11-5-1964

The Chanticleer, 1964-11-05

Coastal Carolina University
Student Council Holds Parent - Faculty Reception

On Thursday night, October 22, the parents of the student body at Coastal met the faculty at a reception given by the Student Council. The administration and faculty members, and their wives and husbands were also presented to a long line of parents at 7:30 in the evening. Dignitaries of the towns represented among the students were also present.

The reception room was skillfully decorated in silver and royal blue which was seen in the flower arrangements, faculty carriages and bouquets, candles and refreshments.

Pat Tilghman headed the decoration committee, while Ruth Ellen Hobart planned the refreshments. The class representatives on the Council served, and guided the guests about the building.

The Student body of Coastal Carolina welcomed the Senior classes of surrounding area schools. Tuesday, October 27, Conway and Aynor visited our campus and Wednesday, October 28, Loris, Green Sea, and Floyds were our guests. The final day of visiting, Thursday, October 29, was taken by seniors from Myrtle Beach, Socastee, and Wamppee-Little River.

The students were welcomed by members of the student council and directed to the assembly room by student council members. Mr. E. M. Singleton, Resident Director of Coastal Carolina and several student council members spoke to the visiting students describing of college life here.

After leaving the assembly room, the students were allowed to wander through the halls and see the facilities and equipment Coastal Carolin has to offer. These students were impressed by our library. They were also amazed by the laboratory facilities. One student from Conway when asked her opinion of Coastal Carolina replied, "friendliness and cooperativeness of the student body, as well as the faculty, has influenced my plans as to which college to enter next fall." As a whole, the behavior of the visiting students was exceptionally good.

After touring the building, the visiting students were guided to the refreshment stand. Here they were given a bag lunch containing an apple, an oatmeal cake, a sandwich, and of course, a Pepsi Cola. Senior week proved quite successful.

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From The
Biddy's Quill

The mad rush of mid-semester is now over. Once more we can settle down to the normal pace of college life. It's too late now to change that history grade or that English grade that's on its way home, but at least the sleepless nights are over—for a while at least.

Did you notice that the halls were a little crowded during mid-semester? Perhaps you were too tired from your studying to realize it, but the seniors from all the area schools were our guests. I am proud of the reception we gave them, and I would certainly like to commend their good behavior during their visit. All I can say is that if the seniors who visited Coastal are a representation of future Coastal students, we have a lot to look forward to next year.

The Presidential race is now over, although this is being written in advance of November 3, and, therefore, I have no idea who the winner is. It seems that my fellow Coastal students were overwhelmingly for Senator Goldwater. The straw ballot held last week gave the Senator a 49 to 13 landslide victory. The young man who was running up and down the halls cheering when the results were posted was, naturally, Gordon Fritz, and the poor fellow who just stood there with his hand over his heart and tears in his eyes was Bennett James.

You will find that this edition of the CHANTICLEER has increased in the number of pages by two. We are aiming for another increase next edition. In this edition we have added a mysterious ghost writer, and the column of Mr. Rake Straw. Several weeks ago I received a letter from an unknown person saying that he (or she) would submit, each edition, a ghost story. The first of his stories appears in this edition. As editor I would like to hear all comments from the student body on this new addition to the CHANTICLEER. The first thrilling story shows great promise. I only hope that our mysterious writer will keep up the good work, and continue to submit such horrifying tales.

The other addition to our paper, as I have already mentioned, is the column of another unknown person, Mr. Rake Straw. Mr. Straw's column is entirely devoted to criticism of the student council. Though his cuts are a little deep at times, criticism is a necessary part of any type of government, for it is through criticism that the office-holders are kept in line. We only hope that Rake's criticism will be taken

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Martha Alsbrook

A friend has died. Our friend was declared officially dead when the CHANTICLEER decided to print the column of Miss Martha Alsbrook. His funeral was the printing of this year's first edition of the CHANTICLEER. Yes, Halsey Taylor is dead! Yet from his ashes there arises a new figure, Martha Alsbrook. No great monument will probably ever be erected to Halsey Taylor, but he will always remain enshrined in our hearts and memories.

