

# University Signal

Beacon Light of Student Affairs

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ATLANTA DIVISION, UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, TUESDAY, NOV. 30, 1954

NO. 5

## Music Dept.

### 'Amahl', 'Telephone' To Be Presented Here December 8

The Music Department here under the direction of Prof. Tom Brumby will present "Amahl and the Night Visitors" and "The Telephone" by Gian Carlo Menotti Dec. 8 at 8:30 p. m. in the auditorium here.

"Amahl" will star Beverly Wolff Dwiggins and Sammy McKinney. Mrs. Dwiggins sang the part of the mother in last year's production of "Amahl" and Sammy sang the part of Amahl.

"The Telephone," a short operetta starring Jackie Skinner and Landrum Wooten, is a charming piece, according to Miss Skinner.

"Amahl" also features Leon Thornton as Kaspar, James Griffith as Melchior, and Henry Ford as Balthazar.

This year's program is a cooperative affair with the Music Dept., Art Dept. and The University Players all taking an active part in the production.

The Art Dept., according to Prof. Richard Brunell, is designing the sets and building them. Mr. Brunell explained that the art students listened to records of the operas and even acted parts of them out to get the spirit of the opera before they began the scenery.

The Players, under the direction of Prof. John Caylor, will manage the props and the lighting for the production.

## Scholarship Fund Raised To \$5,200 By Birthday Drive

By Friday, Nov. 19 \$2,370.78 had been collected in the annual George M. Sparks Scholarship Fund. The fund is now past the \$5200 mark, according to W. H. McElroy, President of the Board of Founders of the Georgia M. Sparks Scholarship Fund.

Every class in the Day School contributed to the fund. The total contributed by the day classes was \$445.28. According to Dean George E. Manners, Chairman of the annual Birthday Drive this year, "This has been the largest contribution for any one cause from the day classes." Prof. Hilda Dyches 224 class contributed the largest amount with \$17.00.

The Monday, Wednesday, Friday Evening Classes, with the largest attendance, contributed \$1465.26. This constituted the largest total and the highest average per student of any contributing group. The highest class total was that of \$95.01 which was the amount contributed by Prof. T. T. Purdom's class in Eco. 386. It was Prof. Purdom's class who started the fund almost two years ago.

## Cain, Landon, Worth, Winners In Signal Short Story Competition; 30 Stories Entered In Contest

### Lucky Freshmen, Christmas Money Two Vets Win

By FRANCES SHEDD

The first prize of \$25 in a short story contest sponsored by the Signal was won by Freshman Emory Cain for his story "Let the Punishment Fit the Crime." Cain won in a competition of 30 stories.

The second prize of \$15 goes to Richard G. Landon for his story entitled "The Tree Limb." Third prize of \$10 was won by G. C. Worth, Jr., for his entry "Black Confusion."

According to the judges, professor Bert H. Flanders, Robert W. Walts and Mrs. Lucian Cohen, the stories were judged on the basis of originality and quality of development of theme.

Cain, a tall, lanky blonde with a shy smile, broke into a boyish grin when the news of his winning the contest was announced to him. According to Cain, he has never before had anything published. He says he got the idea for his Shirley Jackson-like story "out of the blue." Cain said he re-wrote the story five or six times before he was satisfied with it. He said that all of his

previous writing had been in high school—he went to Russell in East Point where he lives—for his own amusement.

He lists as his interests such all-American past-times as "sports and dating." He intends to go out for the basketball team next year.

When asked if he intended to try writing for a living, he answered, "No. Right now I think I'll probably work for Southern Bell when I graduate, but a lot can happen between now and then."

Richard Landon, winner of the second prize is a Korean War veteran. He has previously had a story published in a well known literary magazine story. He also won a prize in a contest sponsored by the Air Force.

Landon is a Freshman majoring in Journalism.

The third prize winner, G. C. Worth Jr., native of Douglass, Ga., is also a Korean War vet. He said that his story, "Black Confusion," was prompted by his interest in the water shortage. He wrote the story after reading Poor Man, Rich Man by Stuart Chase, a book concerning water conservation. Worth said that it had been a long time since he has written any thing when he decided to submit a story to the contest. He said that he was very surprised and pleased that he won.

He works in the bookkeeping department of the Sinclair Refining Co.

## Circle 'K' Members To Assist in Empty Stocking Fund Drive

On Thursday, November 18, Circle "K" held its monthly luncheon meeting at the Luckie Street Y. M. C. A. Mark Owings, president of Circle "K", announced that three new Atlanta Division students became members of the organization. Those named to membership were: Walter Hall, Accounting senior, Lenard Gray, Marketing senior and Bob Bowden, Management senior.

Mark Owings announced that the Atlanta Jaycees had asked the organization to assist in the December 12 Empty Stocking Fund Drive as it has done in the past. Eleven members pledged their support.

At this meeting ushers were also selected for the Homecoming Banquet, and plans for this year's toy collection were discussed. The University Signal and the school administration have given their support to the cause. A box for toys will be placed in the school lobby. All students are asked to make toy contributions if possible.

Dr. Henry Malone, faculty advisor to the club, was guest speaker at the dinner. His topic was "The Citizenship of the Cherokee Indian." Dr. Malone, who is considered an authority on the Cherokees, told of the great strides which the Indians made economically, socially and politically. He told of the Sequoyah Alphabet, the Cherokee newspaper, the "Phoenix," and the legislative strides the tribes made before the white man forced the great Cherokee movement.

According to Mr. Owings, the members were pleased with Dr. Malone's subject and his interesting manner of presentation.

## History Courses To Be Revamped To Meet State Requirement

Winter schedules for the Atlanta Division list new courses in history which will later be a part of completely new system of basic history courses. History 112 appears at 9 a. m. and 10:40 a. m. and will be taught by Dr. Carl Mauelshagen, head of the Department of History. These are pilot sections of the new system.

According to Dean J. Horton Burch, "What is now listed as History 110 x-y is a History of Western Civilization, purporting to cover important events since the dawn of western culture. These courses, however, give very little attention to American history, in any of its various phases."

The state legislature has set up a requirement that all persons receiving degrees from Georgia institutions of higher learning must have had courses in, or must have passed an examination in, both American and Georgian history. Dean Burch said, "Meeting this requirement, especially for our School of Business Administration, has been one of the objectives of the new arrangement of courses."

As History 110 x-y, western civilization began with ancient Greece and came down to the World Wars, with emphasis on the European aspect. With the new arrangement, western civilization will begin with ancient Greece and come down to Pres. Eisenhower and Governor Talmadge (next year, to Governor Griffin.)

These are the new courses: History 111 (essentially 110-x)—The Ancient and Medieval Worlds (from earliest records

## National DramaFrat Chartered Here

A local chapter of Alpha Psi Omega, national honorary drama fraternity, is being chartered at the Atlanta Division. Alpha Psi Omega was founded in 1952 to recognize and reward all phases of student participation in college play production. It is the largest national college organization in any departmental field, with over 300 chapters. The first chapter was founded at Fairmont State College, Fairmont, West Va.

The fraternity is made up of advanced students in drama who have satisfied both national and local chapter requirements in acting, set design, make-up, directing, publicity, management, and other phases of production.

Members of the new chapter are Gail Bell, Bill Brand, Mary Donaldson, Walter Guthrie, and Joe Johnson. John Caylor, Jr., Professor of speech and drama, will act as advisor for the group. Mr. Caylor, a member of Alpha Psi Omega since 1940, will formally induct the members into the fraternity.

New members will be initiated into the fraternity at the beginning of each quarter as the requirements are met.

The organization is unique in that the chapters are called casts; meetings, rehearsals; and officers, the director, stage manager, and business manager. Officers for the present group have not been elected.

to approximately 1492.) History 112 (essentially 110-y)—Early American and Modern Europe (from approximately 1492 to 1870.)

History 113 (a new course)—America and Georgia in Their World Setting (from 1870 to the present).

General Studies students will take History 111 and 112, in lieu of 110 x-y.

Business Administration students will take History 112 and 113 as required courses with History 111 being included in the group of Social Studies electives.

This system of course arrangement came about through effects of the Department of History at the Atlanta Division and the Deans of the Schools of Business Administration and General Studies. Conferences were held with officials of the University of Georgia, and the plan was adopted as the best for our particular needs.

According to Dean Burch, only a small number of students can be accommodated in the two sections offered this quarter, but in the period it was deemed advisable to limit the offerings in order to develop adequate course outlines, proper cut-off dates for each of the courses, and the overall idea back of the venture. In the spring quarter the same thing will be done for History 113, and by the Summer Quarter, 1955, it is planned that History 110 x-y will cease to be and the new sequence of 111-112-113 will be in full force.

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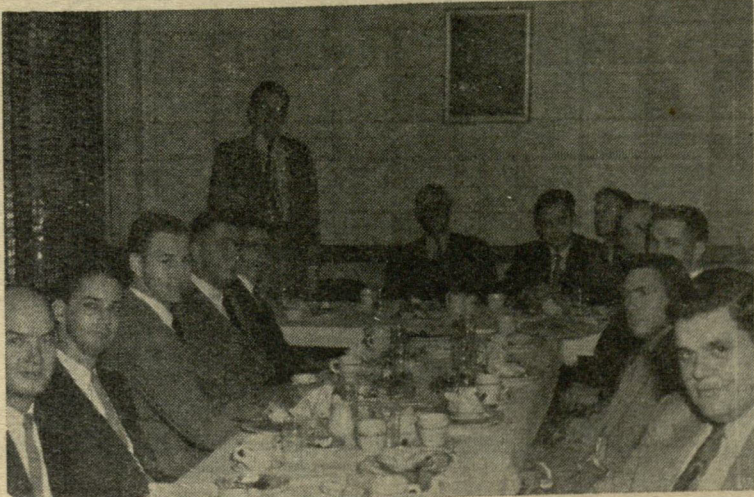
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## Selective Service Tests To Be Given Dec. '54-Apr. '55

A Selective Service college qualification test will be given from December, 1954 to April, 1955. Any Selective Service registrant who is a full-time college student may apply. In order to apply you may get an application, mailing envelope, and Bulletin of Information from any local board; mail application as soon as possible.

The test is a three-hour written examination. Its purpose is to provide evidence for the use of local boards in considering deferment of a registrant from military service as a student. It will be given at approximately 1000 examination centers; see Bulletin of Information for list of centers. The results will be sent to your Local Board.

This is what you should do: 1. Go to any Selective Service Local Board for a bulletin of information, an application, and a mailing envelope. 2. Follow instructions in the bulletin carefully and completely. 3. Fill out your application and mail it at once in the envelope provided. 4. Consult your local board or any local board for additional information.



Circle "K" members during their monthly luncheon meeting

## Books On Review

By FRANCES SHEDD

**The Widows of Thornton** by Peter Taylor. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75. 310 pp.

Peter Taylor is a Southern writer with a different attitude and a much more lucid style than has been recently found in the writing of southerners.

Mr. Taylor does not draw a South of morbid decay but one of warmth and charm—a South that is part of society and not isolated. I find myself tending to agree with his interpretation and I do not believe I am rationalizing.

There are few original things one might say about these stories—**The Widows of Thornton** is a collection of short stories—because all of the descriptive adjectives that one might use have become stale.

Mr. Taylor says of the stories, "My idea was to write a group of stories dealing with the history of four or five families from a country town who has migrated, during a period of twenty-five years, to various cities of the South and Midwest. . . I wanted to present these families—both Negro and white—living a modern urban life while continuing to be aware of their old identities and relationships. In writing the individual stories I discovered that I sometimes wanted to write directly about the old town itself."

The stories are rather obvious for the most part. They are well constructed stories dealing with the common but sometimes complicated problems of individuals. Some of the stories are merely interpretive descriptions. "What You Hear From 'Em?" is a gem. One learns to dearly love Aunt Munsie.

Peter Taylor has a fine talent. His stories are well worth reading.

Note: Books make fine Christmas gifts. Marc Hyman's **No Time For Sergeants** should interest someone on your list. It is reputed to be hilariously amusing.

## Psychology Classes Visit Milledgeville, But All Return!

By JEAN JUHAN

(Editor's Note: The following is a first hand report by Mrs. Jean Juhan on a trip made by Psychology students here to the State Mental Hospital in Milledgeville.)

On Wednesday, November 10, 1954, the Psychology students of the Atlanta Division visited the second largest mental hospital in the world, the State Hospital at Milledgeville. The purpose of this trip was to attend a Classification Clinic for new patients. We made the trip in two chartered busses which left Atlanta 6 o'clock in the morning.

At 9:20, we were in our seats in the examining room. Before the doctors arrived, we were entertained by the presence of a most pleasant young patient who wanted to know "What do you go to school for?" Since we sometimes wonder, we felt the question might be philosophical one.

Promptly at 9:30 Dr. Bradford, Assistant Superintendent of the hospital, arrived to tell us a little about the hospital and what we could expect to see. He gave us some very interesting statistics. He told us that during the fiscal year, July 1, 1953 to June 30, 1954, there were 3639 admissions to this hospital, 1670 of which were returned patients from previous commitments; 3909 patients were furloughed, which means they were conditionally released for one year; 2680 patients were released as improved, 409 as not improved, 189 as not insane. On July 1, 1954, there were 11,468 patients in the hospital, which was an increase of 311 over the previous July 1st. The state of Georgia does not have any more mental patients than other states, but they are all confined in one place. Therefore, the hospital grounds cover 7,000 acres. The cost per day per patient for care, housing,

etc. is approximately \$2.15. Dr. Bradford also told us a little about how a person can be committed to the hospital and about how he is released.

At 10:30, the clinic began with eight doctors and two female social workers present. The three cases were white male patients who had been in the hospital from three to six weeks and who had taken various tests. The moderator read a very detailed account of the patient's past history, his family background, and the results of the examinations he had received since his commitment. Then the patient was brought into the room and was asked questions that needed clarification in the minds of the examiners. After this short question period, he was dismissed and an effort was made to determine just what his illness was.

At noon we were dismissed for lunch, which we had in downtown Milledgeville; then we came back to the hospital at 2 o'clock, where we met a few patients who had been chosen for us to see because they were extreme, easily identified, typical cases of their particular types. There were three white female patients and one white male patient. It is significant to note that the female patients almost never stopped talking while all of the male patients that we saw seemed to be quite withdrawn and shy.

The first patient we saw in this session had been hospitalized for five weeks due to a very real mental illness, but she thought she was an alcoholic. When asked if she had any advice for young people, she gave some very interesting advice (and I make an attempt to quote her), "This is a great big huge universe. It's a big world. There's a lot of things to see, a lot of things to be accomplished, and there's a lot of things in the alphabet to do before you get to that W--whiskey."

