

RAMMER JAMMER PRESENTS

R.J. Esquire

MAGAZINE FOR HOMECOMING

FICTION

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NOVEMBER 1945

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RAMMER JAMMER PRESENTS

R. J.'s Esquire

Vol. XXI November, 1945 No. 3

EDITOR Margaret Anne Morgan
ASSISTANT Elise Ayres
BUSINESS MANAGER Frances Bryant
ASSISTANT Mary Collins
ADVERTISING MGR. Sara Jane McEachern
CIRCULATION MGR. June Kimbrough
ART EDITOR Diana Gillespie
PHOTOGRAPHY Virginia West

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The editor wishes to acknowledge the gracious cooperation of **ESQUIRE MAGAZINE** which made this Homecoming issue of the Ram possible. It is with their kind permission that we have styled the cover and general format after the well known national magazine. We cannot indicate too highly our gratitude toward the publishers of **ESQUIRE** for allowing us to imitate their magazine for this, our most important issue of the year.



Each month a box of Life Savers is given to the person contributing the best joke of the month.

This month's winner,

JIMMIE MOORE
Phi Gam House

"Why do men have hair on their chests?"
"Well, they can't have everything."



Since Ginny gave Tom Pep-O-Mints
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Some Writers of Our Times

— A VERY INFORMAL ESSAY —

by Nelle Lee

Several days ago I was sitting in the Supe Store meditating over a coke when I heard a soft voice say, "May I thit here?" I looked up and beheld a blonde young gentleman, so I answered certainly. As soon as he was seated he embarked upon a diatribe which would have put Gertrude Stein to shame. Any attempt to reproduce the genteel intonations of his vowels would be impossible, but here's what he said: "I thimply refwoose to call that man MISTHER Kimbrough. Afther all, I'm thix monthx older than he ith, and there's no thense whatthoever, WHATTHOEVER, in calling him that. I've been writing ever thince I wath eight years old, and I'm not going to let him bully ME! It's 'Glotz' this and 'Glotz' that, and 'Glotz you've got nerve!' But it's 'thank you, MISTHER Glotz' whenever the whithkey's therved!"

I choked down a laugh and assured him that things couldn't really be that bad. I realized my mistake a moment later when he exclaimed, "Honey, I'm thuck. My novel ith about a thenthitive boy from the time he'th twelve until he ith a gwon man. MISTHER Kimbrough thez I've justh got to cut it thum, but all of it ith tho poignant I justh can't bwing my-thelf tho change a WORD of it."

Reeling under this verbal onslaught I went to my Shakespeare class. There I found the usual motley array of students, but my attention was attracted by a dark fellow in the back of the room. He looked as if he were going to cry upon the slightest provocation. He was screaming, "I'm going quite mad! I've written for six hours and all I've got is four sentences!"

I asked him what he was writing.

He looked at me with a glassy eye and said, "My novel," but he implied, "You idiot." I asked him what it was about. I'm sorry I asked him that, because he consumed the whole hour telling me about it. He talked in a low voice, casting furtive glances at Mr. Strode. "It's poetical prose," he said. "It's a novel of frustrations in a small town, entitled A HOUSE A MOUSE AND A LOUSE." He then branched off into et ceteras which have no business in this essay.

After class we strolled together down the sidewalk. He suddenly asked me what I was doing here. I told him. "Have you read FIN-NEGAN'S WAKE?" he queried. Yes, I said.



"Well, don't you think there's a remarkable resemblance between Othello and Here Comes Everybody?"

I could see no resemblance between Othello and Here Comes Everybody, but I answered in the affirmative.

"Claude!" (He shouted this to a young man with a somewhat abortive black mustache who was lurking at our heels.) "This young lady has it!"

I wondered what it was that I had. (I am still wondering, for young Pagliacci has never told me.) I did not press the matter, and our conversation glided into the inevitable channels of sex.

"How do you like sex?" he asked.

I said I liked it very well.

"But I don't. Sex has been run

into the ground. It is the most over-rated thing in the world today. Do you know how many wives Joseph Stalin has had?"

I ventured three.