It seems as if young and inexperienced Martha made a grave mistake in her very first column. I promised that I would give my prediction on the outcome of this year's Presidential race, not realizing that the second edition of the CHANTICLEER would not be printed until after the election was over. Yet I will give my prediction anyway, for even though this will not be printed until after November 3, it is being written two weeks before the election.

No one can ever be sure, when picking a candidate to win a Presidential race, of being right, but this year there seems to be little doubt as to whom the victor will be. Before I make my choice, though, let me discuss the deciding issues of the race.

President Johnson has been hurt greatly by rumors of shady deals on Capitol Hill. The Walter Jenkins case convinced many former doubters that our President is not the honest man that he should be.

The civil rights issue was once thought to be the issue that would defeat the President in the South, but Senator Goldwater's membership in the N.A.A.C.P. and his contribution to help finance an integration school suit helped lessen the blow to the President.

Senior Goldwater is also being cut to ribbons by the administration's charge of being trigger-happy. The Senator's statement that he often liked to shoot

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Rake Straw

I'd like to commend the Student Council on its program for proper parking. It is most trying to get out of class and find that some interloper has crunched your left roller skate in the adjoining parking space! That Student Council seems all 'eat up' on raising more more more money, and I will not oblige them by parking improperly.

What I have just said about the Student Council is all a bunch of garbage......

To: Student Council! Ha! Ha! The Student Council doesn't have enough "brain power to actually plan anything. The idea for parking violations came from an outsider. The Council grabbed the idea and followed through by running off the tickets. I'll be willing to bet that no more than three or four fines have been collected. If the Student Council were a little more organized, they could collect fines and raise money even though the idea did come from an outsider.

I am proud of the fact that the Council did at least run off the tickets, since that is all has done all year other than to plan ratty parties. I suppose you noticed that some of the parents had to wait in line at the reception even after 7:30 to be served refreshments. That is a fine example of organization.

If you are a bug for confusion, you should attend one of the Student Council meetings on Monday at 1:00 P.M. (or anytime thereafter whenever all the members finally remember that there is a meeting scheduled!). You have to be on your toes to know what is going on because everybody talks at the same time. It would help if the President sat in the proper chair. At least you would know for sure who was supposed to be in control. And, heaven forbid, have you ever heard of a secretary who didn't take minutes? But with all the confusion and lack of parliamentary procedure, who can blame her? Next comes the financial situation——Did you know that the Treasurer has not been able to decide the total cost of the last party (it was held in Sept.)??

Representation is for the people, of the people, and by I-Wonder-Who?? You students should really "kick" about the poor representation you are getting. Class Representatives are supposed to be present at all scheduled meetings of the Student Council, but it is a rare occasion when all members of the Council are present! It is a good thing that the President is usually present at the meetings due to the fact that the VP can't seem to get there.

Tell Miss Alsbrook that I, too, am single and always available.

RAKE STRAW
Dear Doctor Mavillicent,

My husband and I were married about two years ago, and until recently we had no trouble whatsoever. Around three weeks ago, Melbin started going out right after supper and not coming home again until 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning. This has been going on every night. I am at my wit's end. Just what excuse does he have coming in at that hour when he has to be at work at 7:30?

Wilhelmina

Dear Wilhelmina,  

Breakfast.

Dear Dr. M.,

There is a big party coming up at school very soon and I do so want to go, but I can't find a date. Do you have any suggestions as to who I can date or how I can find one?

Marge Grimmer

Dear Marge,

I can't think of anyone right off hand but I will refer your case to an FBI friend of mine who lives in Myrtle Beach.

Doctor M.

Dear Doc.,

I have a terrible habit of sticking my foot in my mouth every time I say anything. I find this very embarrassing sometimes and would like to do something to cure myself. Have you any ideas that I could try?

E. J. Anderson

Dear E.J.A.,

I would suggest that you cut your foot off or tape your mouth, but there is only one solution that will do you any good. Chop off your head, and then not only will everyone be spared from your called-for-remarks, but also from the ugly face that leads you around all the time.

Doctor M.

Dear Dr. M.,

There is a certain girl who is after me. I don't want anything to do with her, but I can't get rid of her. How do you go about giving girls the brush-off without hurting their feelings?

