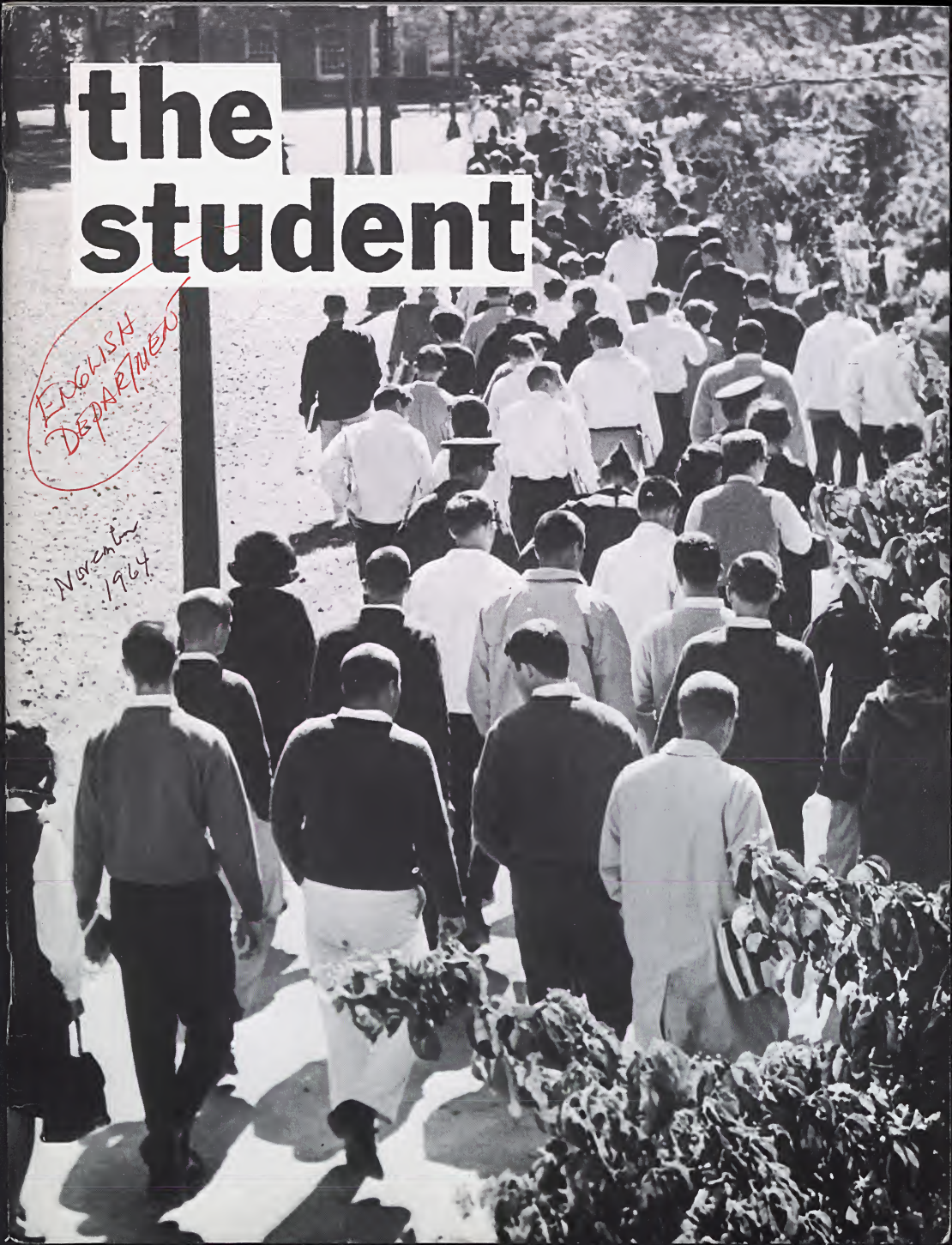


the student



ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

November
1964

Traditionally We Are
Here To Serve You
The Students

Ben's
of Wake Forest

The Swiss Chalet

Cherry Street at Bethabara

BEST PIZZA IN TOWN . . . SANDWICHES

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC BEVERAGES

Open Weekdays at 2 P.M. — Saturdays at 9 A.M.

Important Games on T.V.

Occasional Entertainment

On the Campus — Almost

HOSTS: JOE KAROLA — RAY WHITE

Fall . . .

The wind strips leaves from the elms along the plaza and whirls them in cold, brown eddies. The rains beat down from sodden, gray skies, and the campus becomes soggy, and soggy, and soggy . . . Bathing suits are locked up in trunks for the far-distant spring sun, and coeds go into hibernation for the winter, buried under thick coats. The temptation on November mornings is to turn over and go back to sleep or to hide under a book in the library and doze . . . A strange time for a re-awakening . . .

And yet there is a sense of excitement at Wake Forest. It is obvious in the joyful hysteria the weekends have assumed, in the hoarse throats at games, amid the smoke and throbbing noise of parties, in the frosty breath of those brave enough to take a lonely walk down to the lake.

But there is a new excitement, couched in the words that fly over morning coffee, in bull sessions which last into the wee small hours, in the growing numbers of hands and questions which fly up in uninterrupted lectures. One sees it in the crowds at political rallies, feels it listening in the cramped quarters of DeTamble Auditorium. The idea mill can be seen at work, grinding out labs, papers, homework problems. But curiosity is also afoot on campus, and rusty eyes, senses, and minds ask about themselves, about the world, about life.

We, the editors of the student, have evicted the dead moths from their two years' residence in our desks, emptied our ancient file cabinet, and opened our door. We're glad to be back. In this issue and those to come, we hope we can share some of your excitement.



Editor:
Jo DeYoung

Business Manager:
Mickey Taylor

Art Editor:
Sharon Cox

Poetry Editors:
Ertelle Brewer
Chris Frost

Feature Editor:
Richard Fallis

Short Story Editor:
Betsy Winstead

Business Staff:
Tom Teal

Typing:
Jeanne Blanchard
Cherry Ward

Circulation and Exchange:
Barbara Mazzei

Faculty Advisor:
Dr. Edgar E. Folk



OUR COVER: As the students pour out of Chapel and up the plaza, there is a sense of oneness and of beginning. *the student* hopes to be part of this unity as it begins its year, by and for Wake Forest students only.

the student

Vol. 78 Number 1
November, 1964

ARTICLES

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <i>Danny Kellum</i> | 6 The Debonair Deacon |
| <i>Beverly Burroughs</i> | 9 Where's Our Worldly Wisdom? |
| <i>Betsy Winstead</i> | 20 Winston-Salem At Night |

FICTION

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| <i>Christopher Frost</i> | 13 Auntie Cathleen and the Fishguard Light |
|--------------------------|--|

POETRY

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>Donia Whiteley</i> | 12 Winter Song |
| <i>Charlene Markunas</i> | 12 Unclaimed Poem |
| <i>Harry Whiteside</i> | 12 Reflections |
| <i>John Q. Gilterhopper</i> | 16 Ichetucknee |
| <i>Donia Whiteley</i> | 19 Chaperones |
| <i>Charlene Markunas</i> | 24 A Matter of Importance |
| <i>Harry Whiteside</i> | 25 The Road |

FEATURE ON FICTION

HENRY FIELDING

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| <i>Grey LaPrade</i> | 26 Tom Jones |
| <i>Donia Whiteley</i> | 27 Joseph Andrews |

the student, founded January, 1882, is published in November, December, February, April, and May by the students of Wake Forest College. Editorial office is located in Room 224 Reynolda Hall; address correspondence to Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, N. C. Manuscripts may be brought or mailed to the office. Unused manuscripts will be returned. *the student* is printed by Hunter Publishing Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

The
CASTAWAYS

GREENSBORO

CATERING TO THE COLLEGIATE SET

Features:

Every THURSDAY

BOB COLLINS

and

THE FABULOUS FIVE



Every SUNDAY AFTERNOON

2 P.M. til 7 P.M.

THE MONZAS

DIRECTIONS:

Take Interstate 40 To 29 North At Greensboro. Stay On 29N, Go Under Bessemer Avenue Overpass, Make FOUR RIGHT TURNS And You Are There. Only 45 Minutes Drive.

PROFILES



BEVERLY BURROUGHS, a sophomore from Bat Cave, spent hours button-holing students and professors in order to write her comprehensive and entertaining article on Wake Forest and the outside world. We are now fearful that she may seek a desert island so that she can pursue her studies in peace and quiet.



SHARON COX, a junior math major from Hyattsville, Md., divides her time between working advanced calculus problems and being art editor of *the student*. She took time out to do a whimsical line drawing of Graciela Canton at the World's Fair.

DANNY KELLUM, known as "The Coeds' Best Friend," has written about Deacon Hap Bulger, who is probably the "Best Friend" of Deacon fans. Danny is a member of Kappa Alpha fraternity and is a senior from New Bern.

