Coastal Reaches Record Enrollment: 229 Students

Registration for the fall semester at Coastal Carolina Regional Campus took place on September 16th and 17th. The first day's activities were reserved for the sophomores while freshmen were enrolled on Friday. Acting in their roles of "old pros," the sophomores reported but few casualties; such was not the case with the uninitiated freshmen. Cries of anguish were frequent in occurrence as freshmen had their schedules ripped to shreds by unsympathetic faculty advisors, had their pockets picked by the book store, and were seized by cramps as their hands froze at the task of filling out more cards than Russia has broken treaties.

As classes began the following Tuesday, the signs of an unfamiliar routine were in large evidence. Eager faces were seen searching for room numbers and anxiously awaiting the beginning of classes; freshmen smoked timidly in classes for the first times in their lives; and the sophomores sat on the edges of their seats awaiting the dismissal of classes so that the incessant bridge games could be resumed in the cramped quarters of the 'lounge.'

At least one meaningful change was instituted during the recent registration procedures. The administration of Coastal took a helping hand in the matter of assuring that students were actually enrolled in classes which would count toward degree requirements by publishing a much simplified list of requirements for differing majors and also by assigning each student

Continued on Page 3

Jones Named Editor Of Chanticleer

An obviously relaxed, unhurried, and contented John Jones of C.C. can be seen in the above picture. Out of respect for the sensitive natures of Chanticleer's readers, no picture of the same young man will be run in our last issue. The change in his appearance will probably be appalling.

John is the new editor of Chanticleer for 1965-1966. In the next few months, he will guide, beg, plead with, and coerce his staff to produce editions of the student newspaper. Happily, John knows the myriad details for which he's responsible, having had previous experience working on the staffs of Aiken Jr. High's The Buzz, James Island, S.C. High School's Ram Review and, last year's Coastal Carolina's Chanticleer.

The new editor finished high school on James Island, near Charleston,
The Chanticleer should like to take this opportunity to welcome all new students and faculty members and to all of those who are returning from last year it should like to say, “Welcome back.” It is sincerely hoped that the days at Coastal will be memorable ones.

Students, Coastal Carolina is a small college, but a proud one. It is an excellent institution with the most modern lab equipment and one of the best trained administrative staffs in the state. Be proud to be a student here and work for your best interests as well as for Coastal’s, which is higher education.

Beginning the new college year is an interesting experience. One looks forward once again to seeing the old gang, making new friends, and participating in varied student activities and social events. Many times, however, the old gang, is not there and the movement to make new friends is affected by shyness. Freshmen, especially, have the interesting and demanding experiences. During the first few weeks of the first semester, they must make the transition which will distinguish them from high school seniors. If this change is not made, they may find themselves the victims of a wasted college semester or a very low G.P.R.

Coastal students, take warning! Summer is over. It’s time to buckle down and start studying. Save the daydreams of lazy days and sunny beaches for the times when class assignments are completed. Put away that surfboard and grab that heavy pile of textbooks and get busy. For now—concentrate on that math problem or history lesson. There is an old Chinese Proverb, “Those who do not study are only cattle in men’s clothes.” Remember this proverb and use it to start off the new college semester on the right foot.

May I again take the opportunity, this time through the pages of the Chanticleer to extend a most cordial welcome to the student body of the Coastal Carolina Regional Campus. I would like to congratulate our sophomores on a job well done last year. You are the survivors! You have proved that you are capable of doing college work.

You should have another good year here at Coastal Carolina. I only wish that there were more of you.

To the freshmen, one hundred and forty-two strong, may I add that the challenge is before you. This year at Coastal could have a lasting effect on your lives. We want you to enjoy your college days here, but we must hasten to remind you that pursuing a college education is a full time job. You should spend two hours in outside preparation for each hour you spend in the classroom. If you are carrying the normal load of fifteen hours, then this means that you must allocate forty-five hours of each week to your college studies. Get a good start. This beginning is very important to you if you wish to succeed. Please feel free to talk to me or any of your professors at any time about any problem that you might have.