Benjy James

Dear Mr. James,

You'll have to be catty about it and not act like a tiger.

Doctor M.

Dear Dr.,

I am in a car pool which is causing one great pain in my right arm. Several times I have to walk around in the parking lot or wander around in the building waiting for the other members of the pool. I have a heavy brief-case that I have to carry around with me. What can I do to make this arrangement more satisfactory?

James Branham

Dear Mr. B.,

I suggest you put the brief-case down while waiting.

Doctor M.

Dear Dr. M.,

Kindergarten Comes To Coastal Carolina

Have you noticed that very special group of visitors who come everyday to Coastal? The manly-looking little fellows all wear their short pants and scuffed shoes with such an air of pride. Ann the cunning small girls with their hair ribbons add a note of brightness to the halls. At times they seem to want to imitate their elders, and you'll see them trotting happily along carrying Little Golden Books, just as if to say "We study just like you big people." The books, of course, are just a status symbol to them since few of them know how to read.

This group of pixies is the Coastal Carolina Play School section. Except for their small child behavior, they are often not noticed since, strangely enough, they are just as tall as regular students.

In the several communities serving our school, the kindergartens were filled to capacity; so Coastal as a public service agreed to open its doors to a small number of pre-schoolers. With our own crowded conditions, this was quite a concession, but somewhere had to be found for these youngsters. Their parents didn't want them hanging around the wrecking the house all day, and it does take a certain amount of maturity to hold down a job.

Ever since school started, however, there has been a growing suspicion that the schools in the home communities of these children took advantage of our generosity. Most of the kids have been to school before and it's becoming more and more obvious that Coastal inherited some "graduates" who were turned out just to get rid of them. Some of the childish behavior of our kindergarten group is a little hard to take.

When these infant-ones write on the desks and walls; when they spill their milk and cookies on the furniture and floors; when they strip leaves and branches off the plants on the campus, just realize that this is one of the characteristics of many babies. Their little minds aren't developed enough to realize that the adults in school value the building and grounds. They don't understand that some of us might not have had a chance to go to college if Coastal hadn't been built. They can't comprehend the problems we've had, in some instances, in public relations when we try to build the image of the school in our communities. They don't realize that the dream of a Student Union building might as well be forgotten, if the powers decide that there's no point in putting money into another building to be wrecked.

A few ideas have crossed our minds to help cope with the kidder's problems. Maybe we should start a fund drive to Continued on Page 6

CHANTICLEER

Chanticleer, students newspaper of U.S.C. Coastal Carolina Center, established in 1962, is the monthly publication of the student body.

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Sports Editor ........................ LeAnne Lundy, Seth Williams
Art Editor .......................... Ruth Ann Chestnut
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Typist .............................. Jenny Lynn Freeland, Joa Graham
Photographer ...................... Gordon Fritz
Chant's Pertelote

Lately, the addition to CHANTICLEER's circle of charming lasses is a flame-tressed freshman bombshell from Myrtle Beach, Miss DONNA HARRISON. That devilish grin pictured above is not a thing of accident; Donna cultivates her host of stumbling, rambunctious admirers with this, the ultimate weapon of femininity—oh, John, Richard, Morgan? Donna has already made her presence known at Coastal through her participation in school activities. She is one of three freshmen currently serving on the Garnet and Black staff. One of her many favorite extra-curricular activities is the playing of hearts, a demanding card game. Sealed does a day pass without some unsuspecting victim of Donna's "witch-dropping" toss himself out the student lounge window after being graced by "the lady of spades." Someone must speak with Donna concerning this unladylike conduct. If we continue to lose students at the present rate, tuition fees will be trebled for those of us who are left.

Donna, a protege of Mr. Jerry Teal while at Myrtle Beach High School, finished her sentence at that institution in three short years and thus arrived at Coastal while still "sweet sixteen," in answer to the second phrase in the ageless expression ("and never been kissed"), we once more direct your attention to the expression adorning the features above.

Welcome, Donna, to CHANTICLEER'S elect. The old boy has long-cried his want of a child bride.

To be seen - STAND UP!
To be heard - SPEAK UP!
To be appreciated - SHUT UP!

