

11-1942

# The Colonnade, Volume V Number 1, November 1942

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# COLONNADE



STATE • TEACHERS • COLLEGE



FARMVILLE • VIRGINIA NOVEMBER • 1942

ROSALIND RUSSELL now starring in the new Columbia picture "MY SISTER EILEEN"



**With Air Warden  
ROSALIND RUSSELL on  
duty it's no fooling . . .  
lights out until you hear**

# *All Clear*

**THAT'S THE SMOKER'S SIGNAL  
FOR A MILD COOL CIGARETTE**

And CHESTERFIELD smokers really know what that means...*Milder* when a smoke is what counts most...*Cooler* when you want to relax, and with a far *Better Taste* to complete your smoking pleasure . . .

**LIGHT UP A**

## **CHESTERFIELD**

*They Treat You Right*





# The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. V

NOVEMBER, 1942

NO. 1

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# The Colonnade

VOL. V

NO. 1

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## The Columns . . .

### TO YOU, DEAR FRESHMEN . . . .

We dedicate this issue. We've tried to make it a representation of the things we have grown to enjoy most here at Farmville. Our contributors in this issue range from Freshmen to alumnae. From the content you can see that our subject matter is not restricted to type. We want to give you an idea of what may be printed in THE COLONNADE. When you glance over this copy you'll probably guess that almost any and every thing is acceptable. Well, you are right. Our only restriction is that our readers like it and think it worthwhile.

So just, between you and us, this issue was planned solely for you, our favorite class. (There's no getting around it, the freshmen have become traditionally every year the pet class of the school.)

For your benefit, then, we will devote the next paragraph to a review of the history of THE COLONNADE, impressing upon you that it is and always has been a magazine of, by and for the Farmville students.

Through the efforts and sincere interest of Dr. Jarman, the faculty and the students and the hard work of Anne Dugger, the first editor, THE COLONNADE made its first appearance in May, 1938. It was derived from THE FARMVILLE QUARTERLY REVIEW which had been entirely a literary magazine and which resembled the FARMVILLE BULLETIN in shape and size. THE COLONNADE, however, has attempted to combine all types of creative work into each issue. The magazine

passed through its embryonic stages successfully in Anne's capable hands, and, when Johnny Lybrook took over a year later, THE COLONNADE had matured to a form very similar to what it is now. With Johnny as editor, the magazine grew and developed until it had rounded into an integrated unit. In the spring of 1940, Allene Overbey succeeded Johnny in the editorship. It was due to Allene's genuine love for THE COLONNADE and what it stood for that made the magazine what it is today. For two years she worked and experimented, improving its pages with great success. The magazine was modernized, changes were made, new methods of publishing were introduced. We, of the present staff, have endeavored above all else to make THE COLONNADE representative of Farmville girls, their best creative work plus the things that provide them the most reading enjoyment.

THE COLONNADE is published quarterly and it has been the full co-operation of the students through their contributions that has made the magazine what it is. Needless to say, the magazine and what it means to us is inexpressible, especially when its being is met with enthusiasm and interest by its contributors and readers. And remember, if you please, that any one may contribute.

### ORCHIDS TO . . . .

Mary Frances Bowles, Jane Lee Sink, and Jane Smith who have captured top honors in the short story contest. Bowlie's, "Do Unto Others" which appears in this issue on page eight is undoubtedly worthy of top-rating and special mention as first prize. She has embodied in her story that certain something that we all strive for plus an essential part of herself.

Jane Lee Sink has written "In A True Light" which won for her the second prize. Yet we feel that whether or not it had been a contest entry and whether or not there had been a Farmville magazine in which it could be published, this story would have been read by many of you because it is something she had to write. It is a study of personalities, chiefly that of a girl who is well-known to all of us as one of the most interesting girls on the campus. The story will appear in the next issue and after you've read it you will sit down and think about a lot of things that you haven't thought about for a long time.

Jane Smith's two stories, "The Amber Earrings" and "The Old Letter," which received third prize and honorable mention respectively, are both built around authentic characters, yet essentially they are fiction. The incidents are beautifully told and one feels that they represent a personal snapshot of two unpublished pages in history. "The Old Letter" is published on page thirteen.

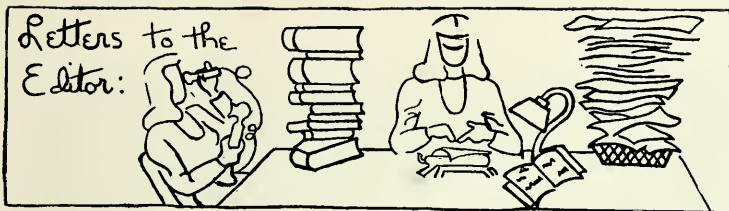
### CORREGIDOR . . . .

Mrs. John Wood, who now lives in Blacksburg, consented to write our feature article for this issue. She was a former student at S. T. C. and will be remembered as one of Farmville's most outstanding students. She had the opportunity to accompany her husband, who is a member of the United States Army, to Corregidor and she writes of her experiences and interests there. She includes in her article an elaborate description of Corregidor itself and throughout it there is a timely message.

### FROM COVER TO COVER . . . .

The cover artist, Betty Sexton, has skillfully

Continued on Page 31



Address all letters to:  
The Editor of *The Colonnade*  
Box 15, S. T. C.  
Farmville, Virginia  
Or drop them in  
The Colonnade box

Farmville, Virginia

Dear Editor:

So many times a girl in high school starts out as a happy-go-lucky freshman, with an active interest in everything going on around her in this new environment. And usually, by the time she has reached her senior year, she's good at several things and maybe the best in the class at one thing in particular. Perhaps this thing she likes best is writing.