At 4 o'clock we were taken through one of the buildings. The walls were spotlessly clean ceramic tile. Although there was

## New Club For Advertising Majors Is Chartered Here

By BOB ROSS

A club for advertising majors and those who are particularly interested in this field has been formed, and is now a chartered organization of the Atlanta Division. The constitution was presented to the General Council Wednesday, November 17, 1954, and the new club's official name is The Atlanta Division Advertising Club.

The club has had three meetings and one social. On November 8, the constitution was read, ratified and officers were elected for the coming year. The following officers were elected: Jack Thrift, President; Gail Bell, Vice President; Louise Coker, Secretary; Glenn Summerlin, Treasurer; Bill Starvo, Chairman of Membership Committee; Ladye Pettis, Chairman of Social Committee; and Frank Hole, Chairman of Publicity Committee.

The club's faculty advisor is assistant professor W. T. Tucker of the Marketing Department.

Plans for the club were announced in an assembly early this quarter and announcements were read in the evening classes. The first meeting was attended by eight students and by the third meeting the club had eighteen charter members.

The purpose of this organization is to provide for and co-ordinate activities with individuals and organizations in the advertising profession, and to help its members gain a better knowledge of advertising.

The Advertising Club will hold its meetings the second Saturday night in each month. The meetings are to be in a different downtown restaurant each month and will consist of a planned dinner and guest speaker. Tentative future speakers will be selected from professional advertising agencies and different advertising media.

Plans are being made for the members of the organization to visit the studios of WAGA and WAGA-TV so that the members may see how these stations handle their radio and television advertising. Several advertising agencies are being contacted for tours of the agencies.

## Class Officers Nite Division Elected; Mann Senior Pres.

On Monday, November 15, the following officers were elected for the Evening Division: Senior Class President, Lester H. Mann; Vice President, Robert Buchanan; Secretary, Alice McCurdy; and Treasurer, Mark Owens; Junior Class President, William H. Capes; Vice President, Jo Gambrell; Secretary, Dennis Binion; and Treasurer, Beth Mobley; Sophomore Class President Norma Calloway; Vice President, Ed Deaver; Secretary, Mary Ann Harris; and Treasurer, Ben Bruce; Freshman Class—President, Charlie Hartsfield; Vice President, Harold D. Richardson; Secretary, Earl Garrett; and Treasurer, Mary Shannon.

not much furniture, all essential items were there. Most of the patients were sewing or sitting around talking to each other. Some were downstairs in the hand work room, where one girl was weaving a rug on a hand loom. Another played the piano for us. Just as we were leaving the patients lined up for supper which looked very appetizing.

The trip was interesting and educational.

Experience and wisdom are bed-fellows, but sometimes experience snores too loudly.

" . . . hand . . . against  
every man . . . "

By BETTY HAND

Gen. 16:12

Because of the acute shortage of reporters of my caliber, I have been gracious enough to devote my valuable time and this space to an account of a trip made to the state mental hospital by psychology students at the Aaaee Dee. I'm not saying who's suffering from manic depressive catatonic paranoiac schizophrenia, but we left at 6:00 a.m.

At 7:30 we had ice cream sandwiches. After that we sang. Naturally. Of course we sang. We were on a bus and we were going somewhere. You would've too.

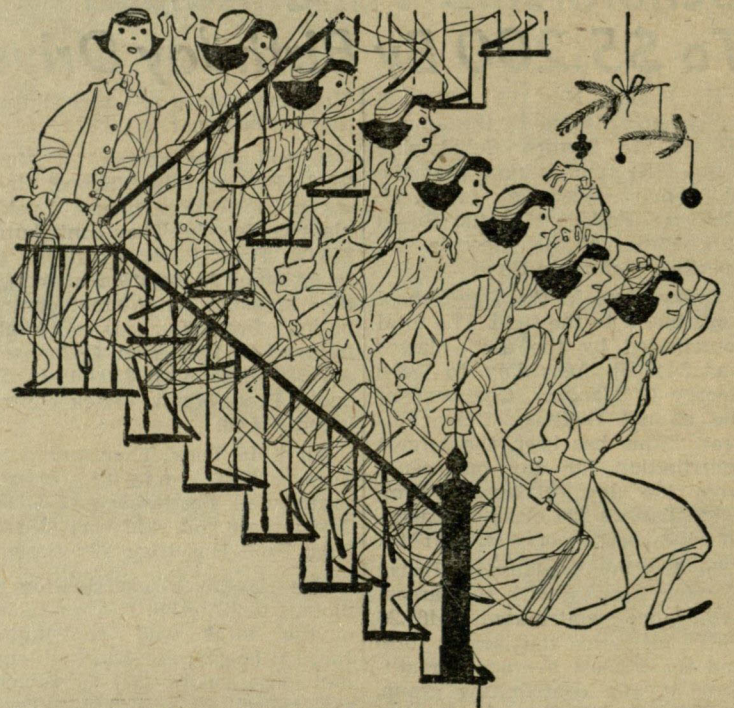
Never being able to sing with a group (I sing higher than males and lower than females. I can sing along with Tex Beneke but he couldn't make the trip that day.) I sat back to observe nature and man's improvements upon that very, very thing, and believe me, you don't see much progress shut up in a mental institution: Dead dogs strewn from Atlanta to Milledgeville by mentally healthy people. Traffic signs destroyed by people not suffering hallucinations. Beautiful trees made even more beautiful by having been chopped up and hauled away by people acting under no delusions of grandeur. Little plots of land and dried mud transformed into the most impressive 20th century structures ever to awe a middle Georgia farm girl—the county courthouse.

I love college trips because of the intellectual atmosphere. I overheard fragments of many intellectual discussions like "You know how people are. They just won't tell anything like that." One young male, (sane, white) spent the entire trip entertaining a female who had a justified delusion of persecution with the story of his and everybody else's life. Between phrases of "Heart of my Heart" he told us about boats in Miami, Jacksonville, and, during "For Me and My Gal," Daytona Beach. And also about some guy who got six months. He had it coming and he oughta've known it.

We were an original group, too. Upon passing GSCW one young man almost immediately thought up this frighteningly witty remark: "This's where we get off." Once our bus driver, obviously not used to such cultural atmosphere, almost fell out the door in hysterics upon being greeted with "This bus about to leave you." The sire of this work of art was so seized with the realization of his own genius that he could not waste time on "is".

One sure sane member of our clique was our bus driver, Safe-Reliable-Courteous. He had the control of C. C. Yokum and the endurance of Job. (I know it's supposed to be patience, but then that is the peril of not being a 100-per-center at Sunday School.) Anyway all us intellectuals strive to be different. There are some things you must accept as the price you pay for associating with us intellectuals. Well anyway. He kept his mouth shut.

Poor old Safe, though. Approaching Atlanta, my sharp eye and keen mind noticed that everytime we came to a railroad crossing Safe would stop the bus and open the door. He seemed to take a fiendish delight in it.



When you pause... make it count... have a Coke



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# Point of Contact

By KATHE BROWN

Here's a wish of every "red-blooded" American girl, at least most of them:

Dear Santa  
I'm past the stage of dolls and toys,  
My present rage is college boys,  
I have no interest in furs or rings,  
In cars, cologne, material things.  
Don't bring me candy,  
Its bad for my form,  
And sweaters are handy  
For keeping me warm.  
But I've often said,  
And I'm sure you'll agree,  
That a sweater, like red,  
Does nothing for me.  
So Santa dear, as I've said before,  
Bring me a fellow—  
Just to adore.  
Make him tall and nicely amorous;  
Near-sighted, so he'll think I'm glamorous;  
Rugged and smooth as Gregory Peck;  
If he's poverty-stricken,  
Well, what the heck!  
Delicious, exciting, and ultra divine,  
Certainly, surely, and only mine.  
If you haven't a lad meeting specifications,  
I'll settle for one of the lesser creations.  
I'll promise to love, obey, and be true,  
To any young male who comes from you.

ANONYMOUS

Well, its still a month until Christmas, or to be exact—only 26 more days, but I shouldn't think it too late to get your orders in! After all, look at Sabrina, her "shipment" was received mighty quick!

One of our "sister" newspaper staffs found and adopted a kitten for about a week, then he left! Hows that for a Christmas gift? I know where you can get one for nothing!

Speaking of Christmas gifts, and as Mr. Gobel says, "I think they're nice"—here's a few suggestions: A typewriter that spells correctly, an old shoe in case you break a leg, a wagon in case your car won't start, a "dry paint" sign, and a left-handed moustache cup.

The other night I heard a gem, boy- "You're only young once—but its enough if you work it right!"

Confuious say, "If you don't have anything to say then you'd best run dig a little hole and pull it in after you!"

All right! Everyone knows I'm crazy—so why not live up to my dubious reputation. And a Merry Christmas to all, and to all a— O. K. I'm going!

# What Does A Musician Think Of During A Dance?

By FRED CONGDON

How many times have you gone to a dance and glanced away from your date, noticing the musicians playing for you? Do you ever wonder what they are thinking? There are many questions to be answered and only a musician can answer them. This is a story of the drummer and the things he sees during an average dance.

Unknown to most people, the drummer does more than beat two pieces of wood on a poor dead animal's stretched skin; he is the only member of the dance orchestra who does not have to read music, so he sees all that goes on during a dance.

He sees many different kinds of dancers. There are those who dance the way they are taught in dancing school, but they are not the most interesting ones. The dancers to watch are those who are all wrapped up in each other—literally—the boy has both arms around the girl's waist, and the girl has both her arms entwined around his neck. These dancers are the very romantic kind and have only one thing in mind.

Another interesting couple is the one that dances away from the crowd in a dark corner. They are having a fine time dancing and doing other things that are

unseen by their fellow dancers, but they don't know that "Old Dad", the drummer, is watching them and that they are not getting away with anything.

The "Jitterbug" is a fascinating dance because of the various ways of legal manslaughter resulting. The drummer, however, doesn't actually see much of the "jitterbuggers", because he is usually having a solo and is too busy thinking up something to play. But every once in a while he gets a small glimpse of a flying leg or a poor unfortunate girl who is being pitched around by her boy friend.

Of course, there are always a great many boys who come stag—and they are mostly staggering; one of these boys always has to show off to his friends, so he bravely sashays up to the bandstand and proceeds to lead the band. Naturally the band never follows their self-appointed leader, but someday the drummer is going to follow one of these smart guys and then his so-called ability will be shown.

The next time you are at a dance and you and your girl or boy friend, which ever the case may be, wander over to a dark corner to get away from the crowd, remember somewhere on the band stand "Big Brother" is watching you!

# University Players Offer Satirical Play, 'The Pot Boiler'

By IAN MACAULEY

The University Players climaxed their activities this quarter with their presentation of "The Pot Boiler," a delightful satire on melodrama. Witnessed by a thoroughly appreciative audience, this performance was held during the assembly period on November 11.

"The Pot Boiler," a perfect farce, starred obstreperously suave Elliot Brand in the lead role of Thomas Pinikles Sud, a self-renewed playwright, showing the finer points of great drama such as his to his protege, Mr. Would-by (Bob Stokes).

Symbolically representing the implements of the author's trade were Mrs. Pencil, the femme fatale, portrayed by Mary Donaldson; Mr. Inkwell, the villain, (Joe Johnson), and Mr. Ruler, the hero, portrayed by Earl Collins. Sherry Wendorff and Bob Thomas were the "pure" characters of Miss Ivory, the heroine, and Mr. Ivory, the latter's father, respectively. Frances Shedd was present as Gus, the stagehand.

The competent technical staff of this production consisted of Dot Johnson, prop manager; Bill Falkner, Sandra Anglin, Kathe Brown and Marcia Autry, makeup; Claudia Camp, setting; and Walter Guthrie, lights and curtain.

Mr. John Caylor Jr., the University Players' new director, has much to be commended for in presenting this exceedingly entertaining performance.

# 'What To Give The Man in Your Life' This Christmas

By SANDRA ANGLIN

Each Christmas the important question of "What shall I give the man in my life?" arises. Bearing this in mind I, with the much appreciated assistance of Kathe Brown, made a small survey to determine what the well-adjusted young man of the Atlanta Division wanted Santa to leave under his Christmas tree.

Because of the conflicting answers, we leave it up to the discretion of the individual to determine which category her sweetie will fall. However, for the average man the following suggestions were given: electric razors, sweaters, records, shirts, identification bracelets, and cigarette lighters. Then there are the out-of-the-ordinary types such as, the sports fan who preferred two tickets to the Orange Bowl, or a fishing rod and reel, the mechanical enthusiast who'd like two smitties for his car and some new tires, the literator who wants a complete volume of Shakespears, some classic records, and magazine subscriptions, the artist who desires some new art supplies and a book on Theme Treatments of Operatic Arias, and last, but by all means not least, is the party boy who naturally enough wants a \$19.98 bottle of Old Stag with a penny piece of bubble gum thrown in for good measure.

There you have it, girls. And just to make sure you don't slip up and give some undesired gift, I have included a list of "dop't-gives." First and foremost on the list are such common articles as ties, socks, handkerchiefs, wallets, pin and pencil sets, and shaving kits. Then there was the character who detested pajamas with a passion.

So, now that you've completed this little article (?), I'm sure you have decided what your choice will be. If you haven't, just remember "It isn't what you give, but how much it costs that matters."

# Sketch Corner



Dewey Turner

Next year Dean George E. Manners, of the School of Business, will have been associated with this institution for twenty-five years. He knows the problems of the students here, for he was once a student here also, and he knows the problem of the School of Business, because he has put so many hours and so much effort into trying to find their solution.



Dean Manners was awarded a B. S. degree from this school in 1935 as a major in accounting. He conquered the CPA exams—the Himalayans of accounting—in 1932 while he was still a sophomore. While attending school and at the time of graduation, he was employed by Beck and Gregg Hardware Co. and Chevrolet Division of General Motors. After leaving General Motors, the Dean went into public accounting, and it was while he was in public accounting that he decided he wanted to teach. He taught at Commercial High School from 1937 until 1940, when he took a one-year leave of absence to work with Dr. Sparks in establishing a more efficient merit system for the Labor Department. He served with Dr. Sparks as test technician for a year and a half, and in this time a system was established which was the forerunner of Georgia's present Merit System.

Because of the Merit System experience and success, Dean Manners was commissioned a First Lieutenant when he entered the Army in 1942 to work in Civilian Personnel. He served in Civilian Personnel until 1944 when he was transferred to Command and General Staff School. He was later named Director of Operations of the Separation Center at Fort McPherson, and he served in this capacity until his separation in 1946. During his service with the Fort McPherson Separation Center, it was voted the finest in the nation by the Adjutant General.

