

# When You're Finally Tired Of Comic Books And There's Absolutely Nothing Else To Do

By ROBIN FRENCH

For the third time, Joe said, "Mama, will you please stop reading that comic book and listen to me!"

For the third time his mother answered, "Just a moment, Joseph, I simply must finish this page."

All was quiet while Joseph, with some impatience, waited for his mother to finish her reading. At last she reluctantly closed the funny book, took her feet off the coffee table and said irritably: "Well, what is it, dear?"

Joe opened a large book and pointing to a page said, "Tell me about these pictures, Mama. They fascinate me."

"They 'what' you? Joseph, I wish you wouldn't use such big words! Just because you're a Freshman at AC is no sign you have to go around talking like Butch Hartsock. Bless her soul, how is she these days?"

"Mama, don't change the subject. Did you see all these plays when you were over at Atlantic Christian?"

"To tell you the truth, Joe, I did not - but I wish now that I had. I saw some of them because we had to attend Chapel in those days. But those they had at night I just didn't have time to go, or thought I didn't. I sure wish I had taken time. As a matter of fact, I can't remember what I had to do that was so important that I couldn't go. Worse still, I can't remember doing anything much in College except cramming for exams. What a waste! Four years in school and I didn't learn anything!"

"I have all four of your year-books here. I've been looking at them and it seems that they had a lot of activity at AC when you were there. Here is a picture of a group called 'The Barter Theatre' from Virginia. It says here they gave a play in 1950 called 'The Show-Off.' I'll bet that was good! And I notice that in 1951 they gave the 'Merchant of Venice.' Oh, I wish you had seen them so you could tell me about them!"

"Well, I didn't see the plays, but I did hear some of the speakers they had in Chapel. There was a whole passel of people came in 1950 and '51. Let's see: Alice Marble who spoke on Tennis, somebody who lectured on why we speak as we do, and somebody else who gave some talks they call 'dramatic monologues', and oh, yes, Elizabeth Stallings came and played the piano. My last year over there Eric Mann spoke on 'Western Culture' and Earle Spicer came and gave a program of songs - ballads, I think he called them. Oh, yes, there was a real funny man named Burr Shafer who talked about a cartoon character called 'J. Wesley Smith.' I like him a lot."

"Mama, I want to ask you something else. Why did they call the college dramatic group 'Stage and Strip' then? They call it 'Stage and Strip' now."

"Why, Atlantic Christian is more



progressive now, that's why."

"Oh, I see."

"Besides all that I just told you they had a lot of people come to Wilson from New York, too. Famous people like James Melton, Nell Rankin, Eleanor Steber and a man that played the piano called Casadesus - I think that was his name. All these people were sponsored by the Community Concerts. The North Carolina Symphony Orchestra came each year and gave concerts, too. Besides all that there were several amateur groups in Wilson. Pretty good, too, from what people said, although the people in Wilson did not support them very well. They put on a lot of plays every year. I didn't see any of them though. Wish I had. There was another group, too. Now, what was that one called? Oh, yes! The Shoestring Players - funny name, huh? They didn't give many plays in Wilson but traveled all around in the small towns. They did sponsor a Childrens Theatre in the Summer that was awful good."

Joe looked perplexed. "Why aren't these groups still here, Mama?"

"I don't know, Joe, unless they got discouraged with the people of Wilson, and just gave it up. You see, I heard that they just couldn't get enough people to come to their performances. I remember there was an editorial in the Times about that. There was a Drama Festival at Chapel Hill and all the groups in Wilson went up and entered it. Three of the groups won first place awards and that was a mighty fine showing for Wilson. Right after that an editorial came out in the paper scolding the people of Wilson for not supporting these groups. It said that since they had won these awards that

they must be good and why didn't Wilson give them more encouragement. I felt bad when I read that editorial because I had not gone to see their plays. Oh, well, it's too late now to do anything about it."

"Mama, didn't you even see any of the plays that 'Stage and Strip' - I mean 'Stage and Script' - gave?"

"No, I didn't. I could have seen them for free, too. Rather, the admission to those plays was included in our tuition but I never did get to them. Something always came up. I'd have to wash my hair or there was a good movie in town or something. Everybody always talked about what a good director Mrs. Holsworth was. She directed 'Blithe Spirit,' 'Twelfth Night,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Elizabeth the Queen,' 'The Male Animal,' 'The Yellow Jacket,' 'As You Like It' and a lot of other one-act and three-act plays. I wish I could start all over again. I'd go see everything they had in Wilson."

Joseph and his mother were quiet for a moment, and then she burst out laughing. "I remember this couple that came to give a show in Chapel one time. They were awfully good - and real funny. It was Barbara and Andy Griffith. They did skits and she danced. I think they should have had more of that type thing. The students really laughed that day."

"Mama, you said you wish you could start all over again? Why don't you start now? Stage and Strip is doing 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' tomorrow night. I'll tell you what I'll do! I'll take you to see it. O. K.?"

"Well, I don't know, son. I think our 'Samba Club' meets tomorrow night."

"Well, let them meet. You'll enjoy the play more than playing that silly game."

"All right! I'll just call up Mabel and get them to go with us instead of playing cards. We can play cards any night. Gosh! I'll bet it'll be fun to see a play!"