Then she goes away to college. Here in the freshman class, the same interests she had as a lively kid are renewed, and again she enters into everything with the greatest of pep and enthusiasm. But this time she finds the best in dozens of Senior classes, all gathered around her, and she no longer is "the" one. This is only to be expected. She learns to know better those who are interested in her favorite activity, and she finds herself in a group that will mean more to her than any other throughout her college life.

But she still wants a chance to "show 'em what she can do," as all Freshmen do. But where's a freshman to go to get that chance? To whom can she turn to find something to lead her on, or act as her goal to incite more interest in her chosen field? For the embryo authors, the answers to that are the school publications.

For several years I've been acquainted with *The Colonnade* and always looked forward to reading the numerous issues that found their way home in a box or suitcase. I've been looking forward to the time when I, too, should be an S.T.C. girl, able to read these issues regularly, and perhaps, some lucky day, to take a small part in its actual "being" myself. I'm sure many of the other members of the freshman class feel the same way.

To us it's more than reading and enjoying the works of our fellow students, it's an ideal to look forward to, to say "someday maybe something of mine will be printed in *The Colonnade*!" It's something representative of our whole student body and something we can be rightfully proud of.

This is just one of the ways we can tell you how much a publication of this kind means to us—not only to our meek freshman class, but to the whole school—the faculty and everyone concerned. In this way we may express our gratitude for such a grand school magazine, and our congratulations for all the wonderful work in the past, and best hopes and good wishes for the issues in the years to come!

—Betty Deuel Cock, '46

Farmville, Virginia

Dear Editor:

In the first *Colonnade* under this year's staff there appears on page thirty-one a little drawing entitled "Metamorphosis: — September—June."

September represents a well-dressed, clear-eyed, becomingly coiffed, "socked", wholly neat young girl. June is an untidy, droopy, sockless, curless, hollow-eyed, dispirited wreck.

The beginning of this peculiar and apparently causeless transfiguration occurs most frequently in the freshman class. It has started already this year. Some ascribe it to the lack of sufficient male attention, while others assert it is due to the absence of the "good" mother. The time element comes in, too.

Whatever the cause, it is wholly unnecessary and certainly does not contribute to one's own morale or that of others. It does not help the reputation of the Farmville girls either, with their famous, well-dressed appearance.

It matters much in these days to look our best, when there are so many things to depress us. A well-groomed appearance certainly makes one cheerful—others are pleased to look at us. Everyone likes to look at a pretty picture. Cannot this little cartoon serve as a reminder to "kinda" bother a little more, just to wear those socks, pin up that hair every night and sleep a few more hours?

Sincerely,  
Pay B. Johnson, '45

Farmville, Virginia

Dear Editor:

As college students, we are supposed to be passing through a rather gay and giddy age—which should be revealed in our writing. Why not leave executions and murders to the newspapers and be a bit more frivolous? And couldn't we have more "jingle-jangle" jingles instead of so much soulful poetry?

A touch of local color—of S. T. C., Farmville—would distinguish our *Colonnade* from so many other college publications, and would make it more worthwhile to save our magazines to read and enjoy after we leave our alma mater.

Best wishes for a new improved 1943 *Colonnade*.

Sincerely,  
Elizabeth McCoy, '43

Farmville, Virginia

Editor of the *Colonnade*

Dear Editor:

Not so long ago I happened to be thumbing through last year's issues of *The Colonnade*. Many things caught my eye, especially the illustrations. The only trouble was there were too few of them. The illustration ideas in last quarter's magazines were "on the beam." Let's have more of them like *To Victory* and *Four Years For This*. (I think it goes like that!)

The covers show so much originality. My favorite is the May issue. Why not put the artists

*Continued on Page 30*





CORREGIDOR: This seascape is a view of the Bay as seen looking toward Fort Hughes.

# Corregidor

MARY ROBESON WOOD

*Mrs. Wood, the author, is very well-known both in Farnville and at S. T. C. She is the former Mary Robeson, a graduate of S. T. C. in '36, and the first president of Beorc Eh Thorn, honor society in English here at school. She was Salutitorian the year she graduated, her major being English.*

IT was dusk when the harbor-boat docked at the concrete wharf and we stepped up the narrow little gangplank onto Corregidor. We were tired and hungry, and all I remember of my first few minutes on the island is a glare of lights, a lot of railroad tracks, strange people, and a ride in a car with friends of my husband up a winding road that had deep ditches on each side. We drove for a mile or more, and stopped at the back of a two-story house that had washing hanging out on the porch. Then we climbed a steep flight of stairs up to the friend's quarters, and supper was ready.

That was in March, 1939. My husband, John, was then a second lieutenant in the coast artillery. We had sailed from New York six weeks before, and now after a wonderful trip which had taken us through the Canal, to San Francisco, Honolulu and Guam, we were tired of the boat and anxious to settle down.

I wish I could explain step-by-step the way we grew familiar with the island, how we were to learn, for example, that the dock on which we landed that first night was at Bottomside, that the railroad tracks were really trolley tracks, that the strangers were Oldtimers down to welcome us Newcomers; that the drive we took carried us to Middleside, and the ditches, deep as they were, could not always contain the overflow drainage during rainy seasons; that all roads on the island took you to the back of people's houses, because the front faced out to the sea; that clothes hung out on back porches almost every night, because cotton uniforms are hard to dry; and that supper could be found waiting for the master of the house any night, providing proper instructions had been given to the cook and houseboy. But since there is not room here for so many details, I shall just summarize the chief characteristics of the island and our life on it.

