

# And Our Idle Hours? Oh Babes — Tell 'Em

## Flanagan Peers About In Cells of City Jail

(Joy Flanagan)

While strolling down town the other night, I passed the city jail and gazed up at the bars with a very camradely feeling. Time lay heavy on my hands and all the world was gloom. When I had nearly passed this worthy institution, the low moaning of a negro spiritual poured forth from the bars and enveloped me. The poignant rhythm of the tune tantalized me until I decided to screw up my courage and go see what was going on.

Tip-toeing up the walk as if I were about to be shot, I finally reached the door. Down the long dimly-lighted hall there were two men who seemed to be farmers, another professional looking man, and a policeman. The policeman frightened me so badly that I jumped through the first door in sight and found myself in the plain-clothes detective bureau. I must have looked awfully stupid, for the man at the desk laughed loud and long. After I had blushed and fidgeted for what seemed hours, he asked me what I wanted. Upon my timid request to go through the jail; he looked me up and down, asked my name, where I was from, and then consented. I was led to the elevator; but had to wait there while my guide went to see if the coast were clear, or something. The farmer whom I had seen at first, was standing there and told me that he had just been bailed out. He told us how he'd been caught driving his wife and another drunk home while on the verge of passing out himself. My guide finally returned and took me to the top floor. He immediately began showing me the kitchen, the conference room, the offices, and all the interesting details. But when the telephone rang, I was off like a shot on my own private tour.

The singing had stopped, and every step I took resounded like my death toll. I managed to see one perfectly devastated man, but he wouldn't speak to me. Creeping around a corner, I found myself in the colored women's sections . . . and such a sight. The few that had liberty to walk in the corridor outside their cells were falling around and having a wonderful time. Being something of a prude, the sight of such drunkenness repulsed me; so I turned and fled straight into the strong arms of a guard. A huge black scowl covered his face and he said, "Young lady, Saturday nights are very busy . . . I'm afraid you will have to leave." They were beautiful words to my ears; for I had feared that he would say he was

## Humbert Can't Escape Even in Her Dreaming

(Barbara Humbert)

"Now the point is" to reveal those professors' personalities through their favorite phrases — so often heard by us poor pupils. For example, last year when we took Biology every morning at 8:30, we struggled sleepily over to the science building to nap to the tune of the "a-moeba" in a long drawl not usually issued forth from Yankees. Next period, we waked to find ourself under the influence of one of those "two minutes of writing" little "written lessons" on Bible. Then we launched into a discussion of the favorite story of Esau and Jacob (alias Red and Jake), or how in Poland "every dog's tail wags over . . . (etc.)" At 10:15, we dashed madly out to become enthralled with teacher's presentation of the philosophic points so prominent in English Lit. poetry and the subsequent question, "Haven't you ever felt or experienced . . . ?" Still pondering desperately over these questions, next period we raced back to Science Building for Chemistry. We listened to an excellent, yet confusing theory of the proofs and then sat there dumb — founded when belated at, "See what I mean?" At last we were free for an hour, so we either played bridge or slept . . . then lunch. At two, we pushed our bodies over to Main Hall Home Ec lab to "die of I don't likes."

Next day we were lucky and had only one class and gym; so the only phrases we heard repeated were "Line up for roll call, and stop acting like kindergarten babies;" and, in Comp. class "It was rather Sophomoric, wasn't it?"

Tomorrow we have trig and numerous other classes, so all night we'll toss about hearing a "&(\$%\*b@)" and then the sudden, "Now is that clear?" . . . or, "This is a round-table discussion, but it isn't very round as yet." We might even hear Mr. Holder's soothing coo, "Now I don't want you to misunderstand me . . . I'm not saying that . . ." Then we lapse into a calmer sleep in those blissful cots for what seems ten minutes before the alarm summons us to an Economics "little drop quiz" It's a wonderful day and a wonderful night . . . with the silver cord of voices and phrases uniting dreams and day dreams.

afraid I would have to stay. I was quickly transported down and out to the street where, although I had never thought so before, I came to the conclusion that Saturday nights certainly are busy nights.

## Martha's Musings

Martha has dug and dug until she found that, more than at any other time, "dirt" is fertile in the spring-time. We think of things that blossom in the spring, and we are most concerned with young women's fancies. One of our greatest surprises is that even Little CAROLYN WEST's head has been turned; and perhaps you'd better ask KHACKY if any head has three sides. It seems that PEGGY BOLLIN'S fancies have turned to the Bell telephone booth . . . And it keeps second busy morning, noon and night. Also with spring, came Randy . . . and was NANCY SNYDER happy!

