



Photo by Murray

The Chamber Music Society of Lower Dwire Street held its regular bi-weekly clambake at the palatial residence of Monsieur R. C. Murray, world reknowned music critic and CAA Representative. This remarkable organization, whose entire repertoire consists of a spirited(!) rendition of "Yankee Doodle", are pictured above. From left to right are Messrs Thomas "Skins" Autry, Reid "Pluckem" Cook, Baxter "Lips" Slaughter, Roy "Satchmo" Malott, and William "Fingers" Hobart. The group is in dire need of a clarinetist and a bass man whose skill is exceeded only by their zest for Dixieland.

As soon as the vigilante committee allows Mr. Murray back in the neighborhood, and as soon as the players return to Earth again the Chamber Music Society will meet. All musicians are cordially invited to participate, and are sincerely requested to contact any of the members for time and place of the meeting. You ain't never heard nothin' 'til you hear the Muskrat Ramble as rendered (look up Webster's definition) by this outfit. Oh, yes, we need a trombone player too.

Another session will have come and went, music lovers, by the time you read this. Joining the aggregation for this conclave will be Murray Whatley, the banjo picker from Wilmington, Paul Scott, an old dog-house man from the Raleigh Tower, and

John Spink of the Winston-Salem Journal Sentinel, clarinetist. Apparently Mr. Murray's neighbors have relented because this meeting will be held at the Dwire Street annex to Carnegie Hall. Y'all Come.

SCHOOLBOY LIKES PIEDMONT

Charlotte sends us an interesting letter from a young man from Stanley, N. C., which we felt was so interesting we are reprinting it. It begins: "Dear Gentlemen, My schoolroom and I would like to know if you could send a picture of one of your airline airplanes. I am the airplane boy in my room at school and when some one sees a plane they ask me what kind it is. My fifth grade and I would like to know if you have any constellations airplanes. The DC-3 is my favorite airplane and your airline is my favorite, too. I know a lot about airplanes but I have never been up in one. I keep time on your airplanes, one flies over about 5 after 6, and one comes over about 5 till 8. Signed Glenn Rhyne, Box 77, Stanley, N. C.

Glenn is quite correct on the arrival and departure times of flights 5 and 6. We appreciate his interest, and it may be that Piedmont will be able someday to introduce him to flying.

Little Boy: Mom, are people made of dust?

Mother: That's what the Bible says, son.

Little Boy: When I die, will I be dust again?

Mother: That's what the Bible says, son.

Little Boy: Well, you better look under the bed, there's somebody either comin' or goin' under there!

Jeweler: "Good Heavens! The most valuable clock in the house has been stolen. How did it happen?"

New Night Watchman: "I dunno, sir. I got fired off'n the last job fer watchin' one of them there clocks."



A BUCK WELL SPENT

The two gentlemen shown collided in mortal combat near Uwharre, N. C., with the contestant hanging by his heels coming out a very poor second. The buck with the hat on is Winston-Salem's pride, Capt. Forrest "Speedy" Shelton. There is no truth to the rumor that Forrest, having a head somewhat harder than his adversary, butted his opponent to death. Actually, he simply out-ran B'rer Deer, causing him to die of shame. At last report, venison soaked for 24 hours in wine was proving to be a very tasty dish.