Geographically, Corregidor is a big tropical hill, shaped like a tadpole, rising out



*The Author and her small daughter, Ann*

of the Bay to a height of almost six hundred feet, with an area of nearly seventeen hundred and thirty-five square acres, and a length of about four miles. It divides the entrance of Manila Bay into the North Channel and the South Channel, and commands a matchless view of the Bay curving eastward to Manila, and the ocean stretching out to the Continent of Asia in the west. The main part of the island, the body, constituted the center of all activities on the post, and was divided for reference into Topside, Middleside and Bottomside. The tail, less lofty, was called Kindley Field, and was connected to the body by Melinta Tunnel. By those who know it well the island is called The Rock. In military terms it is spoken of as Fort Mills. Both names mean Corregidor.

The climate of The Rock is tropical, with all the blessings—lovely months upon months of sunshine, no winter clothes, no icy walks, no frozen radiators, flowers, fruits, green grass all the year around—and all the non-blessings—cockroaches two inches long, dysentery, overwhelming heat, desolate rains, mildew, mold, clammy clothes, typhoons—that go with the tropics. We were far enough away from the mainland to keep disease-bearing insects exterminated, but we had to use boiled water entirely for drinking and tooth-brushing purposes.



## THE COLONNADE

The physical lay-out of the island was designed to give it the greatest possible military strength, and at the same time provide convenience and pleasure to those who were to live on it. There were parts of the island which I never saw—densely overgrown ravines and ridges—and cliffs and rugged shore lines which I saw only when approaching the island from the water. And in contrast to these, the sections in which we lived were like pleasant American suburbs. Roads and walks were good, and connected all parts of the island. We had electricity, running water, showers, telephones, coal—wood—and ice deliveries, Mail delivery twice a day, excellent servants, and almost anything you could want in the way of recreations. We had to depend on ourselves for amusements and friendships because we were so far from the mainland, and for that reason there was a feeling of kinship among us which would not be found in many communities the size of ours. We could go to Manila to shop or visit or sight-see if we wanted to, but for the most part we stayed at where we were except for vacation trips to Baguio in the mountains, or for cruises among the Southern Islands, or for trips to China and Japan.

The top of The Rock is flat and expansive, and it was the heart of our business and pleasure. Army headquarters were there, and in the same building was the post chapel. Below Headquarters was the Cine, where we saw the best movies the States could produce; and across from the Cine, facing it perpendicularly, was the longest barracks to be found on any American army post. Housed in this building also was the Post Exchange, the library, a restaurant, barber shop and a dry goods store. Also a shoe shop, tailor shop, and dress-makers' shop. Behind it was the post office, and across the road from it was the main drill field of the post. Behind Headquarters were the quarters of the high-ranking officers, and beyond them was the Club, with golf course, swimming pool, tennis courts, and badminton courts. (These last named were indoors, and were crowded during the rainy seasons.) Bowling and basketball could be had at Middleside. Shark-proofed beaches and a miniature golf course were at

Kindley Field. The quarters of non-commissioned officers were across the drill field from Headquarters.

Below Topside, on the eastern side of the island, toward Manila, was another flat section of land where the commissary, hospital, post school, and a long row of quarters for medical officers and nurses were located. We lived here, on Medical Row as it was called, just by chance, and loved it because it was close to everything, and Ann was born in the post hospital.

Middleside was a long row of houses just below Medical Row, with its back to us. The little boys on our row could not always resist the fact that the houses were easily within a stone's throw. Lieutenants and captains lived there for the most part, and down the line below the quarters were a branch Post Exchange, bowling alleys, a gymnasium, a small drill field, and various military buildings with which I never became very familiar. The post garage was in that section too, and several native schools.

Between Middleside and Bottomside was Stockade Level, where a branch of Manila's Bilibid Prison was maintained. Several hundred civilian Filipino prisoners were kept there, guarded by a battalion of native soldiers. The prisoners worked throughout the island in gangs, doing the fatigue work of the post. They did woodwork and printing in the prison too, and on New Year's Day they held "open house", with an exhibition of their handiwork and a program of acrobatic stunts and dramatics.

Bottomside was at sea level. The main dock was on the eastern side of the island, as were the cold storage plant and the power plant (which should have been built in the tunnel originally but was not lest the Japanese consider that an unfriendly act!) Around on the south side was San Jose Barrio, a native community, the business district of Corregidor if the island could be said to have had one. Native soldiers and their families, shopkeepers, fishermen, and a few servants lived here, and the streets were lined with shops and stores of various kinds. A native market was there, too, selling the native foods and articles of clothing which we Americans found so strange.

## CORREGIDOR

All sections of Corregidor were under army surveillance, and everyone had to adhere to army regulations. A strict check was kept on persons entering and leaving the island, but it was a well known fact that up to the Spring of 1941, at least, the Japanese were as familiar with the island as were the officers stationed on it.

Living quarters on the post were large and comfortable. Some were two story buildings with separate apartments upstairs and down. Some were bungalows. The floor plan for both types was almost identical. There were five large rooms, a kitchen, pantry, two baths, and three smaller rooms for servants. A large porch extended around three sides of the house. Most of the wall space was full of windows, all screened, in which small squares of shell were used instead of glass panes. The windows slid sideways, too, not up and down, and although we fussed sometimes because they were ugly and dark, we were thankful for them during typhoons when the winds would have blown straight through ordinary windows. Walls and floors were of concrete (we could only hang pictures on victrola needles because all nails bent double when we tried to drive them into the walls), but doorways and beams and studdings were of

wood, which the termites found delectable. The quarters lent themselves readily to interior decorations. The only thing they did not have which we wished for was a fireplace, and so at Christmas time we built our own out of orange crates and sections from the dining room table, just for the atmosphere.