I would also encourage you to participate in the activities of the Center. Try to attend the dances, receptions, ball games, and other functions that will be provided for you. This participation in extra-curricular affairs will tend to make you a more well-rounded individual and will consequently make your studies more meaningful to you. I must caution you, however, to maintain a healthy balance between work and play.

I am happy to comment on the fact that the conduct and attitude of the student body during the first three weeks of this semester have been most commendable and exemplary. Please continue to act as mature young adults for the remainder of the year. Let's make the community proud of the students of Coastal Carolina.

Congratulations to John Jones on being selected editor of Chanticleer. We have always been proud of our center newspaper. The Chanticleer has been of tremendous service to our school in the past, and it appears that John and his staff are off to a fine start with the 65-66 editions. Please remember that Saturday, October 16th, is the last date to drop a course without penalty, and then only after consultation with your faculty advisor, professor, and myself.

As the Chanticleer goes to press, the Horry County Higher Education Commission will be receiving sealed bids from general contractors on a proposed Student Union Building for our campus. We sincerely trust that the bids received will be within the limits of planned financing and that construction can be begun on this much needed facility immediately.

Edward M. Singleton
to a faculty advisor for the purpose of ascertaining that the student at least begin his college career in the right direction.

That Coastal now boasts a student body of much larger proportions than has been the case in earlier years is evident in terms of simple numbers. One statistic which will prove even more meaningful in years to come, however, is that on dealing with the home towns of Coastal's largest student body in her history. As will probably always be the case, freshmen outnumber sophomores at Coastal, this year by the margin of 83 to 142 (there are 4 special students).

The Grand Strand leads enrollment with some 90 students hailing from Myrtle Beach, Crescent Beach, Ocean Drive, Murrell's Inlet, Little River, Surfside, Windy Hill, Garden City and Pawley's Island combined.

The number of students from other areas include: Conway, 62, Georgetown, 30; Aynor, 15; Loris, 10; Hemingway, 6; Viet Nam, 4; out-of-state, 4; two each from Charleston, Buckspor, U.S.S.R., and Nichols; and one each from Andrews, Central, Hartsville, Johnsonville, Longs, and the ninth ring of Saturn.

Expert

As the FBI agent passed through the village he noted amazing evidence of target shooting. There were numberless bull's-eyes on fences with a bullet hole exactly through the center. He wanted to meet the marksman and was introduced to the village idiot. “How do you shoot like that?” he asked.

“Easy,” was the answer. “I shoot first and draw the circle afterward.”

**MISS JERI REAVES**

**Chant’s Pertelote**

In this the first edition of the ’65-’66 school year, CHANTICLEER is happy to announce that one of the more enjoyable traditions begun in past years will be continued through the present session. For the benefit of those new students who are not yet familiar with CHANTICLEER’S devious means, there will be selected for each issue a young lass from among the co-eds at Coastal Carolina as recipient of the honor of CHANTICLEER’S Pertelote. As most should already know, Chaucer’s infamous rooster, Chanticleer, was fortunate to have as his helpmate the lovely hen Pertelote. Selection of the Pertelotes for this and succeeding issues will be made by members of the CHANTICLEER staff.

This issue CHANTICLEER is crowing about the young beauty above, MISS JERI REAVES. Jeri, a psychology major, enchants the public through her work at the General Telephone Co. in Myrtle Beach. She likes to spend her spare time reading and knitting. Welcome, Jeri, to the coveted bevy of CHANTICLEER’S lovelies. The old boy has long cried his want for a “tarheel” mate.

**CHANTICLEER**

CHANTICLEER, student newspaper of U.S.C. Coastal Carolina Regional Campus, was established in 1962 and is the student news publication.

Editor ________________________________ John Jones
Assistant Editor ___________________________ Marjorie Grimmer
Business Manager ________________________ Joan Graham
Feature Editor ____________________________ Sandra Hursey
News Editor ______________________________ Gene Powell
Art Editor _______________________________ Dolly Riley
Reporters ____________________________ Sarah Fleming, Pearl Howard, Ruthie Schiller,
Jo Ellen Graham, Bruton Smith, Margaret Williams
Typists ________________________________ Connie White, Helen Hardwick
Photographer __________________________ Mr. Anon E. Moose
Dear Dr. M.,
I went to Madame Mary to have my fortune told. This cost a good bit. I was furious because she kept giggling and I could hardly understand what she said. In fact, I was so mad, I was tempted to hit her. What is your opinion? 

