one." And I thought I heard a far-off voice from somewhere—it seemed in the distance; it might have been imagination, but I thought I heard a voice saying: "No greater love has any man than this, that he would lay down his life for a friend. Ye are my friends if you do whatever I have

# WHAT'S COOKING

## In the Organizations

By MARGARET ANNE DAVIS

Phi Chi Theta's national inspector, Ella McCarley, put Upsilon chapter members through their paces Saturday, Nov. 10, following an interview with Dr. Sparks

and Dean Camp. After lunch at the Atlanta Woman's club, the regular monthly meeting and ceremonies for inspection were held and Christmas card purchases were made.

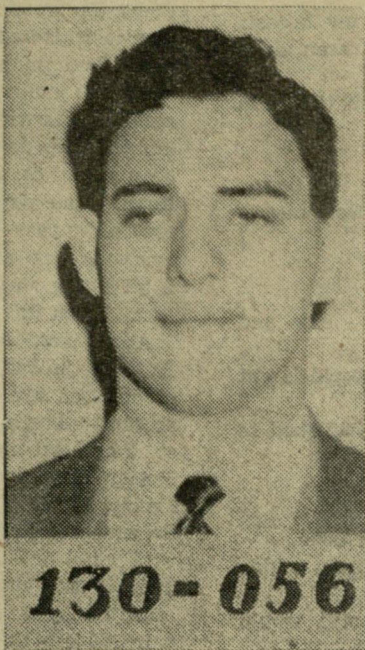
Tau Epsilon Phi recently elected officers for the Winter and Spring terms. Burton Handmacher, chancellor; Haim Cohen, vice-chancellor; Larry Bogart, scribe; Dave Kletzky, bursar; Asher Bentor, warden; Leon Tuck, historian and chaplin, were elected. Nov. 10, the pledges honored the brothers with an informal house party at the home of their sweetheart, Miss Tillie Galanti. Congratulations to the pledges, Haim Shamaria, Ted Yeintraub, Bob Chait and Don Salzman for a swell affair.

The Delta Alpha Delta girls en-

tertained their mothers at a "Mother and Daughter Tea" Sunday, Nov. 11 at Virginia Burn's home. Everyone present seemed to have found a new link of friendship from this meeting. Jackie Hunnicutt, Jo Ann Shepherd, and Shirley Waller celebrated their birthdays at this time. Plans are now being made for a New Year's Eve Party and numerous other parties are scheduled before Christmas. Delta Alpha Delta is raffling a \$30 radio Nov. 21. Get your chances now!

Saturday night, Chi Rho Sigma is having a Barn dance at the recreation house of the Druid Hills Methodist church. It starts at 8 p. m. girls, so bring your date and let's have a wonderful time.

Sigma Kappa Chi fraternity and Kappa Theta sorority have been given the job of decorating the Atlanta Division gym for the homecoming celebration to be held there Nov. 21. Sigma Kappa Chi members working on the decorating task are John Greene, Julian Friddell, Ed Burnette, Bob Callahan and George Ross.



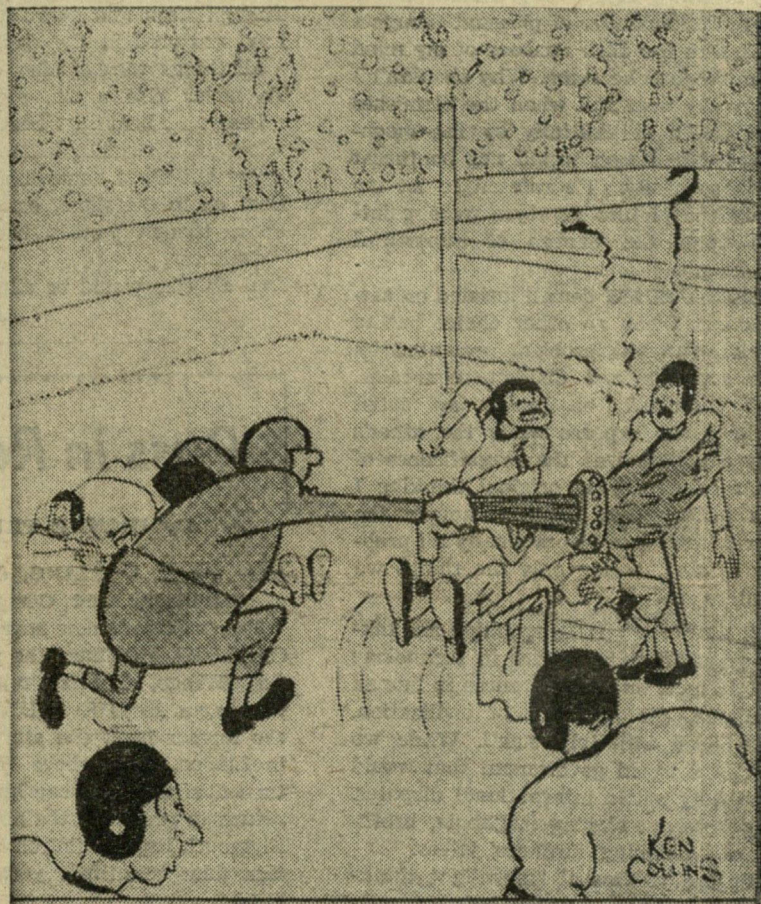
130-056

### WANTED

Pretty Boy Hatch. Wanted by State, Federal and most other authorities for the following crimes: Slander, libel and malicious rumors; bull-shooting and bamboozlement; yellow-journalism, malicious make-up and wrongful writing; typographical terrorism, mean misrepresentation, and news slanting; newspaper nepotism, linotype larceny, and advertising avarice. He is also suspected of being a member of the subversive Columnist Party. Be on the look out for him. When last seen he was armed with a typewriter and knocking off lies about the Atlanta Division.

commanded you. A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another," and that is all there is to it — one died for a cause in order that you and I, the schools, the church, and all the world might live for it.

**REMEMBER** Pearl Harbor — Remember Calvary. Win the war — win the cause of Peace, and war shall be no more.



"Look out, it's a statue of liberty play!"

a salute to FALL

In **Casual Comfort!**

All Wool Sport Coats 22.50

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The most important item in your wardrobe ... **YOUR GREY FLANNEL SLACKS** ... for casual wear, for sports, for every occasion. They mix well, and blend well with most anything else you own. Tailored to provide you with a maximum of comfort. We show them in three popular shades.

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**MUSKA** The STYLE Center of The South

PEACHTREE, WALTON AND BROAD STS.

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Home of Delicious Foods

**Lunch Dinner**

11 Till 2 4:30 Till 7

## Moonlight Thinking

By WILLIAM EDWARDS

The night was cool and clear but not unpleasant. The moon nestled comfortably among the glittering stars, with such magnificence that no Louis XIV could hope to equal its splendor. Standing like a Shakespearean actor delivering a soliloquy from center stage, the moon flooded the landscape with shimmering omnipresent light, turning the cold granite of the mountain into a sparkling white beauty. Even though the pines were etched a solemn black against the white resplendence, they swayed gaily within the gentle grasp of a light breeze.

I was overwhelmed and filled with awe by the spectacle. While standing there reflecting upon the bountifulness of nature, a demon of unpleasantness forced its way into my train of thought. Remembering how the same mountain looks when subjected to the unflattering rays of the sun was the demon which distorted the beautiful picture.