CHARLENE MARKUNAS is a voluminous and perceptive poet. We have printed two of her poems, "A Matter of Importance," and "Unclaimed Poem." She is a junior from Winston-Salem.

HARRY WHITESIDE is a man of many talents. Harry contributed two poems and then consented to do an illustration for "Auntie Cathleen and the Fishguard Light." Harry is a member of Alpha Phi Omega service fraternity.

CHRIS FROST, a senior from New York City, got the inspiration for "Auntie Cathleen and the Fishguard Light" from his experiences while traveling through England, Scotland, and Ireland by foot, bicycle, and train.



JANET GROSS. As far as we know, this is the first time Jan's name has appeared in print unconnected with a beauty contest. She wishes us to state that any resemblance between her illustration for "Chaperones" to any persons living or dead is unintentional and purely coincidental.

DANNY GADDY is the only freshman contributing to *the student* in this issue. He spends many hours down by the lake, painting. His appreciation of nature and poetry inspired his illustration of "Ichetucknee." He is from Pageland, S. C.



MARY LIND is a blonde, blue-eyed senior from Marion and probably the only Wake Forest student who speaks Estonian. She is a member of Delta Kappa Nu business society and Strings society. An expressive and prolific artist, she illustrated "A Matter of Importance."



BETSY WINSTEAD, senior from Roxboro, is short story editor of *the student*. This daughter of a tobaccoist has combined her knowledge with imagination and produced a fine descriptive essay on Winston-Salem at night.

JOHN Q. GILTERHOPPER is the penname of a Wake Forest senior. He got his name from the hills of Tennessee; his poem "Ichetucknee" was inspired by a river in Florida.



BILL VERNOR, junior from Edwardsville, Ill., did all the photography for *the student*. Henpecked by the three women editors of the College's publications for photographs, and required to perform such feats of daring as standing in the middle of 4th Street to get a picture of Winston-Salem at night, Bill still finds time for ROTC and band.



DONIA WHITELEY and **GREY LAPRADE** have followed Hollywood's lead and reviewed a pair of favorites from the pen of Henry Fielding, *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrews*. Grey is a senior English major from Martinsville, Va. Donia, a senior from Bethesda, Md., is majoring in English and editing the *Howler*. She has also contributed two poems which show her skillful grace and sensitivity as a poet.



MARY LOU HALL, a senior English major from Lexington, is taking an art course at Salem. She has demonstrated her refined taste by selecting undoubtedly the handsomest subject in the magazine — the irresistible Tom Jones — or is it Joseph Andrews?

KETNER'S

REYNOLDA MANOR CAFETERIA

Featuring:

- **Ketner's Special
Lunch 79c - Dinner 97c**
- **Private Dining Room
For 25 or 125**
- **The Finest in Fine Food**



"... THE APPAREL OFT PROCLAIMS THE MAN"

Shakespeare made this observation. It remains as **true to-day** as when he penned these words.

You can proclaim yourself as a person of taste by getting the best in professional laundry and dry cleaning.

5 STORES

Reynolda Manor
Stratford Rd.
Corporation Parkway
512 E. Fourth St.
523 E. Third St.



Fabric Care Specialists

ATTENTION MEN: — "Shirts Any Way You Like Them,"
and Guaranteed Button Replacement Too!

A New Approach To Tradition:

THE DEBONAIR DEACON

by Danny Kellum

Twenty odd years ago a baby named Hap Bulger let out his first yell. Whether it was "Waaa!" or "Go Deacs!" we'll never know, but we can be sure that the other brats in the ward sounded off mimicking him. Today Hap has taken on the "Demon Deacon" black tux, top hat, and umbrella, leading the student body in chapel or in the stadium with the ease of a mountain goat in the Sierras. Essentially though, he is the same screamer he was twenty years ago, and this time it is Wake Forest fans who are following suit.

The self-assumed title "Zorro of the Student Body" suits his fancy. "When I put on my suit and top hat and grab my umbrella, I don't feel like Bulger anymore. I feel like something in between a cheerleader and a mascot." "Zorro Deac" hasn't saved any young damsels in distress, but then Mr. Z. himself can't ride a unicycle.

The unicycle he gracefully pedals in front of the stands adds quiet dignity to his style. Peering from behind the horn-rimmed glasses, his contorted face seems to be saying, "If this thing slips and makes a fool of me again, I'll . . ." and at the same time, "Yell, you Deacons! 'Cause if you don't, I'll personally break every mute bone in your bodies."

Bulger rode into the Demon Deacon role on a fiery spirit he helped to spark. The sparks first flew last year during the Ugly Man Contest, just before Homecoming. Bulger appeared as "The Prophet of Doom" to forecast a Wake victory over South Carolina. Hap, his face blackened, sporting a mop wig and gunny sack, raved while Baptists' chests swelled with pride.

Bulger recalls that after chapel "everyone, even those without a 'C' average plucked my dead gamecock to get a feather from the South Carolina mascot." The feathers led to a new spirit in the students which finally climaxed an exciting Wake victory. That day Wake Forest came alive. The revived spirit has become a giant one, aptly cap-

tured by Hap's version of the Deacon. The unfeatable, almost cocky air he sports is typical of this year's students and fans. Wake fans had had defeat up to their "red ruddy" throats, but the crush of defeat is gone. Deacs know that they can win, and Hap has become a convincing symbol of the new Wake Forest.

A mix-up of hats during the VPI game this fall gave Bulger a chance to splash across the front page of a Roanoke newspaper. As he tells it, a few of the VPI band members conspired to steal his top hat. They must not have realized that they were taking on our cheerleaders who "borrowed" two of their hats, a Wake student who "borrowed" a trumpet, and a Deacon football player who tripped a VPI band member in pursuit of a band hat which Hap was holding in his innocent hand as he ran across the field. Policemen, the band captain, and Wake fans grabbed, argued and booed until the top hat was back in its place.

Continued on page 8





Deacon - Continued

Homecoming at Wake this year broke with the traditional fraternity house and dormitory decorations. Instead, Bulger helped originate a homecoming parade through Winston-Salem with floats, pretty coeds and lively bands. The parade was an effort to build tradition and spirit — and here is the serious reason for all Hap's antics. "Tradition builds anti-apathy," Bulger stresses, "you must set a precedent, a tradition. In twenty years I want to come back to Wake Forest and see 50,000 people cheering the downtown parade."

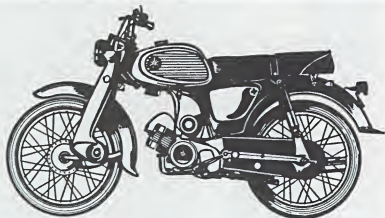
So behind the clowning and the antics is a dedicated man who wants to leave something behind him that will outlive him. "You can complain about the lack of tradition in this Winston-Salem version of Wake Forest if you want to; but, before you do, think about the students who walked under the magnolia sprouts back in 1834.

"Can't you hear them," he mimics, "this place has no ivy, and no big trees and no tradition! I

don't like this dump.' We've got a lot more to work with than they did. We can build our own tradition if we just get off our haunches and work."

Victory has come and with it a "victory spirit" new for Wake Forest. The College, her teams, and her students now struggle for the winning tradition and spirit left in old Wake Forest eight years ago. It is this new spirit that Hap Bulger exemplifies — a spirit of spunk and defiance that cannot be contained in one loss or ten. There is nothing that can stop the rejuvenated Deacons, led by Hap Bulger, their Demon Deacon.

BEAT DUKE



YAMAHA

Faster! Smoother!
Better Looking!

Easier To Repair
Than Any Motorcycle
In The Same Price Range!

25 Years Experience In Motorcycling

ELLIS CYCLE CENTER

1047 N.W. Blvd.

REYNOLDA MANOR BARBER SHOP

For the Best
in
REGULAR CUTS
RAZOR CUTS
CONTOUR CUTS

or

Your Choice

also

Authorized Agent For Taylor Topper

Appointments — Call PA 4-7231

Bill Speece — Owner

WAKE FOREST IN THE WORLD

WHERE'S OUR WORLDLY WISDOM?

To most Deacons, school spells the eternal rains, the long cafeteria lines, and eight o'clocks. But for a few Deacons, college this year means adjusting to a new environment, riding a streetcar to classes, or having dinner at ten o'clock. They are Wake Forest's exchange students overseas. They probably look at their new environment as quizzically as foreign exchange students here this year look at Wake Forest and America.

Wake Forest does not like to think that it is an example of the "small town, little college, narrow people" institution, a shelter for students uninterested in any world outside their own. The presence of foreign students and Wake Forest students who have returned from studying abroad guarantees that this will not be the case. They are one reason that opportunities exist at the College for broadening international understanding.

The Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College has created six scholarships of \$2000 each for the purpose of "promoting international exchange." Four of these scholarships are designated for use by students selected from a German, French, and Spanish speaking country and from the Far East.

Currently at Wake Forest on this program are Werner Sollors from Germany, Anne Marie Batac from France, Graciela Canton from Colombia, and Ping Kwan Tse from Hong Kong. Under the exchange program with the Free University of West Berlin, Betty Nance of Jackson, and Ron McIver of Greensboro are now studying in Berlin.

To understand how America and the Wake Forest environment appear in foreign students' eyes and how life and study abroad seem to Wake Forest exchange students, they were asked about some of the attitudes and impressions they had formed.

In comparing the impressions of Larry Conrad and Florence Wisman, who have returned after a year in Berlin, with those of Werner Sollors, who has begun graduate study here this fall, some real contrasts between America and Germany appear.

Larry Conrad has come home to America, but

by Beverly Burroughs

at times he feels something like home-sickness for the German life he left. After living in the German *Studentendorf* (student village), he speaks enthusiastically about the German people, their art and opera. With a quieter enthusiasm, Florence Wisman remembers some of the student discussions at night in the German cafes. The questions often concerned the two countries' educational systems.

"The German reaction," Florence says, "is amazement that we as American students would give up so much of our personal freedom." She feels that since the war Germans have given up less freedom than have Americans, because they do not conform. "Germans respect individualism; there seems to be much more freedom for it."

The German university's unconcern with set rules for their students is explained by Werner Sollors in the term *Akademische Freiheit* (academic freedom), an important part of the German idea of education. "The German University," Werner explains, "functions to tell you every day that you have an individual life to lead and that you are responsible for your own life and must come to your own decisions." It seems to Werner that the Wake Forest idea of education is for educators to set certain patterns which the students must accept. In Germany tests are infrequent, but the final examinations are difficult and comprehensive. Estimating that 50% fail the final examinations on the first try, Werner adds, "after all, passing is the important thing."

When *Akademische Freiheit* is the basic theory of an education system, Larry Conrad believes that the liberal arts profit, while the sciences do not. He found the science courses too generalized and believes the American system of frequent testing is needed to build a foundation of facts. He believes the liberal arts courses in Germany

Continued on page 10



W. F. In The World — Continued

emphasize the "culmination of broad historical, literary, cultural, and philosophical aspects." Instead of isolating one aspect of knowledge, Larry says the German professor "correlates the material so you see the general outlook."

Since being at Wake Forest this year, Werner has found that the roles of German and American students are quite different. Because in Germany the attitude exists that young people, as future leaders, should change the wrongs of a system, Werner is surprised at the lack of interest in public affairs here. "In Germany," he says, "the student's opinion is very respected . . . he understands the problems and reacts to them."

As an exchange student from the Universidad de los Andes in Colombia, Graciela Canton thinks that the content of Colombian and American education is about the same but says, "Education in Colombia is only a part of your life . . . in the States, college life is a life in itself." She thinks she is more independent here because she can select her own friends and have a new social life.

In Colombia, she is restricted more to the family environment.

Graciela, who is planning to teach English in Colombia, feels that "when one is teaching a foreign language one should try to make the students feel the spirit of the other culture. Language teachers should always live at least one year in the country of the language they will be teaching. It is essential for any student to leave his own country so that he can really live this difference."

Graciela, who was in New York last summer for the World's Fair, feels that the Fair as a whole "represents the spirit of the United States." The fountains, the lights, the organization of such a large program, and the great amounts of money which have been invested impressed her as representing this country. "But you walk into the beautiful buildings of the United States pavilions," Graciela says, "and there is nothing. You expect them to show you the culture of the American nation, but they are empty."

Anne Marie Batac, here from France to study English, finds America a friendly place, "much dif-

ferent from France." "Here you never feel alone . . . it is a new way of living." Anne Marie says "students sometimes act snobbish in France," but not here. She illustrates her point by saying, "Six weeks after you meet someone in France you say 'Hi' to each other . . . six months later you talk about the weather." Anne Marie thinks the American man is more gallant because he "opens doors for you." Explaining that the Frenchman "expects a woman to open doors for him," she says, "In one sense the Frenchman lets a woman face difficulties by herself."

Dr. H. L. King, professor of Spanish, would like "to sell the idea of study abroad" because he feels there is no substitute for residence in a country in order to learn its language well. Two exchange scholarships exist to the Free University of Berlin and another is open to the University of the Andes in Colombia.

A student can work out his own plan for study in a foreign country, as did Michele Carey who spent a year in Spain under the New York University Junior Year Abroad Program. In this program, students live with a Spanish family and learn something of the country's history and culture from them. Michele says the advantages of this type of study are not losing any credits and being taught in the American system by Spanish professors.

The basic idea behind the Experiment in International Living is that people must know each other to better approach world understanding. This is achieved by the experience of living with a family in another country, usually for one month. Through the efforts of Dr. John Parker, professor of French and education and college coordinator for the Experiment, Wake Forest College entertained six Swedish students for two weeks last July. These Experimenters were assigned to dormitory rooms and had Wake Forest roommates, attended classes when they wished, and participated in many student functions.

In the outbound programs of the Experiment, men and women between the ages of sixteen and thirty, travel each summer in groups of ten to thirty or more countries in Latin American, Eastern and Western Europe, the Middle East, Africa and Asia for an approximate two month stay. Local participants for the program are selected and sponsored by the Winston-Salem community. Wake

Forest students are eligible to apply and can obtain application forms from Dr. Parker.

An exchange program between Winston-Salem and her sister city, Bucaramanga, Colombia, exists also for the purpose of increasing world understanding. Participants spend two months of the summer vacation in homes in the sister city and live as their host families do. Becki Allred and Felice Proctor have just returned from a stay in Bucaramanga.

A program with the Peace Corps spirit of understanding is Operation Crossroads Africa. This past summer Leon Spencer, Marsha White, and Kathy Cain joined young Africans in working on African building projects. Kathy explains the enthusiasm participants feel for the program, saying, "When you hoe on the same part of land, you get to be friends." Leon Spencer, working in Ghana in West Africa, found the Africans very uninhibited and the African people quite willing to help.

Continued on page 23

THE ORIGINAL
Town
STEAK HOUSE NO. 1
DIAL PA 2-0005
Hours: 11 A.M. 'til 11:30 P.M. American Express Cards
Sun.: 11 A.M. 'til 10:30 P.M. Honored
Corner Hawthorne Rd. & 107 Lockland Ave.
Just Below Baptist Hospital

XL Cleaners

One-Stop Dry Cleaning, Shirt Laundry,
and Dry Fold

One-Day Service on All Three!

PA 2-1027

Across From Tavern on The Green on Cherry St.

Unclaimed Poem

*There are times of regret for lips not kissed
'Til ardor was won in a touch
When Love called hopeless out of darkness
On ears hardened by too much hearing.*

*But who, mangled by acts of unlove,
Can recognize a pure and honest touch?
Who knows love without credentials
Until it is gone, never to be claimed.*

Charlene Markunas

Reflections

*Sitting
With my head-in-hand
Upon the dubious thought-stone,
I reflect upon
Power —
The ballpoint sword;
Words
That cut deep as death
And slit
The soul in two.*

*A strange metaphysic,
This:
Pearl stained cheeks
Turn to me in denial,
The noble cherub
Lies slain
Before Ego's castletower,
And blade-stricken truth
Staggers to the drumroll
Of knocking knees.*

Harry Whiteside

Winter Song

*Love, I bring months of tears here to this place,
This strange climax of finally your face;
Yet now, I fear it's been too long . . .*

*Time weaves a sort of tuneless Winter shade,
You see, from promises too lightly made
And gentle lips that whisper wrong;*

*But since you're here, although there's no more Spring,
Stay long enough, my love, to hear me sing
My newly-woven Winter song.*

Donia Whiteley

Auntie Cathleen and the Fishguard Light

And now he was running to the train. Caroline was running beside him. He kissed her and squeezed her hand. "I'll think of you in Ireland, and I will never forget you, Caroline." She tossed her hair, there was something murmured, and she was gone. Kit was alone, alone with many traveling strangers, and lonely on the train to Fishguard.

Fishguard is a seacoast town in the southwest of Wales. It is the "jumping-off place" for Ireland, separated from Wexford in county Leinster by some eighty miles of unruly Irish sea. And that was where Kit was bound. He was going to Ireland.

With a squeal and a lurch, the interminable train snaked out of Paddington Station. The late afternoon sun shone strong, glinting gold, on the complex of rails and the departing train. The windows were almost opaque with the railroad grime which coated them; and so Kit, rocking in the aisle, flung one open and leaned out far.