"NO!" he exclaimed with a hoot of triumph. "That's merely propaganda put out by the capitalists to undermine the morals of the I.W. W.! He's never had a wife!"

I wondered vaguely how Uncle Joe had acquired his five children, but I didn't say anything.

The young gentleman in question was now the color of his politics. He turned to me and placed his face about twenty inches from mine. He asked, "What are you?" I wondered if this question referred to my gender, nationality, or traits of character. I asked him what he meant.

"I mean you're an atheist, aren't you?"

No, I said.

"WELL!" His eyebrows danced disdainfully across his forehead. "I had thought that you showed some spark of intelligence, but I see that you're just another one of the cattle. Goodday, Miss Lee."

With that he was off. Somewhat stunned, I went on my way. But not until I resolved to make an intensive study of what is vulgarly known as "The Writer." The foregoing paragraphs are facts gleaned from the cream of Kimbrough's Juvenile Delinquents.

The first and foremost qualifications one must have if he aspires to the higher brackets of the intelligentsia are (1), a sadistic father; (2) an alcoholic mother. He must be beaten into insensibility by the former and ostentatiously loved and hated by the latter in her drunken orgies. Any maltreatment by older brothers and sisters also helps. This comes under the flexi-

ble category of The Unhappy Childhood.

Another factor in the development of creative talent is that a soul is required. Now there are several classifications of souls, namely: The Frustrated Soul, The Somnambulist Soul, and The Warped Soul. (The W.S. results in the most profit these days.) But no matter what kind of soul the budding writer has, it must be flaunted before the eyes of his readers. Some kind of soul is absolutely essential.

The element of frustration is another MUST. If a person is not frustrated, what would he have to write about? He must love himself to an unbearable degree, curse God at regular intervals, be scorned by the one person he loves better than himself. Then he will have the material with which to produce the most provocative novel of the century. If he has any sexual frustrations he must be sure to include them in his novel, for s. f.'s are popular in this age. Also, a fear of birds, cats, dogs, and similarly harmless creatures provide good copy.

An author's environment is important to his training in the gentle art of self-expression. The general trend today is small towns, preferably Southern villages. There must be the annual race riot full of blood & gore which causes violent reactions in his sensitive (I use that word because all writers are supposed to be sensitive) soul. A whole chapter of his book must be devoted to pondering over the vigorous religion of the holy-rollers ensconced in a tent just outside of town. And he certainly must not omit his reflections upon the way justice is so casually administered by the crooked Judge in the broken down courthouse. Yes, it is to the writer's advantage if he comes from such surroundings. He has a chance to expose to the public the immoral goings-on in an out-of-the way village, have himself hailed as the H. W. Beecher of the day, and instigate a movement

which would do away with small towns forever.

Much criticism has been made of the writer's somewhat Bohemian way of life. But remember, some of the most poignant prose of our day is the result of benzedrine parties, sinful living, and alcoholic benders. The public must realize that the author does not indulge himself in these vices for his own pleasure; he does it only to collect material for his books. He sacrifices his virtue in order to give the great American public The Truth. And when he becomes a mere hulk of a man, unable to perform his literary chores, he is cast into oblivion. The public forgets him. But he wins out in the end. About ten years after his death someone will rediscover him, and his books will reach their zenith in sales. His name will be on everyone's lips. But what good will this do him? The royalties will be divided equally between his cast-off mistresses, and they will wallow in his reflected glory. So let us forgive our bud-

ding literary geni for their lapses from the straight and narrow; they're only sacrificing themselves for their art.

The final and perhaps the greatest qualification one must have if he is a writer is this: he must know how to write.

The minister arose to address his congregation. "There is a certain man among us today who is flirting with another man's wife. Unless he puts five dollars in the collection box, his name will be read from the pulpit."

When the collection plate came in, there were nineteen five dollar bills and a two dollar one with this note attached: "Other three pay day."

—o—
"You look broken up. What's the matter?"

"I wrote home for money for socks and underwear."

"So what!"