The granite was breathtaking at night although it is nothing but a cold grey stone littered with beer cans and other forms of refuse when seen under the revealing light of day. I immediately shoved this usurper of pleasant thoughts back into the dark recesses of my mind from whence he came. Why shouldn't I enjoy the beautiful when the blemishes are hidden so skillfully by the moonlight? My demon would not be thrust aside so easily. He refused to let me enjoy the picture my eyes were painting upon the canvas of superficial thinking.

BECAUSE MY demon insisted on satisfaction, I had no other choice but to think about the problem presented by two separate and distinct mountains. One possessed the beauty an artist could never capture while the other's only attribute was the magnificence of sheer bulk. In my original thinking I was utilizing the same technique the human race uses in practically all problem solving: seeing only the things we want to see.

In the last 50 years mankind has taken great forward strides in technology and science, but our advances in human relations, the yardstick of civilization, have been infinitely small. While we talk of a world government that would peacefully settle international disputes, neighbors are slaying neighbors, brothers are seducing brothers' wives.

We are victims of "moonlight thinking." Man likes to preen before a mirror, pound his chest, and tell himself he is supreme ruler of the earth, and the ultimate in creation. He refuses to admit that modern man is a beast with a few coats of "civilization veneer" carelessly sprayed over a hard animal core. In the most practical manner man's animal core takes what it wants. Undeniable as these facts are, man thrusts them into a dark corner of his mind where they can do the least damage to the race's self-important opinion of itself. To avoid facing reality, man points his righteous finger at the ethical codes he has established to regulate his life. If these high sounding codes are subjected to close scrutiny, it is discovered that ethical actions are more profitable than the unethical 99 per cent of the time. How many ethical practices would we have if this were not true?

THE ABOVE is the basic but far from the only case of moonlight thinking by which a person deludes himself. As it is a basic error, all subsequent conclusions are necessarily twisted and distorted. Any time an incorrect premise is used the conclusion is bound to be erroneous. A typical example of man's thought processes is his attitudes toward fellow men in need of assistance. Man simply says, "It is not my duty to provide for someone else; I worked for everything I have; let him do the same." With this piece of illogical monologue we thrust the problem aside and think thoughts which are not so offensive to our delicate taste.

As long as the human race persists in looking at the mountain bathed in moonlight and refuses to admit the presence of beer cans simply because they

are not visible in a subdued light, no real progress can ever be expected. If our civilization is to live, human relations must be brought rapidly up to the level we have attained in technology and science. We must take a good look at ourselves and honestly discover what we really are. This must be done soon; the time to start is now.

## Beat, oh Heart

Beat, oh, heart,  
Keep beating, thumping in my breast;  
Against the soul that has been dead  
so long.

If I could but tear you from the flesh  
that hides you

From prying eyes,  
I would sink my fingers in the tissue,  
Watch the dark red blood flow out to  
stain the earth.

Beat, oh, heart,  
You are not part of me — else you  
could not

Beat steadily when all the world is out  
of rhythm;

When all my dreams have banished in  
the mist.

I think if I should die,  
Though flesh and nerve and bone  
Lay scattered in the dust from which  
all things were made

To never rise again, you still would  
beat . . . beat . . . beat . . .

Lying out there, somewhere,  
Beat on in the same, barbaric time,  
Beat, though worlds had fallen into  
darkness,

And all else would be silence . . .

Julia D. Evatt

## Pass in Review

By JEANNE PRUITT

THE HIGH CALLING, James Street,  
Doubleday and Company, Inc.

James Street's new novel, THE HIGH CALLING, continues the story of London Wingo, Baptist minister, which was begun in THE GAUNTLET. As in the former book the story takes place in Linden, Mo., where Wingo has returned after a 20-year absence. On his return to preach in the newly organized Plymouth Baptist church he brings with him his beautiful, young daughter, Paige.

Twenty years before, shortly after the death of his wife, Wingo left Linden to preach in a large Kansas City church. Now he returns to the scene of his past grief with mixed emotions.

In Plymouth church he makes both friends and enemies. His daughter, Paige, meets and falls in love with a young ministerial student, Vance Andrews, who is engaged to the daughter of one of Wingo's most powerful enemies.

WINGO HIMSELF FINDS companionship with three people as different from each other as day from night. First Cliff Carter, undertaker and friend of the past, who believes in God, the church, and London Wingo. Next Benton Andrews, atheist, whose son is studying for the ministry much against the wishes of the elder Andrews. And last, Forest Roberts, schoolteacher, who loves him.

Each of these six people has a story of his own. Wingo — of his past grief and his determination that his daughter shall not suffer as her mother did. Paige — of her love for her father and her feelings for a mother she doesn't remember. Cliff Carter — of his devotion to God and his love of all mankind. Vance Andrews — of his decision to enter the ministry regardless of his father's attitude. Benton Andrews — of his refusal of God and the loneliness he endures. Forest Roberts — of her devotion to teaching and the fight she makes for her love for London Wingo.

All these stories and more combine to make a novel of warmth, understanding, and excitement which the reader is certain to enjoy.

In this book James Street captures

the human side of the people by including in his novel the little everyday mannerisms of people the world over. THE HIGH CALLING is a novel of all people for all people and a thoroughly enjoyable story by a master of the written word.

## The Gift

By PEGGY M. CROWDER

The wind whispers and runs gaily down the small side street, chasing before it scattered leaves and bits of paper. Autumn is heavy in the air and even the dullness of the dingy tenement houses with their tired and crumbling frames do their part to add to the beauty that is, and always will be Autumn. The day is one of those crisp sort of days — the kind that makes everyone step a little higher and walk a bit faster and yet one warm in beauty and rich in sunshine.

About half-way down the block, in front of the red brick building, a group of children are busily engaged in hopscotch — laughing and shouting one to another, lost in childhood's sweet seclusion and completely disregarding or simply ignoring a small girl seated on the stoop of the house. She is a beautiful child even in her ragged dress, delicate and dainty, her smallness intensified by a mass of tangled black hair. There she sits looking quite out of place amid such gaiety with a look of utter despondency in her large brown eyes. Her age? I would guess six or seven. She is deep in thought and being unable to concentrate she slowly rises and enters the lower flat.

THE APARTMENT IS SMALL and poorly furnished, filled with the odd looking furniture so often found in these homes. Relics everywhere tell a story of another life in other lands.

Her mother hearing her enter looks up from her mending. She too has sadness in her face.

"What is it my Maria? Are you tired of your playing?"

"No, Mama."

"Well, dear, would you run to the delicatessen and buy some bread and beans for our dinner. It's a shame we cannot have some kind of meat for this dinner. But, I suppose we should be thankful for beans and pray that next Thanksgiving we will have better. Now, don't feel bad child — we aren't alone in our poorness."

As the mother looks into her purse for some coins, little Maria looks at her and turns again to her thoughts: "Poor Mommy, she looks so tired and so unhappy. Wish we could have something to eat besides beans, then maybe she would smile sometime and sing to me like she used to."

Her mother interrupts her thoughts — "Remember, bread and beans." Maria leaves the house and walks slowly down the street to Lupo's. She walks alone, the way so often walked by the children of these homes, down to the corner and by the group of local hoodlums seated on the curb until darkness comes and with her more entertaining things to do. Little Maria so childishly concerned — walking on past "Precious Blood Cathedral" then retracing her steps, she enters the solemnity of the church. This is her first trip alone and she is somewhat frightened by the pomp and dignity she feels around her. Looking first at the Crucifix, her eyes travel from one saint to another finally resting on the Figure of the Virgin Mary holding Her Son. Gazing lovingly at the Child, she bows her head and prays, prays with a child's heart and a child's words for something to make her mother happy. And the little figure rises and proceeds on her journey to the store.

