PROFILE

In a modest but cldan furniture store during the 1933 rainy season in New York City, two policemen and the proprietor, an Armenian named Gottschalk, assisted at the birth of the child, Mervin Lane. Mr. Gottschalk estimated the baby's weight at 7 pounds, 4 ounces. Actually Mervin weighed eight pounds. Today, Mervin weighs 187 and has a chest expansion of 4.5 inches which is pretty good and is here among us.

Through a gradual process of overdevelopment, Mervin early acquired a number of more or less desirable skills. At four years he had a pleasant cymbal technique. At four and a half he was accepted into the cub scouts. A cub scout does not wear knickerbockers and salutes with two fingers extended with the thumb held over the third finger lest it pop inadvertently to the position of a full three-fingered scout salute. Mervin attained the rank of den chief and two citations for potato race.

At five, Mervin was entered in Public School No. 6, where an awareness of the little ladies in the group necessititated a transfer to the Dalton School in the same city. A glandular injection later permitted the return to P.S. No. 6.

His progress was effortless. His capacities and proclivities limitless. He painted at six, wrote at six and a half, and was put on probation for four months at seven for stealing a gallon container of Malted milk extract which is contrary to New York statute. His cub scout awards were stripped from him at public ceremony.

Once again began the long hard climb up! He entered the High School of Music and Art in New York at 10 where he perfected his cymbal technique and contributed to art in general. He possesses seven national awards for seven distinct effects, one of which makes interesting use of nasal vibrations.

Mervin arrived at Black Mountain College this semester on a recommendation by Dr. Benjamin Steig, former High School of Music and Art principal now manufacturing blacking in Pleasantville, N.Y. Thank you, Dr. Steig, for this great affliction.

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--Dick Spahn

FOOTNOTE ON HOUSING

An abandoned shack at the edge of the pasture--whose appearance suggests that it dates back to pioneer days--is being repaired by a group of BMC students. The artisans: Manvel Schauffler, Dick Roberts, Charlie Boyce, Neil Albright, Hank Jaeger, Dave Schauffler, and whoever else happens to be in the mood for some valuable experence in building (advt.). The present condition of the cabin has been described as "needing repairs". There are no floors and no roof. Observers have estimated the number of walls standing at "2½ to 3". In spite of the difficulties, sporadic effots to rehabilitate the structure are continuing. A fireplace is slowly taking shape. The purpose for rebuilding the cabin, according to grapevine reports, is "to escape".

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--Henry Adams