The train gathered speed. Squinting against the onrush of gritty wind, Kit watched the outmoded, rusting boxcars in the yard whisk backwards like a movie in reverse. He turned his head and, looking down the length of the whistling train, saw dozens of young faces leaning from the windows, shouting and squinting, with the wind tossing their hair.

Minutes passed, and then there was instant darkness, an abrupt and shuddering wrenching-away of light, as the express plunged, ferret-like, through a tunnel. But the train quickly regained the light. Kit poked his head out the window again, reflecting, for a moment, upon an analogy which he did not have the philosophic cheeriness to pursue. Parting from friends was a little bit like the business of going through a tunnel on a train. Both could be anticipated: the parting, from a week or so in advance; the tunnel, from a bend in the road-bed. And yet, both, always, came with the same shocking suddenness. At the window next to Kit's, some school boys whistled and stamped loudly, wondering out loud why the recent tunnel had not decapitated them all.

Kit thought of Caroline. They had spent the day together in Regents Park, rowing on the lake. The park was unlike any Kit had ever seen in America—a quiet place, with long walkways through the well-kept grass, and thick druid oaks overhanging them. The rowing lake had been still that day, mirroring a late July sun, and Kit remembered some ducklings; how, swimming in their mother's wake, they had cut across the sun-banded water to a shadowy place where bread crumbs bobbed. Caroline had been cheerful on the way to Paddington Station. She had joked with him then, had warned him, with mock seriousness, about the *Silhe*, "the wee folk." "They come out from under the hills; they'll tease away your memory and time

Continued on page 14



Auntie Cathleen - Continued

with their piping, and after a week, you won't remember London." But Kit knew that he would always remember London.

Then a strident scream from the train whistle cut Kit's thoughts in two. The express slowed down, losing the fluid grace which had carried it out of London, while it ground through the outskirts of a dingy industrial town and finally pulled up, wheezing, before a grimy station. Kit turned away from the window. Some dogs were pummeling an old piece of garbage at one corner of the station house. The open aisle-windows let a palpable and fetid gray, the gray of the town, into the train. "This is just the way London looked," thought Kit, recalling the bad first impression he had had of that place, coming in from Scotland.

But as the train lurched away from the station, out into the afternoon, Kit thought again about how London had been transformed for him. It had begun with Dorothy, a close and very old friend of Kit's parents; she had introduced him to her young friend Caroline, and Kit remembered, as the train lengthened out its pace, the way the three of them had rollicked around the south of England; how they had stood in the sunny fields of Kent; how they had picnicked under a small black cloud; how they had danced at Brighton By-the-Sea, when the moon spun quicksilver from the tumbling waves.

Now the train was crowded. By this time, the compartments had been filled, and families were sitting in the aisles on boxes, valises, and wooden crates tied together with twine. Kit smiled at some pretty schoolgirls as they edged their way past a fat pipe smoker's stomach, demure and shy as deer. Then they dissolved in giggles and disappeared around the corner. Someone began to play a button

accordion, and over the clangor of the jarring cars came a reedy but enthusiastic tenor:

"Ah, to think of it,
Ah, to dream of it,
Fills my heart with tears . . ."

But somehow the morning's exuberance had failed, and London seemed far away. An unspeakable sadness came over Kit.

Now the train was racing through high meadows, the greenest he had ever seen, over hills and heather fields. And as the sky and earth swam together in the brave soft light of a dying afternoon, Kit heard, over and over again, a kind of good-bye in the brazen wheels of the rocketing train.

Kit had stood at the aisle windows for exactly three hours. Then the sun went down, and the train became a night train. Fishguard was still a long way away, and Caroline and Dorothy . . . They had whirled past, just as the meadows, framed for an instant by the train window, had whirled past. Kit doubted that he would see them again. The sense of transience and the dying afternoon and all the fine sad surge of memory fell like dark.

"Oh," said Kit to the fat young man seated across the white-clothed table from him in the dining car. "I hadn't realized that most—"

"Yes," said the young man, "most of these woe-begone travelers are Irish. They'll be going home on the Wexford Ferry from Fishguard."

"Oh," said Kit again.

The fat young man had engaged Kit in conversation and throughout the dinner had not stopped jabbering once. His history was a long one. He had, as he related to his captive audience, been estranged from his family in south Wales and was now going reluctantly home. He was a veritable

Quality Is The Hallmark

at

Bocock-Stroud Co.

501 W. FOURTH ST.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

beatnik philosopher and, during the meal, had described, each in its turn, the various kinds and degrees of estrangement: how distance will sever, and then how people, even in the closest physical proximity will seldom, if ever, get together.

"And what good is it," he said by way of afterword.

"What good is what?" asked Kit, numbed by the monotone of his tired voice.

"I mean what the hell good is it, going home. I've been reading the sages. I've been on the road with Kerouac and Ferlinghetti."

Kit winced.

"You've read them, haven't you?"

"No," Kit said, shaking his head with a vengeance.

At this point, an Irishman swung past their table, reeking of Guinness. He was smiling—a smiling, giant scarecrow of a man, with massive red wrists thrusting through tattered coatsleeves. The philosopher looked up from his coffee cup and made a deprecating gesture. "What a bloody pack of fools they are."

"Who are?" asked Kit, his anger growing.

"Oh, these stupid Irish. I heard a bunch of

them singing back there in the aisle. Christ, they're homesick, and now they're going home, happy sentimental fools. They couldn't go home even if they had a home. Everyone is estranged, and we're all alone."

Kit was fighting mad, and he was relieved when the philosopher belched, paid his bill, and lurched out of the car. But somehow, even after the fat young man had gone, an oppressive feeling lingered. Against his will, Kit considered the power of oceans, the power of distance to sever and estrange. He ordered another cup of coffee, thinking of Dorothy and Caroline, wishing that he could see them. He needed clearer eyes, or some stronger sense maybe, to span the miles.

Then a mother and her young daughter walked into the dining car. They looked anxiously about for a place to sit down together alone, but the dining car was full, and so the two sat down in the seats next to Kit. The mother wore a white shawl and leaned to her daughter over the table as she spoke, her dark eyes full of concern. "Then how is your young brother, Deirdre—is he fair tired, the wee thing?"

Continued on page 31

HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY

3033 INDIANA AVE.


Printers of *The Student*



Ichetucknee

*The road, a path, not even that,
Just mud and vines and trees
And sky and birds and leaves —
No men, no sign of man, save scarce
Dim tracks 'most filled by evening rains.
No color now, though daytime colors
Here are rich and warm and florid;
Now 'tis shadows only, but for the sparkle
Where on still-damp leaves the moonlight glimmers.
And the stars give forth their glint.
Suddenly we see the clearing, no
Trees, and suddenly the sky.
There before us is the moonlight,
Shining on the water, on the sands,
The pure white sands beneath the waters.
There in the middle is the Deep Spring,
So deep the crystal liquid column
Seems to be all hole — no bottom.
The mighty River from its depths arises,
And upward flows and out and on;
Forth it spills like some great hawser
Free and strong, the ripples flashing.
I stand and watch to feel the line come taut,
And thus expecting, see it still unwinding
Into the darkness and the trees there waiting
To take it from my sight.
My River clear, my River deep,
O River swift and shining,
I see you from the deeps arising, now
Whither do you go?
Would you take my moonlight, and
With it to the leafy darkness now retreat
And from this land to muddy waters
Carry the cool reflected sun?*

In silent wonder for the glory near me,
In awe of Beauty and of silent strength,
I turn and through the woods go musing
Until I see again the pleasant vale
Wherein the Great Spring lies,
Not so deep, nor perhaps as awesome
As the Deep Spring, yet we see it fill
The quiet pool, and from the pool
Into the darkness flow.
Near our feet against the rock
We watch the silent ripples lapping
Like someone rowing must be always making
Fuss to cut the surface and to hide
The bottom. The moon is set;
The water now is seen in our remembrance only.
We test its coolness with our fingers,
See that as it glides into the darkness,
It has not from us yet slipped away.
No nod, no word is needed to decide
That cool, refreshing waters on us should be
rippling;
Our feet, our arms, our backs we dipped
Beneath Ichetucknee, clean and sweet.
Then with the current from the pool we slipped
Into the darkness down the stream,
Past our camp — no word we said
But silent, drifted with the River which before us
Silent spread into the night,
Through the woods, past caves and rocks,
By banks which doubtless Redmen trod,
And knolls which founded hunters' camps
Through the darkness to the dawn,
Effervescent clearness o'er us washing.



The Sun in waking by the mill-race found us;
Against this channeled current hard we swam,
Low vines and tree limbs all the way
Our path impeding. We took
The shore where brush allowed,
And made our path 'round tumbling walls
Where ancient grinding stones once turned
Until before us, bright the millpond shone.
We basked in morning sun beside the crystal waters,
While well-used bodies found their rest
In meditation on the quiet of the soft blue depth
That showed us where the current found its source.

