Six Weeks' Term Ends; Two To Go

Examinations last Wednesday brought to a close the week of the six-weeks term in the 1941 session of Winthrop's Summer School. The fifth group of students to leave the campus this summer completed on Wednesday the work for which they came.

The first teachers to finish their session were the educational workshop group, who spent three weeks working out practical solutions for their individual class room problems. This work is under the direction of Carl Brown. Those teachers attending the one-week reading course under Miss Lena Mary Horton finished their course at the end of the third week of the summer term. Plans are on foot to have special classes of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby Adams, here for the second and third week, also left at this time. Completing their work at the end of the fourth week were the mathematics classes conducted by Edwin Hughes and Arthur Kraft.

Miss Foster Speaks At Vespers Wednesday

Miss Edith Foster, missionary to Brazil, who has been attending the Winthrop summer school, spoke on "Religion and Brazil" at Vespers Wednesday night. The program was held in the porters of Main building.

Miss Foster's talk was centered most strongly on the following: Mrs. Willie Mae Murray, Jean Cameron, Daisy Bell, Jock Kirkby and Mr. Blankenship.

Student Has Same Room She Had 15 Years Ago

In the same room where "summer school" boys have lived for 15 years-one of the students was always living in the same room, according to Dr. Helen S. Mitchell of Washington sold audiitories. 9:45 a.m. Symposium on "Secularity"

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Dr. Long Pronounces Mental Health A "Wide-Open Field"

Dr. Long illustrated his point by an illustration comprehensible even to a layman: "Suppose the nerve centers of a person's ear and eye should become crossed so that the ear received light stimuli, and the eye, sound stimuli. In common parlance, our ears would be said to be "out of his head". If these crossed synapses can be broken and allowed to re-form, the patient will become normal.

"I am most interested in psycho-pathic and defective cases." remarked Dr. Long. "Where there is no organic defect, it is possible to effect a readjustment and the patient is able to pursue a normal life."

Dr. Long points to the rapid advance of physical medicine in recent years. Perhaps a similar advance will occur in mental medicine and the answers to many intractable questions may be closer than we realize. "Sometimes," remarked Dr. Long, "we reach for the stars and stumble over the thing at our feet."
The laugh of last week is on those versatilStanleys, Mary Lib, and Judy, who unknowingly locked a dog in the Canteen Thursday night and had to be awakened by Mr. Sadler after eleven. If you think “Fido”, or should we say to rescue the Canteen?

One of the Southies expressed this frank opinion: “He may be the apple of his mother’s eye, but he’s not even o-peeling to me.”

One of the act critics that is roaming around called our attention to the similarity of some of our locals to subjects of the masters. For example:

DANCE OF THE NYPHEMS—Jewel Carter and Sue Rogers
SIR GALAHAD—Fraser
THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—Ethel Hoppard
THE MILLION DEAR—Allie McAneny
THE MINUTE MAN—Burton Allen
THE BLUE BOY—“Buck” Kirby

Miss Bell (to Margaret Skinner, who wandered to class about fifteen minutes late): “You should have been here at eight o’clock.”

Margaret: “Why, what happened?”

Miss Lillian Parks so beautifully says:

“I am the top of a daisy.
Upon your face
With loving gratitude
I felt a benediction in your eyes.”

The sun is bright, the skies are blue;
Fun and frolic wait for you.
Watermelons are on the vine,
An opportunity to eat
At the beach in colored slacks,
Beaching beauties with sunburned backs.
Picknickers go by fences and tens
To the mountains, to the woods we wend.
On broad highways and shadily lanes,
You’ll drive away all aches and pains.
Everyone has lots of fun,
From trekking to her small grandson.
From the old gray mare to the pup called Trixie.
For it’s summer time now down in Dixie.

We Heard Them Say:

Edith Howard (going to a six weeks’ test): “And I guess you’re just burbling with knowledge?”

Eady Cleveland: “No, I’m just “busting”.

Mr. Furr: “Freedom of the press does not mean freedom to in-spite the public against ourselves.”

A Certain Student: Winthrop is considering us for the proposed teacher examinations. We have a quiz every day.

Dr. Maginniss: Yes, I’m open to conviction, but I’d like to see the fellow who can convict me. (In all fairness, the facial expression should not be neglected.)

Dr. Maginniss: Mr. Brockman eats more than his words.

Mr. Brockman: Teachers are allowing themselves to become hysterical over the Certification question.

Dr. Wheeler (in poetic class): “If the author of the poem I’ve just read objects to my announcing her name, please speak up!”
Miss Bentley for this week, were boro for Miss York Sunday evening. Position here to accept the position this summer were the guests at a Honor Miss York experiences as a teacher. As she told a group of college last Sunday. Sunday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Dr. and Mrs. Magginis will be the diners. Phone, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Franklin spent last Sunday in Sharon at the home of Miss Mary Magginis, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Boling.

Hitching Post by EMMIE GOLDSMITH

There is an interesting out hitching post on the campus of Winthrop college. It stands to the left of the front entrance to the Main dormitory. A post is the head of a horse in whose mouth are rungs which the hitching reins are tied. This post is really and truly a part of the "college carriage" and in it. Juvenile couples often spend about over the campus and back forth to the Main dormitory. The range also to take the college mail to and from the students.