## HOW TO GET ELECTED

A newcomer to politics got selected to Congress, and someone asked him how he did it. "I didn't like what the incumbent congressman was doing, so I ran against him," he said. "But the party machine was against you," persisted his questioner. "How did you manage to win?"

"Well," answered the new congressman, "I guess everyone who knew me voted for him, and everybody who knew him voted for me - and he knew more people."

## Language Students Take To Lake

That illustrious language fraternity, Sigma Pi Alpha, took to the woods last week, defying chiggers and rain, to indulge in a weiner roast at Lamm's cottage. There was food aplenty and a bonfire fit to roast a steer over. In lieu of a steer the members roasted themselves while trying to roast the hot dogs and marshmallows.

Everyone joined in the general fun with the exception of Benjamin Bernier, who sat by the pond and read poetry - to himself, thank goodness. Some thought was given to tossing Dr. Long in the pond. Just for fun, you know. But needless to say, this thought did not materialize. Robin French challenged everyone to a game of

horsehoes and it wasn't until the game was over that she discovered she had been cheering her opponent's throws instead of her partner's.

The games were interrupted for a short business session which was conducted by Roger Holloman, retiring President. New Officers for next year were elected. They were: Cecil Willis, President; Therese Rabil, Vice President; Faye Peedin, Secretary; and Carroll Kennedy, Treasurer.

Geraldine Corbett led some songs in French and Spanish, after which, with much whooping and hollering, Los Hidalgos returned to AC.

# We Left Our Hearts In Tin Can Alley And Society Drag

By JUNE HOLTON

Home is truly where the heart is. There are very few girls left on the campus of dear old AC who really know the holder of the hearts of the freshman girls of 1949. To these girls, the very beauty and luxury of the new Harper Hall bring memories of the ramshackled halls and leaky roof of Tin Can Alley and Society Drag in dear old Kinsey.

Little do Dr. Hartsock, Mrs. Holsworth, and Mrs. Eagles know that their English office is on sacred grounds, for it is here that the House president lived that year and reigned supreme on the hall, the ever famous Society Drag. Few on the campus smile now, but there are many girls who would certainly smile at the very thought of the end room of second floor Kinsey that now faces new Hardy Library. You might say this was the headquarters of Tin Can Alley, for it is here that many, many hamburgers have been passed up after light bell.

Many famous events took place on these halls and should here be set down in print as a memorial to events that will never be enacted again. It must be remembered that the two halls vied for most unusual occurrences and something exciting was always happening.

The inhabitants of Society Drag had to be a little more careful of their activities than those of Tin Can Alley, for the Dean's Den was situated right in the front of its center. Yes, Miss Ward's office was then where Dean Murray's is today. It was Miss Ward who came to the rescue the night the building was plunged into darkness, and to you who don't think girls can have fun sitting in the dean's office at midnight, ask Jerry Corbett. Thank goodness for girls who have talent for telling ghost stories, playing guitars, and singing. I could never figure out whether the girls were sad or happy when the current was recharged and the light were on again.

Yes, home is where the heart is and the way to anyone's heart is through the stomach. Harper Hall girls have a nice, conveniently equipped kitchen that they can use on the weekends or in which they can cook breakfast. This was not true in Kinsey. However, anyone knows that there is nothing like the smell of country sausage early in the morning to begin one's day right. This must have been the thought of my roommate who once brought a jar of fresh country sausage and a hot plate from home. Her other thoughts were to prove that Kinsey is fireproof and to save a walk to the dining hall. These two were partly proved until Miss Ward's sensitive nose imagined it smelled sausage cooking. Classes were pleasant all during that day; it was like studying in the nice, cozy kitchen back home.

Yes, Harper Hall girls have a beautiful kitchen. As I said, Kinsey didn't. However, there was a certain room on third floor in which some very lively weiner roasts were held. Of course, there was no bonfire, but a pan of water on a hot plate plus plenty of jars of mustard and onions can prove very exciting.

Never let it be said that fifteen girls can't sleep in one room. Hall proctors can be bribed with hot dogs. To confirm these stories consult the Girls' Dormitory Council president of first semester, Mae Wilson.

We're proud of our nice tiled bathrooms and showers in Harper Hall. In Kinsey, we were also grateful for showers. They weren't tiled. Neither did they have plastic curtains as those in Harper. They had their advantages though, for the doors were wooden and did not extend to the ceiling. This was very convenient for those who wished to add a little cold water to the warm water of another girl's shower. All one had to do was take a pan of water and throw it over the top of the door. A most exciting time was usually had by all.

One of the great "advantages" of Harper is the parlor equipped with individual "courtin' rooms" and many beautiful lamps (count them sometime - 10 lamps, two sets of candles, plus the beautiful imported chandelier from Czechoslovakia). Now in Kinsey Parlor, this wasn't true! There were always complains about the dimness of Kinsey parlor. Girls, note this great advancement in the living conditions and be grateful to all who have helped furnish individual lamps for each little parlor in the big parlor of Harper!!

Yes, living conditions have changed immensely and many girls, parents, and friends will always be proud of our Harper Hall. But to those of us who spent some time in Kinsey, the thought of its renovation causes a lump in the throat. The beautiful memories of Freshman days have erased the ugliness of fallen plaster and leaky roof. We shall never forget dear old Kinsey. The special place it will ever hold in our hearts will probably enrich our love for the new "Kinsey" which will stand so close to the harbor of our memories of our Freshman year.

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