John Q. Gilterhopper



Chaperones

"Be ye good," their old eyes seem to say,
As they sit so stoidly by, along the farther wall
Of the high-windowed, dimly-lit Fellowship Hall.
There must be nearly twenty of them there,
Decked out in crumpled serge and foded silk
To guard with howk-like eye the congregation's youth.
One gozes mutely out across the floor,
Another of the blue bolloons—
(Bolloons we strung there just today,
All across the ceiling of the room . . .)

And now I've been here at his side
Beneath these goy festoons
Since eight—where, just especially for tonight,
The lighting's oll in blue.
We've donced ond talked, ond oll the while,
He's held me off olmost of orm's length—
Stiff, the way that he's supposed to do.

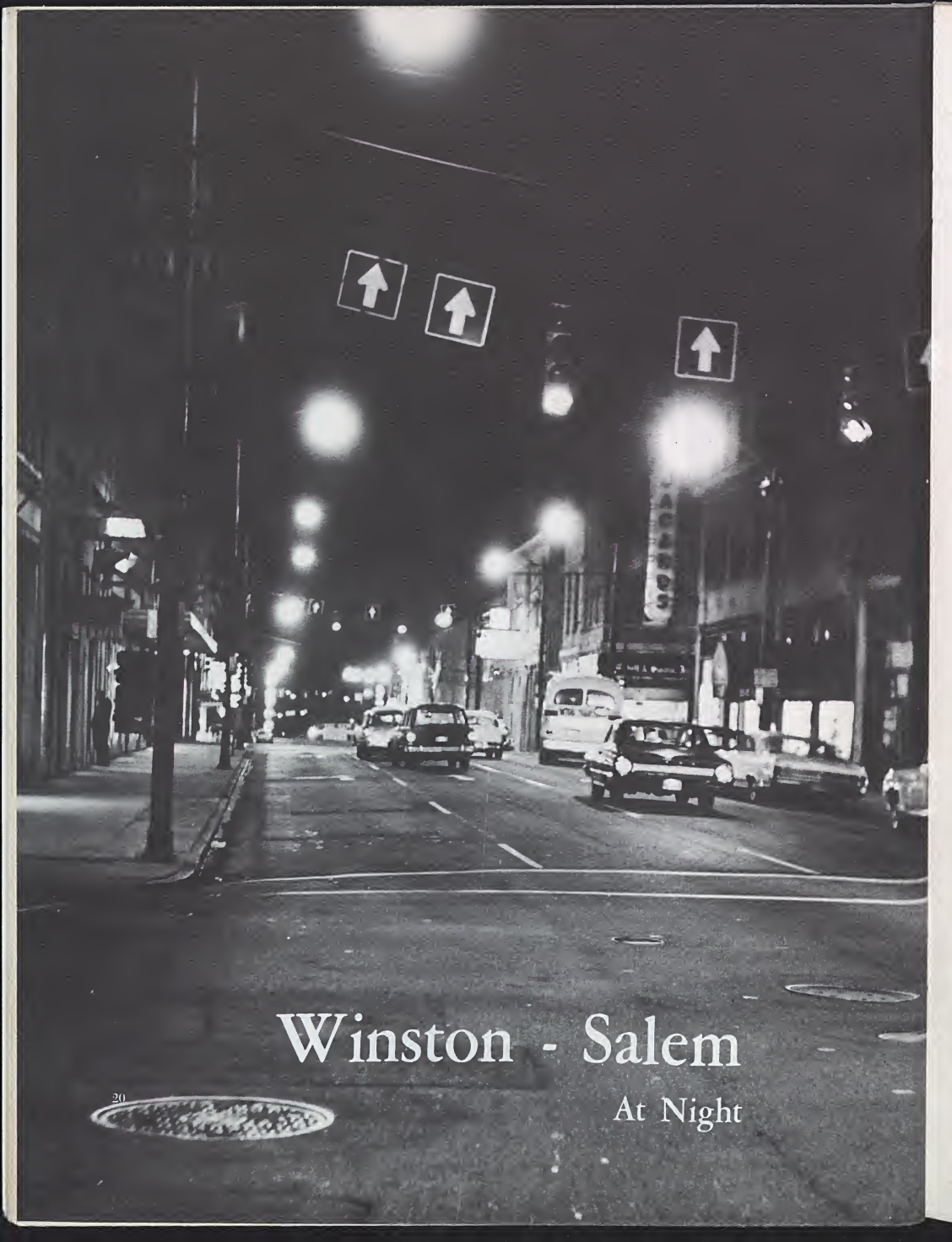
White-haired, they blink ond nod, ond wake ogoin.
"Over there—the husky fellow, woltzing with that
Sweet young miss; seems only yesterday her hoir
Was ploited in long broids that fell clear past her waist . . ."
The other yields hord-won approval, continuing to store.
"I've known the lod's family since long 'fore he was born—
He's always been a husky boy, ond just os good and fine
As ony that I've ever seen . . ."
Oh, how he's good—if she but only realized
That oll she lightly said was more than doubly true;
But then, she couldn't know his brown-tanned orms,
Where muscles ripple underneath o white tee-shirt
Or proudly flex beneath the fingers of my hond . . .
I wonder so, how orms like those,
That crush o stouch opponent on o football field
Con hours later turn about
And hold so easily o thing of loce ond curls
So os not to even put o wrinkle in o silken sosh—
Or how those orms, that off' have known the strong delight,
Con feel the urgent impulse now to clop,
But that here, underneath those stony gozes, dore not yield . . .

Then, when the donce bond took o break at nine,
We found ot lost two choirs right over there—
The two next to that woman with the cold, opproising eyes.
She turned ond watched us os I sot by him
(So close we could have touched, hod I but moved my hond)

"Well, yes, I must admit these children do behave quite foir."
But oh—if she hod heord the blood that in my fingertips
Did pound ond swell to reach ond touch his cheek
When suddenly he smiled across the cherry punch,
And gently held the cup that he hod drunk from
To my lips . . .

Donia Whiteley





Winston - Salem

At Night

Like the November chill, night comes early to this tobacco town. And as the sun starts down beyond the now nearly leafless trees, lines of cars pull out of factory lots, out of shopping centers, out into the streets that lead to home. A mass of gray faces look through the car windows, watching the traffic, the pedestrians, emotionless except for their impatience to move. The continuous chain of colored metal turns and blinks and honks. The sounds are cold and harsh. Where are those gray faces going? What do they do when they leave those colorless buildings where they spend their daylight hours?

The lights of man replace the sun when darkness comes, and the city changes. Downtown the theatre lights come on; and, as if drawn by the aroma of popcorn, a crowd hurries in from the cold to see from the beginning the first showing of a new movie. One young couple decides to window-shop and wait for the second feature. The girl turns up the collar of her red coat, and laughingly slips her arm through his. Their misty breath fogs a circle on the store window as they look at a furniture display, and then move on.

Somewhere a time mechanism clicks, and the street lights come to life, casting shadows over the cold cement. A scrawny brown cat darts out of the bus depot, crosses the street on a yellow light, then disappears behind some parked cars. The shoe shine boy has gone from his corner. Inside the steamy window of an all-night cafe, faces light up alternately orange and green, as the sign says "Home-style Italian Spaghetti." Headlights run together and blur as traffic throbs on the expressway. Faces in the cars glance out at the world and turn back to each other as if to ignore the Beef-eater's invitation to steamed oysters and red-carpet service. A young man in a new Chevrolet looks sideways at Wachovia's blue and gold boast of the Southeast's finest banking, and wonders when his next car payment falls due.

By now the train station is darkened. There will be no more stops tonight. A noisy freight keeps its one eye on the track and rumbles southward.

Down through East Winston the street lights seem a little dimmer, and night life is not so subtle as in the other residential sections of the city. Loud music and louder voices somehow seep out of the closed windows. Behind the tattered yellow shade

of a second story window, two shadows move closer together; then the light goes out, and the forms disappear in the brown darkness.

A damp fog seems heavier out near the airport. The Roto-Beacon beckons to the night's last flight from the north. The sound of the plane's engines breaks through the mist, and almost simultaneously a Pacemaker touches down on the runway. The landing lights have safely guided in the last scheduled travelers. The ground crews scurry about, anxious to finish up and get away until tomorrow. Soon the last Blue Bird has whisked away the final tired businessman, and only the mechanics across the street remain to watch the Roto-Beacon and the landing lights blink on through the night.

A lonesome cop drives down a side street, talking to the big dog that rides with him after dark. He watches for a sleepy driver who fails to yield, for the college student who may have partied too long to drive himself back to the dorm. It seems the dog is his protector while he watches over the public he serves.

