

# Dr. Africa Adds Charlie Brown To All Female Family

"Just a minute, Ruth, I'm calling a man about a dog." And I wasn't kidding—I was talking to a special man about a special dog.

Now the former just happens to be our esteemed history professor, Dr. Philip Africa. The latter is our affectionate campus canine, "Charlie Brown," known to Strong girls as "Squeaks," and to Babcock girls as "Pinky." These names, other than "Charlie Brown," have some meaning, just what, I am not sure. Perhaps the names were changed to protect the innocent—and nobody could be more innocent than our "Charlie Brown" and his nervous tail.

The first day I realized that "Charlie" did not belong to a home was about two weeks ago one Tuesday at dinner. He possessed the rare quality of loving all people and hopped around our feet as we brushed by him or stopped to pat him on our hike to the dining hall.

When I sat down to eat and saw the hot platter of roast beef, I thought about "Charlie," but the urge to take him some beef was quickly quelled by a sharp glance on one side by an IRS member and on the other side by the IRS president, who, by an odd coincidence, is my roommate.

However, fate was with "Charlie," for at the same table sat Harvey Shapiro, a campus visitor from Brooklyn, who was not under the jurisdiction of the IRS. He understood the circumstances, but felt that the IRS not only represented Salem but an inhumane society.

The story actually begins with this one act of Harvey's—he very quietly slipped outside with several pieces of beef in a napkin and we fed the starving "Charlie Brown." The puppy ate the beef so savagely that I remarked, "I'll get him some dog food tomorrow." So, since Harvey was leaving that night, he made me promise that I wouldn't forget the dog food.

From that day until Thursday we harbored the dog, fed him and worried about his future. Deciding that action was needed, I began to make inquiries about people who wanted dogs. After asking Dr. Welch, Miss Simpson and other

on-campus teachers if they knew anyone on the faculty who wanted a dog, we finally called "Father Africa."

He was rather astonished when I explained my call, but after I had made my sales talk, he very diplomatically said, "I will talk to Mrs. Africa tonight and let you know tomorrow. We will all (the Africa's) have to discuss it."

The next afternoon, as I sat down in class (slightly tardy) Dr. Africa strode by me and asked, "Is our mutual friend a male or female?"

"Male," I said.

One hour and many pages of notes later the class bell rang and I waited, as everyone left, to see if Dr. Africa's question had a positive or negative meaning. He turned to me and said, "take me to your dog . . . after my next class."

Pulling his coat on in that unrushed manner of his, Dr. Africa came to Bitting with me to appraise "Charlie Brown." When we got here, "Charlie" was nowhere around, so I begged Dr. Africa to sit in the living room and let me hunt for him.

The first place I looked was by the laundry—Mr. Yarborough had seen "Charlie" just a minute ago, going toward Strong—I walked up the hill, around the grounds, whistling and shouting. A music student stopped me—"Charlie" had been in Choral Ensemble Class in Old Chapel. As I charged over to the Chapel, I saw an English student. She'd seen "Charlie" in English

class, playing "spook" with Sue Cooper. I shouted one more hoarse "Charlie" and looked on the Main Hall back porch as I heard the tap of dog-nails. I whistled, then turned and ran with "Charlie" at my heels.

When I brought him in, I watched Dr. Africa's face to see if his expression would reveal any decision. Taking his pipe out of his mouth, Dr. Africa knelt down on the floor and began stroking our "Charlie." Then I eluciated on the dog's strong resemblance to a collie, German shepherd, hound and perhaps one more breed of dog. I assured Dr. Africa that we had checked his fur and he seemed very healthy, considering.

After my sales talk, Dr. Africa told me that he'd bring the family over to see the dog after dinner.

Everyone in Bitting waited anxiously for the arrival of the six Africas, and finally about 7:00, the side door opened and in strode Dr. and Mrs. Africa, their four children and a neighbor's child. Immediately, the oldest of the four, Chris, took my hand and asked to see Charlie. So, leading the crew to the basement, I let "Charlie" out of his room and the crowd descend on him — and he loved every minute of it.

We all got behind him and shoved him upstairs for everyone to view. Mrs. Africa got one look at him, turned to Dr. Africa and said, "But, Phil, he's going to be tremendous." Then she leaned down, stood Polly (the 10 month-old Africa) in the floor and rubbed "Charlie's" ears,

talking to him softly. Bounding into Polly, "Charlie" stood over her as we grabbed Polly and, seeing how jolly and cuddly she was, offered to make an even trade of the dog for Polly.

Just at that moment, "Charlie" sat down in the middle of our circle and scratched the back of his ear fiercely. So afraid that this would depreciate his value we nudged him and urged him to "show company manners." Thinking that we were playing with him, he shied away, and began prancing and barking.

Dr. and Mrs. Africa then had a conference, and after brief consultation announced that they would love to take "Charlie Brown" home. So taking the remainder of the dog food, they left; Dr. Africa carrying "Charlie"—all four paws sticking straight up.

After foreign affairs class on Monday, Dr. Africa collected an informal session of interested seniors and gave a complete report of "Charlie's" weekend, which had consisted of a trip to the veterinarian and learning why "Charlie Brown" had once been called "Squeaks." Actually, Dr. Africa could never give a complete report of what happened to a dog who was adopted by a family.

# Chapel Puts Emphasis On Honor Code

What does honor mean to you? Do you accept it as your basis of life? Do you abide by the honor code whether you agree with it or not? Do you feel a responsibility to let your conscience be your guide? Has Salem encouraged you to grow in honor as well as socially and academically?

These are questions raised by Winnie Bath, Lidie Swan, Norwood Dennis, and Ruth Bennett as they gave their interpretation of Salem's honor system at Honor Chapel on October 6. They agreed that a Salemite who attempts to live by the honor code will find greater satisfaction from her life here at Salem than one who does not.

Following assembly all new students were given the opportunity to sign the honor book.

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