Life on the island was what you made it, and most people made it as much like life in the States as possible. The plentifulness and excellence of the servants gave us more leisure than we would ordinarily have had, but that was easily filled up by anyone who really wanted to keep busy. The day began at 7:30 and most work was left off at 12:30 because of the heat of the midday and early afternoon. Afternoons were devoted to the various sports, following lunch and a siesta. (Women were urged to play their golf in the mornings to make way for the men later in the day.) For the community-minded there was a dramatics club, a P.-T. A., chapel choirs, and Boy and Girl Scouts. The teachers of the American Post School were chosen from the women on the post, and we who taught found ourselves well occupied. At night the movies were always accessible, and parties and dances

*Continued on Page 31*



Headquarters: The Drill Field is to the left. Beyond the building, hidden by the foliage, is the Cine.





*First Prize in Short Story Contest*

MARY FRANCES BOWLES, '43

□ "WHATCHA git canned fer, beautiful?"

The question was shot out in a rasping whisper as the long line of girls marched wearily into the dining room of the Girl's Reformatory.

"Quiet, no talking in line," ordered the matron in a crisp, masculine voice. She glared, hawklike, at the section from which the whisper came.

The girls were ushered into the grey stone building and each took her place at the long rows of tables. Dressed in identical blue denim work dresses, they looked pitifully drab and strangely like rag dolls. There were tall ones and short ones, ones that were



fat and ones that were skinny, but each had the same distinctive, unsmiling countenance of a caged animal. Mechanically, they ate their meal of grits and hash.

At one table, to the left of the entrance, there was unusual commotion. Whispered tones carried from one inmate to another and curiously the conversation seemed centered on one girl whose head was bent low over her tin plate.

"Com'on, sister, what'd they can ya' fer?" The speaker was a thin, dirty girl with greasy black hair and piercing, beady black eyes.

Slowly, but with hesitation, the girl spoken to raised her head. Seeing her really for the first time, those at the table gasped at her beauty.

"I was hungry," she spoke quietly and with great dignity, "so I took some vegetables from a stand to keep from starving." Her voice quivered and her long lashed eyes filled with tears. She held her head high and spoke again. "I'm not ashamed. Christ said, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you'! I would feed a hungry man if I were able."

"Tommyrot! That's a lotta' hogwash," sneered the girl with the greasy, black hair. "What does it git ya? I ain't got no faith in nothin' in the Bible. It's all a lotta' bunk."

"Shet up, Joey, she's got a right to say wat she thinks, ain't she?"

Joey stood up, her hands on her bony hips. "So-o-o, since when did you start tellin' me, Joey the toughest hardest dame in this game to shut up! Why you dirty little guttersnipe, I'll pull your tongue right outta' your head."

"No, no, Joey, I was only foolin'—yer right. Please, don't—Joey, don't! Yer—chokin' . . . me . . . ahhh."

Joey released the smaller girl's throat and she slumped to the floor. The matrons had Joey by each arm, dragging her from the screaming mob of girls. The beautiful new girl looked sadly at the departing figure and sighed. She turned and bent over the gasping, sobbing child Joey had attacked.

"It's all right, dear, Joey's gone. Come with me and I'll take you to your room. You should lie down for a while; your

nerves are on edge."

Unused to kindness, the child became hysterical and screamed in terror. "No, no, Joey'll kill me when she gits outta' 'solitary'. I ain't gonna stay here. I gotta git away—now—tonight—I'll break outta' this hole. They can't keep me here; I won't stay, I wont, I won't!"

The girl lifted the child to her feet and put her arm around the small, trembling shoulders. Involuntarily, the child relaxed and became calmer. She sobbed more quietly as she was led to her room, but still her little body shook.

The girl laid her on the cot and sat beside her. Tenderly, she laid her cool, white hand on the child's forehead as the child sighed long and with resignation. As the girl watched the child she was filled with compassion. What could this pathetic little form on the cot have done to be confined to a state reformatory? She considered her own plight; she was older; she understood life; she had lived, but this little tyke hadn't been given a fair chance. Tears welled up in her great, luminous eyes and spilled over her smooth cheeks.

The child looked at the girl imploringly, "Why're ya' cryin'? Nobody ain't done nothin' to you. Do you hurt somewhere?"

The girl smiled at the child's innocence. "Yes, dear, I hurt—inside. Not the hurt that Joey made you feel but a different hurt. My heart aches for you and for Joey."

"Gee, you sure talk funny," the child seemed awe-stricken as she looked at the girl with a strange reverence. "Why'd ya' help me, anyhow? I ain't niver did nothin' fer you. You better paddle yer own canoe up here 'cause every dame looks out fer herself and nobuddy else."

Amazed at the child's hardened philosophy the girl considered it thoughtfully for a moment before she spoke. "Do you know Christ?" She questioned the child simply, afraid to face the answer.

"Yeah, I heard about Him, but I ain't so sure I know what to b'lieve 'bout all that stuff He went around talkin' 'bout?"

The girl smiled, half from amusement and half from pity. She realized suddenly that she didn't even know the child's name.

Perhaps it would help if they were better acquainted.

"What's your name, little one?"

"Sandy! What's yourn?"

"Leslie."

Both lapsed into a comfortable silence while the child, Sandy, gazed at Leslie with adoring eyes. Leslie didn't speak for a time because Sandy seemed more at ease than before. After a few minutes, Leslie approached the child again.

"Sandy, do you recall the words I spoke about Christ at lunch today?"

"Sure, ya' sed sompin' 'bout doin' to other people like you'd want 'em ta' treat you'."