In 1947 Dean Manners returned to the Atlanta Division as Resident Assistant Dean, and upon reorganization he was made Dean in 1950. Dean Manners married one of his accounting students, the former Claire Gibson from Columbus Georgia. Mrs. Manners was a member of Delta Lambda Sigma, Crimson Key and Delta Mu Delta. The Manners have two children, George, Jr. eleven, and Susan, nine. Both attended Mary Lin School.

Dean Manners lists as his hobbies, bridge and listening to the music of Brahms, Beethoven and Wagner. He admits to having an earlier interest in the singing of Italian and Irish ditties, but he says it would cost a lot before he would attempt such now. His literary interests are principally history and historical novels. He still has a great interest in his fraternity, Delta Sigma Pi, which he became a member of while a student at the Atlanta Division.

Dean Manner's feelings concerning the Atlanta Division School of Business is best expressed in the following quote, "When I first came here I was impressed with the possibility that this could become the greatest business school in the entire south. It has been my great privilege, in cooperation with my colleagues, to do many things to help this come about."

The above is a brief story of Dean George E. Manners, a man truly qualified to solve major school problems, but who, at the same time, is never too busy to assist a student in a minor situation.

## UNIVERSITY SIGNAL

24 IVY STREET, S. E., Atlanta, Georgia

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## EDITORIALS

Frances Shedd

### A Tradition Destroyed

We have been watching for the past few weeks the destruction of an old theatre that once stood on Exchange Place. It has been said that it takes only a day to destroy something that it takes years to create. It seemed to take an interminable amount of time to tear down that old building, however. The destruction of the building itself is to be desired. It wasn't being used, and any reasonable sacrifice is feasible when one considers that the institution of a parking garage in that area may help slightly to relieve the parking-traffic problem in Atlanta. But to get back to the development of this editorial, it has occurred to me that it is a little sad to see the building fall. It was a theatre and a fine one once. The destruction of that building is symbolic of the gradual destruction of legitimate theatre.

Atlanta is a growing city, and its people, as do people in all towns and cities, like entertainment. I suppose people have always wanted to be sidetracked from their problems. People need diversion. Why do the majority of the people settle for the slogan "Movies are better than ever?" It may be true, but that doesn't discount the fact that there is a particular charm about a live performance. I think most people really enjoy seeing theatre people in person. Audiences are sometimes more lenient in their judgment of live performances than they are in their appraisal of movies. Why then is the American theatre dying a slow death?

I think the answer probably lies in the fact that the theatre has grown away from the mass audiences. Because movies are so cheap they don't think they can afford to pay the price for a theatre ticket here. This is definitely an oversimplification and is not even the whole picture, but theatre people should realize the competition and should be willing to make some immediate sacrifice in order to insure the future of the art. I am not sure what can be done successfully, however.

I have proved, by this unacademic approach to the problem, only one thing, I'm sure. I am interested in legitimate theatre and its preservation. I hope some of you are interested. To those of you who were interested enough to finish this editorial, the most immediate and reasonable thing you can do is support the local theatre groups. These include the Atlanta Civic Theatre and the local college groups at least. Oglethorpe presented *Bell, Book and Candle*, a comedy, Nov. 19 and 20 and the University Players will soon announce definite plans for a full three act production.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

The time has come when you have requested the voice of the student to make itself heard. A letter from a senior recently stated that students did not read the editorials; I disagree with him on this, but I do agree when he said that little of importance is to be found therein.

I believe the students understand to some extent why the B.A. degree cannot be conferred by the A.D., but there is a more basic matter which we cannot understand. The A. D. has a relatively large number of Ph.D's on the faculty, but maintains a relatively low academic standard. Why is this paradox allowed to exist? The answer is simple and was aptly expressed by a member of the faculty when he remarked the second class of the quarter that he intended to fail none, regardless of the quality of the students' work. This attitude among many (but not all) of the faculty has given the school a poor reputation for scholastic standards.

As a transferred student from a small college, I have been shocked by the ease with which students can make excellent grades with little or no studying. Some of the courses taught at the A. D. are far more elementary than corresponding courses taught in Georgia high schools!

Since the A. D. cannot offer its students a B.A. degree, the least it can do is offer them quality in its courses compatible with other Georgia colleges so that the students will not be penalized when they attempt to transfer to another school to graduate. If we can not have an accredited school, give us a good non-accredited school that we can be proud of.

Dissillusioned Junior

Editor's Note:

We do not intend in the future, to print unsigned letters. We also reserve the right to edit letters to meet technical limitations.



Ian Macauley

### Do People Really Have Time To Do What They Want To?

How often have you heard or been found guilty of emitting the following slogan: "I just don't have time to do all the things I want to." Or: "It's impossible for me to work all the things I really want to do in my schedule." Innumerable instances, you will readily admit.



Actually, when the facts are laid bare, one will see that everything truly desirous of being done, can and will be done. "Come now," you will scoff this writer, "this is speaking of the impossible." But, stop and think for a minute. Be honest with yourself. Haven't you always accomplished and found time for the numerous items that you have really and sincerely wanted to do? Agreed?

In converse to the above, here is a thought for those Atlanta Division students who seem to possess an abundance of that infinitely rare item—spare time. Are you, to your satisfaction, making wise use of those left-over hours? This doesn't specify ceasing your engagement in various forms of entertainment, however. But, if you do find yourself blessed with a few moments of leisure, why not employ that time towards something gainful to your person, your friends, community, school, et al.

An immense amount of satisfaction can be achieved by keeping busy—no matter what this is that keeps you occupied. By paraphrasing an old adage, Lucifer has work for the unemployed, the point may be seen more easily.

The general consensus, however, is that Atlanta Division students are hard-workers. Let's keep it that way.

### Our Congratulations To Short Story Winners

We would like to express our appreciation to all the student writers who entered our short story contest. There were 30 entries in all and we think that number is quite a compliment to us as well as to you.

Our congratulations go to the winners Emory Cain, Richard Landon, and G. C. Worth, Jr.

There were many fine entries and, according to the judges, having to choose only three was quite a task.

We feel that the contest was quite a success. And, of course, you students who entered are responsible for that success.

### Christmas Is A Time For Merry-Making, Good Cheer

We have just celebrated the very American holiday of Thanksgiving. We will soon celebrate Christmas. Christmas has come to mean a time for good cheer, fellowship, and merry-making to people of many nations and faiths.

When one thinks of Christmas he thinks of Santa and children's happy cries and "Jingle Bells" and fruit cake and brightly lit trees and egg nog and red ribbon. Christmas is a time for families, a time for giving as well as receiving, a time for thinking of others. And still there is Santa Claus symbolizing hope.

We think that this Christmas season is a good time to remember the true spirit of Christmas. What better time than this happy season could we find to remind ourselves that we should accept and respect rather than tolerate.

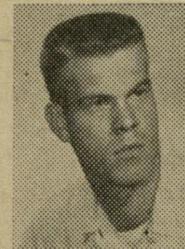
We are one world and if we can't all join hands and sing "Alleluia," we can do our share toward helping to this Christmas an international one, of general good feeling among all peoples.

## OPINIONS

Gordon Roberts

### Evolution Of A Gamp: Parasol To Umbrella

During the days of ante-bellum society, it was considered quite fashionable for young ladies to carry parasols. Now, this parasol, once adorned with frills and laces and used to keep the Southern sun from our ladies' shoulders, has evolved into a bulky umbrella employed as a device to protect us from rain—which too often is too scarce; old men use them as canes and it has been wielded by elderly ladies as a defensive weapon. Undoubtedly the umbrella has many other functions, but the ones mentioned will suffice for this column.



Which brings me to my point of order. I wonder how many have pondered the potential danger of the umbrella, especially when carried by a careless person. How many have ventured uptown on a rainy day and have come to odds with umbrella-toters who nearly poke one's eye out as they scurry down the street oblivious and inconsiderate of their fellow pedestrians? It is interesting to watch the umbrella bearer clear a wide berth down the sidewalk. Head and umbrella into the wind, the carrier of this wicked device plunges through traffic, both foot and mechanized, and woe be unto the poor unprotected individual who gets in the way. He may have his hat knocked off, his head jolted, his body jabbed, or worse, his eyes poked out.

Umbrella users are the minority, I believe, and usually of the feminine sex. Now it is really interesting to note what happens when several of these people come against each other in the battle of who has the right-of-way. Three or four umbrella carriers can dominate the whole sidewalk and even force others into the street.

But on less crowded days, when the umbrella doesn't present too much of a problem, and there is plenty of room for both users and non-users to enjoy freedom of the street, who is it that walks against the building under the awnings? Why the person with the umbrella, of course. Human nature, I guess.

Well, it is just an idea, but I am in favor of the umbrella set carrying (besides their devilish invention) liability insurance. But until this becomes a law, just "look out" when you have to go out in the rain. Unless you are one of those I have been talking about—

Kathe Brown

### Who'd Want To Go To A Basketball Game?

Why in this fool's world would anyone want to go to a basketball game? It seems that no one would. It just ISN'T being done this season.

Who would get out on a cold, and probably rainy, night in the middle of the week yet, or what's worse, Saturday night,—and all to sit on a hard piece of wood, which is alleged to be a seat, and watch ten plus two maniacs pound their feet up and down a big wooden floor? Nope, it just isn't being done. Who wants it?



They are a fine team and maybe they'll even win some games for the Atlanta Division. But who will be there to see them do it? You guessed it—two coaches, a bunch of substitutes, and maybe fifteen or twenty unidentified souls who just dropped in for nobody knows what. Oh yes, and a bevy of lovely cheerleaders, cheering their hearts out and who for? A wonderful team and no supporters. That's the way the ball bounces, it seems.

Seriously, though, I know everybody has been saying and re-saying "Come on out and support the team. They deserve to have somebody rooting for them." S-u-r-e- they do. And I know you've heard it until you are tired of it, but what's the harm? Why not just say to yourself "I'll try anything once" and go to a ballgame, after all, it's for free! It's worth a try, I think. Then watch our smoke! We'll have the best supported team ever! Oh boy! (That's the old college spirit, Kathe, you might convince somebody yet!)

Actually, it's up to you whether you want to go or not, but it just might be fun, and I for one will do my darndest to be at the next game. Will I see you there?

# Greek Letter Club News

## DELTA ALPHA DELTA

HOUSEPARTY!!! Crackling fire in the fireplace and dreamy music, fried chicken and rusty water, slamming doors and "Stella," topped off by the pet owl in the attic. DAD's and their dates' memories of a wonderful weekend spent at Pine Mountain.

Organized to give the members and pledges an opportunity to become better acquainted, as well as to have fun, it was a huge success. About twenty-three couples enjoyed the dancing, football (cards, hikes, sunbathing and the witty (somewhat wit-less too) conversation.

Mr. and Mrs. Heston, sorority parents, chaperoned the group.

A new fad has hit and it's "Annie Get Your Gun." DAD has organized a rifle team coached by Dick Milne and David Ward. Some of the sharpshooters are also on the A D rifle team. If sometime you can't find Jackie Smith, Francie Hett, Merry Ross, or Louise Edwards, TRY THE RIFLE RANGE!

Congratulations to Betty Jean Parham, past president of DAD, on being nominated for "Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges."

Louise Edwards, a DAD pledge, was selected as one of the four Atlanta Division band majorettes.

## SIGMA KAPPA CHI

On Tuesday, October 25, Sigma Kappa Chi fraternity formally initiated twenty-six rushees into the status of pledges. Those men initiated are: Quinton Anderson, Howard Arline, Charles Berrong, Scott Briggs, Jerry Farmakis, Don Frankes, Frank Greene Wayne Harrison, Jack Jones, Jim Killingsworth, Robert Nall, Ray Nowman, Phil Potts, Carl Prescott, Mack Price, Sonny Rickett, Tommy Satterwhite, Frank Sledge, Mickey Sloan, Baynard Starr, Bob Stokes, Dewey Turner, Bob Ussery, Jim Veal, Bob Williams, Don York. These fellows named are now being "put through the paces" by the active members who are well supplied with pledge projects.

The intra mural football season is in full swing, and the "Kappa Chi's" are fighting to retain the trophy awarded them for the previous year's victories. Defeat was suffered when the Kappa Chi's bowed to Alpha Epsilon Pi fraternity in a hard fought 18-2 loss. However, this only stimulated a desire for hard playing future contests. As a result, Sigma Kappa Chi defeated Pi Kappa Phi fraternity to the tune of 14-6.

The brothers are all proud of brother Herb Stem, who was chosen by Alpha Kappa Psi professional fraternity as the national student representative to the National Association of Manufacturers convention in New York City on November 30. Herb already has his contracts at work setting up moments of amusement.

Notifications have been made to those elected to "Who's Who In American Universities and Colleges." Among those elected were members Bob Barfield, Bill Leinmiller, Ken Peet, Bob Miller, Herb Stem, and pledge Dewey Turner.

Plans are now being made for the annual Christmas party commemorating Founder's Day. Toys are brought as admission and will be given to the Carrie Steele Pitts Orphanage.

## PI KAPPA PHI

The pledges of Pi Kappa Phi were not subjected to the "hazing" practiced by many other fraternities during the so-called "Hell Week". During this week, Nov. 15 through 19, pledges were submitted to the final test of worthiness. In the part it has been the policy of many fraternities to make their pledges subject to public humiliation in and around the school. The "Pi Kapps" believe that a candidate for any organization and his community. In willingness to work for his organization and his community, in this case the Atlanta Division. The "Pi Kappa" pledges swept floors, cleaned the front windows, solicited contributions to the George M. Sparks Scholarship Fund, and performed many other useful and constructive tasks.

## TAU EPSILON PHI

"Mutt" Evans Mayor of Durham. "Mutt" Evans, Mayor of Durham N. C. was chosen as the T. E. P. man of the year at the annual Southeastern Tau Epsilon Phi Conclave here in Atlanta, Ga.

The award was the highlight of the two-day convention held at the Standard Town and Country Club, on Friday night, to which all the Fraternities and Sororities of the Atlanta Division were extended an invitation. The following night the formal banquet, a closed affair, was held at the Progressive Club.

Nu Chapter of Emory University was chosen the best-all-around chapter in the state of Georgia.

There were more brothers present at this conclave than at any other time in the past with nearly 500 people, including their dates, attending.

The Brothers of Tau Epsilon Phi were honored with the presence of three of the original founders of Tau Epsilon Phi Fraternity, which was founded in 1910 at Columbia University.

## VETERANS CLUB

By DOT JOHNSON

The newly organized Atlanta Division Veterans club had its first socia, Thursdaf Nov. 11th at the school's "campus in the country," Indian Creek Lodge. This was a very appropriate date for it marked the nations first official Veterans Day.