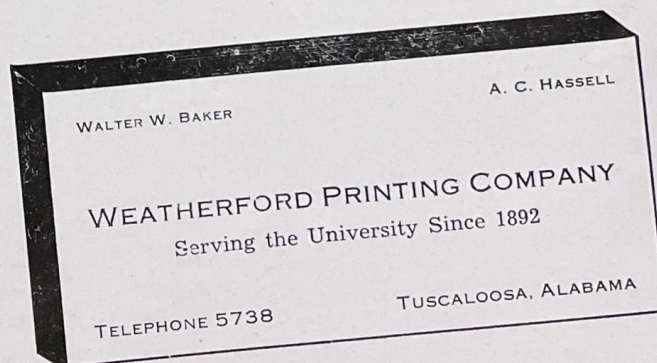
"They sent me some socks and underwear."

Quality . . .

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20 CENTS

RAMMER-JAMMER · CHRISTMAS ISSUE



Rammer Jammer

Vol. XXI December, 1945 No. 4

EDITOR Margaret Anne Morgan
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THE RAM

... and you

This month we feel like a motherly Christmas tree hovering over lots and lots of little surprise packages all of different shapes and sizes, not to mention the varying content. But don't censure us too severely. I bet you had a durn good time during Homecoming, too.

First on the take-offs on bewhiskered and hoary Yuletide legends is Laurie Maxwell's streamlined saga of a Scrooge common to the Alabama locale. Laurie's a freshman who made a bang-up beginning by winning the first Ram short story contest and she's been typing strong ever since. As far as we can tell, she's a sharp gal who's caught on to the nefarious ways of the campus mighty fast.

Nelle Lee's another first year gal who's become a valuable regular on the staff. She's beat out a modern version of an old essay which we think is as funny as all get out. If you're the type to cogitate, you might even take it seriously.

We're also proud to present Miss Kay Kahrs and another Ram "first." In case you don't know, we're referring to the first chapter of a Shulman-ish document entitled "Bootless Girl with Jowl." Get it? Well, you're going to. This is only the BE-ginning.

And let's not forget to extend greetings to a newcomer, also male. Frankly, we haven't met him. Shy soul that he must be, he slipped his copy under the Ram door in the dark of midnight. But after reading his dissertation we have made a strong New Year's Resolution to meet the gent, but fastly. Oh yes, his name's Barrett, Edward Barrett.

For those with a yearning toward more serious fiction, we offer a minute little package wrapped in silver and crimson which we have decided to call SKETCHES IN SCRIPT. It's a mood piece and a very lovely one, we think. You can tell Ricki how much you enjoyed it.

I don't have to say anything about the contributions from the old faithfuls of years back. Their names are synonymous with the Ram, so—nuff said.

Merry Christmas, chillun!

Naw, Virginia ...

It's just your Ma and Pa

We take pleasure in answering thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is among the friends of the Rammer Jammer.

Burnt Corn, Ala., December 10, 1945.

Dear Editor:

I am nineteen years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, "If you see it in the Rammer Jammer it's so." Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus, huh?

VIRGINIA O'HELLANDAM

Virginia, your little friends are quite right. They have discovered that they have been grossly victimized by their parents. Remember dear, that we are living in a highly skeptical age, and such a thing as Santa Claus cannot exist. Don't you read the parents' magazines? Weren't you told the Facts of Life at the age of four months? Don't you know that we all spring from one Pink Egg? After all, my dear, you cannot see Santa Claus, and that should certainly prove to you that there is no such thing!

No, Virginia, there is no Santa Claus. Anyone who believes in such a fallacy lives in an age where Love & Generosity & Devotion exist, and that era went out with your Great-Grandpa Garfinkle's mustache cup. How can you possibly have time to sit on a Persian rug and contemplate the existence of St. Nick? You should occupy your little mind (as most people of your age do) with the problems of sex frustrations, How to Drink on An Empty Stomach Without Incurring Serious Dietary Disturbances, and the Strange Love Life of the Keel-Billed Cuckoo. What would you do if there were a Santa Claus? You would be covered with a child-like faith in poetry and romance, which would be disgusting in this man-made Machine Age. People would brand you as a simple little snit with a Puritan complex. It just won't work, Virginia! Belief in things of such an ethereal nature tend to destroy the practicality of life, and Life, my dear, IS practical.