After long consideration, Martha has decided that it is in order to present to the Student body for their approval a last will and testament of the Senior class:

To "GEECHY" we hope that FRANCES NEAL will leave her quiet efficiency in hopes that it will settle her (Geachy's) nerves . . . To V. V. GARTH, we hope that FRANNIE YELVERTON, VIVIAN ENGRAM, NANCY McCLUNG, etc., will leave their abilities toward fostering matrimony . . . To BETTY MOORE, we hope that DOT THOMPSON won't leave her efficiency; for there are many more who need it desperately much more . . . We hope that MARY LIB BRAY will leave her planned campaign to BUTCH and KHACKY in order that all headaches will be eliminated and that next year will be a happy senior year . . . If MOT SAUVAIN considers her prom trotting days over, it is our desire that she divide them among the student body; so there will be recreation enough for all . . . To JACKIE DASH, we hope that LIB READ will leave her attraction to West Point . . . To MOLLY BOSEMAN, we know that BIDDIE CRESS will willingly bequeath her private spot in Siewer's domain . . . To KATHLEEN PHILIPS, we request that CASSEROLE leave her French room tactics.

Enough is enough, and too much is too much; so Martha will now turn her wandering ears to Strong: They say that if Proc brings any more animals to ADELE, HENSDALE, and the rest of Strong, people threaten to move out. And from what we hear about this Faculty Dancing Class, ANNETTE seems to be the belle. All indications further point to the fact that MAMIE HERRING is well on her way to Missouri to see Tommy. And what we want to know from LUANNE is: What happened to Jim?? SHARPIRO was extremely happy Sunday when she got a long distance call from Russel. You might also get COLLETT to tell you about her proposal . . . there is an interesting story there.

Now from the eaves of Bitting, Martha suspects that: Wilbo had best get himself in uniform, if he hopes to stay in MOT'S running at all . . . that all is not fidelity with MARY BEST; for there's Addison on the campus, Boddie in the mails, and Schumate gracing the night table . . . that rats are beginning to crop up twixt EGG GRIF-FIN and Bill from the sounds through the key-hole . . . that FANNY NEAL is distinctly a dating woman . . . that BETSY VANDERBILT has taken to quite some carousing . . . and that there are lots more we know, but can't confide.

So until next week . . . keep cutting capers, and Martha will keep putting you in the know.

## WITHOUT OUR AID— THEY'LL BANKRUPT

If you don't come to the aid of the Red Cross Sewing Room, it will have to be discontinued until after May Day.

Previously, many Home Ec. students have been helping in the Red Cross Sewing Room, but soon they will be called upon to start making the May Day costumes. Only if other students will do their bit in this phase of the campus war effort can the Red Cross Sewing Room remain open. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday are the days. Come from 3 to 5:30. The signs point the way.

## MUSIC HOUR

ally lovely song, was well-done by Lillian Stokes. Another young organist, Frances Cartner, played exceptionally well the melodious "Meditation," by Klein. Jane Garrou created the atmosphere for the very modern and witty "I'm Owre Young" (to marry yet) by Goosens. Concluding the program, Mrs. J. E. Purcell gave a brilliant performance of Franck's difficult "Piece Heroique."

## How We'll Solve Degree Problems

Washington— (ACP)— When today's collegians come home from the wars to resume their education, they are virtually assured of real academic credit for their experience and training in service.

That idea is not new. Veterans of 1918 got credit when they came back. But the way American colleges and universities go about it this time may be new and much better.

At the end of the first World War, colleges lavished credit on students returning from service. It was "blanket credit" then. The amount depended only on time served under arms or rank at demobilization.

Of course such "blanket credit" had nothing to do with educational achievement or competence. Indeed, colleges vied with each other in the amount of credit granted the returning heroes.

To the veterans, however, this enthusiasm was hardly a boon. Many were assigned to academic levels beyond their reach and promptly flunked out. In other cases, there was no adequate recognition of increased competence.

When peace comes this time, leading educators are determined, it's going to be different.

Service men and women have at least four broad educational opportunities while in uniform. There are hundreds of technician and officer candidate training schools. Almost half of all enlisted personnel go to one or another. The Armed Forces Institute, cooperating with 79 colleges and universities, offers off-duty education by correspondence. Orientation courses and informal off-duty instruction in camp recreation programs likewise have marked educational value.

The problem of educators is to appraise such educational experience objectively and to grant credit that does justice to educational standards and competence of the veteran. Machinery to do this has been blue-printed and approved by important institutions.