It is eleven o'clock, and a weary man flips a switch. The spotlight at the intersection of Cherry Street and Bethabara Road turns, and for forty-five minutes it is green. Whitaker Park is changing shifts. Rows of paired headlights slip out through the guarded gates, and yawning workers nod to the nightwatchman. The fountains run through their cycle every three minutes and eighteen seconds and then begin again; the little green spurts of water grow taller and spray a fine cold mist toward the dark boxwoods. Wait Chapel guards the campus of Wake Forest, as students seek solitude for study. Some of the windows are dark, some lighted. Fraternity emblems glow over the Greek houses of brotherhood. And the hours slip by.

A blinking red light, then a siren — an ambulance makes its way rapidly through the wet street toward a new hospital. Will it be new enough to save a life?

The useless T.V. tower based in a vacant shopping center stretches upward, its peak out of sight in the fog. Before many days pass, it will be dressed in colors of Christmas. This is its only function now — to stand and wait for Christmas!

The oldest part of the city is quiet. The restored houses are darkened. The boys have left

Continued on page 22

Winston at Night - Continued

their dates at their Salem sanctum, to prepare for tomorrow's classes and the week-end's festivities.

A red brick church has a lighted steeple and a locked door. The old man standing in a store doorway might have gone in, perhaps just to get out of the cold, but perhaps in search of more than just physical warmth. But men have barred the door and given it hours to keep.

White lights look condescendingly down from the Reynolds Building, as if enjoying their final nights at the apex of the city's attention. In a matter of months, Winston-Salem will have a higher guardian. A clan of little gray bankers is building its own ivory tower, to better look out for the city, of course.

Trucks move in on the metropolis at night, and unload and re-load, and rush out before the dawn. Men pilot these trucks; men who think, men who feel, men who work.

The people who form the blood that rushes through the veins of this city at night are people alone, alone in a world which they have made. And

they help each other. A radio announcer talks and plays music for those who must stay up. Young mothers are awake, and telephone operators, and cab drivers, and bus drivers, and doctors, and sick people, and a thousand others. Boredom is easy to find; but more rewarding is the shared sensitivity to life, behind windows, behind doors, beneath shaded faces. The night is a foil for these, the city's realities.

—Betsy Winstead

Norman Stockton, Inc.
P. O. Box 207 411 N. Cherry St.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

*Expect More At Stockton's -
More Style - More Quality -
More Service.*

Traditional Styled Men's Wear

Books make gifts of a
very special kind.

They don't break,
They don't wilt,
They don't age.

They are like the cake
in the fairy tale,
which can be eaten but
still doesn't diminish.

COLLEGE BOOK STORE

Owned and Operated by
Wake Forest College

For the convenience of students
and faculty

W. F. In The World - Continued

Helping build a school near Dar-es-Salaam in Tanganyika for refugee students from South Africa, Kathy Cain sensed a strong desire for education on the part of the Africans because the "present refugees feel they are Africa's future leaders." As evidence that the Africans also have an extreme sense of nationalism, she said in the groups' free time at night they sang "our freedom songs."

Not every student wants to travel as a "national ambassador" or as a special representative. How to see the world seems a question with many answers. For some it involves actual travel abroad, as tourists or students or workers. For the majority though, it means vicarious travel through books, films, and contacts with foreign students. But perhaps the manner of travel is not really important. The new perspectives gained after experiencing another country's way of life are what make the trip important. Dr. Elizabeth Phillips, who has taught English literature in the Seoul University of Korea, puts it this way: "One must learn the limits of one's own culture to know its extent."

City Beverage

Catering and Delivery Service

If you're planning a **BLAST** see us. We have a complete assortment of ice-cold beverages.

BEST PRICES IN TOWN!

PA 2-2774

904 BURKE ST.

PA 5-1481

Towne House

**MOTOR LODGE
& RESTAURANT**

PUB ROOM

Open 4 til 12



A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE

Capitals show respect
God the Father
God the Son
God the Holy Spirit
I

That makes us equals —
God and I
We may not believe in God
but we capitalize just in case
We always of course, believe
in I

How honest
to write
god
Or respectful
to write
i

Charlene Markunas

The Road

A single candle burns
Upon an altar bare
Of all but this: the priestly cross
On which the pious swear.
I met a stranger on this road,
The road to Eternity.
And as we strode
He instructed me
In the way that I should go.
"I am that I am" He said,
"That is the staff of life.
Depend on it and ask no more;
For more is pride
And less is folly.
Love the man who walks alone
Beneath his wordly troubles,
And do not humble him with gifts,
With satans that torment him,
But share your soul alone;
This is what I give to you,
And you must do the same."
He gave His soul with open hand,
His shadow cast upon the Dust,
When on a Star-crossed hill it stood:
The still, small cross of Galilee:
The figured-disfigured emblem
Of my peace.

Harry Whiteside

Fielding

Tom Jones

A hasty and pitifully incomplete view of an abiding masterpiece of literature written after the style of said masterpiece.

I. A SHORT INTRODUCTION, IN WHICH THE AUTHOR ATTEMPTS TO EDIFY THE PATIENT READER AS TO THE NATURE AND PURPOSE OF HIS WORK.

Tom Jones is both a monumental work and a monument in English literature. It would be fruitless and presumptuous to endeavor to produce a companion-piece for the novel which future generations will deem indispensable for any competent perusal of the work. My observations are, rather, unresearched and personal. "Unresearched" is used here to imply a sparkling freshness of insight and understanding, but the reader may find, upon reading *Tom Jones*, that Mr. Fielding does not necessarily impute any such genius to the writer who has been careful to keep his mind untainted by any learning or study. By "personal," of course, I mean that the following material is composed of those thoughts which managed to intrude themselves unaided into the author's mind while he was absorbed in the aforementioned work. As introductory sections of this type impose a great burden, not only on the reader, but on the composer as well, we will, at my suggestion, end this paragraph and begin immediately.

II. A RATHER LENGTHY SECTION CONTAINING A COMMENTARY ON THE STYLE OF WRITING EMPLOYED BY MR. FIELDING IN THIS WORK, AND ONE WHICH MAY BE OMITTED BY ANYONE WHO HAS READ THE NOVEL HIMSELF, WITH NO LOSS OF ANY KNOWLEDGE WHATSOEVER.

Mr. Fielding is the story-teller "par excellence"; never further than a sentence away, admonishing, explaining, scolding, apologizing, commenting, lamenting, and exploring in a manner that is so

foreign to us today that, at first, we are somewhat mystified. Mr. Fielding pictures himself and the reader as two fellow stage riders. I find this to be very apt; but he is more than this, taking upon himself the roles of teacher, guide, critic, and philosopher, while at the same time he leads, exhorts, coaxes, and entices his readers.

This work by Fielding flows along on liquid sentences, sometimes of great length, which permit very rapid and enjoyable reading. It is also aided by his prodigious and powerfully expressive vocabulary and his remarkable insight into human foibles. To attempt to come to the point briefly; which, in turn, cannot fail to delight the reader, as he has perhaps begun to marvel at my powers of linking together such great quantities of words while meticulously editing from them all content of ideas, an art which I assure him I come by quite naturally; I felt that the style employed was both fitting and even absolutely necessary to this book, at the same time being very entertaining. In fact, I often wondered what this book would be like if written by other authors, especially some of our moderns who often choose to remain completely anonymous while allowing their undeveloped characters to stumble about unaided.

As I have already run on a great deal more than I had ever intended, I am certain that the reader will take little offense if we here conclude the matter of style. I shall state, as a final pronouncement, that I consider Fielding's style of writing to be not only a dominant feature, but perhaps the very essence of the novel itself.

III. CONCERNING THE ACTUAL CONTENT OF THE BOOK, AND IN WHICH THE AUTHOR PROMISES TO BE BRIEF.

As the skeleton is necessary to the body, so this plot is necessary to the whole, except to some of our moderns who have ingeniously dispensed with it; but it is, however, in my humble opinion, the poorest and weakest part of *Tom Jones*, although it is certainly artfully interwoven and well-

Joseph Andrews



structured, containing many surprises and unforeseen twists. It does, however, often depend heavily on a train of improbable circumstances, sometimes seeming forced and unnatural in its explanations.

Mr. Fielding, who very carefully and, at times, almost too slowly nourishes the plot along for well over nine-tenths of the book, suddenly brings it to a screeching halt, almost as if he had tired of writing and had decided to come to a conclusion as briefly as possible. The whole ending falls together too patly, too suddenly, and too conventionally; although we are somewhat prepared for it by prior

Continued on page 28

In this age of industry and electronics, mass-communication and moon rockets, and all the steely dynamism of the modern and mechanized twentieth century, it seems strange that we can sit and read a book such as *Joseph Andrews* and laugh. It's written about a completely different era and a completely different people, in a style far removed from any modern style — but still we sit there and virtually *howl* over *Joseph Andrews*. Why? asks the modern reader — and the answer is simple. It is a comedy, and comedy such as this one is universal.