"Well, dear, if you remember that statement, if you practice it in all you ever do, you'll be happy. No matter how cruelly a person treats you, be as kind to them as you would like them to be to you. In the end, Sandy, you'll always be the winner."

"Gee, that sounds awfully smart, but I don't see how yo' c'n be nice to sombuddy who's mean to you, like Joey is ta' me, I mean."

"Oh, yes, Sandy, you can be if you really want to be. Good-bye! It's time to report to my work. Think about what I said."

\* \* \* \* \*

Two weeks later Joey was released from solitary confinement. The day she appeared in line there was a strained awkward silence among the girls. Leslie suspected they all feared Joey even more since the episode two weeks before. She would be angry and she would not limit her retorts to any one person. Joey was domineering and to remain top tough guy she must show her strength by terrorizing every girl mentally or physically. As Leslie half feared, Joey singled her out when the opportunity pre-

sented itself.

"You filthy, squealing pig!" she screamed, "I oughtta kill you with my bare hands and git it over with. Nobuddy around here ever gets by with trying ta' take my place. While I was rottin' in solitary, you was soft soapin' these dumb dames so they'd take yer side instead o' mine. Well, it won't git ya' nowhere, see!"

"Joey, I had no intention of hurting you in any way. I'd like to help you if I may. You're making yourself unhappy within yourself. Let me help you." Leslie realized her words were futile but she had to say them because she felt them.

"Why, you snippity little angel," Joey said sarcastically, "I don' need yer help nor nobuddy else's. I heard that lil' rat, Sandy, telling some o' them dames 'bout whut you said 'bout treatin' everybody like you want 'em ta' treat you. Listen, sister, that kinda stuff ain't gonna get ya' nowhere in this joint." Her voice had become a thin wail and beads of sweat stood out on her dirty forehead. Her beady, black eyes had a queer, red gleam and her body tensed. She looked like a tiger ready to spring on its prey.

Leslie saw what was coming and prepared herself for the ordeal. She and Joey were alone so it was useless to call for help. Besides, Leslie wasn't afraid.

Joey spoke again. Her voice had lost its note of hysteria; now it was low and sinister. "I'm gonna kill you, beautiful, so start sayin' them prayers yer always beatin' yer gums about."

Leslie realized she must defeat Joey in some manner, because Joey meant every word she uttered. She sprang, cat-like, and Leslie stepped aside avoiding the long

*Continued on Page 23*

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## *Tears and Stuff*

JANE KNAPTON, '45

If all the tears since time began  
That womenkind has shed for man  
Were gathered into one big sea,  
Gosh, what a tidal wave there'd be!

The women would drown, one and all,  
They'd sink in salt beyond recall.  
The men would somehow keep afloat,  
Each in a dinky little boat,

With shirt for sails and arms for oars,  
They'd paddle off for other shores.  
And there they'd land, serene and brave,  
And start another tidal wave.

# How Not to Become a Success As a Teacher!

ANNE FITZGERALD, '43

☐ YOU'RE enrolled in a state teachers college! You have had large doses of educative experience and features of school practice. You've written units, you have made observations and have faced a class in methods with chattering teeth and knocking knees, hoping to muster poise and assurance! The teaching profession which you entered to train for in your lack-a-daisical freshman year—remember?—has lost its glamour, or has it?

You shudder at the thought of attempting to pour facts in empty little heads and putting red marks on so many test papers. At this moment you don't care if you ever teach. If you leave this business of education while you're still in your right mind, while your head is full of school proms, romance, and adventure, instead of knowledge and books, you believe you can become almost anything—a WAAC or a WAVE or even a Veronica Lake! If that's what you wish—but you probably don't—here's a sure way you may save yourself from your awful fate!

Appear in class with a bored, disinterested air. Why did you ever want to teach in the first place? You know the attitude. Or you might assume a "know-it-all" manner or smear your face with a "grin and bear it" expression. Such things are so contagious that the pupils may get the idea themselves.

When your class gets out of hand, lose your temper, pound your fist on the desk and yell above the noise at the top of your voice. By all means, you must add to the confusion! Perhaps, you may prefer to give a tongue lashing. You could muster all your sarcasm to make your pupils feel like two cent pieces. Such a method secures

perfect harmony and inspires your pupils to their greatest (?) achievement.

When your pupils don't understand a problem, never explain. Just let them struggle through it for themselves. You don't have any patience with numbskulls, anyway.

Then, never, never get to class on time. Let the pupils sit around a while, then squirm, begin to throw erasers and tear up the classroom before you get there. (That is, if they're there when you come!)

Don't have straight clear notes or lesson plans. The salmagundi type of lecture (can't-find-anything kind) will keep them hanging on your next words—wondering! Never be firm.

Don't bother to supply yourself with a store of information on every conceivable subject, both general and specific. Lose your love and memory for facts. Never use teaching aids, professional periodicals, the encyclopedias, almanac, dictionary or atlas. Also forget the names of your pupils and patrons and the middle initial of the president of the P. T. A. Be entirely blase and indifferent. Throw your conventions to the wind. Forget your inhibitions and do exactly as you please. After all, it's your life and you must live it!

Then when you meet your classes, wear your frilliest dress, clanking jewelry, weirdest hair-do, in fact, all your furbelows. You will be the cyneclosure of all eyes. Why should you care? You don't give a hoot! You never wanted to teach anyway.

And so, my dear, if that's the way you feel, do all of these things. Heaven knows, you'll never be a success presiding in a classroom!



# *Tears*

FAY BYRD JOHNSON, '45

Tears  
Sliding down withered cheeks—  
Quiet tears.