AS SHE WALKS HOMEWARD, her foot kicks the patches of leaves and trash and hearing the sound of something metal, she bends and picks up a beautiful shining object. As she stares ceaselessly at the beautiful thing, her eyes begin to shine and she skips along the street humming and laughing to herself.

Swinging wide the gate she runs into the house. But this time her face is radiant with happiness and she cries

out to her mother, "Oh, Mommy, I have a present for you. Happy Thanksgiving" — and holding out her grimy little hand, she allows her mother to see the precious thing she had found for her. Little Maria so unselfish and loving, hands her mother the gift — one beautiful ear-bob!!

## A Speaker is Born

Speaking one day during an English recitation, a young man became so embarrassed at his broken utterances that he sat down red-faced, unable to continue.

In the school he attended, a club was sponsoring a prize for speaking. Being an admirer of a good orator, he decided that he would become a good speaker. With the help of his English teacher, he wrote a five-minute speech on soil conservation, a topic dear to the people in the small farming community in which he was raised.

Came the night for the event to take place, there were five speakers; and in drawing numbers for places, he drew number 5.

"Oh, agonizing thought, I have to wait while they stutter and stumble and fumble through their speeches."

AS ONE AFTER another rose to speak, he would notice their nervousness, shaking knees, and other small mannerisms of an agitated person. While he watched, his inner turmoil and outward signs of uneasiness increased.

That fatal moment — his turn. As he rose, the desultory clapping for the previous speaker stopped; and all eyes turned upon him. For a tortuous moment, he stood tongue-tied. Then, in a flash the thought, "I am capable of telling these people something I've learned through my studies," ran through his mind.

He began to speak and as he became more interested in his topic, his gestures became freer and his voice took on a resonant sound.

Twenty-five years later, as president of his company, he was speaking to some of his colleagues at a dinner given in honor of his promotion. This was the subject of his talk.

By Wesley Burnham

## Night

By DESPO VACALIS

I was walking alone, bareheaded, so that the ocean breeze would play hide-and-seek with my hair. The night was still. I shuffled my bare feet through the cooling sand. The black sea, although it breathed great regular sighs, was calm; and the silver moon hung low and let its beams playfully dart over and under the breaking waves.

I trudged on, hands deep in the pockets of my cotton wrap, tasting the freshness of the night, a lonely, silent figure. I turned my face upward and my head reeled as I beheld the dazzling fires of heaven. Among them floated wispy clouds making a half-hearted attempt to thread the stars together. In the distance the black velvet of the sky melted into the satin of the gleaming water.

I PASSED a dying bonfire, and I hoped that its smoldering glow held pleasant memories. I paused in my trek and stared forlornly at the embers and pondered over the sharp nostalgia that only a fire on the beach can stir. I walked on, always alone, and my brain was almost suffocated with a hundred rising thoughts which I tried unsuccessfully to quell. They arose like bubbles; and as soon as one disintegrated, it was immediately replaced by a fresh spray. In the white moon glow I saw two flashing cigarette tips drop to the ground and two figures became one. Still I walked, my wandering feet following my restless spirit. The bigness of the night awed me, enveloped me; and I asked myself in full view of the perfect order stretched out around me why I was put here. What am I doing here — a dissonant note in the harmonious symphony of the universe.

# literary section

AN OUTLET FOR STUDENT CREATIVE WRITING  
DESPO VACALIS, Editor

## The Cripple Squirrel

By DAN KITCHENS

All the way home he sat in quiet, proud silence clutching in his thin hand the report card which promoted him to the fifth grade. Occasionally he glanced at it; let his eyes run lovingly down the list of A's which told their abbreviated story of the nine-month school term. There they were in their triangular, truncated beauty proudly telling him what a good student he was. In all the clamor of a busload of children his was a serene and happy heart. As he looked up from the card with a bemused smile, he saw that his cousin who sat opposite him, knees touching his, was smiling tenderly at him. He slipped the card guiltily into his pocket and tried to feign indifference.

**HIS COUSIN WAS** two years older than he and she was a good deal larger. He was small, thin and sallow with bony hands and thin legs. Great, dark eyes looked out rather myopically from under a broad brow. The rest of his features were dwarfed by his eyes. Caught between high cheekbones above a small, sensuous mouth, his nose was much too small and tended to flare at the nether end. His cousin was a tall, sunny-faced girl of 12 with straight blond hair and blue eyes. She was not pretty, but from her wide-lipped mouth and level eyes there shone forth beauty such as he never saw in anyone else. Sometimes when she was not aware of it, he would gaze at her in something which came very near to idolatry. But his love for her was purely aesthetic; there was not even a hint of adolescent passion in his feeling for her. What he loved was the clean, open, innocent beauty that radiated from her. He liked to know that there lived a being who was so completely knowable as opposed to the dark recesses, the unknown and unknowable, dim and shadowy corners of his own personality. He could look at her and feel that every aspect of her stood forth on her countenance. Her smile and quick laughter lifted him out of himself and made him a part of the bright, beautiful world. Even her tears, when she fell and hurt herself, shimmered like laughing diamonds on her lashes; then soon she was smiling again.

The bus stopped and she jumped up quickly calling, "Come on Joe." Hurriedly and awkwardly he pushed himself past the rows of interlocking knees and out of the door just behind her. The other children waved and shouted to them.

"Don't be late in the morning."

"See you next year."

"Bye-bye, Bookworm." This last directed derisively at him, he knew. For a moment it darkened his happiness. But not for long. The day was too glorious.

The late May sunshine had not yet become too hot as it would in June and July. The dirt road that led from the highway was bordered by a wire fence on each side which was overgrown with blackberry bushes and honeysuckle vines. The mantle of green that covered the flat, South Georgia country still held a virginal tenderness; the leaves had not yet become dust covered; a tinge of yellow lingered. Across the low land a sweet, golden, pulsating, dewey haze still successfully defied the not yet all out assault of the sun.

As they walked slowly along, hand-in-hand, Joe rapturously scuffed his bare toes in the sand. Just for this minute he was overwhelmingly happy. And although he knew that long before the summer was over, he would be eager to go back to school, right now he revelled in the prospect of the adventures that lay before him. Rounding a bend in the road, he saw a squirrel on the road. The squirrel sat on his haunches in one of the deep ruts in

the sand bed, and just as Joe and the girl started to chase him he saw them and, startled, ran with a curious three-legged hop straight down the rut. They were gaining on the squirrel and would have caught up to him, but the sand bed ended and the road flattened out. The squirrel left the road and scampered through the bordering fence, ran up a blackgum tree, stopped on a limb in full view and turned facing them barking his excited defiance. Then they saw that his right front foot was missing. His tail twitched with every chattering bark, and the stump of his foreleg pointed at them accusingly.

**SLOWLY THEY WENT** on down the road and soon came to another road which branched off and down which his cousin lived. She left him and he walked on. Without her sunny presence, he sank into one of his dark moods. He wondered about the squirrel. How did he lose his foot? He thought of home and knew that his mother was waiting for him. She would be standing on the end of the front porch with her hands wrapped in her apron as he turned into the lane leading to the house. The thought of getting home excited him, but deliberately he slowed his pace. If he went slowly the pleasure of getting there would be prolonged.

