

THE CAMPUS CLOGS

Hi, all you nice people! A few weeks ago I was informed that I had been presented with the great opportunity of writing the *Campus Clogs*. My darling little roommate (she does come in handy sometimes) reminded me that my column had to be in on Tuesday and if I didn't want my head clobbered I'd better get busy. I did! I gave her a pen and paper and sent her around to the gossip sessions. The main reason I hadn't written the column sooner is that I went for a walk this afternoon and found a Gardner-Webb I didn't know existed. The campus was practically deserted. Most of the students had gone home or to the ballgame at Lees-McRae. Those left were occupied with studies or doing the weekly walk. I tried studying but the day was too beautiful. I chose to take a walk. As I passed the music building Ann was playing Chopin. There is something about Chopin that makes me think about intangible, delightful things. I sat in the sun and dreamed of Chopin's musical world. All of a sudden I was torn from that world by the bluest of the New Orleans blues, superbly played by I don't know who. But from the music one could see the heavy muscled men moving around the dock, the mulatto children playing in the street and maybe even smell the rich, Southern Cooking. It was New Orleans!

From the Music Building I went to the Hamrick Building, wandered over the stage and pecked at the radio room. There were only cold pieces of steel without the Radio Club there to bring it alive. After awhile I found myself in the make-up room wandering around playing with the make-up tubes. I wondered how many young actors had sat in front of the mirrors putting on their teeth, trembling hands and a cold feeling in the pit of their stomach. It was there my roommate found me and brought me back to the present. Maybe I didn't get a column written but I found the Gardner-Webb that only a person can know on a lazy Saturday afternoon.

Hi ya kids! I just pushed "the sentimentalism" away from the typewriter. That "stuff" is all very well, but me—I like something you can get your teeth into. Something like nice juicy gossip! So lend an ear while I spill the latest. . . . With all the cute boys on campus our Peggy's heart still belongs to Johnny at UNC, but cheer up, boys, her twin's heart is still fancy free. But on second thought—is it? . . . Evalene's eyes are stary. Could that trip to Appalachia be the reason? . . . Phil E. seemed very interested in a little dark-headed girl at the Shop the other Saturday night. . . . Have you noticed those snazzy clothes of Phyllis Kinaman's? Just because you go steady doesn't mean you can't speak! Walter!

. . . I know we're all glad to see Alfred looking so happy these days. It's all because his cute wife is now on campus. Welcome, Pat, to G-W. . . . Speaking of letters, (who was?)—Say, Tommy, what has happened to all that mail from Winthrop you were getting? . . . The shouts of joy coming from room 203 of the girls' dorm the other night were Sally's. The reason: Roy called from New York. . . . Come on, Mark, give the gals a break will ya? The line is getting longer all the time! . . . I thought it was said, "In the Spring a young man's fancy turns to love." From the looks of the front of the girls' dorm it seems to be doing all right in the Fall. For proof just watch a few of the steady. For instance, Dot H. and Paul B. Mot and Gothard and Jimmie and Dot. . . . Erwin and Billie Sue seem to be working up a case. . . . Who has her eye on the Sunday School Superintendent? . . . Marie Cobb falls in and out of love so much I've lost count. . . . Nomination for "Snow Man of the Week": Joe Long. . . . Bob and Paula surely look cute together. . . . Ronald and Valeria are seen together quite often these days. . . . Wonder who Barbara Harrill has her eye on these days? . . . Beverly Ward and Stanley Rose seem to be making Friday night dates so habit. . . . We're glad to see Mot and Bunny together again. . . . Tip, come on and be foot-loose and fancy-free and give the girls something to talk about. . . . P. A. and Conrad can be seen together in a cozy corner in the Student Center each evening. . . . Mary Frances surely gets the telephone calls. Wonder who's calling? . . . Demi shopped around at first but it seems as though she found the right guy. . . . Wow! I smell popcorn. Where there's food there's gossip! See ya next month!

BOOKS

Kitty Foyle

Kitty Foyle is the story of a "woman not a lady" as told with complete candour by Kitty herself. The story begins with Kitty's childhood, in the manufacturing region of Philadelphia and goes to her twenty-eighth year when she finds success with a famous New York cosmetic house.

In between the years Kitty finds love in the form of Wyn, son of a wealthy Main Line family. Here Mr. Money, past master at the art of description, draws a wonderful picture of the snobbish of Philadelphia's best families.

The characters come through sharp and clear through the fog of over-description except in a very few places. The characters are: Pop, who drinks his whiskey straight, talks cricket, and complains about his family; Wyn, a complete representative of his class—the best class in Philadelphia, according to him—is the one whom Kitty loves; Molly—gay, lovable, laughable, and with a heart of gold—is Kitty's best friend; Delphine, Kitty's employer, hides a bitter hurt under an exterior of great success. But most important is Kitty herself, who is warm, gay, tolerant, and altogether a woman and proud of the fact.

When all of these characters are tied in together with the Money touch, out comes a book like *Kitty Foyle*. When a cold rainy day comes along and you are bored, take a tip from me and spend it with an apple and Christopher Moolay's *Kitty Foyle*.

DRAMA

Have you noticed that the members of the Drama Club are running around carrying brightly-colored play books under their arms. Everytime two of the members get together one can hear — "We can't do *Crane De Bergerac*, we haven't the stage for it." Well, I am in favor of *The Heiress*. Now you people listen to me — *Jane Eyre* is the play to do. Well that is the *Top G-G* Drama Club. But I do like the play *Jane Eyre* for three main reasons.

Marjorie Carleton has done a wonderful job on dramatizing the book *Jane Eyre*. The dialogue is concise and clear and none of the plot is over-shadowed by it. In dramatizing this book, the characters have lost none of their personality.

The staging of the play would not be hard, due to the fact the action takes place in one set. The year 1874 would not be a difficult period to costume, because it is before the crinoline skirts, thus the women would require only full skirts and soft blouses. The men might present a problem with their skin-type trousers and frock coats.

The lighting should be simple due to the fact that most of the action takes place in the later part of the day. That would require very few jells and no floodlights.

The third reason is that *Jane Eyre* is an old familiar story that most of us love. I think we would get a kick out of seeing Edward Rochester and Jane Eyre's love-story, brought to life on the stage in the Hamrick Building.

CHAPEL

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday we have chapel, as all the students well know. But cheer up, kids! We are in for some royal entertainment when Professor Stephen Morrist is given an organ recital, with Mrs. Robert Dyer, alto, featured as soloist.

Those who are back from last year will be happy to welcome Mr. Felix Hamrick, in November, to present a program of poetic reading. The rest of us will be happy to make his acquaintance.

MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE

The Ministerial Association meets each Thursday at 10:30 A.M. in Room 33 of the Hamrick Building for a period of meditation and fellowship. The ministerial students are greatly benefited by the meetings as they are afforded the opportunity to preach with the association. Mr. S. L. Lamm is the faculty sponsor of the organization, and the officers for the year are Sam O'Neal, president, Melvin Flynn, vice-president, and Tommy Ellington, song leader.