When the president wished to stop at the "office" or go out to his own car, he would hitch or unhitch the horse to this post. It might be a place for some college or organization to place a plaque or marker beside the post, which could serve as a meeting place and visitors the significance of the old hitching post.

Gifts from All Over the World

The Occasional Gift for Every Occasion

Tucker Jewelry Co.
Rock Hill, S. C.

THE JOHNSONIAN.
The best of Rock Hall provides right now in recreation and pure unmeasured fun—cigar-dancing. The Shoe Joy Swing, the Black Joy Crawl, the Birdie In A Cage have taken over the town as well as the summer school students, hilariously and completely. At the Country Club last Thursday and Saturday nights, the delegation from Winthrop was engaging in some promenading to that good old hill-william music. Promising buck dancers are Jean Quarles, Stuart Maurice, Harriet Dalton, Ernestine Sitton, Lib Vaughn, Doris McFadden, and Margaret Hatchell.

Swing Your Partner!

The effort to get in at night by the much dreaded 10:30 hour proved too much for some of the inmates of South. Some who have failed to make the dash are Sarah Palmer, Jean Quarles and Doris McFadden. Maybe Vitamin B could come to the rescue as Popeye's famed spinach has so often done. Just eat more bread in the dining room, girls!

Screwy Exam

The price for the screwiest exam certainly go to Dr. Wheeler. He gave this in poetics exactly thirty-six hours in which to stand a six weeks' test. Some of the students took their papers to their rooms, put them down, and promptly went about other business, merely saying, “Well, I'll stand that one when I get back from the show.” The committeemen took their exams with them to their respective towns and Dr. Wheeler went home. Of course, he did take one precaution by asking each student to write a signed statement at the end of his paper saying that he had received no help. Honesty seems to be most unusual policy after all!

By-Lines

Credit for this column last week should go to Georgia Clark instead of Doris Holler. An error in by-line occurred and we don't know who to blame. It just happened. So, if you have already offered your compliments to Doris for last week's masterpiece, then just re-offer them to Georgia—for it was she who did the dirty work!

About People

Then there's the one about "Snoesie" Shelley yelling "Shut up" so loud at Ernestine Sitton in the dining room that the whole place got quiet. What was she saying that was so objectionable, "Snoesie"? . . . Since those popular co-eds round here are always mentioned in this column, I shall fail to say anything about Shirley or Allen this week... However, you'll probably find their much-publicised names elsewhere in this paper—and without the aid of a class.

Mystery of the Dark Room

The mystery of the campus is what happens in the dark room where the members of the photography class spend so much time. They enter that unilluminated portal with a negative and miraculously emerge with a beautiful photograph. It is impossible that they have learned so much in a few short weeks.

Joint Recital, July 21 Is
Last of Entertainment Series

Lois Banermer, harpist, and Herman Ivarson, baritone will entertain Monday night, July 21, in the Auditorium at 8 o'clock. It will be the last of the summer, the other numbers are the series having already been given. There will be no admission charge.

To Go or Not To Go—To Africa-

By REBECCA WILLIAMSON

"Surely you may see them. They were made by my husband, 5000 miles away," graciously said Shirley Sher- er Price, summer school student, as she passed around the snapshots sent to her by her husband who is in Af- rica.

"This is the house in which we'll live if I go this fall," points out Shir- ley. "Well, I'm getting my certificate renewed in case the situation gets too dangerous for me to go, but I really expect to join Jack in Liberia this fall. I would have gone with him in March but we had only 3 weeks' notice, which was hardly enough time to get him ready, nor for him to prepare to stay at least two years. Since covered the ground in Pitts- burg, which made it rather difficult to find enough summer clothes to last two years and to buy household articles, besides storing all our furni- ture, and closing the house. I stayed behind, finished up, and came back to my old home in Sharon."

Mr. Price is not, as we expected, connected with the Army. He is a radio operator and engineer for Fire- stone Rubber Company in Liberia, where Firestone operates an establish- ment of more than 10,000,000 rubber trees.

Although Shirley is eager to join her husband, she is not ignorant of the dangers in his location. She ex- plained, "Liberia is only 150 miles from Dakar, a convenient port for ambitious Axis powers to start the first blow of a Western Hemisphere invasion. Dakar is also a strategic key to the control of the South Atl- antic. Senator Pepper has urged its immediate seizure and occupation as a protective measure, for in spite of the inferior harbor and fever ridden jungle, it might be needed as an air base. The route from the United States to Liberia cuts diagonally across the Dakar-Brazilian line. Thus we see Shirley has studied her war maps, at least near Jack's loca- tion.

"No, he doesn't attempt to give any war news in his letters for they are censored. Only his first letter has had any cut out. It was a diary of his trip over, and a section was cut out through the middle, and that spoiled the other side, too. Oh yes, mine are censored too. It takes a letter about three weeks to come, but one nice thing about it he can radiogaph directly to Akron; so in case of an emergency I could hear it immediately."

With little difficulty we can see Shirley's choice for this winter—paying golf in Africa with her hus- band rather than using the certificate she is renewing.