The Veterans Club was formed Oct. 14 with a charter membership of fifty veterans. The purpose of the club is to "create a better social, educational, and civic relationship" among the veterans who are students at the Atlanta Division.

For the first timers at the lodge, the club's president, Jack Thrift gave a tour of the lodge and grounds. Early arrivals at the lodge bowled a few games before the tour started.

The spaghetti supper started at 7:30 p. m. and was attended by thirty veterans and their wives, and dates. While chef Bill Leinmiller put the finishing touches on the dinner, a formal introduction of members, wives, and dates was ended by the call of — "Let's Eat."

After the tables were cleared the evening continued with dancing by the light of a roaring log fire.

The clubs first social gave all the members a chance to get better acquainted and to meet the club's faculty advisor, Dr. Robert Walts and his wife Gloria, who is also a veteran.

## ALPHA EPSILON PI

A successful party was held at Brother Bob Brown's home with brothers and pledges attending with their dates.

A E Pi is looking forward to its Sixth Annual Anniversary Affair which will be held on Thanksgiving Day. A cocktail party will start the evening at Brother Stan Solomon's home. The banquet will be held at Cammelia Gardens at 6:30 p. m., wit ha dance to follow at the Epsilon Chapter house at Emory University from 9 till 1 a. m.

An open bid has been extended to any student of the A. D. who wishes to attend the dance. Music will be furnished by Neil Montgomery and his band.

## CIRCLE K

The Circle K is collecting toys to distribute at Christmas time. Please place in the box in the lobby all toys both old new which you may wish to contribute. Help the Circle K to make some child happy at Christmas time.

## DELTA SIGMA PI

The Annual Southeastern Regional Meeting of the Delta Sigma Pi was held in Atlanta Oct. 29-30 with the Kappa chapter as hosts.

The first session was held on the mezzanine of the Atlanta Biltmore Hotel. Dr. R. C. S. Young, Director of Admissions, was guest speaker at a luncheon Saturday. He spoke on "Why I am an American."

During the afternoon, tournaments of ping pong, horseshoe pitching, and volley ball were played.

The setting for the weekend was the Delta Sig Lodge.

Delegates from the University of Georgia in Athens, Tennessee, North Carolina, Alabama, Florida, South Carolina, Kentucky, and Mississippi were present.

## CHI RHO SIGMA

Chi Rho Sigma is planning their winter formal to be held December 11th from nine until twelve at the Cedar Club. After the dance, a breakfast will be held at Mammy's Shanty. The crowd will dance to the music of George Bruton.

The members of Chi Rho would like to thank their "litle sisters" for the time and preparation spent in planning the pledge party which was held at the lodge November 6th.

The sorority is very proud of Nancy Kilgore who was recently chosen as one of the four majorettes of the Atlanta Division. We would also like to extend congratulations to the other girls selected.

Gail Bell has made the headlines again. Besides being president of the University Players, she has been elected as vice-president of the Advertising Club.

Basketball will soon be the leading attraction and the sorority will be well represented with Betty Givvs, Nancy Kilgore, and Ellen Hoffman.

Joan Limehouse appeared in the ballet which was presented November 10th-13th, at the Atlanta Woman's Club.

The members and pledges have planned a surprise going-away party for Peggy Peterson, scribe of the sorority, who will be moving to Jackson, Miss., after this quarter. Good luck, Peggy! It is our deepest regret to lose such a loyal and hardworking Chi Rho. Each and every sorority sister's best wishes go with you.

# Social Lantern

By FRANCIE HETT

According to song "parties make the world go round." If so Atlanta Division students have done their best to keep it spinning. Social, honorary, and professional organizations have celebrated with banquets, pledge parties, teas, and one houseparty. Climaxing so much activity was Homecoming, "The" event of fall quarter. — Joe College and Betty Co-ed having a fling before exams.



All homecoming committee chairmen deserve a vote of thanks for the wonderful job they did.

Atlanta Division's most talked about individual must be Private Gung-Ho. Now I'd like to add my two cents worth on the subject.

If our poison pen-pal had the courage of his convictions he would sign his articles. I never could appreciate anonymous insinuations and rather random pot-shots at all in authority.

Instead of being the champion of "the man in the last rank", Gung-Ho sounds like an ambitious brass polisher who didn't make good. His column fairly drips sour grape juice.

Everyone has his faults, even military leaders and these make for good satire—but please, less venom.

P.S. If Private Gung-Ho is a friend of mine, the same still goes.

## What Is The Objective Of A Social Sorority?

(Editor's Note: This is the opinion of Jackie Smith. It does not reflect the opinion of the staff or university.)

By JACKIE SMITH

Have you ever heard anyone say, "I don't approve of sororities and fraternities"? People with this outlook usually give such reasons as, they encourage snobbery and limit one's circle of friends. People with this view do not fully understand the purpose and workings of a sorority. A sorority does not limit one's number of friends but gives one an opportunity to form lasting friendships.

The objective of social sororities is to develop "the whole man." There are schools to develop one's intellectual ability and churches to meet one's spiritual needs. Sororities make the circle complete by developing one's social ability. Sororities organize the social life of its members to promote their educational objectives.

The fact that members are elected by mutual choice does not mean that the members are snobbish. When a member of a sorority agrees to accept a new member, she is saying that she likes this girl enough to want to form a very close and lasting friendship with her. This helps to eliminate friction and promote

good will.

Many people object to the pledge period, but this has a very important purpose. The pledge period is a type of trial period, both for the sorority and for the girl. It gives the prospective member an opportunity to get to know and understand the members and to workings of the organization. She has an opportunity to decide if she wants to make a permanent allegiance with the sorority.

The sorority also has an opportunity to see if the girl can work with a group. They want to know if she is willing to give up selfish interest for the benefit of the group, if she is friendly, if she listens to instructions and follows them, and if she really wants to be a member of the sorority. One of the most important things they want to know is if she can be humble and take orders, because they know if she can do this she will be able to give them later. If a sorority finds these qualities in a girl, they rejoice because they know they have found a lasting friend and a good member.

## DELTA LAMBDA SIGMA

Four coeds have been pledged to Delta Lambda Sigma sorority in a ceremony held recently at the Georgian Hotel.

Those pledged to Delta Lambda Sigma are: Sheila Wesley, Ann Van Deventer, Evelyn Srpuill, and Marty Thompson.

Formal initiation will be held at the Elks Club, Peachtree Street, on Saturday, Dec. 4.

A Christmas dance for members and their dates is being planned for Friday, December 17, which will be held at the School Lodge.

Mom Flatley, the sorority mother, will play hostess to the sorority members at a dinner on December 19.

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# First Prize Winner, Signal Short Story Contest Let The Punishment Fit The Crime by Emory Cain

The sky had already begun to darken when the children, dressed impeccably in their best Sunday clothes, came slowly up the street, carrying the crude wooden coffin on their small shoulders. Their little mouths were set grimly, their eyes glistening with tears. Mr. Cootes looked up from his gardening work and grinned.

"Well, I'll be darned," said Mr. Cootes, chuckling softly as the procession passed up the street toward the empty lot at the far corner. He called to Mrs. Cootes, who sat dozing in the rocker on the front porch. "Clara! Look at them cunning kids, will you! They're having a regular funeral."

"Huh?" said Mrs. Cootes dazedly. "Where, Edwin Well I'll be," she said as she saw them.

Clara Cootes rose, stretched, eased herself down the porch steps, and stood beside her chuckling husband.

"Ain't that the cutest thing you ever saw, Clara?" asked Mr. Cootes. "I'll bet some pet cat or dog got itself killed and they're burying it."

"Kids are always doing cute things like that, Edwin," said Clara. "Aren't they darling?"

"So they went and done it," said Herbert Draper, the Cootes next door neighbor and the town's sole undertaker. He shook his head in amazement as the grim entourage moved past his front yard.

"Went and did what, Mr. Draper?" asked Mr. Cootes.

"Why, went and held that funeral they said they wanted to hold, Mr. Cootes. I thought they were kidding."

Mr. Cootes laughed at Mr. Draper.

"They're hornin' in on your racket, eh Herb?"

"Funny thing, Ed," said Mr. Draper. "They stopped by the parlor this afternoon and started asking all kinds of questions. Course I just humored them along. I asked them why all the sudden interest in the details of funeral ceremonies."

"We're going to have one, Mr. Draper. Tell us what you're supposed to do."

"Well, first of all you gotta make a nice coffin outa pine. Then everybody gets dressed up real fine in their Sunday best and you carry the coffin to the graveyard."

"We're going to use the old lot."

"Good enough, I guess. Let's see . . . Then you dig a hole and put the coffin in and somebody says some nice words about the departed and you fill up the hole and put some flowers on it and you're all done."

"Gee, Mr. Draper, thanks! Thanks a lot!"

Mr. Draper shook his head, staring after the sad little group.

"I never thought they was serious, though," he said. "I thought they was pulling my leg. Hmmm, look at 'em."

"Well, for crying out loud! What's going on?" asked old Doc Stacey, the town doctor, as he scratched his head and stared at the procession moving along the street in the gathering twilight.

"Oh, evenin' doc! That's something, eh! The kids are having a funeral. El says some dog died," said Mr. Draper.

"You know," said Doc, "they were in my office this afternoon. At that time I didn't think to ask anything about it. They asked me . . ."

"How can you tell when something's dead, Doc?"

"Well, it's heart stop beating, kids. Why, something die?"

"Yeah, Doc. Er . . . And what do you do with something if its dead?"

"Why, bury it, I guess. There's nothing else you can do."

Doc Stacey shrugged as the procession passed on up the street.

"Poor kids," he said. "They take everything so seriously these days. What you say it was that died, Herb?"

"Why, a dog . . . I think."

"Hmmmph! Morbid kids."

Frank Bundage, the town's candy store owner, stood on his front steps staring at the silent, sad-eyed children.

"Oh, evening Frank," said Doc Stacey.

"You say somethin'?"

"I said they're morbid kids, that's what I said, Doc. Always interested in death and dyin'."

Doc Stacey just grinned.

"It's perfectly normal for children their age to be curious about death, Frank. After all, it's one of life's unsolvable mysteries."

"Not natural dyin', Doc. They're interested in violent dyin'. Why, just the other day they all stopped down at my store and then one of them saw them headlines . . . You know . . ."

"Look!"

"Killer Executed. Dies in Chair."

"Gee! Lets buy a copy. I got a penny."

"Between 'em, they scraped up a nickel and bought a copy of the paper. I tell you, it ain't natural for kids to be so morbid about some maniac being electrocuted."

Matilda Priddy, schoolteacher, came up the walk from the back of the house.

"Strange," said she. "They brought that paper to class yesterday . . . or was it the day before. They . . . They . . . What's going on here?"

"Herb Draper told Doc Stacey they're buryin' a dog," Mr. Bundage said, shrugging.

"Oh, isn't that too bad. Er . . . What was I saying . . . ? Oh, yes! They brought that article about the electrocution to me. They wanted to know . . ."

"Why does he have to die, Miss Priddy?"

"Because we believe in capital punishment in this state, children."

"What's capital punishment, Miss Priddy?"

"It's punishment for a capital offense, like murder for instance. If someone takes someone else's life, then the state takes the guilty party's life as punishment."

"Is robbing somebody a capital offense, Miss Priddy?"

"No, and I think that's enough. I'm no lawyer. Now if you'll open your spellers to . . ."

Lawyer Sye Shuster's booming voice interrupted Miss Priddy's narrative.

"So you sent those kids to me, Miss Priddy?"

"I did no such thing, Mr. Shuster."

"Well, they sure were interested in law. They came to my office yesterday askin' all kinds of questions."

"About . . . About capital punishment?"

"Not exactly. They wanted to know what the punishment for robbery was, and told them . . ."

"Of course, it depends upon the judge who sentences him."

"Then a robber doesn't have to die?"

"Oh no! Only a capital crime is punishable by death. Like murder . . . or kidnapping."

"Kidnapping? What's kidnapping?"

Lawyer Shuster grinned.

"So I had to explain all about kidnapping to them. Lost over an hour, thanks to you, Miss Priddy."

"Well, I didn't send them, Mr. Shuster. . . . Oh, look . . ."

The grim-faced procession had entered the lot. They stood solemnly before the crudely dug pit.

"Aren't they sweet?"

"So serious, too. . . ."

Slowly the children removed the coffin from their shoulders and lowered it into the yawning hole.

"Heh, heh. . . ."

"Something, eh?"

Lawyer Shuster leaned on his neighbor's fence, watching the ceremony.

"Kids sure do strange things these days, eh Judge Delaney?"

"Funny you should mention that, Sye. Those kids came to see me in my chambers yesterday. They wanted to know all about jury trials."

"Jury trials? Why?"

"Heh, heh. . . ."

"Something, eh?"

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"Jury trials? Why?"

"Heh, heh. . . ."

"Something, eh?"

Now the solemn-faced mourners were shoveling the soil back into the grave upon the roughly hewn coffin. Judge Delaney shrugged.

"Search me! I tried to tell 'em as best I could. Kept it simple. They seemed to understand."

"Freddy! Fre-d-d-y-y-y! Where are you?"

Mrs. Phillips raced up the street calling her six-year-old son's name. She stopped

for a moment, studying the grim group of four-through-seven-year-olds standing in the empty lot.

"Isn't Freddy with them, Mrs. Phillips?" asked the judge.

"No, I'm afraid not, Judge Delaney. The kids don't speak to Freddy any more."

"Oh? Why not?"

"Well, Freddy took something from one of them . . . and they've never forgiven him for it."

Judge Delaney stared at the little group tamping down the fresh grave.

"Shuster!! What did you tell them about kidnapping?"

"Huh? Why . . . Why, I told them that when someone steals someone else's child, that's kidnapping."

Mrs. Phillips shuddered. A dead silence seemed to fall upon the darkened street. A breeze stirred, moving along, making the others shiver in its chill. The lawyer . . . the teacher . . . the judge . . . the rest. Mrs. Phillips whispered, horrified. . . .

"It . . . It was Emma Lou's doll that Freddy took! He . . . He wouldn't give it back. . . . Good . . . Lord. . . .!"

Across the street, in the empty lot, one of the children was saying some words over the grave of the departed. . . .

not so bad."

"Are you afraid of him, son?" The boy could see his father was deadly serious. He had stopped eating and his newspaper had been pushed to one side. His eyes, large and penetrating, were wrapped like steel wire on his son. The boy could feel the panic knotting inside of him. He knew he couldn't tell his father that he was desperately afraid of the bigger boy. He couldn't have his father know the truth: his own son was a coward. Not his father.