At the end of the lane there was a huge persimmon tree which he called "his" tree. When he got to it he jumped and caught the bottom limb and expertly climbed nearly to the top. From here he could see across the fields. The corn was dark green, and away off he saw the clump of trees which concealed his cousin's house. A thin wisp of smoke arose from them and he knew that his aunt was cooking dinner. Here in the dark, leafy coolness of the tree, the wind rustled and on the trunk of the tree there was a great blob of what he called worm jelly. It lay, clear and amber, against the gray bark of the tree. His mother had told him that worms in trees caused the jelly to come out of the cracks in the bark. He put forth his hand and pinched the jelly. It was cool and sticky. Experimentally he touched the gummy finger to his tongue. The jelly was bitter and didn't taste at all as it looked. He spat and pulled a leaf to chew.

**LOOKING TOWARD THE HOUSE,** he saw his mother standing on the end of the porch, hands wrapped in her apron, as he knew she would be. Knowing that she could not see him gave him a God-like feeling, and he sat there watching her disappear into the house and return every few minutes to stand looking anxiously down the lane. Finally he swung out of his perch and descended to the lower branch from which he swung back and forth, skinned-the-cat three times and dropped to the ground.

Taking his report card from his pocket, he ran swift as the wind up the lane. Seeing his mother waiting at the gate, a lump came in his throat and he choked back the tears.

## Democracy

A common word,  
Only dared to be  
Whispered  
By many,  
Has brought about  
More deaths  
Than any other word  
Save "aggression."  
Its full implications  
Are known  
Only to those  
Who lack it.

Abuse, scorn, and  
Ignorance strike at it  
From those for whom it is a  
Birthright.  
Its back grows weary

With the burden of a  
Life without sleep.  
Repeatedly it is called on  
To justify itself — or die.

But it has lived.

It burns on, this word,  
This thought, this concept,  
Like the torch which guards  
The entrance to its most  
Fortunate child.

It lives, when life is dead.  
It hopes, when hope is lost.

This common word,  
For which men  
Suffer  
In a world  
Which is to many  
Worse than death  
Live on.  
Democracy!

By Jane Hogencamp

## Reminiscing

By NANCY COLLIER

It was while eating a bunch of cold, juicy scuppernongs the other day that I happened to think back to the days when Joyce, my childhood playmate, and I were in grammar school. Surely no one could ever have had any more fun than we two did during the summer and after school in the fall. We rarely ever resorted to dolls or cut-outs; those were for cold or rainy days. No indeed, mother nature was our favorite playmate, whether it was lying on our stomachs on the ground watching the slow progress of a caterpillar; standing fascinated before a spider spinning his web; or climbing trees. The latter, I believe, was usually our favorite pastime, probably because our mothers always warned us that we might get hurt doing it. The higher the tree, the better we liked it. I remember particularly the big muscadine or scuppernong vine that grew in Joyce's back yard. For hours we would sit in its strong, gnarled branches, making ourselves sick on the luscious fruit, and pretending to be someone else. Sometimes we were fairy princesses or cruel merciless witches; then again, we were rich, beautiful movie stars with the world (and particularly men) at our feet; but more often, no doubt inspired by the surrounding foliage, we were fair damsels lost in an African jungle, starving, frightened, and at the mercy of lions growling below our leafy perch. But just in time, a tall handsome Tarzan would rescue us, and somehow, we always managed to make two of him, so that we could both have a hero. Sounds silly now, but our world of fantasy was wonderful to us, and we were always healthy and happy.

**THEN, AS WE GREW OLDER** and discarded our make-believe games, we became biologically minded, and sought knowledge in the form of experiments with insects. We captured vicious, man-eating spiders, (that is, Joyce did the actual capturing, while I screamed directions from a safe perch) and one of our most thrilling moments occurred when a large, brown spider we had just encased in a jar suddenly became the mother of a million tiny spiders. Later, we were a little chagrined that we had caught an expectant mother, but we soothed our conscience by saying, "How could we know, and anyway, we let them go." Probably the only insect that escaped our big, glass jar was the black and yellow garden spider, for everyone knew that if you showed your teeth or spoke your name in his presence, he would spin your name in his web, and you would die a horrible death. So, he lived to a ripe, old age.

And in the evenings after supper, we would congregate in my side yard, along with the other children on the block. Sometimes we played croquet, hide and seek, finders keepers, hop scotch, may I, red light, or rode bicycles and skated. But as soon as it was dark enough, we all gathered on the steps and told scary stories. Passers-by would often be nearly frightened out of their wits by a blood-curdling scream or

an unearthly witch's ha, ha, ha! Even now I meet some of these same girls or boys, now working or in college, and they will say, "Remember when we used to sit on your steps and tell stories? That was a lot of fun, wasn't it?"

**I FEEL MUCH OLDER** than 19 to look back on those days, for it seems so many years ago. And sadly enough, looking back is all I can do, for there is nothing to remind me. Going home about 7:30 from work, I see none of the things we used to do. The streets are deserted, but inside the dimly-lighted living rooms, the Lone Ranger or a horror story is in progress on the television screen. Oh yes, TV is a wonderful invention; in fact, I am one of its more rabid fans. But yet, I cannot help thinking how much better off the younger generation would be without it. I've also observed that when they finally do tear themselves away and gather outside to play, no longer are the games of cops and robbers, or cowboys a popular pastime. Now they divide into two armies with toy flame throwers, machine guns, or miniature atom bombs as weapons instead of the old standard of stick guns and play bows and arrows. And no longer is it a battle between the Texas Rangers and savage Indians; instead we hear the cries of, "I got you first, you dirty Korean," only now it is more often, "you dirty Russian." It's too bad, isn't it that they must grow up bearing universal hatreds for people they have never seen, and that their future must inevitably end up in military warfare. Perhaps someday, all of the countries of the world will learn that war gains nothing but loss of life, lands, and freedom. Maybe then, the children of American can grow up in peace, loving and not fearing their foreign neighbors. Perhaps this is just wishful thinking on my part, or maybe just the reaction of that bunch of scuppernongs.

## Night Symphony

Night — dark and forbidding night encompasses the world; its black tendrils brush soundlessly against my window. From somewhere near there comes the throbbing music of a jazz band translated beat by beat across the vast, dark face of the country and then released from my unknown neighbor's pandorian box to mix with the blackness outside my window, to insinuate itself into my consciousness, into my concentration. A dog barks, only a few desultory barks.

From across the street a door slams and soon a second story window is raised; a woman's voice slithers out and mingles with the night and the jazz and the fog; now the deeper voice of a man joins hers and the voices rise and fall and intertwine and waft into the open window.

I sit alone and listen, with not a thought, intent only on the night sounds. Abruptly the music stops; the voices continue. Now only the man's is audible —

Suddenly splitting the night like a caterwauling of a wild creature there comes the hysterical, raucous, vulgar, obscenely caressing laughter of the woman ending in a spasm of uncontrolled coughing.

By Dan Kitchens

## Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves —  
Spinning — round and round  
Like a red top  
Twirling through the trees.  
Autumn leaves —  
Sailing — up-now-down  
Like a boy's kite  
Reckless in the breeze.  
Autumn leaves —  
Turning — golden brown  
Like October's pumpkins  
Ripe before the freeze.  
Autumn leaves —  
Today's bonfire  
Tomorrow's — wreaths.

By Carolyne Heck



### ATLANTA DIVISION CONCERT BAND PRACTICES IN MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Charles W. Little, right, Atlanta Division band conductor, leads the concert in orchestra practice. The band practices, along with the Division's dance and military bands in the music department on the sixth floor. The concert band's next engagement will be on station WAGA-TV Saturday, Nov. 24.

— Photo by Jack Dinos.

### AD's Head Janitor Dreads 'Setting-Up' Exercises Most

By C. E. RICH

Setting up between 800 and 1,000 chairs in the gym of the Atlanta Division is Yancey Martin's toughest job.