MARTHA ALSBROOK

Continued from Page 2

from the hip, and his proposed plan of destroying Chinese supply lines by use of nuclear weapons has certainly slowed his frantic drive for votes.

Senor Goldwater's fairyland wish of doing away with the whole-income tax system, which would hike the average man's taxes to a fantastic figure, and at the same time cut taxes by 25%, is proving to be too wild for the American people to put any reliance upon, even in today's world of wonders.

In addition to the charge of low morals in high places, the President is lacking more and more votes every day by the Republican claims that he is compromising with the communists. Much of the sting was taken out of this charge by the President's actions in the North Viet Nam crisis.

In view of these facts, I think that there will be a Texan in the White House for the next four years. I predict the popular vote to be somewhere in the 43% to 55% range. This would, naturally, constitute a landslide victory, a Presidential race. By the way, if you are wondering what happened to the other 2%, it went, naturally, to our own Dero Cook.

Does anyone know what our school symbol is? Well if you've been wondering, it's the "Chanticleer". Personally, I don't think that "Chanticleer" is a very appropriate apellation for our small school. I think that our symbol should be the "Bantams." This title would go well with the University's, (speaking of the whole University of South Carolina), symbol of the "Game-cock" for our center as compared to the main University campus as is a bantam compared with a gamecock. Anyone interested enough to start a petition? Certainly, Martha would not be able to start one without fear of giving away her identity.

The remaining portion of my column, I would like to dedicate to John Fitzgerald Kennedy. This month of November marks the first anniversary of one of the saddest events of the history of mankind. For it was on November 22, 1963, that our President was slain by a madman on the streets of Dallas.

How do you remember that day? Do you recall the first bulletins that came over the T.V. and radio? Do you recall the tears in the eyes and the shockness in the voices of some of the worlds most famous news commentators? Or, perhaps, you recall how the whole world paused; democrats and republicans, Southerners and Northerners, capitalists and communists, all alike, to pay homage to one of the greatest men of history.

The whole world stopped its mad rushing, for three terrible days, to pay its final respects to their fallen leader.

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All three of America's major television networks lost millions of dollars by cancelling all regularly scheduled programs to give complete coverage to events following the assassination.

The courage of Mrs. Kennedy during these three days was inspiring, and the innocence of little John-John as he soluted his father's coffin as it passed by, made one of the most touching scenes of history.

President Kennedy was a man of great ideals. Many of these ideals were never fulfilled, just the inspiration he gave to us is a great gift in itself. President Kennedy proved, at least for a while, that politics could be clean, without shady deals and under-handed methods. He showed the world that a President could have an earnest interest in humanity, and, yet, at the same time show no sign of weakness.

The name of John F. Kennedy will live for ages to come. The ever turning mill of history will some day distort his image, but as long as Americans knew him, (and we all knew him), remain on the face of the earth, the memory of J.F.K. will always be sharp and clear.

Still looking for a partner.
Mr. Poppleton's Return

Jody wiggled his bare brown toes in the cool sand of the path that led to Mr. Poppleton's house in the orchard. June is a wonderful month to a ten-year-old boy! There is always something adventurous to do; and after supper, which is served before dark in summer, Jody's mother never questioned what he did in the hour and a half before bed-time. Now, he was headed to his favorite place, high in the apple tree outside Mr. Poppleton's window. It was not spying or eavesdropping in the boy's mind. To him it was a continuing adventure, somewhat like a radio soap opera is to some people; Mr. Poppleton was a strange man with ideas so different from anyone Jody had ever known. He shivered in anticipation of what he might hear tonight as he shinnied up the tree as quickly as a cat-squirrel.

Inside the neat little cabin the old lady was busily setting the table for the evening meal. She made Jody think of a round little robin; her eyes had that some quick, darting ability, and she always wore an apron. But it was her husband who had completely fascinated the boy ever since his dad had hired the old couple as caretakers for the farm. There really wasn't much for them to do, other than care for the flock of chickens and pigs, except look after the place when Jody and his parents went to visit Granddad and Grandma in Virginia every fall.

