

A Streetcar Named Respect

(Continued from page two)

to me how writers write. I mean, how do you think of all those things that you must write about?" She leaned very close to him.

"Well, you have to get a central idea. Then you have to map out a uniform story, always remembering to make it appealing and vivid to the reader. Then you . . . I swear I know that girl over there." He pointed to a girl sitting alone at a table on the other side of the cafe.

"Forget it, I said already. You were telling me about writing." She grasped his hand.

"Oh, yes; Well, one thing every writer must remember is to be realistic. You simply have to be believable. Actually your style should evolve into . . . Look, she's getting up and coming over here. She sees us."

"So what! kiss me, Stanley."

"No, not here. I . . . gasp."

She kissed him violently . . . right in the French Cafe.

The other girl drew near to the table and said, "Why Stanley Kowalski, what a pleasant surprise it is to see you again. It's been so long. And who is this with you?"

She pulled up a chair and sat down beside Stanley, opposite the girl in red. She was wearing a very skimpy, green bathing suit sort of thing with a bit of cheese-cloth wrapped around her waist.

"Oh, that's Miss O'Harem . . . Miss Scarlet O'Harem." The two girls looked at each other for a few moments, but they didn't speak.

At last the girl in green turned to him and said, "Stanley, how did you tear your T-shirt?"

"Gosh, I didn't even know it was torn. I wonder how that did happen. Had you noticed it, Scarlet?"

"Yes, I noticed."

"I'll just have to get that fixed. Gosh, and it was a brand new T-shirt."

"Have you read any good books lately, Stanley?" asked the girl in green.

"Yes, I read an excellent book on underwater chemical formations by Dr. Harvey Aqua Lung. It was very interesting. Have you read anything recently?"

"No, nothing of importance. Stanley, why don't you come over to my table for awhile, where we can talk?"

"Oh, I'd like to, but I'm afraid Scarlet and I will have to go soon. I really must get back and change my T-shirt. It's ripped rather badly."

"No we aren't going soon, Stanley," interrupted Scarlet. "We came to enjoy an evening here together, and no one is going to run us off."

"Well, maybe you'll give me one little kiss before I return to my table, huh, Stanley?" said the girl in green.

"No, he will not."

"Who asked you, Scarlet girl!"

The both grabbed at Stanley and then at each other and then once more at Stanley. He pulled and tried to get away.

"Quit. Stop. You're tearing my T-shirt more!" he shouted.

Finally they stopped fighting and stood gazing at Stanley. His T-shirt was in shreds.

The girl in green spoke. "I didn't know you had that tattoo on your chest, Stanley."

"Yes, it's a rose," he replied.

"Let me touch it?" she said as she reached forward.

"Keep your cotton-pickin' hands off him," screamed Scarlet, and she grabbed Stanley and stood in front of him. "Now go away. Leave us alone."

The girl in green looked down at the floor in despair. Her green bathing suit was even skimpier than before. She said, "All right. Good-bye to both of you. I'm sorry about the way I acted. Good-bye Stanley. I'll probably never see you again." She started walking slowly away.

"No, don't go away. We've all been acting like children," he explained. "Sheer foolishness. There's absolutely no reason why we can't be mature and understanding. Man must learn to grow above his animal instincts and to seek a culture that will enable him to live in the most civilized manner. Why, before tonight, I would never have dreamed such a thing as this could possibly have occurred."

The three of them sat down at the table. Everything was very quiet. Stanley coughed a couple of

Calendar

Week of November 9-16

November 9—Founders' Day Quakers versus Catawba, 2:30, Hobbs Field

November 10 — WSG Open House after the Game, Union Founders' Weekend Dance, 8:00, Union

November 11—Sunday School, 9:30, Union

Vespers, 7:30, Union

November 12—Play Rehearsal, 7:00

Faculty Meeting, 7:30, Gym

November 13 — Upperclassman Chapel

Play Rehearsal, 7:00

November 14—Society for Advancement & Management, 7:30, Union

Freshman Chapel

Play Rehearsal, 7:00

November 15 — Upperclassman Chapel

WSG Meeting, 5:00, Shore Basement

Play Rehearsal, 7:00

November 16—Freshman Chapel

Play Rehearsal, 7:00

times and finally said, "Er . . . what do you think about the segregation issue?"

