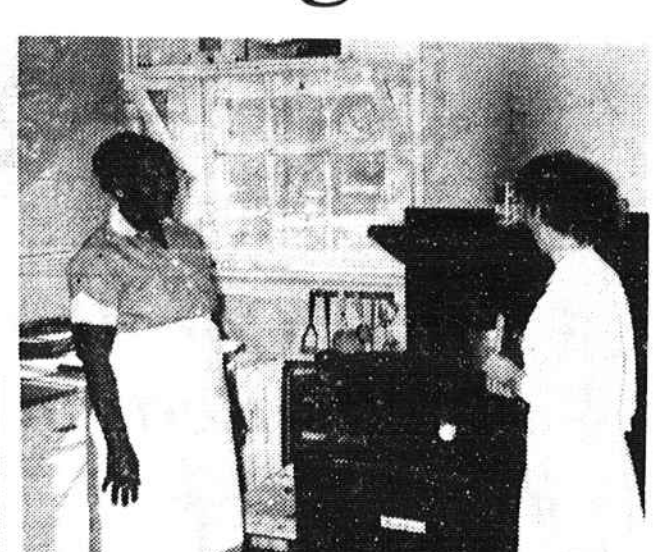
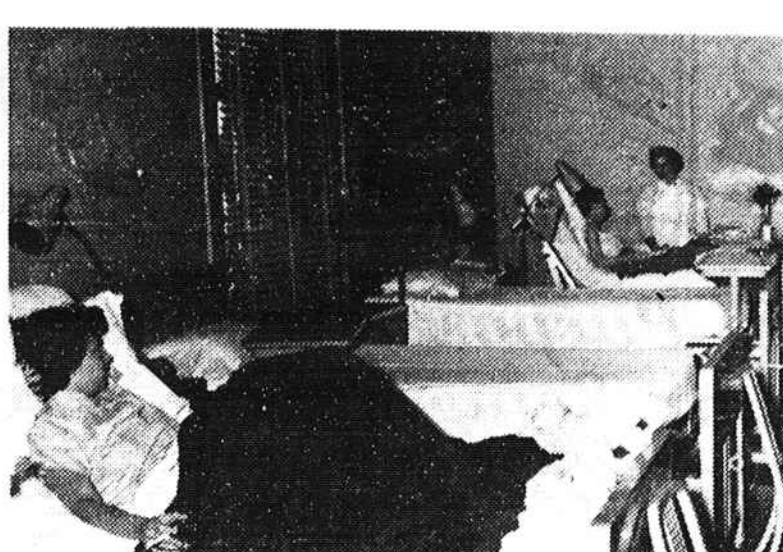
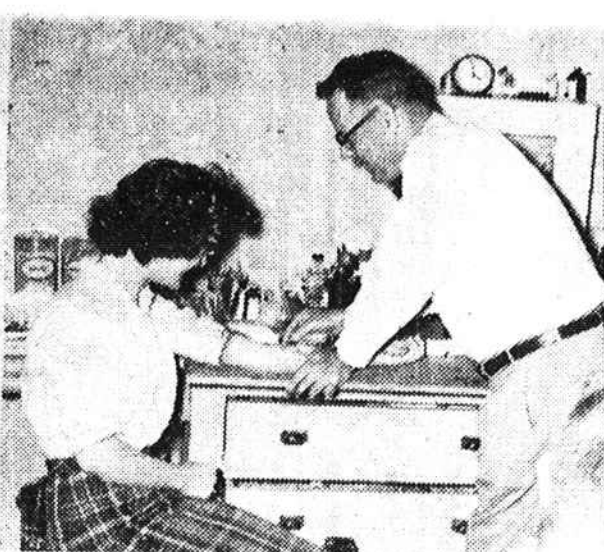
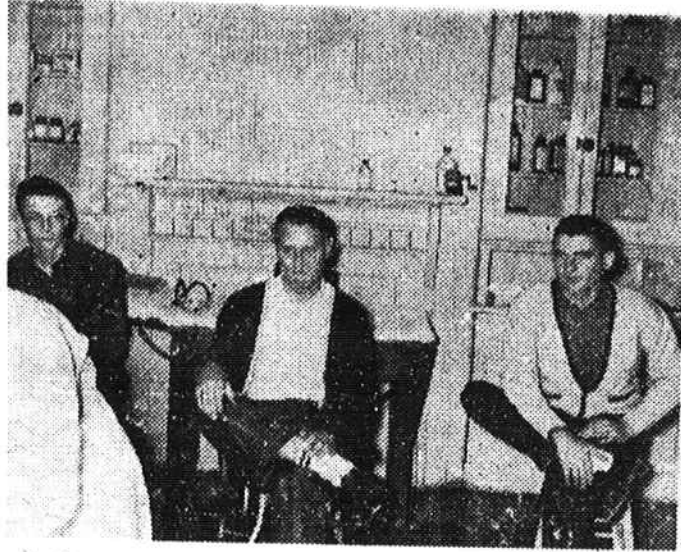