Danny J.

Dear Danny,
Your feelings are understandable, but to strike a happy medium is always hard.

Dear Dr. M.,
I am very much in love with a certain fellow. Now my father says I can't go out with him anymore because Mom and Dad think he's rather odd. Just because he came to pick me up for a date wearing black leather pants and a black sweatshirt with a string of pearls around his neck, should I be forbidden to date him? Are my parents right in this matter?

Madly in Love

Dear Mad,
Your parents are not only wrong, but obviously know nothing about fashion. Pearls are always correct when worn with black.

HORRY Electric Co-op
“Owned By Those It Serves”
Conway, S. C.

My girlfriend is rather clumsy and awkward. She often runs into walls, door jams, etc., smashing her big toes. What can I do?

Bewildered

Dear Bewildered,
The only thing to do when this happens is to call a tow truck.

Dear Dr. M.,
When my girl and I go to parties, she always ignores me and ends up sitting on someone else's knee. She says she loves only me. Am I wrong to be suspicious?

Joe

Dear Joe,
Don't ever jump to conclusions. Before accusing her unjustly, check her background, maybe she's a laplander.

Dear Dr. M.,
Even in most crowded classrooms, nobody will sit next to me. I've been told that I have B.D. What should I do?

Unpopular

Dear Un,
You are most fortunate, my friend to live in a time of great inventions. Haven't you heard of the new stereophonic deodorant? The odor remains, but no one knows which direction it comes from.

Dear Dr. M.
I have a problem. Every time I read a book, I get so wrapped up in it, that I feel I'm living one of the characters. Usually this is very exciting, but the book I am reading now is The Scarlet Letter, a very fine novel. I sympathize with the main character so much that I catch myself walking around with my head lowered. If you have read this book, you will understand why this is not good for me. I do not bear the sin that this character in the novel bears. What can I do to overcome this feeling?

Guilt

Dear Guilt,
First you must take that scarlet letter off your chest.

Dear Mr. D.
We like our English professor. He has charm, intellect, a good sense of humor, and he's not very bad looking, to overlook a few minor features. Dr. M., we try to get along with him, but lately he has not been very sociable. He yells and fusses at us. What can we do?

Concerned Freshman

Dear Freshman,
Don't worry. Mr. M. doesn't mean to “take it all out on you.” Clemson can't win all of its games.

Continued on Page 5
DR. 'M'
Continued from page 1
Dear Sir:
A couple of nights ago I met a girl. I took her home and she kissed me. Should I kiss her back?
Roscoe
Dear Roscoe,
No, you should kiss her lips. Kissing her back could lead to problems you aren’t ready to face.

Dear Dr. MavilUcent,
I am failing everything I am taking here. I study just about all the time, so I can’t understand why I’m failing. Would you say Coastal Carolina is a hard school?
Percy
Dear Percy,
I’d be glad to. Coastal Carolina is a hard school.

Dear Dr. MavilUcent,
I am an attractive, intelligent girl who can’t get a date. I am having no luck with men at all. I am 42.
Pearl
Dear Pearl,
I can’t see why with a measurement like that.

JONES NAMED EDITOR
Continued from Page 1
The Chanticleer staff salutes its new leader, and wishes him the only experience any editor desires—the luck to meet each edition’s deadline.
and entered C.C. last year. He’s considering Journalism as a major, but won’t commit himself for the time being. Next year, assuming that he survives the rigors of heading Chanticleer’s staff, he plans to move to the main U.S.C. campus.
Until then, he will continue living in Conway, with the newspaper office his “second home”.