It is safe to say that the true comic spirit is one of the most enduring, most universal of history's phenomena. Hundreds of years before Christ, when the Greek city-states were flourishing, Aristophanes was recording his social gripes on the varied subjects of cocky servants, inefficient customs officials, and rebellious offspring. The Romans later took up comic drama, and in turn transmitted its characteristics to their descendants; the comic tradition evolved out of this process over the centuries. Why did the tradition not change? Because the people did not change. The comic tradition says that people in Greek city-states were basically the same as people in eighteenth century England or people in twentieth century America.

Joseph Andrews embodies this comic tradition to such a large extent that it strikes the reader as a veritable study in comedy and comic techniques. Fielding's aims are even in this direction. In the author's preface he states, in defense of his use of burlesque:

... it contributes more to exquisite mirth and laughter than any other; and these are probably more wholesome physic for the mind, and conduce better to purge away spleen, melancholy, and ill affections, than is generally imagined.

Even the most superficial of the novel's aspects are humorous. Fielding's characters have such improbable names as Lady Booby, Mr. Peter Pounce, Mrs. Slipslop, and Mr. Tow-wouse. Moreover, the author addresses the reader in very candid terms, with such chapter headings as, "Which some readers will think too short and others too long" and

Continued on page 29

circumstances and Fielding's adamant concerns for justice; not to do violence to the whole tone and nature of the preceding material.

If it is merely the plot that one is concerned with, he may easily secure this from the purveyors of those insidious little scraps known as "outlines," which are so avidly sought by those scholars who have progressed to that enviable stage of erudition where they can master *Tom Jones* with no aid whatsoever from its author.

Dear Reader, who has now become utterly exasperated with one who has been so scurrilous as to promise brevity and to deliver verbosity, I must humbly beg your forgiveness and ask, as my only defense, that you glance over this "brief" section and notice that the poor author has only been able to touch on a minimum of the most important and the most prominent of topics with little or no development of any. Therefore, I promise to desist immediately, with the assurance that if the reader find anything of import lacking, he will, in all justice, charge the lack to his own impatience and not to the author's incompetence, as he feels he has been as brief as possible.

IV. PROCEED AT YOUR OWN RISK, FOR THE AUTHOR REFUSES HEREAFTER TO BE BOUND BY PROMISES.

We may now turn to a consideration which I feel is essential to complete our prior considerations of style and plot; and that, of course, is characterization. The characters with which *Tom Jones* abounds are the most enjoyable, the finest, and the most unforgettable aspect of the novel. All of them are a remarkable blend of the universal and the individual; that is, with no undue profundity, Fielding shuns the stereotype but gives each character so many universal characteristics that he is instantly recognizable and familiar. Fielding possesses this wonderful gift to a degree that has rarely, if ever, been surpassed, even by Salinger in his better moods.

Perhaps the most disappointing character is, strangely enough, the hero Jones and his precious Sophia. Had not Jones occasionally obliged us by being seduced into some wanton's bed and a pitifully few other minor escapades, for which I am sincerely thankful, he might have evolved into a character as unbearable as Joseph Andrews; in short, he was so far removed from my experience

that I never felt I really came to grips with him; but this is doubtlessly explained by the inadequacy of my own character when compared to that of the noble Jones, a circumstance that I am assured will prove no hindrance to my celestial reader.

Sophia was somewhat foreign to me, although I do feel that Fielding admirably portrayed her as possessing that gift with which all of her sex are endowed; namely, being born with the five thousand years of feminine wisdom and wiles with which every little girl is born and which no male can ever comprehend, while at the same time preserving her purity and lack of affectation.

Again, pressed for time and space, I must mention just one more category. I plead that the reader accompany me with only a few of the milder oaths and a large measure of patience.

Some of the most memorable characters in literature are the truly despicable villains—the more despicable, the more we cherish them! How we thrill to really treacherous, outright, dastardly deeds when they are perpetrated by a genuinely black-hearted rogue! In Thwackum and Master Blifil, Fielding has presented us with two of the most wonderfully evil characters in literature. Only when



we long to throttle our villains with our bare hands, as countless times I did Thwackum and Blifil, are these characters effective and can we truly appreciate it when the hero does it for us. True to my word, I close this section and prepare, after the following farewell, to leave the reader to more useful pursuits.

V. A CATCH-ALL, IN WHICH THE READER WILL FIND NO OBSERVABLE STRUCTURE OR QUALITY.

This section may have been better entitled an apology, for certainly I feel that one is in order. I will also take this opportunity to thank my reader heartily for venturing thus far with so little nourishment and to implore his forgiveness.

I intended originally to include such topics as "the influence and personality of Fielding, himself, in the work," and "the social and moral criticism" therein; but because of the cruel restrictions of time and space and as I have thus far spared the reader from such, I shall not presume to foist them upon him here when he must so eagerly anticipate a conclusion.

Do let me say regarding Fielding and his criticism that he does not judge, and he does not preach; but he does utilize great experience with the keenest insight into human nature and society, especially where hypocrisy, injustice, and pride prevail, combined with such kindly, but devastating wit that little injustice escapes his notice.

In parting, I ask only that you judge as Fielding has judged, with benevolence and due consideration of the limitations under which we mortals strive. My most abiding consolation then is this: that I need never fear that the author of this paper will be outnumbered by his readers; and with this to ponder, I bid the reader a fond good-bye.

— Grey LaPrade

Joseph Andrews — Continued

"Of which you are desired to read no more than you like."

Comedy is widely considered to be a reforming device, one which picks out the inherent folly in man and presents it to him gently, so that he can laugh at his own faults while realizing them. In this context, Fielding names affectation derived from vanity and hypocrisy as the major vice of society. He begins to unfold this side of society as soon as Joseph Andrews arrives in London. At once, his comrades begin trying to corrupt him, but "They could not, however, teach him to game, swear, drink, nor any other genteel vice the town abounded with." Soon after, the death of Sir Thomas Booby and his wife's subsequent attempt to seduce the innocent boy are an almost absurdly funny exposition of fickleness and hypocrisy. Moreover, the maid Mrs. Slipslop also has her "heart" set on Joseph's charm — introducing the element of the brazen, candid servant which is so universal an element in world comic tradition.

Another fine point of comic theory is illustrated in these examples. "Incongruity," the great contrast between what *is* and what *should be*, makes the reader laugh in almost any context. We are struck by the incongruity of Lady Booby's attitude right *after* her husband's death; of Mrs. Slipslop's presumptuousness; and, of course, of Joseph's own blushing purity and naivete.

Indeed, the clinging, gentle Fanny is more to his taste. The pristine nature of Joseph's courtship with this maiden is farcical in itself; they live apart, and because Fanny can neither read nor write, "They contented themselves therefore with frequent inquiries after each other's health." Once

Continued on page 30



Reynolda Florist

PHONE 724-4411

GALLINS VENDING CO., Inc.

715 Stadium Dr. Established 1947

724-6327

WE Automatically SERVE WAKE FOREST
DAY AND NIGHT Thru VENDING . . .
Since 1956

they are together on the journey, their courtship consists of quiet tete-a-tetes while Mr. Adams involves them in adventure after adventure, with financial ruin constantly nipping at their heels.

The tongue-in-cheek attitude of the entire novel is exemplified in the opening sentence of Chapter XVI:

Our travelers had walked about two miles from that inn, which they had more reason to have mistaken for a castle than Don Quixote ever had any of those in which he sojourned, seeing they had met with such difficulty in escaping out of its walls . . .

The escape referred to is from the inn of Mr. Towhouse, where the party incurred great debts which they were unable to pay.

Burlesque, or farce, is another comic element with which *Joseph Andrews* abounds — and nowhere more humorously than in the series of chapters dealing with the stay at the inn.

In the first place, Joseph has been brought there because he was beaten and robbed of all his clothes, necessitating his riding in a coach with a lady who protested violently and "held the sticks of her fan before her eyes." Even while Joseph is safely in bed, the arrest and escape of a thief results in a huge brawl, during which Mrs. Towhouse throws a pan of hog's blood onto Joseph. One is reminded of the pie-throwing burlesque of Vaudeville.

Near the end of the book, another farcical scene develops in the universal case of "mistaken identity" through which Beau Didapper attacks Mrs. Slipslop in her bed, and the quite nude Parson Adams rushes to the rescue, only to become entangled in the affair himself.

