

Around The Campus --

WITH ERNESTINE MOZINGO, DORIS TYNDALL, AND ELAINE MITCHELL.

On the library steps a blond is lingering to talk with a boy in a flashy sports shirt — a couple is sitting on the steps of the dining hall waiting for lunch two hours before twelve o'clock — in the Rec Room a boy and girl are pretending to watch the ping-pong match, but it's doubtful they'll even know who wins — and in one of the Spanish classes, a male student unconsciously writes Kay for Que.

Seems that spring fever is lasting into summer.

And you should have heard the girls in Harper Hall the other night.

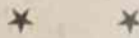
"It's terrific!"

"Ooh! Darling!"

"Ooh! Gosh! Isn't it cute?"

"Betty, it's gorgeous! It's lush!"

— Just a few of the adjectives used to describe the new spring hat Betty proudly modeled down the hall. The object of the girls' admiration was a pink straw creation with steamers decorated by cherries, grapes, and assorted fruits. On the back a huge flower rose about six inches straight up. I hate to think of what Betty's boyfriend will say when he sees that bonnet!



Have you ever noticed a bird hopping around on the grass always alert—always about its business? If you perk up your ears you might even hear a sweet, soft melody. This time it isn't a bird—it's Jerry Ball, small but wide awake, alert, and minding her business—yes, Roger.

Jerry was born in New York, but her family moved to Charlotte, N. C., shortly afterward. When asked what she thinks about ACC, she replied, "Oh, I love it, wouldn't be anywhere else. Why? Um—because of my friends and my sorority and just everything! My classes? Well, I like most all of them, especially literature, but then, I'm an English major!"

Pastimes

"What are your favorite pastimes, Jerry?" I asked.

"Singing, dancing, bridge."

"You seem to take to people pretty well, too."

"Oh, I like lots of people. In fact, I can think of only about two in all the world that I can't like much. I do have some dislikes though—irritating noises and people looking over my shoulder."

I stopped drumming on the table while she let me in on some of her plans.

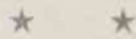
"I forgot to tell you, she remarked suddenly. "Roger is one of my pet likes."

Learning to Understand

"You see, at first we had different likes and opinions concerning things like music. It's been fun though, learning to understand his appreciations and trying to show him why I like the things I do."

Jerry left after that, but I sat awhile, drawing odd shapes on my paper. Don't think me too dramatic when I say there's a bird outside chirping away. Now if I tried the same noise people would laugh at me and no one would suspect springtime.

It struck me that that is Jerry's secret to life—perhaps she told it to the birds. She has learned to sing her own song and to listen, to cock her head, her ear, to be alert for another's song. It's in her walk, her talk, and her philosophy, her understanding of others.



"Now there's a versatile person" is a remark that has been much debated concerning its merits as a compliment. It seems logical to define versatile as relating to one who does several different things well. That anyone can do many things without efficiency is easily observed.

In the College Standard Dictionary we find this definition: "Versatile—(1) Having an aptitude for new tasks or occupations; many-sided (2) Subject to change; unconstant; variable (3) Freely

swinging or turning; said of anchor part so slightly attached to its support that it readily swings to and fro."

When a word has more than one meaning or can serve in more than one capacity, then the word is versatile. We can adapt it to the situation, but we have to define which meaning we intend to appropriate.

Tagging a Senior

My purpose is to tag a certain senior with a versatile label with the proper definition obvious. Mickey Raynor must find life interesting while she is majoring in both English and Physical Education.



One day I came upon a locust shell lying silent and motionless by the front doorsteps. My first impulse was to step on it since it was empty and lifeless. Curiosity urged and I picked it up. The instant I touched the shell, it sang out, loud and intense.

I was so jolted by this incident that even now (I was four then) I often suspect hidden potentials in quietness. This would present a picture of someone walking across a mine field on a Sunday evening picking daisies! To temper this scene I would like to introduce the mind of a fellow student whom you might not have discovered.

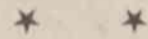
Obie Parker is quiet. His character doesn't explode in your face, but it seeps out gently and genuinely through conversation or through association.

He told me that he lives on a farm and commutes, that he helps his folks on the farm in summer time, but they send him to school. I asked a lot of questions and then he grinned slowly and began to volunteer facts and feelings.

"I'm majoring in science and I'd like to teach, but the service is waiting for me," he said. Obie is Fred Will Baptist, he is from Rock Ridge High School, Sims, N. C. These are just facts, but I liked the way he told them.

"ACC just suits me, because I feel a part of it. I'm just a country boy, but I've always enjoyed school. I would like to do post-graduate work, but I guess Uncle Sam has other plans."

I had to leave him, because he had a Spanish test to study for. I like that boy because he talks easily, smiles slowly and broadly.



The first time I saw her I received two impressions and then

became confused. She was walking from Kinsey to Harper with a big book under her arm, causing her right shoulder to slope a little lower than the left. Her blue eyes were fixed on the ground before her as if she were in deep thought. Suddenly she stumped her toe, pulled herself more erect, glanced all about and resumed a moderate pace. Was she the studious, quiet type, or was that a look of mere drowsiness and unconcern indicating dullness among her thinking faculties.

After two months of passing and re-passing her on this same route, I managed to become better acquainted. One day when we were walking together she told me that she always sank into those private assemblies of thought after leaving that class.

Drastic Decision

She confessed that she often passed people without realizing it and that she always had to make a drastic decision before she reached the dorm on whether she should go to her room and study or have a coke and play cards and ping-pong with her boy friend.

Doris Tyndall talks freely and seems to understand herself fairly well. Smiling slight out of one corner of her mouth, she told me in a half melancholy and half joking tone that people considered her either brainy or just plain stupid.

"It's funny," she said, "because I'm really so average. I have definite likes, dislikes, and opinions, but I don't seem to have any special talents. At least I've never cultivated any that bloomed just the way I thought they should. I get a kick out of watching and observing others though."

Studying people is a most interesting study. As Doris walked away I knew that I could like her

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