"Terrible," said Scarlet. "What right do the French have to go to school with the English?"

"You'd better not talk so loud," said the girl in green. "Some of these French people might get the wrong impression. I wouldn't want you to be embarrassed."

"Thank you. I almost forgot where I was." She looked at Stanley. "Stanley, I don't like to bring things like this up, but I think it's time someone told you. If I don't tell you now, someday you might make a very grave and humiliating mistake."

"For heaven's sake, what is it, Scarlet?"

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"Stanley, gentlemen do not wear T-shirts in public places. It is not in good taste. I think you should apologize immediately for your appearance and hasten to correct the error."

"But . . ."

"There is absolutely no excuse for the way you are dressed."

"I thoroughly agree," said the girl in green.

"I'll never do it again," he promised. "But it's not time to go back to the campus yet. I don't want to go. I want to stay here with you all."

"Look, the waiter is coming over here," said the girl in green.

The waiter walked erect and determinedly, straight to their table.

"I'm sorry, young man, but your appearance is forbidding. You must leave this cafe at once. The lady who is in charge demands that men students must wear white shirts, ties, and coats to dinner."

"But how about this girl in the skimpy green bathing suit?"

"Hmmm . . . she's cute."

"Yes, but according to the rule, what difference does that make?"

"Man, are you asking me to define beauty? Me, a poor waiter, to define the indefinable? This girl dressed in green brings out my animal instinct. She makes me violent and mad with passion."

"Oh, foolhardy waiter. How many paragraphs behind us are

you? Don't you know that man must strive to be intelligent? That is the only way our culture can blossom into the ultimate in civilized human understanding. Can't you see . . ."

"Look, man, let's not get all upset about a little difference of opinion. Here's how we can settle the whole thing. I would give my left auricle to date this beautiful woman in the green bathing suit. I'll be off work in five minutes . . . as a matter of fact, I'll quit now. Let's double date. Me and her; and you and the lady in the red Victorian Age dress."

Stanley thought for a moment.

"Waiter, I must admire you for your splendid reasoning. You have sought and found. This is a realistic example showing how individuals with completely different philosophies can be united in happiness. Shall we go, Scarlet?"

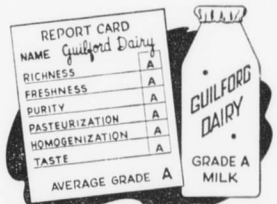
"Where, Stanley?"

"Deeper into the French Quarter," he answered.

"I hope you don't mind my intruding," said the waiter to the girl in green.

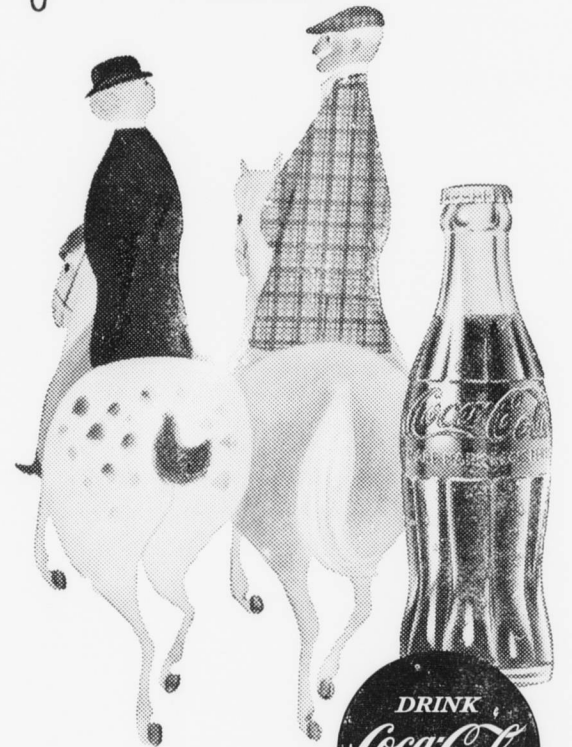
"No," she whispered in his ear. "I like you better than Stanley, anyway."

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