Fears  
Deep in a mother's breast—  
Silent fears.

Why?  
An only loved son speaks  
Good-bye—Why?

A lie?  
At Pearl Harbor—strange guests—  
Kinsmen die!

Act!  
Work with those self-less men—  
Quickly act!

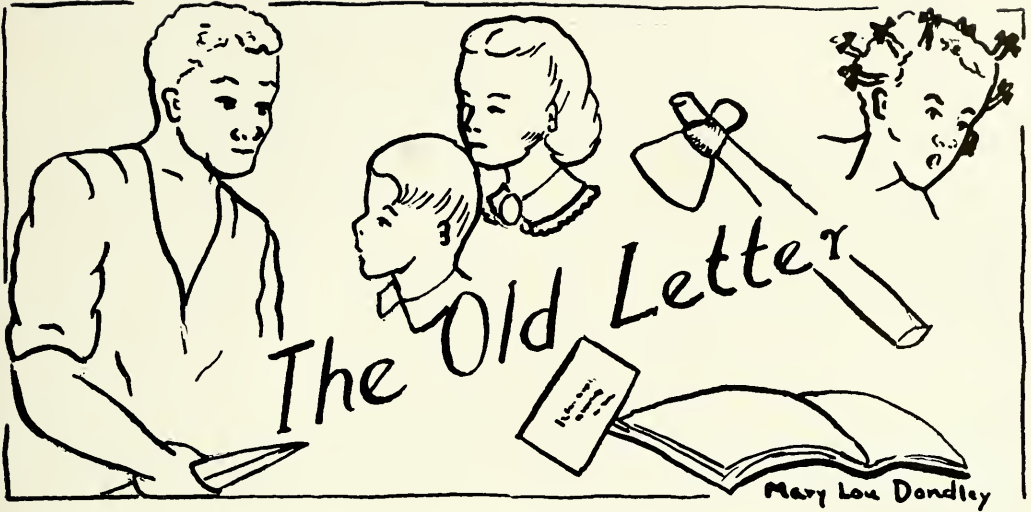
A fact:  
Yes, our boys will win then—  
Surely—a fact.

Tears  
Streaming from happy eyes—  
Joyous tears!

Cheers!  
Confidence multiplies  
Hopeful cheers.

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JANE SMITH, '44

(Honorable Mention in Short Story Contest)

☐ I opened the bulky, blue book slowly, careful of its yellow and aged pages.

I was delving back through the years looking at the long, unassorted list of births, marriages, and deaths, trying to get my family tree untangled with the aid of the precious family Bible. I began to thumb through its endless pages looking at the long Bible character names, when suddenly I saw a faded, yellowed envelope on which was written the following inscription:

Master Benjamin Franklin Harrison  
Chester  
Sussex County  
Virginia

The queer old-fashioned Spencerian writing attracted my attention. I opened it and found a very interesting letter, dated August 28, 1831, written by a very grown-up lad of twelve years to his cousin. The letter was an eye-witness account of Nat Turner's insurrection, written by a boy who saw it from behind his aunt's skirts at his home at Bonny Doone, Southampton County, Virginia.

August 28, 1831  
Bonny Doone,  
Southampton County  
Virginia

Dear Cousin Ben,

I am so very much disappointed that we were not able to visit you today as we had planned. Aunt Anna was not feeling well, and mother said we must stay at home with her. My sister, Liza, cried the entire afternoon because we could not see Cousin Betty. I have been reading to Aunt Anna, and now she is asleep. This is the first time I have even seen Aunt Anna sick. Mother said the shock was too great for her, and I suppose she is right.

A queer and frightening thing happened last week. I shall try to tell you all the details so you will not ask too many questions when I see you. Monday morning Liza and I were building a playhouse in the Oak Grove when Mr. Briggs came up the avenue riding his horse very fast. He did not stop to say good morning to Liza and me as he usually does. He ran up the steps and talked to Father for a short time, and then Father called Big Sam to saddle Lightfoot as quickly as possible. Big Sam couldn't be found; so, Martha sent Little Sam scurrying from the kitchen to saddle the horse. Mama started crying and begging father not to go. Aunt Anna told her to stop whimpering like a ninny. Mr. Briggs said something about their not being able pos-

## THE COLONNADE

sibly to get this far and Aunt Anna agreed; so, Father kissed Mother and left. I tried to find out what was happening but Aunt Anna made us go back to the Oak Grove to play. When Martha rang the dinner bell, for the field hands to come to the house, only a few appeared. Aunt Anna called us to dinner, but nobody ate anything except Liza and me. Mother seemed worried very much and Aunt Anna kept saying something about insolence. (I do not know how to spell the word). Liza and I went back to our play house, and then Liza said she heard music. But you know how foolish girls are. I paid her no attention. Then I heard music. It sounded like many people singing the songs Big Sam and the field hands sing on Sundays. Liza got scared and Suzy, you remember the little black girl who ran faster than you in the races, said Judgment Day mus be coming. Aunt Anna called us in the house and though I was curious, I went. When Aunt Anna tells me to move, I move.

Mother was standing in the parlor, twisting her hands and asking why father did not come. I did not know, so, I didn't answer. Then I looked out the dining room window, I saw a very large group of men coming down the road. The field hands were singing the songs they sing on Sunday. But that was Monday. When I told Aunt Anna, Mamma started crying very loudly and so did Liza and Martha, who came out of the kitchen with little Sam and Suzy clinging to her skirts.