Yancey, head janitor for the institution's clean-up crew of seven, says that this duty alone is had enough, but when the students decide to have a basketball game 10 minutes before the chairs are to be used, "it's rough."

Except for the chairs, Yancey declares that his job runs smoothly and conforms to a strict schedule. The huge Ivy street college maintains classrooms for more than 4,000 students who meet during the day and night. Yancey Martin's group is responsible to see that these classrooms are clean and orderly and ready for use by the 8 a. m. classes.

Martin is married and the father of a 12-year-old son. He has been with the school three years and says, "It's the best job I've ever had."

### Homecoming

(Continued from page 1)

with sweet and hot licks. The waltz, the fox-trot (not to be confused with turkey-trot) the jitter-bug, the Charleston, the black bottom, and the Lindy hop will be

presented, and it's even rumored that a few old dances will be revived.

**THE DANCE** starts at 9:30 after the banquet set-up has been cleared away and will continue past many old Grads' bed-time.

Sigma Kappa Chi of the Day school and Kappa Theta of the Evening school are handling the

decorations of the gymnasium.

Ticket sales are being handled by the Student Councils of the Day and Evening schools and Ralph Page, banquet chairman, reports that the sales are doing well. A ticket booth has been set up in the front lobby for the convenience of students and is being manned through all classes.

### Budding Artists

(Continued from page 1)

floor. The exhibit contains examples of all forms of modern art from still-life oils to abstracts and fantasies.

Two of the most interesting abstracts are those done by Charlotte Hendley and Thomas Gattis. Using only line and color, they have created entirely different moods. Other outstanding talent is seen in the pencil drawings by Thomas Bauer. One of the most unusual treatments of design in the exhibit is the potato print by M. Delay. This type of design is fairly new in this country, but is already being used by interior decorators to achieve individual effects in draps and slip covers.

Other members of the art classes have worked out problems dealing with the use of texture and color in design, with three-dimensional effects, and with paper collage as a design medium.

### 'RELAX AT BIGTOWN'

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— BILLIARDS —

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William J. Berguin  
Univ. of South Dakota

It usually takes me years to get the knowledge that I lack, But learning Lucky Strike tastes best Just took a single pack!

Joseph Ellis  
Wayne University

I've smoked a million Lucky Strikes And never found a flaw. They're always firm and fully packed And easy on the draw!

Thomas L. Mills  
Louisiana Tech.



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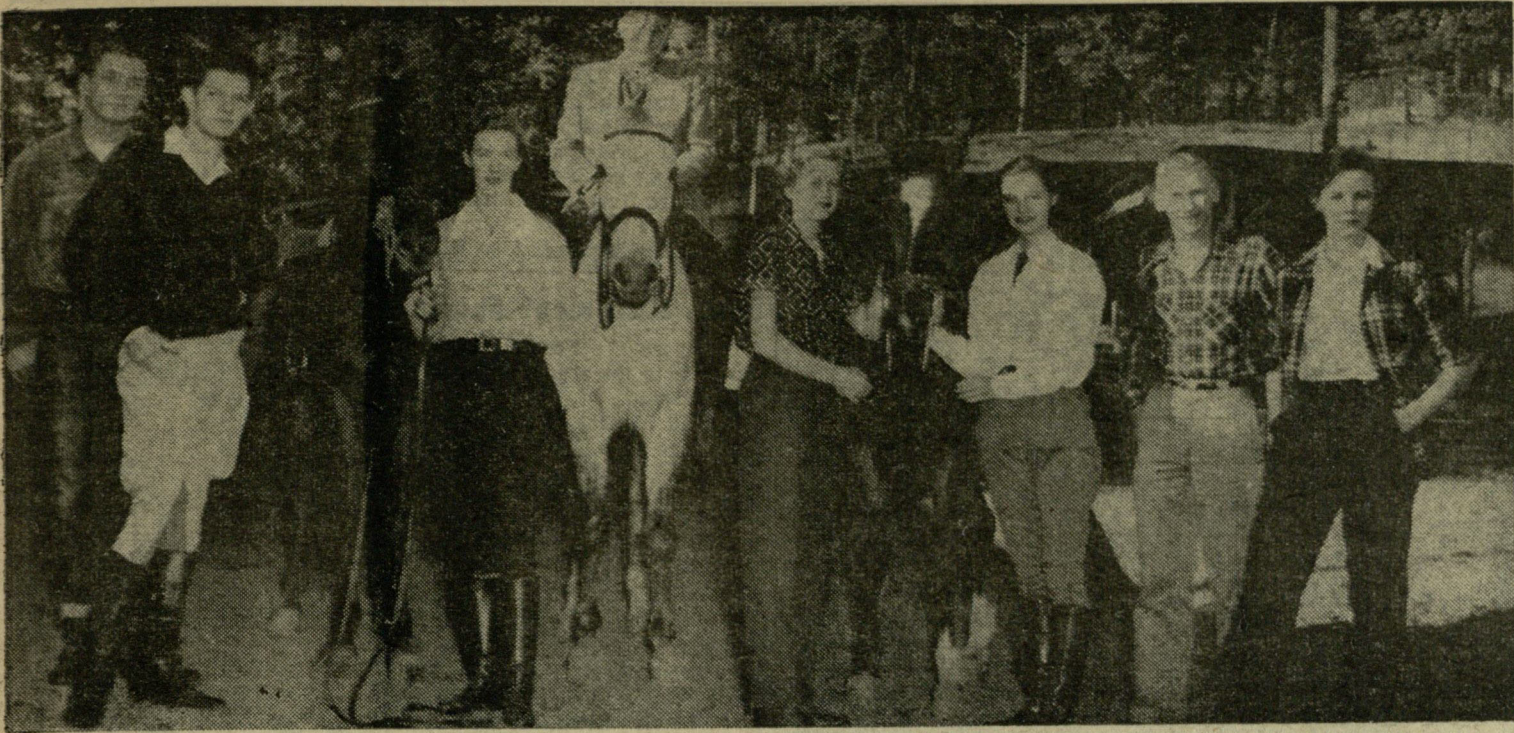
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DECATUR, GA.  
FOR ARROW SHIRTS





**NEWLY RE-ORGANIZED SPUR CLUB HOLDS FIRST OUTING AT NORTH FULTON PARK**

When seven students, one faculty advisor and eight horses descend on North Fulton park, you can bet your boots — riding boots that is—that eight people are going to have a lot of fun and eight horses a lot of work. That is exactly what happened when the Spur club

held its first ride of 1951 November 11. In this picture are, from left, Richard Marks, Bill Harper, Louise Medlock, V. V. Lavroff (on Old Grey Mare), Janet Gibbs, Gail Bell, Bill McGehee and Barbara Hilsman. — Photo by Jack Dinos.

**Atlanta to View Machine-Age Art**

A unique art exhibition which runs from November 19 through the 30th, at the Atlanta Public Library, is being sponsored jointly by the Art Directors Club of Atlanta, Atlanta Advertising Club and Printing Industry of Atlanta. Pictures which "were never drawn by the hand of man" is the way Albert Schiller, typographic artist of New York, describes his creations.

The pictures require weeks of costly labor to produce, but authorities agree that the results are eminently worth while; for the value of Schiller's pictures lies in his exceptional ability to select just the right combination of type ornaments to obtain his desired results. That, indeed, is his "secret" and the reason he is the world's only artist in this medium.