Henri Bergson, in his essay on "Comedy," names rigidity of character or situation as one of the chief elements of humor. *Joseph Andrews's* are, indeed, rigid. The bawdy Slipslop is always the bawdy Slipslop. Lady Booby, seen enamoured of Joseph at the very beginning of the novel, has not moved one inch from her position; in the final few acts she is still trying to win him by her wiles and hypocrisy. In nearly every case, the characters in this book remain the same from their introduction to our last meeting with them.

The entire climax and denouement of the novel seems more a winding-up of the picaresque ramblings and meting of deserts to the virtuous than it seems a logical result of any former occurrences. The ending is just another example of the universally comic traits of *Joseph Andrews*. The appearance of the peddler who announces that Fanny and Joseph are really sister and brother seems a parody of Moliere's famous "mistaken-identity" denouements. And the emergence of Mr. Wilson as Joseph's true father tops off the whole episode in typical Fielding fashion. If not believable, at least the sequence is laughable.

The bawdy element is also by no means minor in creating a humorous effect. There is none of Victorian prudery here; Fielding discusses frankly and casually Mr. Wilson's problem of venereal disease, Mrs. Slipslop's early sex misdemeanors, and that same creature's supposedly magnificent breasts. The laughter is open and loud; it may become repressed during the moralistic wave of decency that follows in the next century, but it is still there.

And the rowdy humor had been there for a long time, dating back to the vulgar Greek and Roman comedies and to the "esprit gaulois" of the French peasantry. It seems that Fielding has, indeed, struck a universal vein in his portrayal of the life and adventures of Mr. Joseph Andrews.

— Donia Whiteley

WAKE FOREST LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANING

"We do the best shirt in town."

ONE STOP SERVICE

For

LINEN
LAUNDRY
DRY CLEANING

Coin-Operated Machines—Open 24 Hours

Auntie Cathleen - Continued

"Aye, Mama," replied the girl called Deirdre, "he has cried himself to sleep for the worry of going from Fishguard to his Auntie Cathleen in Wexford. He says that Fishguard is his home — that he doesn't care if Auntie Cathleen is his mama's ain dear sister. He says that Auntie Cathleen has not been to Fishguard for a long while and that she will not love him or remember him in Wexford."

"Och, away! And how could she come to Fishguard these past four years, God help her, and she being a poor widow like me, without the price of the ferry." The mother's eyes now had filled with tears, and, as she spoke, she clasped the golden cross and chain which hung around her ample white neck.

"But, Deirdre," she continued, "we must go to Wexford where my sister lives. Your father, Jesus love him, was Welsh, and I came from Ireland willingly to be his wife in Wales, but he is gone now and I am going home."

And at this juncture, Deirdre wept quietly. "Mama," she said after a moment, "it was fine for you to take me and Sean on a holiday to London,

and us going away this very night on the ferry—"

"Well, said the mother, straightening her white shawl, "I thought I must take Sean away from the care of leaving Fishguard — and so I did — but he still is weeping and we must console him, the little Basket, and him only eight years old."

"I remember Auntie Cathleen," said Deirdre, brightening. "The way she walked with Sean and me down to the sea in the summer nights — and once before she left on the ferry for Wexford, the last summer she was here, she pointed to the Fishguard light and said that it would burn like a beacon above our dear house forever and—"

"Och!" cried the mother, breaking in with a laugh, "how I remember that night. After you waved Auntie Cathleen goodbye, you came running back home with little Sean, and he tottering, scarce four years old. Ah, you were excited so."

"Yes, Mama," cried Deirdre. "Auntie Cathleen told me then not to ever grieve for her leaving. She told me that the Fishguard light would burn its beacon's ray through the mist and fog across the Irish Sea to Wexford. She told me, and me a wee girl believing every word, that she would be able to

Continued on page 23



Billy "Pot" Potec gets waylaid
in the Town & Campus dressing room.

TOWN & CAMPUS SHOP

424 W. 4th STREET

COME SEE | LOWEST
COST
50 | FUN ON
WHEELS
\$225*
NEW FROM

HARLEY-DAVIDSON



*f.o.b. Milwaukee

Harley-Davidson—a famous American name—now introduces America's newest fun wheels, the nifty, thrifty M-50. A stylish blend of American and Continental workmanship guaranteed to please the eye and the pocketbook. An all steel, welded frame forms a sturdy backbone for the M-50's dependable 50 c.c. engine. There's 180 miles of fun packed into every gallon of gasoline along with miles of adventure. One ride and you'll agree—the M-50 by Harley-Davidson is the greatest new go on wheels. Take a look and a ride on this fabulous featherweight at:

NEW & USED SCOOTERS
AND SCHWINN BICYCLES
WE TRADE

CABLE'S
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
SALES & SERVICE

950 Brooktown Ave.
One Block South of Sears

Auntie Cathleen — Continued

see the Fishguard light all the way from Wexford and that she would never be separated from us so."

"Och away!" sighed the mother, and then, as it seemed to Kit, who had been carried into the lives of these people by eavesdropping, a sudden revelation came to the mother in a smile which lit up her generous face. "Why Deirdre," she cried, clapping her hands, "it's the distance little Sean weeps for. He thinks that Auntie Cathleen won't care for him because she lives far away. He thinks that she has forgotten him."

"Yes," nodded Deirdre, "well, Mama?"

"Now, Deirdre, go to Sean and tell him about the Fishguard light. Tell him that there's not a night in God's world but that his old aunt goes down to where the tide laps and slaps at Wexford, and she peering into the murky black, looking for the Fishguard light. Tell him that she can always see the light from Fishguard, beaming like the sun of day, the way she has never forgotten or ceased to love him who lives beneath that Fishguard light. Will you tell him, Deirdre, luv?"

"Yes, Mama, I will so," said Deirdre, fairly bouncing away with anticipation.

At half past two the interminable black train pulled into Fishguard. Most of the giggling school girls had by this time fallen asleep, and they were wakened ungently by cheerful, craggy-faced conductors. There was much sleepy jostling, good-natured shoving, as the passengers disembarked. And where the railway ended, the ferry line began. The *Saint Andrew*, a sturdy, graceful craft, soft white like a bird in the dock lights' glare, rocked on the swell. Kit did not see much of Fishguard. He boarded the boat, pulling his woolen coat around his neck against the onshore breeze. Other passen-

gers had begun to break out woolen blankets; hot tea steamed from thermos jugs. Children huddled close to the bulky shapes of mothers and fathers standing by the rail. Kit could see nothing of Fishguard, save for one light burning above the sleeping town.

Then the *Saint Andrew* cast off. She backed out of the slips with a powerful churning sound, on out into the hushed and soundless bay. As Kit stood at the rail, he felt two rather urgent tugs at his arm and then a dig in the ribs with an elbow. Turning to his assailant, he found himself face to face with a small boy, a boy of perhaps eight years, whom he had never seen before. The boy stammered slightly and pointed to the clear green light on shore which blazed over Fishguard. "Mister," he asked standing on tiptoe, "do you see that light

over there, the green one shining like a green fire?"

"Yes," Kit answered, peering into the rapidly forming mist which had all but obscured the light.

"Well, Mister," the boy continued, "My Auntie Cathleen lives all the way over on the other side of the world, and at night she can see that light, from where she lives in Wexford."

"Oh," Kit said.

"And, Mister," the boy went on, "I live in Fishguard, but I am going to Wexford to be with my Auntie Cathleen because she can see my light and loves me so."

"Ah," Kit said. And when the boy finished speaking, he moved away from the rail and took the hands of two, a mother and a gentle sister, who stood beside him unspeaking, as the boat pulled away from Fishguard and its lovely light.

— Christopher Frost

**Monkeys, Man, Machines,
and the
Second Law of Thermodynamics
Wake Forest's Rare Books
A Super-Dooper, Revolutionary
Solution to the Parking Problem**



Miss Melody Lotz

A portrait - - the perfect gift for any occasion

Grigg Studio

on the campus

THESE PORTRAITS ARE SELECTED EACH MONTH FROM THOSE MADE AT GRIGG STUDIO

NOW AT

*"A Giant Step in
Candy Care"*

**farmers
dairy
bar**

**CUSTOM-PACKED
TO YOUR ORDER**
— in any assortment
— in any quantity



VISIT OUR NEW

Old Dominion Candies **CANDY SHOP**

Got a yen for creams? Nutty over nougats? Now — in addition to familiar packaged assortments, you can select OLD DOMINION CANDIES and have them custom-packaged. Your favorite pieces . . . in any combination . . . and in just the quantity you want. Constant temperature control and frequent deliveries guarantee that these award winning chocolates are as fresh the day you buy them as the day they're made! Visit our new "Candy Shop" today.



— Virginia's Gift of Good Taste —

**Colonial
Package**

Old Dominion

**Sweet-Treat
of-the-Week
at
farmers
dairy**