Infirmary Visit Proves Interesting



Infirmaries can be fun, as was proved by a short visit by ye olde "Gamecock" staff to the Wallace Thompson Infirmatory. Of course none of the staff were sick, at least in the conventional sense of the word!
In the first picture, the student in the center seems to be taking things lightly. He objected strenuously to having his picture taken in such a manner, but journalism won out. This is a typical scene, people sitting around with

thermometers protruding from their faces.
Visiting the infirmatory can also be a harrowing experience, as this feature editor found out when she, minding her own business (namely everyone else's), was dragged bodily in to be threatened with a hypodermic. Laughing as he administers the torture is Dr. R. B. McNulty, University physician.
Visiting the women's ward with nurse Willie Davis, we found only two

patients enjoying the care of the infirmatory. There were others in the men's ward and, in contagious cases, private rooms.
In the spotless kitchen, Mrs. Sara T. Bird, dietician, instructs Ethel Grayson, cook, as to menus.
All in all, it was a delightful visit and the staff shall probably return. Let us hope we shall walk in unaided. (Photos by Patterson.)

GOOD LUCK ON YOUR EXAMS!!

We Want You With Us
Next Semester



Gus Jones Visits USC, Looks At 'Derby Day'

BY BRYAN JONES
Special Writer

Derby Day for Carolina was especially significant this year, Gus Jones visited our fair campus. The noted editor of the Ozark Weekly News was my guest and we spent many a fond hour recalling our days together when he was editor and I was copy boy for the erudite weekly.
Arriving unannounced, Gus said simply: "I come to collect the \$20

you owe me." After paying him, he agreed gladly to see this spectacle of fun and frolic we call Derby Day. I released the half-nelson (I've grown considerably since those days, and Gus has gotten weaker) and rejoiced in his acceptance.
"Sheeks," he said, in his Arkansas twang, "I thunked this was going to be a real race." He assuaged his disappointment by viewing the "Miss Venus" contest. . . "I always thought it was a good idea to put their heads in a sack," he concluded.

Gus has gone, taking my \$20 and my best suit, but I'm looking forward to returning for a summer session of sitting at the feet of the "Mencken of the Hills—Gus Jones." Next year we'll report on more of the lives and times of this unheralded penman from the Ozark Mountains.

Call Out the Marines

'Grand Palace' In Distress

BY MARGARET SCOTT

Having met, in my time, the greatest prestidigitator of all time, who was also a little prejudicial, I feel quite capable of delving into the heretofore unnoticed areas of unmitigated turpitude.
But enough of the foul language. The chap I'm speaking of here is presently residing within shooting distance of the glass-walled structure commonly known as the Undergraduate Library.
Now, I mentioned above that this young man is quite prejudiced in certain ways . . . strange ways, I might add. For instance, he doesn't like to be served by a right-handed waitress. Neither does he like his coffee poured straight into his cup . . . preferring that first it be poured into a glass and THEN . . . into his cup.

Obsession

However, these two idiosyncrasies of his are not our problem. We face a greater one. He has this insane (and perhaps insane) obsession . . . not very mag-

nificent, either! . . . to break big glass windows.

But he is such a very sly chap that he doesn't let just ANYONE know about his desires. He even had a job a few weeks ago cleaning the plate glass windows of a store in town. But one day, quite by accident I assure you, he tripped . . . and the mop handle

went crashing through the very biggest window.

No need to explain why he isn't working at present. But he sits all day at his window (a very little one), just staring at the library with all those gorgeous plates of glass.

Least Guarded

Now, as you all know, that is one of the least guarded buildings on campus . . . at least, from the outside. It isn't fortunate enough to have a beautiful iron fence around it to keep away the vandals.

And heaven only knows it has few people inside it to watch for the attack. The wardens at the main entrance can't be expected to watch all sides of the fort.

As if it weren't bad enough for this fellow to be just sitting there, watching . . . watching, he also has a machine gun all lined up . . . target? THE LIBRARY. (Hope he yells 'FORE'.)

Who Would Miss It?

Actually, I don't suppose too many people would miss the grand palace . . . except for the visiting hoardes. And all the photographers around.

But still, it involves a lot of money, and that's something you just don't fool around with these days. So, we HAVE to do something to protect our investment.

Of course, we could just parade up to him and demand that he retreat. But somehow, I just don't think that's too good an idea, what with him swinging that gatlin gun.

So, let's put up a wall . . . a big, high, unsurmountable wall. Not of the little iron-spike variety, but the big, thick, thick, thick, stone and metal kind. And post guards. Call out the campus police in full force . . . add a few from SLED, get some FBI men, and an advance platoon from the Marine Corps.