He tried to act surprised and laughed when he answered, "Who, me? Afraid of of Tony? Heck, no. He's my friend—most stuff I was telling you about last night."

"Then you can walk to school, right?"

"Yes sir," the boy said and there was no further talk. His father went back to his paper and the boy finished his milk and got up from the table. A kind of thumping fear mixed with anger swelled within him as he went through the perfunctory steps getting his books, kissing his mother good-by, and leaving the house. He was just outside the door when he heard his father call him.

"Bill." The voice came from the living room window.

"Yes, Dad?"

"Over here." His father appeared at the window. "Bill," he said, "I never did finish my story last night. You remember, the one about the tree that the boy dared me to climb and dive from into the water. Well, the truth is, I never took that dare. I ran away. And you know something, Bill? I was sorry about that for a long time afterward."

The boy's hands and eyes dropped to a bush beneath the window and his fingers worked nervously over the little leaves. He couldn't look at his father because he felt a familiar quiver at the top of his nose and the water start to rise in his eyes and he was ashamed.

"That's all I wanted to tell you, Bill," his father said. "I'll see you tonight."

The boy walked across the lawn, away from the window, and down the sidewalk where Tony was waiting. The dark boy's smile vanished when he saw Billy.

"You been cryin'?"

"I have not," the small boy protested.

"G'wan. Momma's little baby been cryin'," Tony taunted him.

Billy didn't smile or look at the bigger boy after that. He walked on in silence, his eyes straight ahead, his mouth firm and serious.

Within himself he re-created the conversation with his father. "I ran away" re-

peated itself again and again. It was unbelievable that his own father, would be could be, a coward. He had laughed. Laughed. But he ran away. He was a coward. The word 'coward' left a bad taste in his mouth and he wanted to spit.

"So, this is the last day of school, huh?" Tony was waying.

"Yeah."

"Well, uh, what's your hurry? Ya like ter get there Ya like school or somethin'?"

"I don't mind it," Billy answered. "I'm going to be brave. I'm going to be brave, no matter."

Tony grabbed Billy and swung him around. "Are you crazy? You must be nuts or somethin' to say ya like school. Nobody who likes school is my friend," he said, and gave Billy a shove to prove it.

The boy stumbled backwards but didn't go down. He held on to his books. He looked coldly, expressionlessly, at the bigger boy, but he said nothing and started to walk again.

"I ran away," he heard his father say. I ran away.

His heart began to beat faster and he could feel his face getting hot with blood. Tony caught up to him again.

"Hey," he said, "you gonna do it this mornin'?"

"Do what?"

"Now, don't try pretendin' ya don't gonna be there just ta see ya do it." know what I mean. All the gups are "What guys?" Billy asked. He had to hold the books tightly in his arms not to let Tony see his hands starting to tremble.

"You know what guys. All the kinds from the class. And what's more, Fat Burke said he's gonna bring some girls, too."

"What's he gonna bring girls for?"

"Ta see you fall flat on yer back," Tony answered and laughed, smacking Billy on the shoulder.

"What if I don't feel like doin' it?" the boy asked.

"Then we're gonna braid yer hair and tie a sign to it, sayin' 'chicken'. That's what we're gonna do. And what's more, I'm gonna twist yer arm til ya do do it."

Billy said no more. He walked on swiftly, keeping an odd pace to the pounding trepidation of his heart. His father at the window, telling him that he had run away, remained vividly before him. His father was a coward. His real, live father.

On the next street, after they had made (Continued on next page)

## Second Prize

### The Tree Limb by Richard G. Landon

"Yes, Bill?"

"I was wondering if you could drive me to school today."

"Well, why just today, son? This is the first time you've ever asked. Something special?"

"Yeah. . . I mean yes, kind of."

"What?"

"Well, it's the last day of school, today, see. And I sure would hate to be late."

It wasn't very good, the boy thought, but maybe it would do. Maybe.

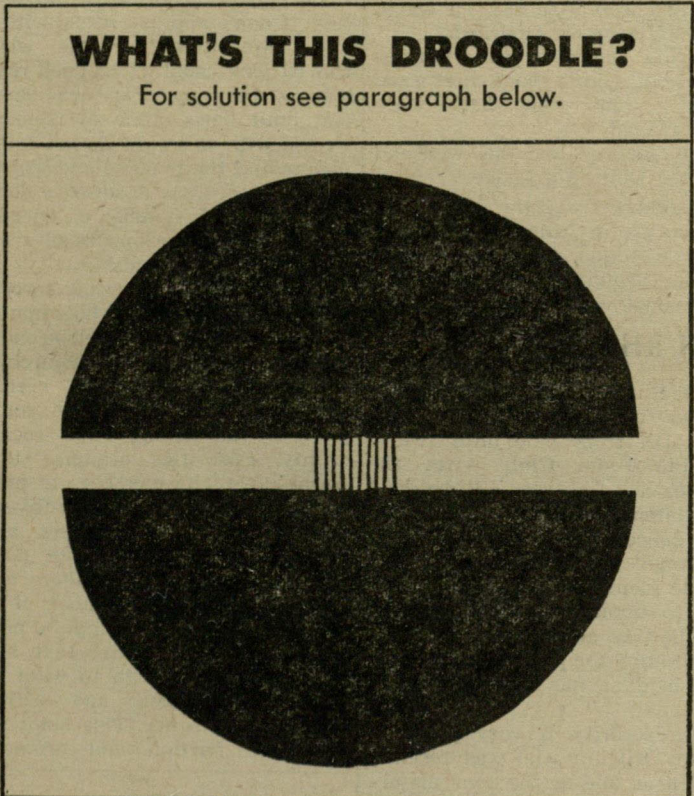
His father studied him for a long moment. Then he asked the boy:

"Bill, who is that calling for you?"

"Oh that. That's Tony I guess."

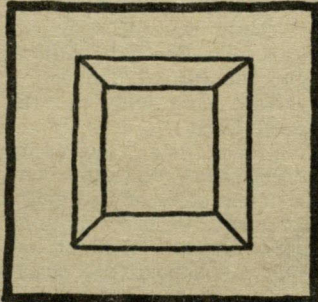
"Isn't he the one you were saying something about last night?"

"Yeah. . . I mean yes. But I guess maybe it sound worst than I should of. Tony's

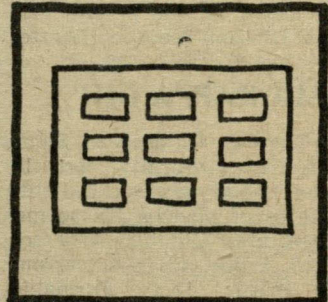


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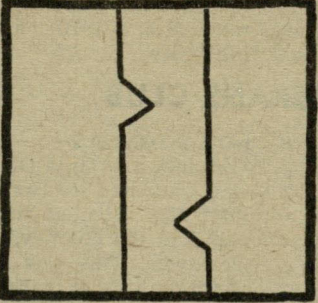
Better taste Luckies...  
**LUCKIES TASTE BETTER**  
CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER!



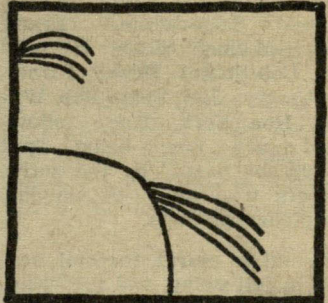
LADY SCRUTINIZING SELF IN MIRROR AFTER USING VANISHING CREAM  
Lili Whitfield  
University of North Carolina



SWISS CHEESE MADE BY I.B.M. MACHINE  
Mort Fink  
Brooklyn College



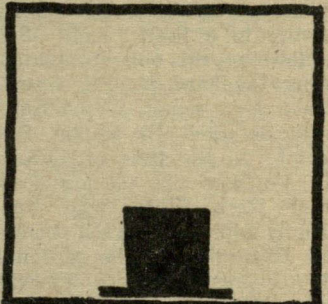
TREE BEING FELLED BY MIDGET AND TALL FRIEND  
Donald O. Kistner  
Texas Tech



GIRL WITH PONY TAIL RIDING PONY  
William H. Harris  
Washington State College



"IT'S TOASTED" to taste better!  
LUCKY STRIKE  
CIGARETTES



MELTED SNOWMAN  
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## Short Story

(Continued from preceding page)

a turn, they were joined by Red Windish and Jackie Moore. Red and Jackie were buddies and they had been Billy's friend, also. But they feared Tony, too, and Billy knew they would not alienate the bigger boy by taking sides with him against Tony.

As they walked on, Billy saw Tony signal Red to the rear, and he knew that it would start now. They would do something to him and he had to be prepared. He pulled the books closer to him and waited. Then, suddenly, the two boys were walking abreast of him. At a sign from Tony, Red said, "Ties up," and pulled Billy's tie out of his shirt and threw it over his shoulder. The boy made an automatic stab for it, and as he did, Tony easily knocked the books out of his hands. They crashed to the ground, scattering homework, pencils and papers all over the sidewalk.

The boy said nothing. He bent down and started gathering the books and papers, the laughter burning like a hot poker against his ear. He looked at Tony who was still doubled-up, laughing. The other two boys laughed obediently, but without malice. He wondered silently: If it had been one of them, would I have laughed?

The noise and Tony's loud comments attracted other boys and soon a small gang of them were walking toward the school together.

He heard them talking about school ending and parties and what some of the boys were going to do during the summer months; but above all, he could hear the shouts, threats and brags of Tony.

"Hey, you guys," he said, "guess who's gonna try the tree-imb again. None other than this little squirt here, Billy-the-Cry-Baby."

A kind of cheer went up, but the boy could feel the mocking edge of it.

"I never said I was," he shouted.

"Oh," said Tony, his dark eyes narrowing furiously. "Backing out again, heh? Momma's baby can't take a dare, huh? Has to run away?"

Those words again. They stung the boy and his heart beat faster again. I ran away, his father said.

The eyes and faces of all the boys closed in on him like searchlights now and he felt penetrated, bared and ashamed, with all the lights focused on the yellow streak that he felt was lodged within him somewhere. He turned to every side but the wall of faces was impenetrable. Some smiled, some smirked, some were ominously without meaning but they were solid and offered no escape. He wanted to run—I ran away—but there was no avenue, no channel, no way.

"He's yellow," someone said.

"A mile wide," another added.

Suddenly, the boy heard his own voice betray him. He was shouting and it sounded loud and defiant.

"I'm not yellow, see. Just wait and see if I am. I can reach that old tree-imb. You'd think it was a million miles high the way you talk. Come on!" and he broke through the crowd of them and started to walk hurriedly toward the tree.

His sudden outburst silenced the crowd of boys. A small surge of victory rose within him, but it was quickly repulsed by the grimness in Tony's face. He smirked at Billy and told him:

"Okay, Mr. Big Shot, let's see ya break yer neck."

When the gang of boys got to the tree, some other students, boys and girls, had already gathered. Billy trembled when he saw the girls, especially Alice Campbell, whom he had secretly made his sweetheart when he played cowboy. Now he would have to find somebody else, he told himself.

The boys came bounding into the lot in a noisy, clamoring knot. They put their books down and gathered in a big circle around Tony. The girls closed in around the outer edges.

Billy looked at the tree-imb. It was the lowest arm on the left side of an old oak tree that stood in the middle of an open lot on the way to school. It looked high, impossibly high, to him.

"What's going to happen?" asked one of the girls.

"Someone's going to fight, I think," she was told by another girl.

In the circle Tony was saying:

"Okay, now, Mr. Big Shot, we'll give a three tries. If ya don't make it the first time, I get your lunch money. If ya don't make it on the second try, ya gotta carry everybody's books ter school. And if ya don't make it at all, I get ya new fancy fishin' pole!"

This last comment truly impressed the crowd.

"His FISHIN' pole?" Jackie Moore asked incredulously.

"Yeah," said Tony. "His fishin' pole."

Billy said nothing. He knew there was nothing to say. It had all been said a long time ago by a bigger boy who dared his father to jump off a high tree into a pond. It was the same dare, over and

over again maybe forever, the boy thought. Only once, sometime, you've got to stand up and take the dare. Just once you've got to stay and see it through. You can't run away forever. Just once there has to be a consequence. Sometime there has got to be an end to running away, a decision, an end.

I ran away, his father said.

When Tony saw Billy wasn't going to say anything, he moved the boys back and Billy stood alone. Somehow he was on the start of the path that led to the tree-imb, a path made by a generations of boys who had come to meet the challenge of the tree.

Ninety feet away, he saw it, looking like a thick black snake with a thousand treacherous heads, silhouetted grotesquely against the bright sky, eight feet—let it be eight miles—off the ground.

Then, strangely, the only thing he could hear was the sound of his own heart beat. He felt himself lifted with the tree-imb off into space. He was beyond the buzz of human chatter, above the shouts and cries, although somehow he knew that they were still there. For a moment he felt himself out of reach of human touch, beyond limitations, and he was off alone with the tree-imb somewhere.

Then he felt himself running toward it and leaping a thousand miles into the air. He saw the earth and the tree and the sky beneath him and he leaped, without even touching it, over the tree-imb. But he left something going wrong coming down. It was too far to fall and he was out of control. He was off balance, falling, falling a million miles into space.

Billy hit the ground with a thud. When his eyes cleared he could see the sky, cloudless and peaceful, through the treetop. He was aware of a silence at first that broke suddenly into a deafening roar of laughter. When he moved to get up a knife-sharp pain ripped across his shoulder. He winched, and as he walked back, he held his head down to hide his tears.

Again he looked down the brown stretch of dirt to the tree-imb. The whole earth was blurred in greens and blues, and he wiped his eyes on his shirt.

"He's cryin' again," some boy said disgustedly.

"He owes me his lunch money now," he heard Tony tell another boy.

Billy breathed deeply and tried to forget about his shoulder that was throbbing with pain. It had to happen, he told himself. It was all part of the saying and not running away. Pain was the consequence. Only it hurt, he thought. It hurt bad.

He looked up at the tree-imb. It looked so high, so far away.

Please God, let me...

I ran away, his father said.

He was running now. Running hard and fast. His legs felt stiff and heavy beneath him, but he forgot about his shoulder. There was no more pain.

He saw the tree-imb, huge and silent, before him. He leaped high, high, and felt his fingers just scrape the bottom of it. Before he hit the ground again, he thought how calm and friendly it felt.

The silence this time seemed longer to him before the din of shouting broke. He tried to single out the voices to find out who was cheering and who was laughing, but there was too much noise, and quickly, too much pain. His shoulder ached again and his back felt stiff. He limped a little, walking back to the start of the path.

When he reached it, he was surprised to see Tony standing there with some boys gathered around.