Believe in Santa Claus! You may as well believe in fairies! Of course there are fairies, but not the kind you read about in Anderson's FAIRY TALES. While we are on the subject, I may as well disillusion you further. The authorities tell us that fairies cannot be seen. Don't you believe it! I saw two of them the other day in Jimmie's, huddled together reading THE WELL OF LONELINESS. But the point, Virginia, is this: do not be so gullible as to believe that things unseen exist. The basis of our whole civilization is founded on three axioms: (1) Can You See It? (2) Can You Feel It? (3) Can You Taste It? If the subject at hand does not meet the above required tests, it does not exist.

No Santa Claus? Hell no, Virginia! You asked for the truth, and you shall have it. Santa Claus is only the brain-child of a certain advertising

REVISION

By NELLE LEE

New York Sun. 1897 Francis P. Church

We take pleasure in answering thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun.

Dear Editor:

I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, "If you see it in the SUN it's so." Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe what they can't see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect compared to the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would the world be if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies. You might get your papa to hire men to watch all chimneys on Christmas Eve, but even if you did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, poetry, love, romance, could push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives and lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

man. He was asked by his boss (a manufacturer of Reckless Red Wagons—They Do Not Wreck) to wage a campaign to make his product sell. The adv. man was a Non-Believer, so he capitalized on the Yuletide season, planted the myth of Santa Claus in the minds of his offspring, and sat back to watch his evil work. His children immediately told their schoolmates about the gentleman with the long white beard (not to be confused with God) and you know how rumors spread so there you are, Virginia. I might add that the manufacturer of Reckless Red Wagons—They Do Not Wreck, has done a whopping business, and his adv. man extracted the usual 10 per cent blood money. This enabled the adv. man to retire at the age of twenty-six.

P.S.: That man made a cool half-million on the deal.

University of Alabama

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hearts & flowers issue

Rammer Jammer

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THE RAM

... and you

THIS MONTH, in our first issue of the new year, we take great pride in presenting an unofficial "veterans' section" composed of articles by Edwin Barrett and Claude Woltz. We consider them all works of variety and interest and we hope their publication will be an incentive to all the veterans who have not "gotten around" to working on our staff.

That Maxwell woman is here again with a tongue in cheek expose of Freud which we like very much. We'd like to know when, where and how she did her research but we're sorta afraid to ask. If your ego has been confusing you we recommend you turn to this learned tome forthwith.

And while we're doing take-offs, don't miss the revamping of Shakespeare to twentieth century style by Nelle Lee. It's short, but sweet, and quite to the point. It just shows to go you that romance ain't dead yet. Not by a darn sight!

Addie Ward brings a new character to the Ram family via the exhausting experiences of Fluellen, the gayest co-ed ever to hit the Capstone. We just hope it doesn't bring to mind the gal that lives down the hall from you. We caught the resemblance right away.

Last, but by no means least, is a veteran both of the war and the pre-war Ram. Marc Shatz is the name and the story you're going to like a lot is just a few pages over.

ACT TWO, SCENE TWO OF ROMEO AND JULIET

(20th Century Version)

— OR —

Now you know why the Bard groans in his eternal sleep

by NELLE LEE

The Scene: A second story window of New Hall overlooking Denny Field.

The Time: Any old night about one-thirty, if Miss Mills is safely asleep in her lair.

(Enter Romeo, dressed in tweeds, saddle oxfords, and a Strodis bow-tie. A lock of hair falls carelessly over his dormant Cyclops Eye.)

ROMEO: He jests at scars that never felt a wound—

(Juliet appears above at a window.)

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

She speaks . . .

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET (sighing): Ah hell!

ROMEO: She speaks!

O, speak again, bright angel! . . .

JULIET: O Romeo, Romeo! Where are ya, ya old bat?

Suspendeth thy ladder up to mine window

And let's get the hell outa here!

'T maketh no difference what thy Daddy thinks;

We gotta get married in a hurry!

ROMEO (aside): Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET: 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy—

O, be some other name!

What's in a name? Everything, you goop!