Tops In the Field

There now . . . that ought to fix him . . . or will it? Well?? Will it? Knowing this chap as I do, I'd say we were still lacking in protection. He'd probably end up as head man of the guard for this project . . . or else as a window-washer again. Like I said, as a prestidigitator, he is TOPS in the field.

Seen, Heard, Spoken ON CAMPUS

Student explaining to wrecker driver why he and his date were stuck in a sand bog on a lonely road at the beach at 3 a.m.

Car seen speeding across Davis Field.

Panic! Parked student and date looking up to find themselves parked on an old railroad track upon which a train was now advancing.

Black cat seen getting off elevator on 7th floor of H. dorm.

Student's father asking student if he drove his car into the classroom after seeing how many miles it registered.

Student fishing date out of pool during recent party at country club.

Student seen involuntarily taking a beer bath.

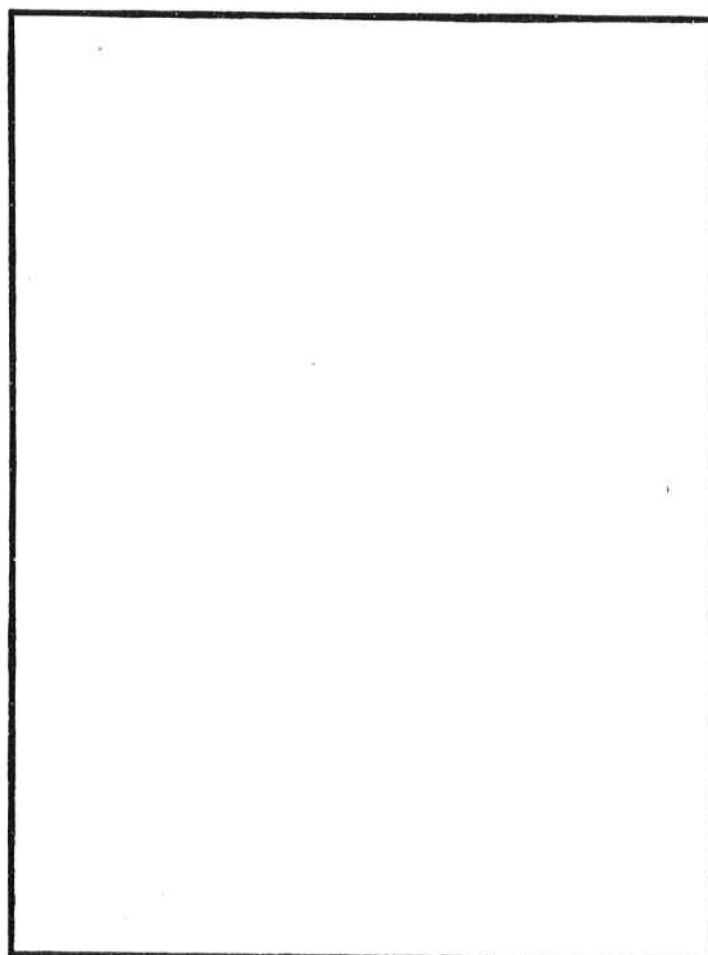
Student returning from the night before going to class in dinner jacket.

Students fully clothed seen swimming from pond after their rowboat sank.

Late but merry student tipping into his parent's home with shoes in hand meeting father in dark hall and saying, "Shhhhh! You'll wake my parents."

Student saying that he was going to barbecue the blind date he had last night.

The Esterbrook SCRIBE* is the Ball Point made to write best on PAPER!



Here is a piece of paper. Clip it out and try this test: write on it with an Esterbrook and all other ball point pens, and by golly you'll see what we mean.

Esterbrook SCRIBE \$1.69

ARCHIMEDDES makes another great discovery... It's what's up front that counts



You can reproduce the experiment. It's easy as π . (Yes, you can do it in the bathtub.) Assuming that you have first visited your friendly tobacconist, simply light your first Winston and smoke it. Reasoning backwards, the discovery proceeds as follows: first, you will notice a delightful flavor, in the class of fresh coffee or of bread baking. Obviously, such

flavor cannot come from the filter. Therefore, it's what's up front that counts: Winston's Filter-Blend. The tobaccos are selected for flavor and mildness, then specially processed for filter smoking. This extra step is the real difference between Winston and all other filter cigarettes. Besides, it's why Winston is America's best-selling filter cigarette.

"Eureka! Winston tastes good . . . like a cigarette should!"

Catering our specialty

Our new modern kitchen is completely equipped to provide for parties, banquets and outings. An efficient serving team will serve fraternity, sorority or private parties of from 10 to 5,000.

FOR CATERING SERVICE
Phone SUNset 2-0338

Sumter Highway
Camden Highway



• Member of South Carolina Restaurant Association
• Member of Columbia Quality Restaurant Association