"Look, Cry Baby," the dark Italian boy said, "I'm gonna be real good to ya, see, and show ya how to do it. Now if ya stop yer sniffin' and keep yer eyes on me, you'll see how easy it is."

"G'wan, Tony, you show 'em," a couple of the boys encouraged him.

"You don't hafta," Billy told him.

"Well, I'm gonna, see. So watch me!"

All the boys except Tony and Billy backed off. The boy watched stupidly as Tony knelt down, placing his hands in the dirt before him, getting a good brace against the ground with his right foot.

"Just watch me," he told Billy once more. He moved from his kneeling position quickly and ran swiftly and surely down the path toward the tree. Billy watched him as he reached a point under the tree and started to soar gracefully through the air toward the tree-imb. His eyes watched him all the while but it wasn't until he heard the crash and the confused screaming that he realized Tony had missed the limb and had tumbled to the earth.

The silence that followed the fall was explosively replaced with a shout of laughter and mocking cheers, greater than ever. All of them, boys and girls alike, laughed, and shouted derisively at Tony as he lay on his back.

Billy limped down toward Tony, bewildered, confused. They were laughing at Tony, he told himself. At Tony!

But Tony was screaming back at them, his face lined with rage and fright.

"What are you laughin' at!" he shouted, "What are you laughin' at! and give me a hand! Stop it!"

But very few of them heard him. Only

Billy, who knew what he must do, walking up to the fallen boy.

"Is it your leg?" he asked.

He could see the fright and surprise in Tony's face.

"Yeah," the Italian boy said, "it feels kinda funny."

"Here," said Billy, leaning down, "hold my arm and I'll see if I can lift you."

Tony obeyed silently. He grabbed Billy's arm and holding tightly, he placed his left foot solidly under him to favor his right, and got up.

"Now," Billy told him, "put your arms around my shoulders, but not too tight because this one hurts."

The crowd began to disperse now, going off in small crowds. A few curious children stayed close to Billy and Tony, waiting to see if anything more would happen. Red Windish brought the books over to them.

"Hold onto them till we get to school, will ya, Red?" Billy said.

"Sure," said Red, accepting the change of command willingly.

Soon, as they walked on, the two boys, limping, fell behind the other children, who ran on ahead, laughing, playing games, fighting.

When they were alone, Tony turned to Billy and said:

"I didn't know you liked me!"

"Aw," said Billy, "didn't you know that?"

Then Tony turned his face away from the boy and cried.

Once, before they turned into the school yard, Billy looked back at the oak tree. He tried to distinguish the tree-imb from the other arms on the tree, but it was already lost in the maze of greenery that shaded the street.

The boy tried to analyze it, but he couldn't find an answer. He looked at Tony, sobbing on his shoulder, and he told himself that this was victory. But the actual pain in the shoulder reminded him of the laughter that had hurt him more, and he knew that he still had not beaten the tree. All at once he was mad and happy and mixed-up, but mostly he was relieved.

He wanted desperately to see his father now. His father could tell him, he thought. His father knew. The boy knew too, but he wouldn't believe it until his father told him that like the other things—the darkness and the waves at the ocean's shore—the fear of it was behind him now, forever.

### Third Prize

## Black Confusion

by G. C. Worth, Jr

"At a distance through an artful glass  
To the minds eye things will appear;  
They lose their forms, and make a mass  
Confus'd and black, if brought too near."  
Quotation from "Lifes Cares"  
by Mathew Prior

He was wandering in a great void. Lost! Everything was lost except him. He knew where he was. He was circling around and around in the middle of a dust filled world.

Was it daytime or nighttime? Was it the Sun or the Moon that held sway in the heavens? How can a man tell with the dust in his eyes—and in his mouth. The senses are numb, but slowly begin to tingle as they win their fight against paralysis.

Who was he? Where was he? All the questions that arise to confront the person who has had his senses numbed, reared their heads. Unable to think coherently, moving and reacting through physical habits, he found shelter from the merciless win and dust behind a large rock, which was an outpost for a covey of rocks.

What in the world was wrong with the world? The feeling of desolation that engulfed him made him shrink closer to the rock. Desolation gave birth to fear. Afraid of the unknown and whimpering to the rock for consolation, he finally slept.

With a start he opened his eyes and remembering where he was, looked about him. The dust was not quite so bad now, although the sky was still black from its close association with the dust. Visibility was some better, at least objects could be vaguely identified in the distance. The objects that met his eye slowly fell into shape. A vast plain lay stretched before him, its levelness broken only by scattered coveys of rock such as the one in which he had found shelter. All these things he observed from a vantage point on top of one of the larger rocks.

Searching the recesses of his mind for the secret door behind which memory hid, and failing, helplessness wracked his soul and he fell. The fall was broken by a desperate effort to embrace the precipice and the earth a few feet away. Damage was infinitesimal—a bruised forearm, infinitesimal except to the heart, which lost two beats.

From the brain came a message—find safety. Safety from what? Hunger? The Elements? Or the wild races of the imagination? Safety mean civilization, and the feelings found only in the presence of civilized people. The first thing to do then was to locate some segment of civilization. He must choose one of the directions of the compass and move on trusting to providence. This thought seemed to be echoed in the wind as it played on the rocks. Like a primitive man he turned his steps in what he thought to be the direction of the sun, knowing that with light the fears of the dark evaporate.

He had stumbled forward in his search

for what he believed to be two days. Two days of hunger and worse, thirst. This was his third day without water and from the appearance of the arid around him, water was a complete stranger to this country. Lack of food soon saps the strength from the body, but the lack of water saps the strength from the mind.

The journey was a series of every shortening trips with the man concentrating all his efforts on the shorter objectives. In the beginning the first lap had been several miles in distance, then one mile, then a third, then the rise in the distance, now a few yards at a time. His feet acted separately from the brain. Stumbling and staggering, falling, and painfully rising, the man reached the end of plain.

Was this the end—to go forward seemed impossible. The way was barred by the mountains of rock rising as if to meet heaven. In the days of his travel he had not seen a living creature—no birds, no creatures that normally inhabit such an area, not even ants had been visible.

Why does the way forward always lead upward? Progress is made only after overcoming obstacles, and if he wished to progress in his struggle for survival he must scale his almost insurmountable obstacle.

So he slowly raised his eyes to survey this scene and knew he must draw the energy needed from his only source of strength left—will power. Since the only way he could go was up, he started the ascent.

At the end of the fourth day he was nearly to the top. The agony of the climb echoed from every muscle and every fiber of his bruised body. This was the seventh full day without food or water. Finally his weary body found rest in sleep—rest if nightmares can be restful.

When he awoke, he forced his aching body to the top. He looked around him and suddenly began to laugh a cynical, almost hysterical laugh. To think he'd gone through so much torment in the ascension of the mountain only to find there was nothing here or as far as his eyes could see. His laughter turned to tears. He looked up—staring him in the face was the specter of death. Fear caused him to lose his balance and he fell down the slope in front of him.

The roll of the falling body was slowed by the broadening slope and gradually came to halt on a ledge.

The pain caused consciousness. His eyes slowly opened and he saw where he was, and he wondered why death was playing with him. Must a man be torched before he can die!

Hope had left his body. Death was the only way out. He only had to roll to the edge of the ledge and all his early troubles would be at an end. Slowly he began to drag his broken and beaten body towards the end. His good arm reached out and grabbed the rocky terrain and levered his body forward. Again the arm went out—but found no rock. In the side of the slope where there should be solid rock was nothing. Then he realized it was an opening, a cave in the rocks.

There could be nothing in the cave, for there was nothing anywhere. Why then expecting nothing did he change his direction and crawl into the cave?

As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, hope spring again in his breast. There was a table—and a chair—and a bed and—my God he must be delirious. His hand closed on the table leg, and it was real for it collapsed in his hand, causing the table to fall on him and about him.

In the debris he recognized a candle and a picture and book. After what seemed ages he succeeded in placing the candle upright and blessing of blessings he found a package of matches in his pocket. The light from the candle, weak as it was, was enough for him to determine the contents of the cave. Someone had lived here—for there was furniture—a bunk bed, a stove, several cabinets, and there—that's a book case with books in it. Water! If somebody had lived here they had to have water and food. There must be water here.

His mind told his body to move—that it was necessary to get to that food and water. His mind spoke, but the body rebelled, it could go no more, so finally he realized that this was the end of the journey. With the necessities of life perhaps just feet away, he must die. But he did not die all at once, with the body dead, the mind lingered on in despair.

The candle was still burning and the book was lying almost in his face. Slowly his eyes focused on the words in front of him.

"And the world as we knew it, was destroyed, not so many had thought, by man—but by nature itself."

What is this? The words rang in his ears. His hand found strength and turned to the beginning. Diary. It was a diary, and his burning eyes read.

"This is not a diary of my life—worse, it is a confession of my life." And he read on and discovered the life of an educated man, married to a wealthy woman, unfolding. And he read, "I had been a student of the laws of nature in my younger days and although I became a lawyer—my hobby was still nature and its delicate balances. I had studied both man and nature, and it was nature that I most feared. In the middle of the Twentieth Century, man sought ways to destroy the world, and found them. In the race between nations

to produce more destructive weapons, nature was completely ignored. The people of the world feared men—but I feared nature's wrath. I had observed the waste man had made for most of nature, and knew that to upset any balance of nature could only result in forcing nature to fight back. So, in the summers I came here and began building my 'Noah's Ark.' The first thing I did was to construct a large reservoir. In this reservoir I stored enough water to last me and my family until we died. Next, I stored large quantities of food, specially preserved and after that came what can be classified as luxuries. I was ready, so I set back to watch the struggle, as I knew it must come between man and nature.

"The first signs had been apparent for several years, but were completely ignored. My theory had been correct—how I wished it hadn't. First came the droughts, but then we'd had droughts before. It was nearly a month after nature first struck before they discovered it. Then in papers and over the air, mostly with an air of unimportance, came the news. There had been no rainfall all over the entire earth for a month. One month led to two months and then three. The civilized world awoke. This lack of rainfall was causing a great loss of money, for at first there was no thought to the loss of food or water or the consequences to follow. Gradually it dawned in the minds of men that unless it rained there would be no food, no water, and that entire areas could become desert. And famine rode the earth—lightly in the first year, deeper in the second. The water situation became critical, and in most cases became a responsibility of the governments of the world. Ah, yes—the nations of the world became allies instead of enemies. All the scientists of the world were used to try to save the world. Panic had started to take its toll.

And water became scarce—and even took the place of uranium as the most valuable mineral. Fortunes were made by dealing in the sale of water. Emmense sums changed hands every day in the New York Water Exchange. And all this time people were dying for lack of food and water. And diseases raged—diseases for which there were no known inoculations. And the people died like flies—worse yet—the creatures of the earth were the first to die. Martial law had been declared in all the nations. It became apparent to me that soon there would be no law except the law of the jungle—no—that is not the right comparison, because the jungle is ruled by nature and man is much lower. So I brought my family here, and by radio, listened to the destruction of the world.

I knew that there would be life along the coast for a time for huge distilleries lined the ocean. The stench of cities, especially those inland, defiled the air of the entire country.

"It has now been fifty years since I first came here with my family. This paper I leave as a memorial for the rocks to see, for I know that no living eyes shall ever see it. My conscience is heavy with guilt—for I deserted my people, and I have been punished in nature's own way. First my wife slipped from the ledge and died. Next, my son, ironically enough, was drowned in my reservoir of water—water that was intended to save him. My daughter—Ptomine poison. Now it is my turn—nature will not be defeated. She has destroyed my water supply—it has disappeared into the earth. Now I must face the death I sought to avoid. I must die of thirst. So to the rocks and the wind that abound in this cave, I leave this message, and as a weight to hold this message to the table, I leave a picture of myself taken sixty years ago. Alas—in the end there is no escape."

The words he read burned his soul and resounded through his weary brain. My God—this nonsense couldn't be true. No life nowhere? The old guy must have been a nut. Yeah that's it—he was nuts. The picture—I'll see what he looked like. So he once against called to his hand and it answered. The candle was almost out now—but by its dim light he slowly turned the picture towards his eyes. NO—NO—It couldn't be true—I know that face—why it's me! No—No—his memory was back—it was he and the woman had been his wife, Kay—and his small son Bill, and his daughter Sue. Dead—All dead—No—No—

"John! John!" the voice forced its way into his brain. "John, Wake up. You must be having nightmares."

"Kay! Kay! You're alive! You're not dead," he sat up in bed and recognized his wife. "The Kids, are they all right?"

"Of course, they're alright. John you must have had a nightmare."

With a rush he spring from bed and ran to the bathroom, and turned on the faucet. With a sound that was the pretest music his ears had ever heard, the water poured forth in a potent stream.

"Kay! I have been dreaming—water! Kay! We've still got water."

Never underrate a woman's intuition... or anything else which is made up of hope, faith and inside information.

A housewife, returning a negg she had borrowed, stepped inside her neighbor's kitchen and called out: "I'm going to lay an egg here on the kitchen table."

# EVENING STUDENTS!

Joe C. Wingo invites you to prepare your assignments while enjoying the fine food and quiet atmosphere of the

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## Miss Alice Bell To Teach New Fashion Course At AD

By KATHE BROWN

Winter quarter, the Atlanta Division is offering a new course for women in Fashion Coordination. This course will be offered once a week, at either 10:40 on Thursday, or 7:35 on Tuesday night. This is a non-credit course. It is open to people other than students. The fee is \$10 for non-students and \$5 for students, an equivalent of fifty cents a week. The course will be taught by Miss Alice Bell.

Miss Bell has taught several courses of this type previously at other schools. She has been Fashion Consultant for several of the leading Atlanta stores, is on television weekly, and beginning in January she will be a freelance fashion consultant.

The new course here will include these points: How to plan to be well-groomed, how to combine the colors you wear, information about fabrics and which kind to wear with what, (for instance, one wouldn't wear cotton and satin together), the type, line, and cut of clothes to wear, why apparel and accessories complement or detract from each other and the

styles and make up for the individual.

"Fashion is the complete silhouette—balance between every single garment, not what this or that costs. You must tie fashion into the whole ensemble with coordination and balance for overall effect", says Miss Bell.

It has been said that men have better fashion sense, or, rather, that when they look at a woman's clothes they see the whole effect. Naturally, most of them don't know whether something is in "style" or not, but they do know when they see a woman who looks attractive. On the other hand, most women look at one thing to see if its stylish or not. A woman may buy an expensive hat or coat and feel well-dressed, when actually the article may not complement anything else she has.

Something most men complain about is a woman's having a closet-full of clothes, but saying, "I haven't a thing to wear." It might very well be true, she doesn't have things that "go together." This is what Miss Bell intends to accomplish—a reversal of the female attitude about being educated on what to wear and when.