Mr. Poppleton was a good caretaker; but he didn't talk much, and Jody wouldn't have learned of the old man's strange ideas if he hadn't spent so much time in his favorite perch in the apple tree. For Mr. Poppleton believed in reincarnation, you see; and he spoke tenderly to the little old lady of coming back to her in some form, so he'd never really leave her alone even though his heart was weak. They had no children and as far as Jody could tell from his listening, no relatives anywhere either.

The boy's hair stiffened on the back of his neck as he tried to visions Mr. Poppleton in some other form, like maybe a dog or a pig. But how would the old lady know it was REALLY Mr. Poppleton? Jody wondered and wondered; but he couldn't ask his mother because she'd never understand, and she'd be sure to punish him for spying on an old couple that only asked to be left to their privacy.

As the summer wore on and Jody continued to keep his evening vigil in the apple tree, it became apparent even to the boy that Mr. Poppleton was failing from day to day. The heat was awful; and, as boys will, Jody divided his time between wading in the creek, running the cows up, eating everything in sight, and, of course, visiting Mr. Poppleton without Mr. 'Poppleton's knowledge.

It was no surprise to Jody to see the doctor's car in Mr. Poppleton's yard one steamy morning in August. His mother went, giving the boy strict orders to stay at home and "tend to things" till she got back.

Black ominous thunder-heads were in the afternoon sky when she returned and told Jody that Mr. Poppleton had "Passed away."

The boy went thoughtfully about the business of driving up the cows, tending the chickens and pigs, and then help-

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Garnet and Black Staff Chosen

SHIRLEY GRISSETT heads '65 annual staff.

The Garnet and Black '65 staff has been announced as follows: Shirley Grissett, Editor-in-chief; Donna Harrison, Class Editor; Roger Van Wie, Business Manager; Wally Martin, Sports Editor; Ruth Ann Chestnut, Art Editor.

Staff members were accompanied Friday, October 23, by Mr. Callie Maddox to Columbia for a meeting with the publisher and the Garnet and Black staffs from the four other centers. Basic plans for the annual were discussed. Further meetings are scheduled throughout the coming months.

KINDERGARTEN

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build the kindergarten group a little play yard of some sort. Lack of a recreation area has forced them to ride their tricycles, and kiddie cars in our parking lot. Be careful as you drive in to park. Even though it is annoying to have kids racing and skidding kiddie bikes in an area build to accommodate adults and their cars, again remember the five-year-old hasn't developed enough sense to know what danger to himself and others means.

Too, guess maybe we should get in the habit of locking our cars now after we park. Getting used to doing this will be hard since we never have had problems before. But, unfortunately, little fellows will now and then decide to kill time by taking cars apart, opening windows or in other ways letting rain pour into a parked car, or removing items left in cars. If your gas tank has a lock in it, be sure to find the key for that, too. Cars don't run well when rocks, sand, and junk are put into gas tanks.

The psychologists all tell us that when a pre-schooler takes something belonging to someone else, it's not really stealing. They are too young to know what right and wrong are. Until our school becomes a completely grownup institution again, maybe we'd better start taking purses and belongings with us instead of leaving them around. When a little child sees money lying around, guess all he thinks about is the number of ice cream cones he could buy with it. So we'll just have to remove temptation.

FROM THE BIDDY'S QUILL

Continued from Page 2

constructively and used for the betterment of the Student Council.

Of course, the column of "Unmarried and always available", Martha Alsbrook, will be continued. Dear Martha, it seems, is obsessed with politics, and this edition she comments on the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Her comments on his death are appropriate indeed, coming one year following the deed which staggered the world.

As Editor of the CHANTICLEER, I welcome all letters and comments from Coastal students on any subject. All letters to the editor will be considered for publication by the CHANTICLEER. I would like to emphasize that none of the letters or columns printed, except of course the editor's column, necessarily reflects the views or opinions of this newspaper or anyone concerned with its publication.

Our Student Council has been very active during the past few weeks. The Council, at the suggestion of our director, Mr. Singleton, has undertaken a project to find all students that park improperly in our parking lot. The parking situation has improved visibly. October 22 was the date of the successful Parent-Faculty Reception, which the Student Council sponsored. Last Friday night, October 30, was, as everyone knows, the night of our Halloween party.

