

INNER-VIEWS

Two years of service in the Paratroops and a job with an oil refining company in Arabia have given sophomore **Harold Black** almost unlimited opportunities for travel.

Harold was in three European invasions while serving in the 17th Airborne Division of Patton's Third Army. He was wounded in the leg by shrapnel during the Battle of the Bulge and received the Purple Heart for this campaign. He also received the Combat Infantryman's Badge and three campaign battle stars.

Harold's army duty took him to Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Scotland, Germany, England, France and Italy. When asked his opinion of some of these places to which he has been, Harold admitted that London was "pretty damp." He announced with enthusiasm that Rome was the "most fascinating city in the world." He also liked Germany. He cited the destruction of the Krupp works (ammunition plants) at Essen as being one of the most interesting things he saw in Germany. Asked what he liked most about Paris, Harold laughed and said, "What do you think?"

From September, 1948, until April, 1951, Harold worked in Arabia for the Arabian-American Oil company. He worked at an oil refinery and lived at a camp located almost a hundred yards from the Persian Gulf. For two and one-half years, Harold went in swimming in the Gulf almost every day. An interesting sidelight on his stay in Arabia: Harold met Florence Chadwick who was there practicing for her channel swim.

Harold spent a three-week vacation in Beirut, Lebanon. He saw the famous Cedars of Lebanon while there, but he says they're "just a clump of trees." Harold wished to visit the Holy Land during this vacation, but the Arab-Jewish war prevented his going there.

When asked to compare American women to French, German and Arabian women, Harold parried the question with a sly grin. "I'm glad to be home," he said.

After graduation from Brevard, Harold may go to N. C. State for a degree in chemistry. He hopes to go back into the oil business, possibly back to Arabia. At any rate, this business will probably send him on his travels again. Until that time, however, he spends his time playing touch football, attending musical movies and reading histories by Harold Lamb.

Daphne Bowers, sophomore from Bethel, was named for a character in a story her sisters were reading. The story was a serial running in the *Raleigh News & Observer*.

Daphne admires the famous social worker, Jane Addams, and would like to pattern her life after the famous lady of Hull House. The qualities which Daphne admires most about Jane Addams are her lack of discrimination and partiality. Daphne plans to major in religion. If she does not decide to teach religion, she will become a social worker.

Daphne's second love is music. She likes anything played by a trombone; thus, it is not surprising that her favorite band is the Tommy Dorsey group. She also likes all popular songs, especially those sung by Kay Starr and Bing Crosby. Brevard students tend to identify Daphne with the song, *St. Louis Blues*, a tune which she often sings. Any blues or jazz number makes Daphne's bright brown eyes sparkle. She can be found listening to a record while clapping time, patting her foot, and shaking her short dark curls as she sings along with the record.

Daphne also likes basketball, seafood, the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, musical and high-class western movies, modern ballet, and her Irish setter, Belle. Belle, Daphne insists, can talk, although only to one person — her mistress.

Politics is another interest of Daphne's. She is an ardent Eisenhower fan and is "very pleased" over his election. She says, "The first one who comes up and tells me I'll have to stand in a breadline, he or she will be properly told!"

Smilingly, Daphne admits that a very embarrassing moment in her life was last year when the girls in Taylor dorm stole her towel, leaving her marooned in the shower for almost three hours.

From 1943 to 1945 **Anne Cowan** attended Brevard college. After her graduation from Brevard, Anne received her A. B. degree in sociology at Greensboro college. She worked for two years in Macon and Jackson counties as a case work assistant for the Department of Public Welfare. Because of ill health, she resigned and spent a year recovering from her illness. Then, for two years, she served as a secretary for the *Sylva Herald*, her home town newspaper, and bookstore. Now, she is back again at Brevard college taking a business course.

At commencement in 1944, the tenth anniversary of Brevard college was celebrated. Anne represented Rutherford college in a pageant in honor of the occasion. (She modestly says that this was in honor of her grandfather, A. C. Reynolds, who, in the course of 53 years in the field of education, served as president of these colleges: Rutherford, Western Carolina Teachers college, and Asheville-Biltmore). "It seems rather odd that I was here when Brevard celebrated its 10th anniversary, and will be here when it celebrates its 100th anniversary," smiled Anne. (Brevard college was founded in 1934, but one of its parent institutions was begun in 1853. This is the event on which the 100th anniversary is based.)

Asked to compare Brevard college as it was in 1945 to Brevard college as it is today, Anne commented that the student body is smaller, food is better, and new building improvements seem "wonderful." She misses West Hall, since she loved the old dorm.

Anne recalls an amusing inci-



This month's Who's Who, who are Daphne Bowers, Harold Black, and Anne Cowan, were chosen because of the varied activities they have managed to follow in their short life.

They Laughed When I Sat Down To Take Shorthand

Many a wise person will quote to you the age-old bromide that you cannot teach an old dog new tricks, but business teachers will still go right ahead and attempt to instill in the creaky old brains of college students a method of slow torture known as shorthand. As far as I am concerned, there is nothing either short or handy about it.

It takes a few years off the life of most public school teachers each time they try to teach a fresh batch of squealing, squawking kids how to form their A, B, C's. It is a shame to think that the whole process is only to be repeated when fond mothers entrust their sheltered darlings to a group of eccentric people, known by the collective term of faculty. There is always one member of the group willing and able to teach a shorter, easier, and quicker way of writing.

There is but one question I would like to ask and that is—why weren't we taught this "better, more efficient" method in the first place? I have suffered through many afternoons of penmanship drills only to be subjected to the same form of "exercise" in my later years. Gone is the youthful zest with which I first tackled the problem of writing. As psychologists would say, I am full of mental blocks and all sorts of complexes.

Find me a shorthand teacher who can speak at a nice normal rate of about 10 words a minute. Oh no, they insist upon going so fast that all you are writing are wavy lines and then they ask you to read it back. The object of this game seems to be to develop a good memory. If you can read it back with six or seven mistakes you are phenomenal, three or four mistakes in-

dent of her days at Greensboro college. She was president of Fitzgerald Hall, nicknamed "Fitz" by the students. A professor calling the roll of house presidents quipped, "Miss Anne has Fitz."

Students Speak

This was the question asked of Brevard students and teachers this week:

"If you were engaged in *omphaloskepsis*, what do you think you would be doing?"

Nancy Carson—Riding a bicycle backwards while playing the piano and flying a kite.

Carolyn Freeman—I'd be in a mental institution.

Daphne Bowers—Turning backflips on a cement highway.

Frances Davidson—Playing tiddlywinks.

"Sarge" Dewing—Playing tiddlywinks with manhole covers.

Rachel Meaders—Doubting the existence of the navel. (Rachel outfoxed the pollster; she used her dictionary—but she was still largely wrong.)

Jim Elliott—Acting in something by Shakespeare.

James Fitzpatrick—I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that it might intimidate me. (He relented, however, and gave your pollster an answer of sorts.) That's what you get when you lose all your basketball games.

Hilda Norwood—Pacing the floor.

Patsy Parrish—I'd be skiing.

Lila Burgess—Trying to do shorthand with it.

Mary Morgan—Trying to find out if it was an eye specialist.

Louis Wilkerson—Parking in the forest.

Bruce McGuire—Playing football with a basketball.

The word *omphaloskepsis* means to gaze, as a mystic does, at the stomach, trying perhaps, to conjure up a thick, juicy steak.

indicates that your memory is already too good and no mistakes means you are looking at the translation.

This essay is being written mainly to plant a bright idea in the mind of some inventive person, and thereby, have this fascinating course taught in preference to longhand. As it is now, I can write illegibly two ways.