Mr. William A. Kirkman

COASTAL GETS NEW MATH PROFESSOR

“I’ve been 29 for so long it would take some mental arithmetic to figure my age.” quoted Mr. William A. Kirkman, new math instructor.
Having been graduated from Willamette University in Salem, Oregon, with his B.A. in mathematics and the University of Colorado at Boulder with his master in science and mathematics, Mr. Kirkman now teaches business math, college algebra, and calculus. He also instructs elementary teachers in elementary math concepts.
Prior to coming to U.S.C., Mr. Kirkman taught for five years at

Wrong Cure

“Well, Doc, you sure kept your promise when you said you would have me walking in a month.”
“Good, I’m glad to hear that.”
“Yeah, I had to sell my car when I got your bill.”

JACK’S LUNCHEONETTE
Regular Meals - Snacks - Short Orders
Quick Service - Sandwiches of All Kinds
Hamburgers, Hot Dogs, Bar-B-Q, Hot & Cold Drinks
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Fern’s
1017 Third Avenue
Phone 248-4386
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Distinctive — Casual — Clothes

WESTERN AUTO
CONWAY, S.C.

MAGRATH INS. AGENCY
Conway, S. C.
MEET CHANTICLEER

Have you met Chanticleer? Surely, most of us have, in a reading parallel for English in either high school or college.

To introduce you to, or refresh your memory about this noble character, the words of Geoffrey Chaucer himself seem more effective and descriptive than any.

"His comb was redder than fine coral and turreted like a castle wall; his bill was black and shone like jet, and his legs and toes were like azure. His nails were whiter than the lily, and his feathers were like burnished gold...for crowing there was not his equal in all the land."

Chanticleer was a proud rooster, and "The Nun's Priest's Tale" shows how his wit and cunning match his noble and stunning appearance.

History remembers him for his ability to talk his way out of anything. Because of this, and since our school mascot is a rooster, Chanticleer seems to be a very fitting name for our newspaper.

COASTAL GETS ADDITIONAL ENGLISH PROFESSOR

One of the new teachers at Coastal Carolina this year is Mrs. Marshal Parker, the freshman English teacher. Mrs. Parker graduated from Erskine College and received her M.A. at Peabody Teacher's College in Nashville. She, her husband, and children (a boy four, and a girl six) have been living in Conway for the past year. They are originally from Chesterfield. Mr. Parker is the High School Supervisor in Horry County.

In addition to teaching, Mrs. Parker enjoys music. Commenting on her classes Mrs. Parker said thus far, her students seem bright and eager and she hopes they will continue to do so. Good luck Mrs. Parker!

NYE'S CONWAY

Be Wise - Trade at Nye's

VILLAGE CERAMICS

MURRELL'S INLET, S. C.

JOHNSON COTTON COMPANY

CONWAY
Gamecocks Look Tough

In compiling a 2-1 record through the first three games of the young football season, the Carolina Gamecocks have given notice to the remainder of their foes that the going will be rocky and rough.

Having found an excellent trigger man in the person of sophomore quarterback Mike Fair of Greenville, the Gamecocks have suddenly become a scoring machine to be reckoned with. Coming on in the second half of the Duke fray when it appeared that the 'Cocks were about to be run out of Carolina Stadium, Fair grabbed the throttle in his young but adept hands, kicked the Carolina Express into overdrive, and the favored Blue Devils had to scrap like mad to escape with a hard-fought 20-15 victory. Save for a sensational 67-yard gallop by outstanding Duke sophomore Jay Calabrese, the Gamecocks clearly took the game from the Dukes in the second half and were under a full head of steam as the clock called a halt to the evening's hostilities.

In the N.C. State encounter, Fair outdueled State's Charlie Noggle to the tune of a 13-7 Gamecock win. (Some will better remember this particular weekend as the one on which an explosion in Atlanta sent up smoke signals which looked suspiciously like 38-6.) It seems that perhaps Carolina and her football team might finally be on the threshold of achieving a much-sought article—which has somehow eluded both for an interminable period of time—Spirit. Many more performances from Mr. Fair and his crew of raiders in the manner of the past few weeks' just might pull off the miracle that slipped through the fingers of everyone from Grambling, to Prickett, to Satterfield, to Costen, to Reeves.

The Regional Campuses of Carolina will this year field golf teams which will compete for a Conference crown.