## 'Of Course, I Could Have Written About Hypnotism'

By BOB MIDDLEBROOKS

Things were moving very slowly in Journalism I when the bell rang. Mr. Hays stopped me before I could get out the door, and his eyes showed no mercy as he held me by my arm. "Bob", he said, "on the sixth floor outside the Psychology Room is a bulletin board put up by Dr. Wade. Do a story on it."

As I trudged up toward the sixth floor my mind started working. Do a story on a bulletin board? Hays sure can pick them. Here's where I flunk Journalism. There was the bulletin board. About the size of any other board, I figured. Having nothing else to do I began reading it. There were about twelve articles on Hypnosis. I could have written a book on Hypnosis from the information there, but I still had no angle on the bulletin board story. As I stood there I began to notice that several students would walk up, look at the articles, maybe take a few notes, and then walk away. I watched one girl take almost every word of one article. "Term paper material?" I asked.

She smiled at me. "Just general information. I come up here to take notes every week. That's how often the bulletin board is changed, you know." She closed her notebook and walked quickly down the ramp. I must have scared her off.

I finally succeeded in cornering Dr. Wade, which gave me the

standpoint of economics." chance to get some information and perhaps a much needed angle for my story.

It seems that in 1947, when Dr. Wade came to the Atlanta Division of the University of Georgia, there was only one full time faculty member to teach Psychology courses this quarter. Since Psychology is not required, this enrollment would indicate that the students felt that there is something worthwhile for them in this field.

The practical usage of Psychology has greatly increased increased in business, education, law, ministry and medicine since World War II. Magazines and newspapers continually print or use articles with a psychological theme. One day in class, Dr. Wade suggested to the students that they might bring in some of the articles that they find on the topics that they were studying that week. The result is that several filing cabinet drawers were filled with these clippings. They concern such subjects as extra-sensory perception, learning, intelligence, personality and problems of courtship and marriage.

Well, I got my story and while I was trying to find an angle I got a good knowledge of hypnosis too. I'm going to start reading that bulletin board every week now for two reasons: one is to get more knowledge of Psychology and the other is to find that girl again. It certainly can't do me or anyone else any harm, Psychology that is.

## Annual Homecoming Considered Success

The crowd so-filled the gym that the clouds of smoke and gales of merriment fluttered the gay red and black striped canopy which decorated the entire gymnasium. . . what was happening? This was the 1954 Annual Homecoming Banquet and Dance held on November 24.

A traditional Thanksgiving dinner was served and during the banquet Dean Thomas Mahler introduced the "visiting dignitaries" and their wives. Mr. Tom Luck, Jr., introduced the guest speaker, Mr. Leo Aikman, of the Atlanta Constitution. Mr. Aikman gave a very interesting talk; he said, "America is living in a very fast age—but the mind is slow." He also mentioned the "3-D's" of Life to strive for; Deep mind, Different mind, and Diligence.

The Circle "K" club ran a coat-check stand, as they have in the past, but this year it was in the Main Floor Library, where it moved smoothly and more orderly than ever before. They plan to use the money to repair and help toward the toys that they are collecting for Christmas distribution.

The music for the dance that followed was by Paul Cooper and his band.

## Dean Trotter Has Diversified Interests

Mrs. Nell Trotter, who is the Atlanta Division's well known Assistant Dean of Students, and Counsellor of Women's Activities, has been listening to student's problems here since 1933, when she first came to the school as Dean of Women and taught political science. Currently Mrs. Trotter is teaching a course in business communications.

Mrs. Trotter was graduated from the University of Arkansas where she received her Bachelor of Arts degree and was president of the Women's Athletic Association, Kappa Kappa Gamma national sorority, and Who's Who in American Colleges. Next, she received her MA degree from the University of Wisconsin, where she served on the Executive Committee of the Graduating Club. After graduating from Wisconsin, she taught for five years in Louisiana and Oklahoma high schools before coming to the Atlanta Division to take a course in journalism under Dr. Sparks at the Ansley Hotel, which was the school's original location.

She is the wife of Mr. Richard A. Trotter, Sr. who is professor of machine design at Georgia Tech. She takes an active interest in the activities of her sons, Richard, who is a senior at the University of Georgia in Athens, and Mike, who is a freshman at Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island.

Mrs. Trotter's interests include being a member and past officer of the League of Women Voters, Pan-Hellenic delegate for Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority for which she organized the alumni in Atlanta, president of the Georgia Tech Women's Club, and is an active vice-president and worker in the Grady High School P. T. A. where both her sons graduated.

When asked about interesting or unusual experiences while at the Atlanta Division, Mrs. Trotter replied, "All of life is interesting and work here has been very enriching and stimulating. One sees tremendous progress on the part of students, and I firmly believe in women as well as men getting educations to become better homemakers, as well as from

know about art and its use in the business world."

The first seminar will be held Thursday, January 20, 1955, at 6:30 p.m. on the seventh floor of the Atlanta Division Building. The series will culminate in an all-day session to be held March 24. Experts in the field of business art will be invited and exhibits of art, as used in business, will be shown.

Students from the Schools of Business Administration and General Studies are invited to attend this series of meetings. There will be a charge for business men, but students may attend free of charge.

## Rampway Notice

There will be space in the annual especially for snapshots of organization activities or individual snaps that are in some way connected with this school. We are most anxious for you to submit clear pictures that will add a definite personal interest to everyone.

—The RAMPWAY Staff

## Brunell, Perrin, Lusink To Head Ad Art Seminars

By JOE JOHNSON

The Art Department of the Atlanta Division, in cooperation with the Art Directors Club of Atlanta, will present a series of ten seminars on "Art in the Business World" to begin January 20, 1955.

The seminars will be headed by professors Richard Brunell and Joseph Perrin of the Atlanta Division's Art Department and Mr. Burt Lusink, last year's president of the Art Directors Club and Art Director of the Coca-Cola company.

The purpose of these seminars is to acquaint businessmen and prospective workers in the advertising field with the function of art in business. Professor Brunell says, "The general public would be surprised how tremendously important art is, not only in advertising, but other fields of business as well. It is the responsibility of businessmen to

## College And Insurance Leaders Meet At Luncheon

At a luncheon meeting held in the Stone Mountain Room November 17, 1954, an All-Industry Education Advisory Committee was organized, comprised of the leaders in the field of collegiate education and the leaders in insurance industry in the Atlanta area, according to Dean George E. Manners. Dean Manners said, "The purpose of the committee is to guide the development of a high-level comprehensive program of Insurance Education in this area."

At the meeting, Dr. Kenneth Black, Jr., Chairman of the Division of Insurance, Real Estate, and Law of the School of Business Administration here, was elected Chairman of the Advisory Committee.

The members of the Advisory Committee are: Dr. Kenneth Black, Jr., Chairman Division of Insurance, Atlanta Division U. of Ga.; Spencer S. Brewer, Pres. Southern Casualty and Surety Association; Russell Bridges, Pres. Piedmont Life Insurance Co.; Louis F. Bunte, Pres. Atlanta Life Underwriters Association; Rankin Burns, Pres. Southern Life Insurance Co. of Georgia; Zach D. Cravey, Comptroller General and ex-officio Insurance Commissioner, State of Georgia; R. Howard Dobbs, Jr., Pres. Life In-

urance Co. of Georgia; Rutherford L. Ellis, Pres. Southern General Insurance Co.; George DuR. Fairleigh, Executive Sec. Atlanta Association of Insurance Agents; John S. Greenfield, Pres. Dixie Chapter The Society of Chartered Property and Casualty Underwriters; Elliot Haas, Pres. Atlanta Chapter The American Society of Chartered Life Underwriters; A. L. McDonald, Pres. Georgia Association of Mutual Insurance Agents; George E. Manners, Dean School of Business Administration Atlanta Division U. of Ga.; James P. Poole, Pres. Life Insurance Trust Council; W. W. Sampson, Manager Southeastern Underwriters Association; I. M. Sheffield, Jr., Chairman of the Board, Life Insurance Co. of Georgia; Gordon Siefkin, Dean School of Business Emory University; Dr. George M. Sparks, Director Atlanta Division U. of Ga.; Manley Stockton, Pres. Insurance Library Association; James H. Taylor, Pres. Atlanta Association of Insurance Agents; James M. Thurman, Pres. Managers Club; Varney S. Ward, Vice Pres. Southern Division Liberty Mutual Insurance Co.

According to Dean Manners, a 500 per cent increase has occurred since Sept., 1952, in student registrations in the insurance classes.

## Once There Was A Little Reporter . . .

Once upon a time there was a little reporter. No one knows where he came from and no one knows where he went. He was around for a while but one day he disappeared never to return. . . . Last week we were cleaning out the files and we came across a diary left by Johnnie (we'll call him that for the sake of a better name, being as how we can't use his real name here) part of which we'll print here.

Monday—Today I got my assignment from the editor. I wonder who thinks up these assignments anyway—seems as though some lost soul really has to dig down deep in the ole "story bag" to come up with some of these ideas.

Tuesday—Today I went by the office to check on my story. I went into one of the offices to be confronted, in answer to my query by "I'm sorry, you'll have to ask Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ in that office over there." So there I went traipsing all over the office and then the man I had to see was "out"—"You can see him tomorrow." "Thank you so much, but I am afraid I'll be dead by tomorrow, maybe, very kind of you though."

Wednesday—Well, tomorrow is deadline for my story, and I still can't find that man. If people only knew what reporters have to go through to get that story that everyone criticizes maybe they would be somewhere sometime. I went by the office yesterday afternoon and it looked like someone or somebodies had been having a party in there . . . a real ball . . . what with all the Coke bottles, . . . coffee cups . . . and paper on the floor . . . not to mention all the cigarette butts. I guess it takes a lot of coffee and cigarettes to meet a deadline . . . probably tomorrow will be worse, since it is deadline day.

Thursday—Hooray, I finally got to see that man and story was due at 10:00 and I had to cut my 9:00 class to get it in on time . . . and then when I finally did hand it in, they say, "Why is it so late" . . . as if I had all the time in the world to write in. That's done, so now I can watch some good plays on television . . . that is, if I am not too sleepy from loss of sleep (ow—wow) to stay up. These deadlines and really get you down!

Friday—You know, yesterday afternoon again I went by the office and even tho' the deadline was at 10:00 you'd never know it . . . with all the typewriters going full speed ahead, and other "journalists" clamoring for the use of a typewriter . . . seems as though someone would get the paper some more good typewriters, it really does.

That's all that we can print this time for lack of more space for aspiring young writers. . . . —"Charlie Brown"

## Marion and Jake Hodges

Invite You to Stop In and Get Acquainted With

## "Blue Creek Barbecue"

96 PLAZA WAY, S. W.—ON THE PARK

BETWEEN 7:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

The Best Sandwich In Town

Genuine Southern Pit-Cooked Barbecue Cooked in the Country, Served Downtown



## 'Would You Like A Date With My Good Buddy?' They Ask

By Aunt Ague Quinsy

There comes a time in the life of every young girl when she is firmly ensconced with a good TV show and a lap full of fudge crumbs... a phone rings. An overly friendly voice breezes through several incoherent inbursts of introduction then wants to know what you are doing. You fight down an urge to inform the fellow that you are having a slight opium jag and say... fool that you are... that you are just sitting by the phone waiting for someone to call ten minutes before the last show starts and ask you to go see it.

A qualifying clause here enters the picture. It seems that it isn't this friend who wants to take you, but it is a friend of his. Never just a friend but one of the clan that has become known as "Good Ole—". No, he is nota Swede by the name of Ole and it does not imply that he is really already drawing social security. It merely means that this little prefix is the height of masculine endearment and is always used by traveling salesmen and people getting friends dates.

Since you have already slipped and let the fellow know that you are temporarily unoccupied you are cleverly snared. From here trying to reprieve some segment of your divested dignity you slide into the vital statistics department.

"How tall is he?"

"He's twenty-one and a swell guy."

"How tall is he?"

"A wonderful conversationalist and a swell guy!"

"How tall is he?"

"Great sense of humor... and oh, I guess about six two or maybe a little less."

Little less turns out to be the understatement of the year you discover as he doesn't open the door for you to get in the car. Your friend obviously meant to say five feet six and got confused. I won't say that he was handsome, unique would be a better word for it. His five foot trunk tapered gracefully down into six inch legs, one of which proved to be only four and a quarter inches as was shown later on a dance floor.

Now I don't like to discriminate against any boys because they aren't possessed of exactly classic features, but one qualification they MUST meet. That is they have to have a chin.

Skidmore, as my escort's name later proved to be when I saw it stencilled on the top of his drawers which peeked demurely above his beltless pants, did not meet this slight requirement.

It isn't that I don't think that boys without chins don't make good frat brothers and fine businessmen, but a girl must have her standards. His tie knot was right under his lip this way and I kept thinking that his tongue was hanging out.

He was a great conversationist alright. He had a vocabulary of ten words, eight of which were strictly four letter old english. The other two were "crud" and "junk". He used these as common nouns and proper nouns and then by merely adding "ed" and "y" he had verbs, adjectives and adverbs with which to describe in detail everything you passed.

For punctuation to accompany these earthshaking observations he would wink which a nervous manner and jab you severely in the ribs with his elbow. This never failed to impress you as to where the point of his story was. It also added somewhat of a Morse Code atmosphere to his conversation.

When this brought an aura of silence from my side of the seat he began to broach the silence with little gems such as when he clutched my pocketbook with his sweaty little hands and murmured, "Why this looks like real leather." A pause ensued. "It feels

## Somebody Has It Easier Than Students

Somebody, somewhere, has it easier than the students. This college stuff isn't all the hard, nerve-racking labor it's cracked up to be. It couldn't be all the worry and sweat the drive and thought that students put into it. It must be soft, somewhere along the line.

Consider the case of the college professor, for instance. He awakens leisurely in the morning and rings for a valet, who hands him the morning paper and lays out his clothes. The valet has found that while the professor is buried behind the paper, he can lay out unmatched socks and a brown shirt with blue tie and get away with it.

Before leaving for class, the professor stops by the neighbor's to get his papers... the neighbor children like to make "X's" with red crayons. And so he comes to class, locks the door to keep out the mob who are always trying to get in to hear his lectures, and hands back the papers. Nobody objects, nobody argues, nobody thinks they have a better answer.

After class he probably has a conference with a flunking student. All he has to say is,

"See here; this has got to stop. You wouldn't want me for another term, would you?" And lo and behold, said student promptly comes to class every day, turns in all assignments correct and on time, and even laughs at all his jokes.