Schiller describes his work as a "machine-age" art, since the picture you see and enjoy is produced entirely by mechanical means. Though comparatively un-

(Continued on page 12)

**Elevator Operator Got Into Business on Ground Floor**

By Janet Foster

The life of an elevator operator has its ups and downs just as the elevator does; however from the appearance of the smiling face of Mamie Herd, operator of the larger of the two elevators at the Atlanta Division of the University of Georgia, it must be mostly ups.

Mamie, who has been at her job for 17 months, says that most of her passengers are students who are always joking and talking with her. Some ask to be taken to the 15th floor, others ask to be run down the street, and one girl even runs off with the elevator every now and then. As an advisor to some of her love-lorn passengers, Mamie has helped to solve quite a few problems. The faculty, on the other hand, according to Mamie, are a little more reserved.

AT TIMES, as it is with even the best of elevators, this one has been stuck between floors, but nothing drastic has ever happened, declares Mamie. As a rule the elevator manages to become stuck even with a floor, and everyone gets out without too much trouble.

Mamie, who begins her day at 7:45, says her busiest times come just as the students rush to their morning classes at the last minute. By mid-afternoon traffic has begun to die down. By 5:30 when Mamie is ready to leave, the elevator is full again with evening students. It is easy to see why the students like Mamie's elevator the best, for as Mamie says herself, "It goes the fastest and makes the most noise."

**Bill Robbins**

(Continued from page 1)

representatives hold their seats for the whole year.

Whenever such problems as donating blood for the Red Cross or contributing to the March of Dimes drive come up, the Student Council is always ready to organize these services.

Perhaps the most important single activity of the Student Council is the arranging of the Homecoming Banquet and Dance celebration each year on the night before Thanksgiving. For weeks, committees appointed from the Student Council begin their planning, the work made harder because virtually all evening division students hold down full-time jobs during the day. The Homecoming Banquet is a good barometer of school spirit.

Bill observed, "I do not think the average evening student is as interested as he or she should be in outside activities. But there is more interest than a lot of people think."

"THE TYPICAL evening student is one who carries an average load of two subjects a quar-

ter, is a person who is connected in the business field, and who is in a hurry to get to class, take the notes, and rush home.

"If this average student would take just a little more time to investigate a few organizations, he would find his school life would become much more enjoyable."

Bill is pretty proud of the Signal, which now appears every week and which, he feels has stirred evening school students to a greater pride for their school.

Aside from his position at the Southern Railway System and his job as President of the student body, Bill has other obligations. He is a member and former vice-president of Delta Sigma Pi, a professional fraternity; undergraduate president of the Delta Mu Delta, a national scholastic honor fraternity; a member of the Venetian Society; and a member of the Intra-mural Key Club, a local honor society.

At 25, "pushing 26," grins Bill, he has behind him three years of service in the Navy Air Corps as a reserve officer. A few months ago, Bill married a red-head named Katherine. "But she doesn't have a temper!" he quickly ascertained.

OF COURSE, as president of the student body, Bill is confronted with many requests, queries, and opinions. Only rarely, however, does he receive niggardly grievances.

A typical and reasonable complaint went up when students discovered they could no longer pur-

chase tickets for the Georgia games at school.

Bill explained the situation this way: "Last year, the School had to 'give' the Athens School a little over \$1,000 on account of tickets allotted to the Atlanta Division which were not sold. That is the reason why we are not selling them this year."

Friendly and easy-going, Bill's personality is reflected in his affable good looks. He makes it a

point to call everyone whom he meets by name, and more than likely he will remember to ask Joe about his baby's new tooth.

Bill is a firm believer in people: he wants to work with them; play with them; joke with them; and if necessary feel sad with them. He does not believe a person can get ahead without that indefinable, elusive trait which is so loosely dubbed "getting along with others."

With a philosophy like this, Bill is sure to succeed.

**TOY HEADQUARTERS  
Buddy's Toyland**

8 Decatur Street

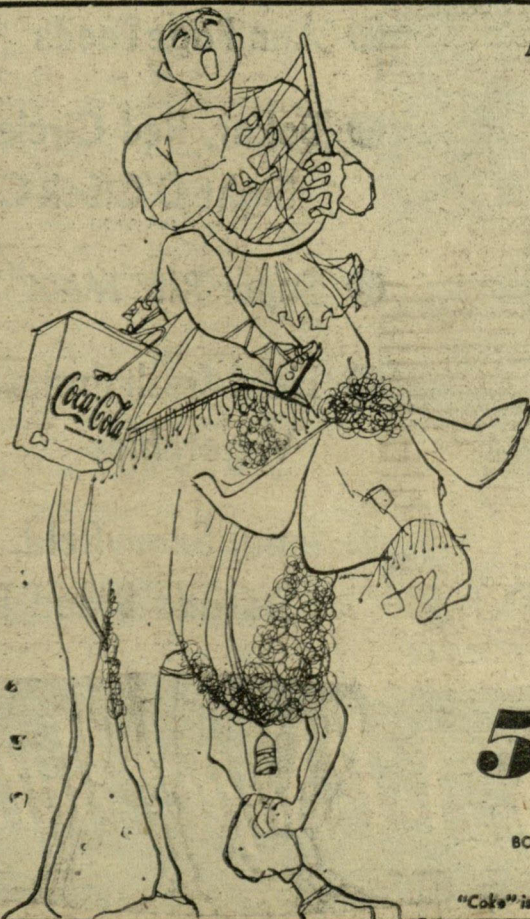
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**CHEERLEADERS GET TIPS FROM NANCY COLLIER AND IDA JO OSBORN**

Two hold-overs from last year's Atlanta Division cheerleading squad give some tips to the other members of this year's rah, rah group. Other members of the squad are John Greene, George Ross, Walter Chesnut, Gene Ballard, Herbert Stem, Ruth Smith, Katie Gibson, Libby Boulware, Day Burnett, Nancy Parrish, Judy Pate, Jonell Upchurch, Joane Ward, and Barbara Lazenby.. — Photo by Tony Dinos.

**Atlanta Civic Theatre Presents Great Expectations This Week**

"Great Expectations," a dramatized version of the Charles Dickens classic, is being presented by the Atlanta Civic Theatre at the Atlanta Woman's Club auditorium November 15, 16, and 17, as the organization's second play of the season.

A special children's matinee will also be held at 2:30 p. m. Saturday, Nov. 17 at popular prices, to enable students to see a great English masterpiece brought to life on an Atlanta stage for the first time.

Three Atlanta youngsters have important roles in the play. They are 11-year-old Harriette Fuhrman, who enacts the part of Estella as a little girl; Vann Hall, a 12-year-old, who plays Pip as a boy, and Howard Brunner, 12, who plays Herbert Pocket.

**THE ADULT ROLE** of Estella is played by Carroll Conrey; grown-up Pip by Riggs Luther; Herbert Pocket is played by Jim Smith; Fred Langridge plays Provis, the convict; Tom Chadwick as Jaggers; Lila Kennedy as Miss Haversham; Sam Edwards as Joe Gargery; Jackie Jones as Sarah Pocket; Kitty Anderson as Biddy; Ann McLaughlin as Molly; Sandra Fulle as Clara Barley;

Erick Johnson as Bentley Drummle; and Ernest Lang as Sergeant of the Guards.

Rosemary Jones is directing the play. It is adapted for the stage by Alice Chadwicke of "Ann of Green Gables" fame.

Reserved seats for the evening performances are on sale at Georgia Book Shop, 106 Forsythe St. Saturday matinee tickets will be sold only at the door, with no seats reserved.

**Rampway Announces Staff Additions**

The Rampway, Atlanta Division's annual, has announced new appointments to the staff.