At present, the schedule of matches to be played has not been finalized, owing in part to the hurly-burly of registration. It is probable that each Center will play two matches with every other team in two engagements. The home and home arrangement will no doubt be the order of the day. In addition to the Conference slate, Coastal's team will engage some of the prep schools in the area in match play competition.

All those who are interested in becoming members of the golf team should see Mr. Maddox. A low handicap is not necessarily at a premium.
Mrs. Hopson Visits Mexico

Learning that Mrs. Hopson had recently visited Mexico, and recognizing the unmistakable fact that Chanticlear would find himself in a quandary for sufficient copy for his first issue, the editors donned knee pads and on bended knee prevailed on the lady to recount the high spots of her trip for the readers of our paper. Her account follows.

The incredible speed with which one can travel from one continent to another, or from coast to coast, is the most remarkable part of any plane trip these days. Start from Atlanta at 8:30 a.m. and “whoosh!” you are in Dallas before noon. Pick up a tourist card, confirm your reservations, enplane, and before you know it you are in Monterrey, Mexico, in what seems to be an almost completely different world.

The pilot on the plane going to Monterrey gave the usual speech, first in Spanish and then in English. Both efforts sounded exactly the same. That’s what we call being bi-lingual. But he did say something that I caught, about our rest of the flight multiplying the height in meters.

The scenery along the route from Monterrey, as indeed it is all over Mexico and the world. (No plug intended.) It cost one peso for a seat in a sea of brown people. They don’t mind the take-off or the flight, but man, when we start going down into that airport, man, I break out in a cold sweat.”

People like that—you bless them in your heart and hope that if anything happens, they will be the first to go.

When we descended in Monterrey airport, happily the brakes held, but there were other terrestrial problems to face. Money, for instance. It’s a shock to understand suddenly that one is actually in a very foreign country.

A kindly restaurant owner gave me 125 pesos for ten dollars. There is something about shawmies of foreign money that gives one the feeling that it isn’t real. It’s not until that paper is nearly all gone that one realizes that it must have been a reasonable facsimile.

The scenery along the route from the airport into the city was not inspiring; and a Texan, complete with boots and sombrero, in the car wondered loudly what the herds were using for fodder—the fields looked so dry and barren.

Incidentally, every two out of three North Americans one meets out there is a Texan—usually in native costume.

Monterrey itself is a very progressive place, but it is heavily industrialized and suffers the fate of industrial cities. It is very unattractive.

When we reached the bus station, a man in the front seat of our car without turning around said, “And what are you going to do now?”

“Take the bus to Saltillo,” I answered bravely. “That will be an experience,” he remarked to the windshield.

That was at least the third time that day that I had wished my fellow countrymen would keep their happy thoughts to themselves and just let me go ignorantly along to my destruction, if it must be.

So there I was anchored by my luggage in a sea of brown people carrying babies, chickens, and huge packages tied with string.

Our Spanish books gives billete for ticket but in Mexico it seems the word is bolseta. I bought a bolseta with my newly acquired lettuce, and sat down to wait for an hour and forty-five long minutes in the heat. Coca-Cola was very big in that bus station. In Monterrey, as indeed it is all over Mexico and the world. (No plug intended.) It cost one peso for a small one (8 cents, in case you haven’t divided 125 pesos into 10 dollars.) A man came in who looked like a porter. But when I suggested to him that he help me on the bus, it seemed he didn’t work there—just dropped in for a Coca-Cola. A woman beside me began talking. She had worked in Texas for three years and didn’t speak a word of English. Another bi-lingual type,
MRS. EDWARD A. AFFINITO

FOREIGN LANGUAGE DEPT.
ADDS GERMAN

"Tough!" That's what the students are saying about the new German instructor, Mrs. Edward A. (Emilie) Affinito. And they say she is a "tough" teacher too. In case any of you have missed her first find the room full of students wearing bewildered expressions and then look for the attractive blonde with the sexy accent wearing knee boots and a black leather jacket. Sorry fellows! Mr. Affinito is the Civilian Personnel Officer at Myrtle Beach Air Force Base where his wife also teaches for American University.

Mrs. Affinito was born in Innsbruck, Austria, where she lived until after graduation from high school. After majoring in English and Trade at the University of Commerce in Vienna, she gave up her studies of infiltration to become an American housewife, for which we are all grateful. Welcome, Mrs. Affinito!