The men had started up the long avenue of oaks, headed for the front door. This was queer because none of the slaves entered the front door. Martha said that the negroes had gone wild and I believed it. Suddenly Aunt Anna seemed to have an idea, and after sending Suzy to the kitchen, told us all to stand behind her on the steps. For once the closed-in stairway was used for something except hide and seek. I made Mother and Liza and Martha and her two children stand behind me. I knew I must be brave, but I was really afraid. I stood behind Aunt Anna. Aunt Anna held an axe high, the one Suzy had fetched from the kitchen, and looked very strange. Her eyes seemed to flash fire, as Mama said, and she stood very straight and tall. Aunt Anna is

*Illustrated by Mary Lou Dondley*

very tall as you know. She said she would get the first one that came near us, anyway. I didn't understand, but I knew something was going to happen to us because Mother was crying about Father's not being able to protect us. I heard the noise of heavy shoes on the porch steps and the slow music of "Go Down Moses" became almost a roar. The front door burst open and all was confusion. It is hard to remember; things happened so fast. There was more singing and yells of "Down with the whites!" and some more about Moses that I didn't understand.

It was a terrible sight. They would have scared even you. The tall, thin man in front, carrying a spike with blood on it, I recognized as a field hand, Nat Turner, from "Cross Keys." When they saw Aunt Anna and the axe, they stopped yelling. Everything was so quiet, I could hear the clock in the parlor ticking. The calm terrified me. I'll have to confess I lost my courage and hid behind Aunt Anna's skirts. Suddenly they turned and went out the door. The group was broken up right beyond our gate by Father and the neighbors; but Nat Turner has not been captured yet. None of us moved until Father opened the door and then, very strange to say, Aunt Anna fainted. I shall never forget how she looked as she held the axe nor how she and I protected the others from the wild field hands.

I have written a long letter but because it is very important to me at this time, I hope you will not object. I hope that you and your family will visit us soon and that you shall not be long in answering my letter.

Your affectionate cousin,

Nathaniel R. Stuart

\* \* \* \* \*

### Footnotes:

Near Courtland (formerly Jerusalem) a roadside sign reads: "Seven miles southwest, Nat Turner, a Negro, inaugurated, August 21, 1831, a slave insurrection that lasted 2 days and cost the lives of sixty whites. The slaves began the massacre near "Cross Keys" and moved eastward toward Jerusalem (Courtland). On meeting resistance, the insurrection speedily collapsed."

The story of the axe is true, according to my grandmother, but I have substituted fictitious names of persons.





# Pen Poise



*"As firm in my life's path as yonder star."*

—KATHERINE JOHNSON, '45



**W**ITH a glow that caressingly touched even the most common-place, the stars looked down like a myriad of pin pricks letting the light of heaven through."

—LOIS W. ALPHIN, '44



*"Life may seem a tangle of bothers wrapped in a sea full of dreaded tomorrows."*

—BOBBIE BUCHANAN, '46



**T**HE gliding clouds paused briefly, and the yellow moon peeped bashfully into the library windows."

—MARY ANN JARRATT, '45



*"At the end of ten minutes, the conversation was going at a rather brisk rate, and the candy had decreased to three pieces."*

—ALICE NICHOLS, '45



**O**NLY the future holds the true answer."

—MARILYN BELL, '45

*"The essence of life is living."*

**S**HE glittered with an egotism which only those of much wealth possess."

—NANCY HALL, '45



*"Even her banishment affords her an opportunity to make a lark of a grievous situation."*

—NELL SCOTT, '44



**H**EAAT waves shimmered up from a burned and blackened no-man's land."

—JANE KNAPTON, '45



*"Let's remember Pearl Harbor as a good kick in the pants when we should have been facing the other way ready to let go with the old one-two."*

**S**HE always refers to him as 'John-and-I'."

—W. A. WRIGHT, '43



*"A dramatist might learn many new expressions of emotion if he were only to visit the S. T. C. post office after the mail has been put up."*



**S**OME women would be a greater success if they didn't strive so much for 'clubbidity'."

*"Student teachers have found that their pupils think homework is something the teachers give them to keep them from enjoying the radio."*

—ANNE FITZGERALD, '43

# Dray



Well, if it isn't Betty Boutchard all dressed up and going to a tea! She has on a stunning black crepe with a light aqua yoke covered with shiny black bead work.

Here are Marie Hedgecock, Virginia Mae Ellett, and Bettie Lee Scott typifying the Farmville college girl.



All the clothes modeled on these two pages at  
M

# Shape

Mmmmm—wonder who the lucky fellow is? Anyway, Jane's going to give him a thrill in rustling red and black plaid taffeta. It has a black velvet insert in the waist to make it more formal.



Marie is wearing the A No. 1 choice of Farmville girls—a blue herringbone suit with a boxy boy's jacket. Virginia Mae has on a favorite Knubby-Knit sweater and navy pleated skirt while Bettie Lee's sport wool trimmed in white angora is tops in our estimation.

be found at Baldwin's Department Store on  
ville.



# We Recommend . . .

## Poe's Richmond

AGNES M. BONDURANT, Garrett and Massie,  
1942, \$3.00

□ THIS book is of especial interest to Virginia and more particularly to people of Farmville. The author teaches in the Farmville High School and is very well known locally. Moreover, the contents of her books are valuable. The reader is given a comprehensive view of Richmond during the times of Edgar Allan Poe. Many problems concerning the great author's background are made clear. The circumstances out of which he obtained material for his poems are vividly described. Richmonders are enabled to compare the Richmond of the early nineteenth century with the city of today. The value of the volume is increased by the wood cuts of Mr. Ralph Warren Lemond. Like Miss Bondurant, he is very accurate in details.