In the afternoon, the prof gathers a bunch of confederates for a quick trip to the "O" to overhear... uh... catch up on the latest student opinion. And is he surprised when he hears his name spoken from the next booth by an enthusiastic coed who says his tests are hard, his assignments harder, the reading list impossible, but her friend ought to take him for a class.

Feeling happy and content with the world, the professor returns to his office to look over his holdings in stocks and bonds and his various investments... he thinks for a while, meditating on where to sink his next thousand...

Oh, why be bothered... maybe it's better to be a student. (Oregon State Barometer)

like leather too," he said scraping his prehensile hands over it with an accompanying grating sound. After more silence from my quarter he burst into an enthusiasm of delight and cried, "It even smells like real leather!"

As I recoiled in my corner of the car waiting for him to taste my handbag and perhaps compare it with his old cigarette, the silence, and the evening, was finally terminated by a loud siren evidently from some passing ambulance.

I siezed upon this stroke of fortune and said hurriedly, "I'm awfully sorry but there's evidently trouble up at the prison farm and I must go home and beat the bloodhounds into a fury, or it might be an air raid and I just remembered that I came out and forgot to oil my Geiger Counter."

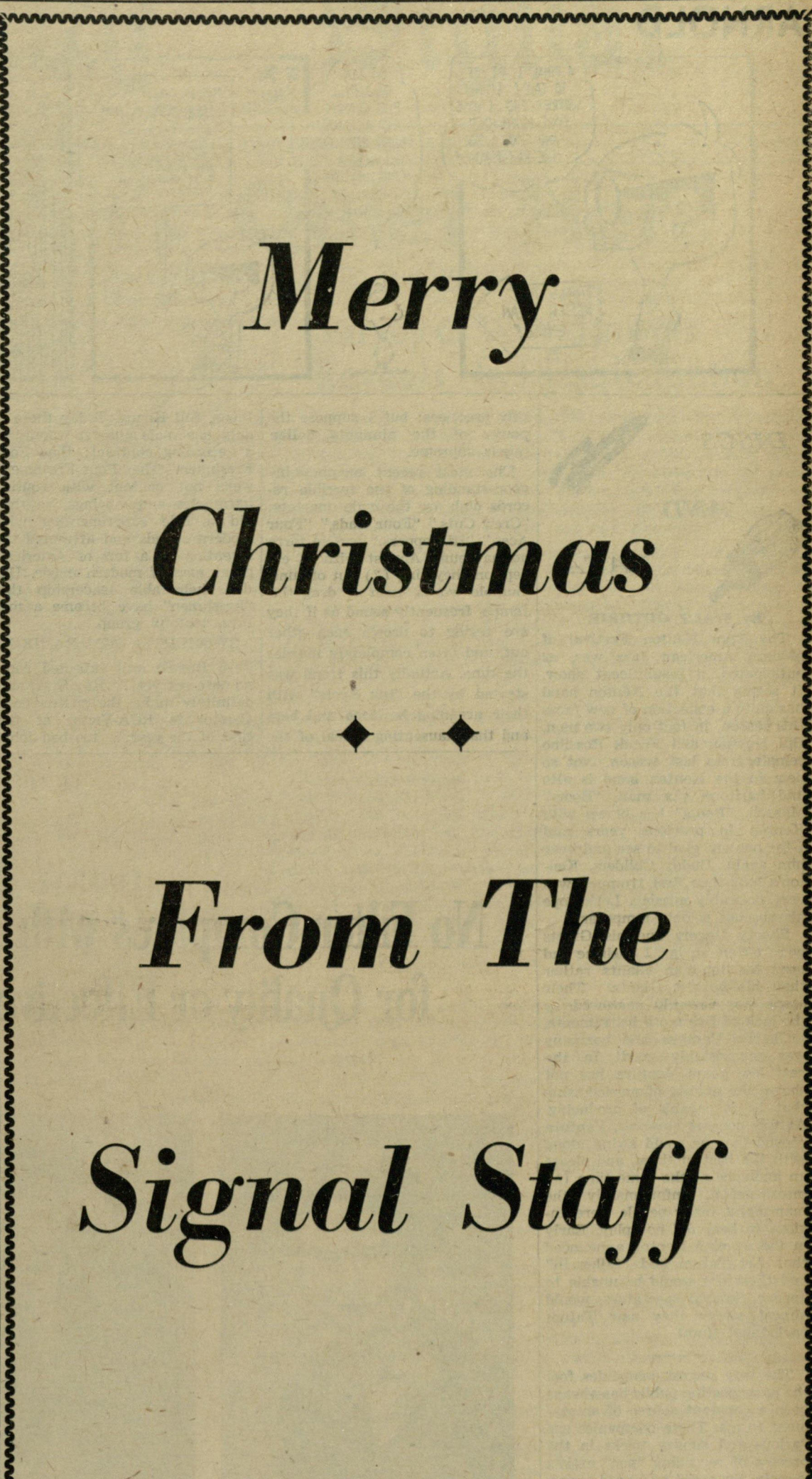
With a few stock phrases I leaped from the still moving automobile and vaulted into the apartment where I nailed the door shut and stopped up the kephole with an old eyebrow pencil.

Pardon me a minute the phone is ringing.

"Hello, yes this is she, what? No I'm sorry but you see I'm having labor pains..." Reprinted from University Signal.

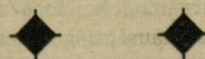
An involuntary two-step was executed by a young man and a young woman who were trying to pass each other in the street.

After they had dodged to right and left in vain several times, the man halted the woman and said: "Just once more, dear, then I really must go."



# Merry

# Christmas



# From The

# Signal Staff

### Advertising Club Plans Special Tour Of WAGA Dec. 2

The newly formed Atlanta Division Advertising Club will make a tour of Radio Station WAGA and Television WAGA-TV, Thursday, December 2, at 8 p. m.

This tour has been carefully planned by Mr. Dave Mayo of the WAGA staff so that it will have special appeal to the advertising students. The tour has been arranged so that the club members will see step by step the process that each commercial must go through from the time that a contract is signed by the advertiser until it is actually broadcast. This method will be used for both radio and television commercials. The tour will be the first of a series of tours for the club of advertising agencies and different advertising media.

Spring- The time of year when the man rises in a sap's veins, and vice versa.

### Final Exam Schedule Evening Division MWF

- 8:05—Mon., Dec. 6—6:00 p. m.
- 6:40—Wed., Dec. 8—6:00 p. m.
- 5:15—Fri., Dec. 10—6:00 p. m.
- All Eng. 2x—MWF—Tues., Dec. 7, 6:00 p. m.
- Evening Division T & T
- 5:30—Tues., Dec. 7—6:00 p. m.
- 7:35—Thurs., Dec. 9—6:00 p. m.
- All Eng. 2x T & T, Mon. Dec. 6, 6:00 p. m.

### Day Division:

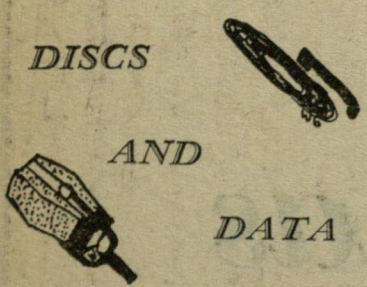
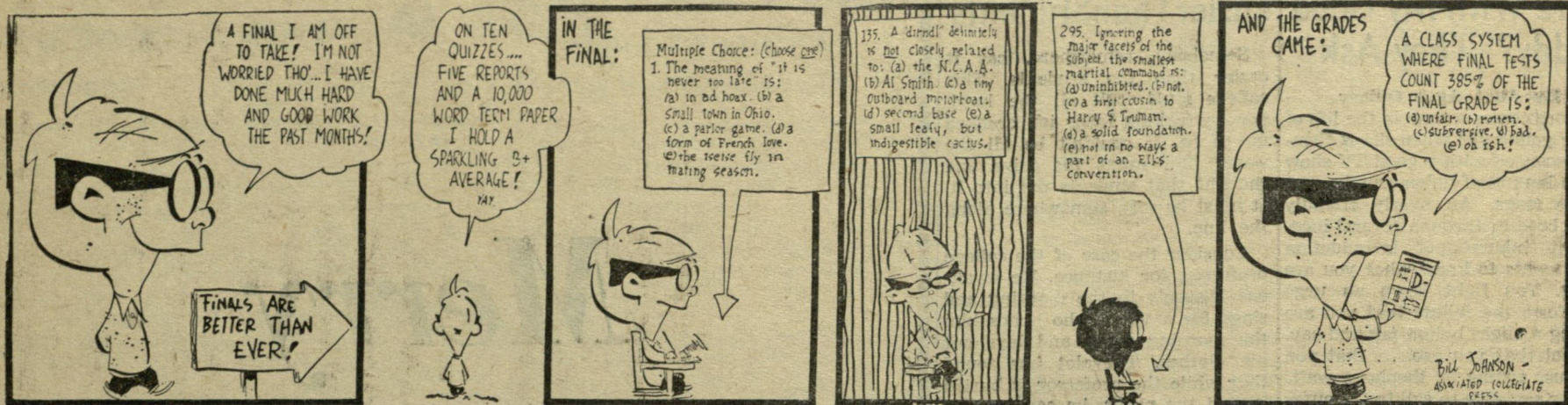
- 9:00—Mon., Dec. 6, 10:00 a. m.
- 8:00—Tues., Dec. 7, 8:00 a. m.
- 11:40—Wed., Dec. 8, 10:00 a. m.
- 10:40—Fri., Dec. 10, 10:00 a. m.
- All Eng. 2x Day Div. Tues., Dec. 7, 10:30 a. m.
- All Chemistry: Thurs., Dec. 9, 6:00 p. m.
- All Biology: Thurs., Dec. 9, 6:00 p. m.



in Atlanta and vicinity

# ARNOLD

By BILL JOHNSON



By WALT GUTHRIE

The Stan Kenton Festival of Modern American Jazz was, as anticipated, a magnificent show. It seems that the Kenton band has quite a collection of new faces this season, in fact only two men, Bill Holman and Frank Rossiino remain from last season. Not so new to the Kenton band is alto and baritone sax man, "Boots" Mussoli. "Boots" has blown with Kenton in previous years and I for one am glad to see and hear him again. Buddy Childers, Kenton's long-time first trumpet, was very noticeably missing. Let's hope his absence is only temporary.

Shorty Rogers and his Giants were excellent, but I wish he had used his ten-man Giants rather than his quintet Giants. Their scope was severely narrowed by the lack of five more instruments.

Charlie Ventura and company was surprisingly good! In the past few years Ventura has not shown the quality of musicianship that he is capable of producing. At this concert however, Ventura proved that he could swing along with the best of them, and please an audience at the same time (no mean feat). Unfortunately, the man many, many people were anxious to hear did not play. Early in the evening Kenton announced that Art Tatum had "fallen ill" and therefore would be unable to appear. Several spectators, would almost swear they saw Tatum backstage! Hum!

The way record companies fool the unsuspecting public has always been a constant source of amazement to me. These companies use various and sundry tricks in the process of recording "pop" artists to make the artist or record sound like something it isn't. The most common device is the echo chamber. Now I will admit that used properly an echo chamber can produce a very pleasing effect. Peggy Lee's recording of "You Go To My Head" has a warm intimate quality rarely heard outside of nightclubs. An echo chamber in the hands of an engineer with rare taste produced this sound. One of the ways an echo chamber can be used improperly is to make a singer's voice sound big and full-throated; to illustrate this, notice how much better your own voice sounds when you're singing in the bathtub than it does anywhere else. The explanation is that the sound waves bouncing off the walls in the small room return to you quicker, producing an aftertone or lingering echo.

Within the past three or four years the "gimmick" record has held sway over the "pop" field. The market has been flooded by dogs barking, hand clapping, steam pipes being banged, etc., all of which contributed not a whit to musical enjoyment. It would seem that songwriters and/or arrangers could turn out good tunes without resorting to such downright

silly practices; but I suppose the power of the almighty dollar reigns supreme.

The most recent members-in-good-standing of the terrible records club are the male quartets; "Crew Cuts," "Four Lads," "Four Aces," "Hilltoppers," and so forth ad nauseum. Almost without exception they sing (?) out of tune, mumble words, rush or drag the tempo, frequently sound as if they are trying to drown each other out, and often completely murder the tune. Actually this trend was started by the "Ink Spots" with their groaning baritone and bass and that nauseating squeal of the

tenor, Bill Kenny. Today there is only one male quartet worthy of a recording contract: the "Four Freshmen." The "Four Freshmen" were not content with routine harmonies and voicings, so they did a little experimenting with modern sounds and attracted the attention of a few of America's great men of modern music. Under their able leadership the "Freshmen" have become a mature, tasteful group.

THOUGHTS AT RANDOM:

Pete Rugolo still expected soon, no date set yet... Kay Starr will definitely make the switch from Capitol to RCA-Victor at the first of the year... too bad John!

### Proft. Ted Beck Is Author of Articles

Professor Ted T. Beck of the Atlanta Division's Department of Modern Languages is one of the most energetic members of the faculty. He is the author of three articles which have appeared this fall in scholarly journals published in the United States.

The latest to appear is a conference Report entitled "The Teaching of Foreign Languages by Television." Collaborating with Professor Beck in preparation of this report were Professor Douglas W. Alden of Princeton Uni-

versity and Miss Eleanor Bingham of the Washington, D. C. Private Schools. The article appeared in *Modern Language Review* for this month.

Prior to this, the *French Review*, published in October an article, "A la television," in which Professor Beck spotlighted the Atlanta Division "School of the Air" over WAGA-TV and the important place of modern language in the total content of the programs.

A review of Sud, by Julian Green, a contemporary French novelist, appeared in the Fall 1954, issue of the *Georgia Review*.

## No Filter Compares with L&M's for Quality or Effectiveness!

Actress Diana Lynn: This is the best filter of all—L&M's Miracle Tip. The smoke is mild, yet full of flavor.

Mr. and Mrs. Stu Erwin, stars of TV's great "Stu Erwin Show": As we say on TV, this certainly is the Miracle Tip. L&M's filter beats 'em all.

Mrs. Laddie Sanford, Socialite: I smoke L&M's... so do most of my friends. Wonderful filter... fine taste!

### Enjoy Much More Flavor... Much Less Nicotine

WHAT is it that makes L&M the most talked-about, most eagerly accepted, the fastest growing cigarette of all time?

Just this. It's the filter that counts—and none compares with L&M's Miracle Tip. You get much more flavor, much less nicotine—a light and mild smoke. That's effective filtration. No other cigarette has it!

Why wait to try L&Ms? Discover for yourself what more and more filter tip smokers are finding out every day: *L&Ms are just what the doctor ordered.*

# America's Best Filter Cigarette!

KING SIZE & REGULAR

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