We steal off in this quiet hour.
Registereth we at the Burchfield
And spend we a night of such
blissful ecstasy

That the world's undream'd of!

ROMEO: I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET: How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

The Denny Field fence is high and hard to climb;

And the place probation, considering that you're a man,

If Mr. Huff should find thee here.

ROMEO: With Lord Calvert's light wings did I o'erperch these fences;

For barb'd wire cannot hold love out:

And what Southern Comfort can do, that dares love attempt;

Therefore Mr. Huff is no let to me.

JULIET: If he doth see you he will murder thee.

ROMEO: Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye

Than twenty of his flashlights!

JULIET: Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.

Fain would I dwell on my shape!
Fain deny what I

Have spoke! You knowest as well as do I

That the time is drawing nigh!

O Romeo, say that thou lovest me. . . .

After all I've been through for you!

ROMEO: Woman, by yonder blessed moon I swear

That I'll make thee an honest woman!

JULIET: O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,

That monthly changes her circled orb!

ROMEO: What shall I swear by?

JULIET: Swearest thee not at all. For God's sake

Just marry me!

(Someone calls within)

Hist! Who's calling? 'Tis Laura Ellis!

Stay but a little, I will come again.

(Exit)

ROMEO: O what a mess beith I in!

(Re-enter Juliet above)

JULIET: If thy bent of love be honorable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,

My box No. is 1132. All my fortunes at thy

Foot I'll lay, and follow thee throughout the world.

ROMEO (aside): Oh Gahd! Would I had never seen her!

JULIET: Romeo?

ROMEO: What, my dear?

JULIET: At what hour shall I send my bag to the station?

Of course you realize 't is out of the question

That I cut my eight o'clock!

ROMEO (aside): She's taking a hellova lot for granted! (To Juliet). At the hour of nine.

JULIET: 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:

Goodnight, goodnight! Parting is such sweet sorrow!

And you'd better be at the station at nine tomorrow!

(Exit)

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To the winners of the Subscription Contest, Delta Delta Delta, we dedicate this issue. . . . Our cover girl is Tri Delt, Janie Rainer, from Birmingham.

THE RAM

goes to the polls

This is a frank outspoken plea for every student on the campus to vote in the coming elections. Sure, we know what you think. The student government is controlled by a certain few; your vote couldn't change things. But your vote as one of many cast in the spirit of new interest in student elections can do many things. As for the machine, or the bloc, or whatever your name for it is, people are always going to gang together for a common goal. Sometimes that goal is for the common good and many times it is for the benefit of a privileged few. In short, you would have to form a new group to fight an old one long in control. That is not the crux of the matter.

An old traditional controlling group would not be of any consequence if every student on this campus made it a point to know each of the candidates for student offices and to sound each of them out very thoroughly as to his plans for the future of the school. For instance, the Student Senate is working for improved conditions in many situations on this campus. The new president of SGA will have to carry this work on. If you care at all for the reforms that will be a new deal for you, then you will sound out each candidate before you cast vote.

The veterans who fought, at least theoretically, for democracy, are going to want to see it in practice here at home. The Ram, for one, puts its trust in these men and in those of you who already see the changes that must be made.

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'bye now

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THE RAM

... and you

Since this is our last issue (oh, breathe again. The Ram will yet live anew another year!) we're taking considerable license about what we put in it. This way we're sure of at least one person getting full enjoyment out of the magazine.

The Ram has gone international a bit this time. We took time to take note of a British school publication that intrigued us not a little. We've made a few comments and quoted a trifle here and there. Hope you enjoy it. Then, on a stern note for a supposedly humorous output, we've made a plea for the Relief work for starving Europe. We got pretty het up about it and we thought you ought to know more about it, too. The thing now is for you to read it and do something about it.

For the rest, we have a nice assortment of old and new contributors. We hope that after you've read the jokes you'll find it worth your while to look over something else in the magazine. We come up with a good article now and then, believe it or not.

We'd like to say "thank you" to all the folks who have worked so long and so hard for the Ram. It's not easy to keep up school work and give steady assistance to a publication all at the same time. We know it well. We just want you to realize it and tell some of these kids how much you enjoyed their writing.

'Bye now.