Civic Pride
"It looks like rain." 
"Not here in California." 
"Look at those clouds up there." 
"They don't mean a thing. They're just empties coming back from Florida."

MRS. HOPSON
Continued from Page 8
(I forgot to ask her if she could speak Texan).

Fortunately, buying my ticket two hours ahead like that, I had a reserved seat. Although I was on the sunny side, it seems that it was more reassuring to be burning up than it was to be looking down, down, down on the other side. Monterrey is at about 3000 feet, and Saltillo, over 5000. So we went up continuously through the most desolate country—no vegetation except for forlorn clumps of mesquite and cacti—and the barren mountains followed us along the route. Every little while we stopped to pick up men, who though dressed in working clothes, sported most elegant sombreros. Finally, even the driver seemed to realize that there was no more standing room and shouted, "No, no," to some very disappointed caballeros, so we chugged on to Saltillo. It was only 35 kilometers, (Please put that into miles: You know, like a kilometer is 5/8 of a mile), but it seemed longer than the trip to Dallas from Atlanta.

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Having arrived at the University from the Saltillo bus station in a taxi—it seems that one doesn't tip cab drivers in Mexico—I was driven from there to my boarding place... I was in time for supper! Having started at 4:30 a.m. by car to go to Atlanta to take the plane at 8:15, it seemed that it must have been a long day. But when everything is so interesting, one doesn't feel tired. So I listened to two young women from California, who were also living there, talking for several hours about their experiences at Interamerican University, where I would be going in the morning.

Our charming landlady, la Senora Berruet, would come in and out, always saying "Con su permiso," as she entered, and each time we answered, "Es suyo." The supper was pretty esoteric stuff: carrots wrapped in pastry; chicken with that sauce that has chocolate in it; chilies and frijoles (beans). My California friends thought la Senora's productions were terrific. I am strictly a roast beef and potato fancier myself, so I'm sorry I can't bring you a fuller report on

Continued on Page 10
national, have a stable government, fiscal responsibility, and comprehensive social welfare.

Saltillo is the capital of the state of Coahuila and has a population of 75,000. It seemed to me to be surrounded by complete desolation. But it was said that there were very fine "gardens to the south of the city, and they must have been there because there were so many small markets bulging with beautiful fruits and vegetables.

All our drinking water at the house was boiled. Mexico, like much of the world, is plagued with an amoebic condition which makes fresh vegetables and water troublesome.

The most colorful events in Saltillo took place on the day of the local Saint Guadalupe. An almost endless procession of devotees carried the image of the saint from her shrine through the streets to the cathedral. These processions are no longer permitted in Mexico City, presumably because in a place of nearly six million people it could create a traffic problem. And on that saint's day, groups of Indians shuffled for hours and hours in various dances and costumes in front of the cathedral.

One Sunday, we hired a car and driver to take us to a little village about twenty miles away higher up in the mountains, the idea was that we would be driven around to see the sights. We had gone about nineteen miles when suddenly there was a very unmuffled explosion in the front of the car. The fan belt, it seemed, had died. Let me spare you the details of the rest of the trip. You may be sorry to know that we were never heard from again.

A sight that horrified one animal lover was to see goats(kids) carried over the owner's shoulder to market. I saw a man with two hanging by the hind legs in front and two over his back. They were bleating or crying like children. Chickens were conveyed in the same way, alive, carried by their legs. In one shop window were large live bettles, called animalitos covered with shiny costume jewelry stones. They were tethered and crawled up, back, and around. It was said that interested ladies could buy them to wear on coat lapels or evening gowns.

When it came time for me to leave Saltillo, la Senora Berrueta wept. There doesn't exist a kinder, more amiable, more hospitable woman than our landlady.