They are: Gene Ballard, Day School editor; Royce Freeman, faculty editor; Lyman Pinkus, art assistant and Jackie Wages, senior editor.

The photographs for the Rampway will be taken in Day school next week starting Monday. Pictures will be taken in the 10:40 classes.

Editor Louise Hollis of the Rampway says the annual needs several typists on the staff. Anyone wishing to help out in this capacity should go to the Rampway office on the first ramp.

**W. C. Miller Promoted To Cpt. at Fort Jackson**

William C. Miller, Atlanta, has been promoted to the rank of corporal at Fort Jackson, S. C., where he is assigned in the personnel office of the Specialist Training Regiment of the Eighth Infantry Division.

A graduate of Henry Grady High school, Cpl. Miller attended the Atlanta Division of the University of Georgia. Prior to his induction last January, he was employed as a clerk with Scripto, Inc., in Atlanta.

**Selective Service Test Set Here December 13**

The Atlanta Division has again arranged to offer the Selective Service tests for the benefit of the many students in the college and in the city who wish to take the test.

Tests will be administered by Dr. Wage of the Psychology department in Room 304-F beginning at 9 a. m. Thursday, Dec. 13.

**Day General Council Holds Meeting Friday**

The Atlanta Division's Day Student Council held a special meeting today (Friday) to organize the final preparations for the homecoming celebrations.

Members were asked to turn in their ticket sales money and unsold tickets Monday. Also, ticket

booth committee was appointed to man the ticket booth in the lobby Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at the 10:40 period and the 11:30 to noon period.

President Joe Bennett announced that regular meeting will be held Monday at 10 a. m.

**Frosh Placement Scores**

This year the Freshman Placement Tests were administered to 404 freshmen.

The 10 highest students on total scores were Leonard K. Peet, Edgar H. Orr, Joyce E. McDaniel, Joe Rue Coats, Martha Jean Hairston, Barbara Ann Lamborn, Mary Joan Washburn, William H. O'Dwyer, Margaret Woodward, and Dan Michael Welch.

The 10 highest students on intelligence scores were Edgar H. Orr, Leonard K. Peet, Joe Rue Coats, Joyce E. McDaniel, Herbert Lewis Stem, Mary Joan Washburn, Martha Jean Hairston, Mary Jean McEachern, Guy Eaves Jr., William Sewell Burton and Margaret Woodward.

Then highest on English scores were Leonard K. Peet, Edgar Orr, Barbara Ann Lamborn, Joyce E. Chatham, Martha Jean Hairston, Janet Sue Gibbs, Dan Michael Welch, Joe Rue Coats and William L. O'Dwyer.

Ten highest on algebra scores, Leonard K. Peet, Herbert L. Stem, Laurina E. Cook, John H. Cowan, Wayne H. Howard, William L. O'Dwyer, Margaret Woodward, Guy Eaves Jr., Mary Joan Washburn and Dan M. Welch.

Ten highest on personality: Charles J. Hawkins, Cliff H. Ewing, Harold W. Thurman, Charlotte H. Gresham, Laurina E. Cook, Mary Jean McEachern, David H. Stephens, William H. O'Dwyer, Barbara Ann Lamborn, Herman E. Foretich and Leonard K. Peet.

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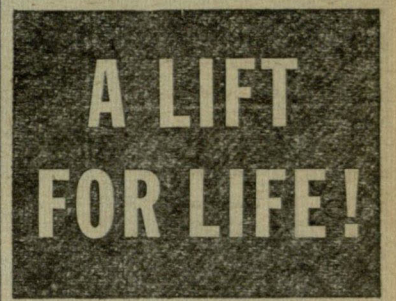
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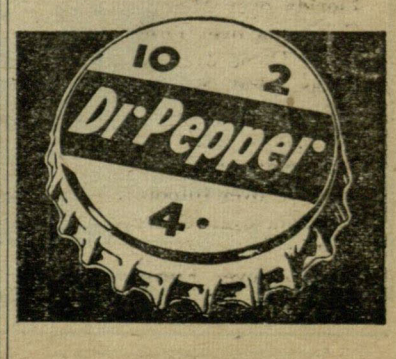


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**NO OTHER DRINK PICKS YOU UP LIKE Dr. Pepper**

Here's a delicious sparkling drink, different from any you've tasted, that LIFTS your day's energy within 2 to 8 minutes... gives you new LIFE fast. Peps you up when you're low. Nothing like it—everyone loves it. Keep a carton or a case at hand, for a real lift for life!



from the  
**SIDELINES**

By TOM LUMMUS

Commissioner Bert Bell of the National Professional league has submitted the best idea to come from within football since the sport began. He advocates calling a touchdown 7 points, thus eliminating the extra point in both pro and college ball.

Bell, who has put in many long hours of study on the game, claims this plan would aid the sport in two ways. It would cut 90 per cent of the gambling and save time.

The bookies center their betting system around the extra point. If you have ever played a parlay card then you know that it is the extra point that is being wagered on in most cases.

The pro game has long been the target of the gamblers and college football is developing into a gambling paradise. Taking this step would cut the gamblers' throats.

**SIMPLE REASONING** would show you that the extra point is useless. If a team makes a touchdown and fails to kick the extra point and the other team makes both and wins, neither team has proved itself better than the other. Because both made only one TD and making them is where the work comes in.

The time element is another thing to be brought under consideration. The men who made the rules for the sport did not allow any game time to be contributed to kicking extra points.

Most fans would welcome the thought of saving time. The time saved could be added to the half-time activities or cut entirely. Having to sit on concrete or sticky wooden seats for nearly two and a half hours becomes a little tiresome.

The interest of the fans is not in a kicking match but in running, passing, and the making of TD's. That is proved in the fact that fans had rather see a high scoring game than only one or two scores.

Here is one vote supporting commissioner Bell's idea 100 per cent. I think that a majority of the sports world is inclined to agree with me.

\*\*\*

**BY THE TIME ZEKE BRATKOWSKI** leaves Georgia he will undoubtedly hold every passing record that is kept by the Southeastern Conference. Against Florida last Saturday he added another to his ever increasing list.

The Bulldog slinger completed three tosses to the Gators to bring his season's total of interceptions to 21, one above the old mark set in 1943 by another Georgia player, Johnny Cook.

He is also rapidly approaching three other conference records. He stands a good chance to surpass two of them in the Auburn game this week. Those of most passes attempted and most completed. There is an inside chance for him to break the conference mark for most yards passing in one season.

\*\*\*

**CAN YOU REMEMBER AN ARMY** football team that failed to gain a single yard in a football game? That is what happened to the Cadets in their tilt with Southern California several weeks ago.

Statistics on the game show the West Point crew made no first downs, gained a minus 10 yards on the ground, and passed for 10 yards. Add that up and you get exactly zero for their afternoon's work.

\*\*\*

**THE SEC HAS THREE** of the 10 leading passers in the nation. Kentucky's Babe Parilli ranks second, Zeke Bratkowski of Georgia is in fifth place and Vanderbilt's golden boy Bill Wade is in the seventh spot.

In total offense Bratkowski is fourth and is followed by Parilli, seventh, and Wade, tenth.

\*\*\*

**GEORGIA NOW HAS TWO** first string catches for pitcher Zeke Bratkowski. Gene White, a sophomore, has now joined Harry Babcock in that department.

The towering end looked good in both the Alabama and Florida games. He showed he is ready for first string duty. To think that the Boston Red Sox are having a catching problem. If Art De Carlo and John Carson could play the Bulldogs could afford to loan them one.