The student council has also in the advanced stage of planning, a Christmas dance featuring the "Caravelles." The public will be allowed to attend for a nominal fee. Students of Coastal will naturally be given free entrance.
**Poppleton**

Continued from Page 5

ing his mother close the windows against the approaching storm. When the work was all done, Jody asked if he might “sit up” with Mr. Poppleton. It is the custom in Horry County to “sit up” with a corpse through the night. It is not left alone until burial.

Kind neighbors bring cakes and sandwiches, and make coffee to fortify the ones that are “sitting up”; the night seems incredibly long, as one can imagine.

So well-scrubbed and very excited, Jody made one more trip down the orchard path to Mr. Poppleton’s house. The wind was getting up and thunder rolled closer and closer as jagged lightning rent the twilight sky.

A scattering of neighbors were about the place, some on the porch, others in and around the house, talking in low tones out of respect for the dead. Jody took a seat near a window in the little parlor. Mr. Poppleton’s gray coffin stood alongside the wall.

Mrs. Poppleton, dressed in somber black and minus her apron, sat in the old maple rocker. She wasn’t crying; indeed her face seemed to wear a peaceful expression. The neighbors came and went, pausing to look in at Mr. Poppleton, then to speak consolingly to the widow before leaving. Soon the crowd dwindled as the storm grew nearer, and only the ones sitting up were left. The clock ticked loudly on the mantel, but Jody was far from being sleepy. The air was electrifying; it fairly crackled. The boy waited for he knew not what.

The storm broke with a rush of huge rain drops and howling wind. Lamps flickered and threatened to go out. The whole room and the people in it took on an unreal quality, like inhabitants in an unwanted dream. None of them said a word. Flying limbs of the apple trees beat against the little house as the storm released its pent-up fury.

Blinding flashes of lightning lit up the windows like a sunrise for the space of a heart-beat. And then it stopped! The unearthly stillness that followed was almost unbearable and broken except for the scratching at the door.

The visitor stood on the threshold for a moment, distainful of the delay with which he’d been received, slowly switching his coal black tall; and then he walked unerringly to Mrs. Poppleton’s feet. Tenderly she reached down and lifted the fluffy black cat to her lap where he curled up peacefully and made himself right at home.

**Halloween**

Continued from Page 4

faculty showed up to attend the dance. It looks as though this campaigning has really gone to Mr. Kirkland's head.

The refreshment table was running over with old moldy sandwiches and green and purple punch. The punch was served in a delicate tin bucket, very original, Joan and Donna. By the end of the evening only a few scraps were left, so everyone must have enjoyed the food regardless of how it looked.

After the party got underway a judging was held to pick the best boy and girl costume. One thing can be said about Coastal’s students, they go all out for these parties. Among many of the contestants we had two-gun Morgan; clowns Le Anne and Elliott; cave-man Jones; beatniks Sarah Lyn and Dorain; vampire Wilson; convict Joa and Donna; Democrats Jenny and Lindsay; Pocahontas Hobart; Father James; and many, many more. The faculty had a difficult time trying to decide, but they came through in the end. Elliott James, the clown, took the prize for the boys and received a shaving kit. Cheryl Jensen was the winner for the girls and received a set of “Angelique” cologne. Cheryl came as the mysterious guest.

A good time was had by everyone and we’re sure this party will remain in the minds of all for a good while. Our thanks go to the faculty for attending this dance and acting as our chaperones. Thanks also, to all those who helped decorate and clean up the armory.

Today I lost my temper
And angry words were said:
Words that did not help at all,
And they are now beyond recall-
The angry words I said.

**Po-Boy Drive In**

**Box Luncbes - Sandwiches - Milk Shakes**

Phone 248-4049 Conway, S. C.
I don't believe he is giving us all this garbage!

It's that time again! Midterms are here and for the freshmen this means a new experience. The teachers are ready to start testing. Mr. Maddox has given a "sample exam" and is ready to give the real test now. Mr. Branham is ready with History 11, History 21, and political Science. The Science Department and the Language Department have their tests ready and waiting for our brilliant young students to begin.