The driver of the car kept talking over his shoulder and dawdling along until suddenly he seemed to remember his functions as baggage man at the Saltillo airport. There was a sudden burst of speed and we arrived with a shriek of brakes. The airplane for Mexico City was already in, and the same driver not only checked the luggage, but put it on the plane. After that, activity seemed to cease. A few people drifted in and out not going anywhere. Then when I was thinking that perhaps the project had been given up and that it was time for the siesta, somebody said, "Ya,Ya," meaning "now" "already" "I agree" or whatever you are thinking of at the moment is a very useful word. This time apparently it meant "Let's go;" so we went.

It was a two-engine plane, and

Continued on page 11
It seems to some Coastal students that Mr. Branham is coming up in the world, as he has a new assistant, Miss Eliza Palmer Beckwith. Miss Beckwith graduated from Randolph Macon Women's College and did her graduate work at Converse College. While working on her degree, she was also teaching at Wade Hampton High School.

Miss Beckwith, from Darlington, wanted to teach college because she thinks that it is "more challenging than high school, and the students are more interested in learning on the whole."

At our Coastal branch, Miss Beckwith teaches two classes of History 11 and one class of History 21. She also teaches three history courses at the Florence Center three days a week.

Miss Beckwith stated that Mr. Branham has been very helpful to her, and she is enjoying working with him.

The students of Coastal are as delighted to have her with us as Mr. Branham is, because now he will not have as much work to do and can concentrate on more parties for his good history students.

The students of Coastal are as delighted to have her with us as Mr. Branham is, because now he will not have as much work to do and can concentrate on more parties for his good history students.

No Choice Here
New Father (looking at triplets the nurse has just brought out)—"Hmmmm! We'll take the one in the middle."

The Corral
CLOTHING OF CHARACTER
for
Men & Women
Myrtle Beach, S. C.

Piggly-Wiggly
Conway's friendliest Super Market
Best Meats in Town
Swift's Premium Beef

PALMETTO
CHEVROLET
COMPANY, INC.

4th Ave. Conway, S. C.
MRS. HOPSON

Continued from Page 11

four lanes going the opposite way—moving, for the most part, but piling up at traffic lights. And if you don’t like cities, the only thing to do is to visit as fast as possible the points that interest you so you won’t have to go back. Ciudad Mexico has its skyscrapers, its luxury glass hotels, its “world’s best!” restaurants—just like New York.

But since Mexico City can claim to be one of the oldest metropolises in the new world—founded as Tenochtitlan around 1300 by the Aztecs and rebuilt by Cortes in 1521 after he had almost destroyed the city and killed off the inhabitants as he conquered it, it has an unusual fascination for the historian and the archaeologist.

You must see “the largest umbrella in the world.” It is the roof of the central hall of the Archaeologist Museum, which is an incredible expanse of ceiling supported in the center only by one tremendous column, from the top of which a circular waterfall crashes down. That, of course, is just an architectural wonder, but in the orientation room, where the spectators stand in the dark, spotlighted sets revolve, one after the other, out of three walls and come up from the floor, to present in miniature representations of cities, pyramids and cultures which existed long before Cortes and the conquistadors were born.

Then, of course, there was Chapultepec Castle, with its magnificent view of the city, where the ill-fated Maximilian and his wife Carlota lived during their three-year tour duty as Emperor and Empress of Mexico. They left their royal furnishings there for you to see, for as you know, they hadn’t much choice. Maximilian was court-martialed and shot in 1867. Carlota, who had gone to Europe to beg Napoleon for help, lost her mind but lived until 1927 in Brussels without regaining her reason. Our guide was not very objective about Carlota: he said she was greedy, vain, heartless, ambitious, arrogant, but Maximilian came off better: just weak. The episode above-mentioned took place during our Civil War and our historians don’t give it much space. If we wonder what the French were doing down there then, let’s page Mr. Branham.

Filling up space in a paper comes much easier than I thought it might, so if I am brought back by popular demand (or by Sandra, John and Mr. Maddox), you may hear from me again. Hasta luego.

Rosa B. Hopson

PROFESSION:
STUDENT

BY DALE McSHERRY
A.C.P.

“Nothing to it, my boy. Just take the exam papers, and stack them up. Shuffle them, cut twice, reshuffle, give the top four an ‘A’, the next six a ‘B’.

Horry Drug Co.

308 Main Street Conway

COLUMBIA SUPPLY CO.
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