The plan would work simply. On demobilization, a soldier, WAAC or other service man or woman would apply to the Armed Forces Institute for examination and guidance. The Institute would obtain full information on the person's record, then test him to measure his educational competence and specialized achievements.

Results would go to the college of his choice with recommendations for placing the student where he belongs.

The idea isn't in operation yet, despite approval of many colleges,

## AT THE THEATRES

CAROLINA—  
All Week: "Random Harvest."

FORSYTH—  
Mon. - Tues.: "For Me And My Gal."  
Wed. - Thurs.: "Are Husbands Necessary."  
Fri. - Sat.: "Who Done It?"

STATE—  
Mon. - Wed.: "Young and Willing."  
Thurs.: "Blue, White and Perfect."  
Fri. - Sat.: "Eyes of the Underworld."

## RODZINSKI

leston. The orchestra, now in its twenty-fifth season, has built a tradition that establishes it as one of the really great orchestras of the world. It gives annually fifty concerts on tour; forty concerts in Cleveland; and numerous performances at its own Twilight Concerts, ballets, civic programs, and radio broadcasts . . . all in all, about a hundred and fifty-seven appearances a year, which is the largest number given by any American orchestra during the regular season.

Artur Rodzinski has commanded the respect and affection of audiences throughout the East and Middle West . . . he has an insatiable musical curiosity, a masterful ability to handle men, and innate gift of leadership, and an exceptional capacity for projecting emotional intensity. He was born in Spalots on the Dalmation coast of the Adriatic Sea . . . educated in Austrian schools until he received degrees in both law and music from the University of Vienna . . . given his start as conductor of the Lwow Opera in Poland and the Warsaw Philharmonic . . . summoned finally in 1926, as assistant conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. In 1929, he became leader of the Los Angeles Philharmonic . . . and in 1929, he became leader of the Los Angeles Orchestra. This is, however, Rodzinski's last tour with the Cleveland Orchestra; because he is already engaged as conductor of the New York Philharmonic, the pedestal of orchestra conductors and the jinxed grave-yard of orchestra conductors. But Rodzinski can take it . . . last Tuesday the entire set of instruments, music, and dress clothes failed to arrive in Charlotte for a scheduled performance; so Rodzinski borrowed instruments and music from the Charlotte Symphony Orchestra and the Central High Symphony, and went about a entirely unexpected program in street clothes.

We wish no such test of Rodzinski's or the Orchestra's mettle tonight, however, when they appear on the Civic Music Series with: a Scarlotti Suite, two Debussy nocturnes, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Caprice Espagnole," and Beethoven's Symphony number 5 in C minor.

regional accrediting associations and the armed services. The spectre of chaotic "blanket credit" still haunts responsible educators.

The suggested credit program can become effective only if and when colleges take individual and group action to make it effective. The American Council on Education is giving leadership to the drive to see that the program takes hold before it's too late. The Council is plugging for immediate action opposing "blanket credit" and approving the alternative program which was lacking in 1918.

The issue is being faced on a small scale already, the Council points out. Casualty cases are being demobilized — in numbers now a military secret. Chances are many more such cases will be seeking readmission to colleges before long.

When general demobilization comes, the Council says, it will be too late to block another move for "blanket credit." The battle must be won on every campus now.

# How Grand is the ACP When One is in Need

## CAROLINA'S KNIGHT SHOOTS THE WORKS

"We show a burning and restless curiosity to go somewhere without knowing just where we want or need to go. We rush furiously from one pedagogical whim, or enthusiasm, or thrill, or passion to another, and always under the spell of men and women who call themselves 'progressive' and have a genius for publicity for their latest pedagogical gadgets and techniques. Our pedagogical high priests say that the important thing in education is not ideas or knowledge but attitudes and the thinking process. But how good attitudes and sound thinking can be developed without good ideas, sound knowledge, and accurate information, the pedagogical Brahmins never take the time to explain."—Dr. Edgar W. Knight, Kenan professor of education at the University of North Carolina, calls for age-old wisdom instead of transitory policies in education.

## NEW YORK'S WRIGHT EXPOUNDS LIKewise

"While students are more or less settled in times of peace, war upsets them emotionally. Because of this condition, they need greater guidance and frequent counseling not only in their courses, but in their extra curricular activities and personal problems as well. Proper personnel guidance is particularly important when we consider that education is seeking to do a great deal more than produce scholars. Education is seeking to develop the values which make a well-rounded citizen with constructive abilities and wholesome philosophies of life. To aim at any such goal, however, all activities on a college campus must be included in the education program, which means a consideration of life outside the classroom as well."—Dr. Harry Noble Wright, president of City College of New York, calls for more guidance for collegians.

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