\*\*\*

**SPORTS BRIEFS** — Vandy has scored seven touchdowns in the last three games. Bill Wade has passed for all seven scores. Who said that you couldn't win a ball game with running alone? Tennessee and Ole Miss traveled for over 500 yards apiece against Washington & Lee and Auburn. The Vols reeled off 513 while Mississippi rolled for 515. Wonder who got the best of the deal between the Boston Red Sox and the Chicago White Sox. The Red stockings gave up Chuck Stobbs and Mel Hoderline, two young players, in exchange for a pair of veterans, Don Lenhardt and Randy Gumphart. Paul Richards still going after youth while the Boston boys never learn and keep on adding the old folks.

Boldface Cheltenham has only three weeks left to pull his average over the .700 mark. He says that this week's picks will help quite a bit. Here is how the master mind sees them.

- Kentucky over George Washington — Watch out Tennessee.
- Maryland over N. Carolina St. — Tenth victim.
- Baylor over Wake Forest — In a humdinger.
- Georgia over Auburn — Bulldogs have found themselves.
- Michigan St. over Indiana — Boys are hot.
- LSU over Mississippi St. — In a close one.
- Florida over Miami — Just a hunch.
- California over Oregon — Bears want this one.
- Notre Dame over North Carolina — Those hapless Tarheels.
- Texas A&M over Rice — Another Close one.
- TCU over Texas — A battle royal.
- S. Carolina over Virginia — Game Cocks are better.
- Oklahoma over Iowa St. — Sooners are ready.
- Ohio St. over Illinois — Days upset.
- Alabama over Georgia Tech — Bama to make rotten oranges of Jackets.
- Clemson over Furman — Tigers need a field practice.
- SMU over Arkansas — Benners can pass this one into victory.



BASKETBALL CHEERLEADING SQUAD PRACTICES IN GYMNASIUM

**Georgia and Auburn to Renew Oldest Grid Rivalry in Southland Saturday in Columbus**

Georgia's ancient neutral-ground rivalry with Auburn at Columbus will be renewed Saturday with the battle expected to be one of the closest and best in recent years.

Auburn, the league's favorite doormat for quite a few grid seasons, has reared its head as a real power this year and is acting like anything but a doormat. On the other hand, Georgia is having one of its poorest years on record.

Before last week, the War Eagles from the Plains have been an easy one or two touchdown favorite over the Bulldogs. But last week Georgia edged a good Florida squad by a point while Auburn took a very decisive licking from Mississippi.

**THESE GAMES**, plus the mighty throwing arm of Georgia's Zeke Bratkowski, have tilted the odds slightly in the Red and Black's favor.

Bratkowski, out to break every passing record in sight, will have plenty of targets in the Columbus tilt. Besides his old faithful Harry Babcock, Sophomore Gene White has appeared on the scene as a top-flight end. Conrad Maniseri, who ran for two touchdowns against Alabama, will be an ever-dangerous weapon at the safety position, as will Lauren Hargrove at halfback. However, bad news for Georgia supporters is that hard-charging fullback Fred Biley will miss the Auburn tilt because of injuries.

The Auburn Tigers, coached by former Georgia assistant mentor Shug Jordan, have a fine 5-2 record this year, and will be out for blood against Georgia.

**The Fencing Sport Beckons Sportsmen**

Fencing, a sport that is little published, beckons all who would be interested in its fine art. Fencing offers much more than one would expect.

The sport teaches you timing, a sense of balance, and coordination. All three of these are very helpful in keeping one in good form.

The three weapons used are foil, epee, and saber.

Male students of the Atlanta Division are invited to attend classes at the following places: YMCA, and the Fulton County recreation club located on Peachtree Hills avenue.

Classes are held at the "Y" on Monday and Friday evenings at 6:30 and on Saturday afternoons at one. The instruction is free.

Coed fencing is offered at the Fulton County center Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock.

**AD's Ramblers Begin Practice For Cage Season**

The Atlanta Division Ramblers have started practice sessions in the school gymnasium and will open the cage season in a practice game against Columbia Seminary of Decatur sometime in early December.

The regular season schedule has not been completed, says basketball coach Stoney Burgess. However, the Ramblers' early games will include West Georgia college, Tennessee Wesleyan, Southern Pharmacy, Southern Tech and the Georgia Tech and Georgia freshmen. The regular season will not begin until after Christmas. Coach Burgess says this year's schedule will be almost the same as last season's.

SO FAR, only 10 men are out for

(Continued on page 12)

**COX MUSIC SHOP**

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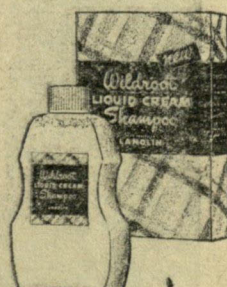
**NEW Wildroot LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO**

More than just a liquid, more than just a cream... new Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo is a combination of the best of both.

Even in the hardest water Wildroot Shampoo washes hair gleaming clean, manageable, curl-inviting without robbing hair of its natural oils.

Soapless Sudsy... Lanolin Lovely!

P. S. To keep hair neat between shampoos use Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing.



THREE SIZES:  
29¢ 59¢ 98¢



**ROTC PERSONNEL HOLD STAFF MEETING TO PLAN FOR INSPECTION TUESDAY**

From left, Sgt. Winburn, Lt. Thurmond, Maj. Kuhn, Col. Stafford, Maj. Dierkes, Sgt. Marzeau

**Music Dept. At AD Now Has 3 Bands**

By OTIS BOOTH

There is truly music in the air at the Atlanta Division, for here one has the choice of participating

in any one of three different bands—the ROTC military band, the concert band, and the dance orchestra.

With so many various choices from which to pick, many AD students will be anxious to join the ranks of the music department.

Since the inception of the fall quarter, Mr. Little, the band director, points out that the bands have given six performances. One of these performances was held

at the Southeastern Fair. In the near future the bands will give a concert on station WAGA-TV, Saturday, Nov. 24, at 3 p. m. and will follow up this appearance with a performance in the school auditorium Monday, Nov. 26.

**STUDENTS WHO** may desire to become a part of one of those musical aggregations may do so with assurance from the heads of the music department that they will derive a great deal of fun

from their experiences with the work. Mr. Little and Mr. Brumby are agreed that the bands can use more students and instruments.

Indeed, no school is complete without music. Understanding that fact, the Atlanta Division has resolved to present a varied field of music from which the student may choose. The opportunities are now before you. Will you take advantage of them?

**AD's Ramblers**

(Continued from page 11)

basketball, but Coach Burgess says they are in "fair" physical condition. He has requested any boys with any basketball experience, or any who think they would like to play, to report to him.

The team now consist of Larry Gisi, guard; Donald Foster, forward; Charles (Boogie) Cawthow, center; Roy Bledsoe, forward and enter; Jim Rogers, forward, Donald Smith, guard; Bill Boles, guard; Sonny Scott, forward; Curtis Turner, center, and Richard Warf, forward and manager.

The team, which has been practicing for some three weeks, meets in afternoons in call sessions. Coach Burgess says it is difficult to work out a consistent practice schedule because of the various other activities requiring use of the gym.

**Machine-Age**

(Continued from page 9)

known to the general public, the type pictures are famous in the graphic arts world, and some of printing's leading figures are Schiller's most enthusiastic fans.

The public will have an opportunity to see and hear Schiller in person Monday night, Nov. 26, at the Library at 7:30 p. m., where he will lecture about his type pictures. There is no charge for this lecture. The public is cordially invited.

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