Only a few short weeks ago we entered those huge doors with high hopes and dreams of the Dean's List. Now our hopes and dreams are filled with cries and screams.

Picture a typical student as he begins to study for his exams. It is Sunday night and he has postponed his studying in order to watch the football game.

Tomorrow he has several exams. ("Quizzes" as they are called here.) "First I'll study my French and then my Spanish."

"Boy, it sure would be terrible to say 'Bonjour Mademoiselle' in Spanish and 'Buenas dias, Senorita' in French."

"Now let's see, History 11 'In 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue; at least I know that much."

"History 21, Jamestown was settled in 1964?? Hey that's not right. James-

Would he really ask us to know all that?

town was settled in 1607. (I think.)"

It's nearly 9:00 o'clock, this bright Monday morning, as the star pupil stumbles up the stairs to class. He is doped on No-Doze and ready to fight the world. A few minutes after the test begins where is the "star pupil"? Fast asleep with his head on the desk.
Basketball season has begun at Coastal Carolina for the year 1964-'65. Official practice began Monday, October 20.

A large crowd of boys turned out for the first practice. The team this year will have more players than any squad in the history of Coastal Carolina.

The 1964-'65 squad seems to have more spirit and fire than last year's team had. The boys have the ability and desire to play ball and to make this year a winning season for the school. Each individual player has the speed, coordination, and love for the sport to play excellent ball. The squad will be as solid as a rock in every position on the floor.

Several of the boys can play any position in basketball. Even more important, several players can even "stuff" that ole "pumpkin."

Not only does the team have more potential, it has the most beautiful word in basketball language—Height. The players range in height from 5' 10" to 6' 6".

Every boy on the squad will be "bench shy." From the way things look now, there will be two teams playing almost equal size. This will be done in order to keep a fresh team on the floor at all times. This will allow us to score more points, give everyone a chance to play, and most important of all, win more ball games.

The Coastal Chanticleers had their first practice game against the Green Sea High School team at Green Sea Wednesday, October 28.

Coastal Gets New Coach

This seems to be the retiring year for coaches. Mr. Singleton, our Resident Director and coach stepped down and retired to his leather cushioned office chair to let Cal Maddox, our elite English professor, take over that highly responsible and nerve-racking job of coaching the Coastal Carolina Chanticleers:

Most of the players seem to think Mr. Maddox should read a book or two on how to coach modern basketball and leave off old methods of basketball that he used in his high school days—back in the early '30's.

All kidding aside, the whole team knows that Coach Maddox is behind us all the way and will make our team the winning team in the league.

Did anyone know that Horry County ranks next to Richland and Greenville counties in turning out the best athletes, and the most-sought-after by colleges in the state?

Frank McGuire, the new head coach at Carolina, started preseason varsity

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basketball drills a few weeks ago.

He said that the Carolina Gamecocks are the "biggest challenge" he has ever faced in his coaching career.

The South Carolina varsity basketball team will be one of the taller squads in the A.C.C. this year.

Galloping along behind the Gamecocks are the "biddies," or Frosh team, that has one player 7'1".

The "Biddies" are expected to have an undefeated team this year. The same cannot be said about the varsity, though they will be one of the top ranking teams in the A.C.C.

Cardinal manager, Johnny Keane, who coached the Cardinals to a world championship over the New York Yankees took the manager's job of the N.Y. Yankees away from the famous Yogi Berra.

Students!! We have a fine coach, a great ball team and we're hoping for a good cheering squad.

Do Your part as a Coastal student. Attend our games and help cheer our boys to VICTORY!!

The sports department of Chanticleer would like to take this opportunity to recognize a person whose efforts will be greatly appreciated by the 1964-1965 basketball team of Coastal Carolina.

Come forward Clyde Wilson and assume your responsibility as water-boy, pill-carrier, leg-wrapper, equipment-bugger and chewing-gum caddy!

FINISHING UP a familiar cheer are Chanticleers' sophomore cheerleaders. Left to right are Jane Anderson, Donna Godbold, and Joan Graham.

skirts with the exception of the head cheerleader, and she will be dressed completely in white.

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