The volume is arranged as a series of essays, telling different phases of Richmond during Poe's time. Industry, politics, education, amusement, and newspapers are a few of the subjects discussed, as well as Poe's own personality in relation to these factors. The work has been favorably reviewed by critics such as Branch Cabell and Dr. Douglas Freeman. They intimate that Miss Bondurant's production has put her in a class with scholars long recognized for their ability.

VIRGINIA KENT SEDGLEY, '43

## The Just and the Unjust

JAMES GOULD COZZENS, Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1942, \$2.50

□ JAMES GOULD COZZENS, at the age of thirty-nine has turned out his tenth novel, *The Just and the Unjust*. He has done notable work before — *S. S. San*

*Pedro* and *The Last Adam* being particularly good—and the publication of his latest novel should definitely assure him a place among the outstanding contemporary American authors.

The book is chiefly concerned with the thesis that the procedure of the law and the life of the community go hand in hand. Each bears a determining relationship to the other. The constant conflict between justice and crime—the just and the unjust—is exemplified in one specific murder case the trial of which runs throughout the book.

Because of the manner in which the material is treated the reader's interest is stimulated immediately. The book begins with the dramatic opening of a little county's first murder trial in more than a decade. District Attorney Martin Bunting, a logical self-restrained man, and Assistant District Attorney Abner Coates, who is the "seeing eye" through which the events are unfolded, handle the case for the Commonwealth. The lawyers for the defense, are gay, flamboyant Harry Wurts and meek but industrious George Stacey. The two gangsters charged with murder are the least important of the characters but without them there would be no story at all.

At intervals the action is transferred from the courtroom to other parts of the town—but the pattern of the story does not change, but rather entwines, with the shift of the scenes. There is a single love affair in the book, that of Abner Coates and Bonnie Drummond, but it never takes the spotlight.

Though the story is carried by the murder trial, we catch between court sessions glimpses of the life of the county seat and particularly of the characters connected with the trial. Mr. Cozzens does a splendid job of portraying his characters and show-

ing that there are good and bad qualities in everyone. His major actors—the lawyers for the defense, the district attorney and his assistant—are comparable to the average run of business men struggling with their jobs and with their personal lives. The defendants actually exist in the character of gangsters today.

Mr. Cozzens has taken a theme that is not new. In fact it has been overworked in the cheapest literature. However, through his skill and undoubted knowledge of law and lawyers, he has written a book of major dimensions.

SARAH MASSIE GOODE, '43

## Drivin' Woman

ELIZABETH PICKETT CHEVALIER, Macmillan Publishing Co., 1942, \$2.75

□ *DRIVIN' WOMAN*, by Elizabeth Pickett Chevalier, is another of the stories of the period just after the War between the States. Like *Gone With the Wind*, *Red Rock*, and many others, it portrays the desolate South, and the determination of her people to win back prosperity and political order.

The story itself is concerned with America Moncure, a beautiful Southern gentlewoman who was left with nothing but her own powers of intellect and breeding to make a life for herself and her family. It was her misfortune to love and marry a man whose dynamic charm blinded her to the weakness of his character. With him she rode the river boat up and down the Ohio until she realized that the only money he would ever make would be dishonest. When finally his crimes made him a fugitive from justice, she shielded him by causing the public to believe him dead. Mid social disapproval and economic hardships, but possessed of a strong will to rear her children well, and give them the position she had once known, she sacrificed everything to realize that desire. Only after her still beloved husband was dead, her children were married and her name was cleared did she settle down to a normal life as the wife of Stone Moncure, who through the years had loved her and remained loyal. Through all she retained her strength and dignity, her character and refinement.

*Drivin' Woman* depicts the spirit of the United States as a whole with the ability of its people to start a new pattern of life when that which they knew was destroyed.

ELLA BANKS WEATHERS, '44

## The Song of Bernadette

FRANZ WERFEL, The Viking Press, New York, 1942, \$3.00

□ THIS son of a cultured German Jew, upon escaping Nazi persecution and fleeing to Lourdes in France, vowed that he would write *The Song of Bernadette*. Franz Werfel, poet and philosopher, presents a novel "enchanting as with the magic of children's voices raised in a medieval hymn." It is singular that a Jewish author presents a beautiful story so full of Catholic belief and tradition.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century in France, the ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity had faded, and the Catholic Church was skeptical concerning miracles, which were considered hard to explain and embarrassing. Under such circumstances was Bernadette Soubirous, the daughter of a poor miller, born in 1858 in Lourdes. Bernadette attended the local school conducted by the nuns but did not excel in her studies. When playing one day there appeared to Bernadette at the cavern of Massabielle the vision of a beautiful young lady, whose very presence moved the child to pray and to tell her rosary. The sweet child never doubted or disobeyed the beautiful apparition whose miracles soon spread throughout the countryside and at length to the church and government. Bernadette was questioned and condemned by authorities of church and state and at length placed in a convent in order to forestall explanations. For the rest of her years Bernadette remained away from the world but never once did she waver in her ardent belief in "the Lady", whose words to her, "I am the Immaculate Conception," mystified the Church. In 1933 Bernadette Soubirous was canonized. While many considered the girl to be an insane fanatic, many had faith in her vision and the fruits of it in the form of miracles.

Franz Werfel's latest historical novel is

*Continued on Page 29*

# Purest of Pleasures

STELLA SCOTT, '43

☐ SOME hold that day dreaming is purely a form of escape and release for lazy, do-nothing persons of low mentality, but I say that those misinformed creatures who put forth this theory are simply jealous because they do not know the art of the pleasing pastime. From my role as an experienced day dreamer I look down with pity upon those unfortunates who have never known the joys which arise from letting the mind wander freely over pleasurable places and happenings, both experienced and imagined.

In day dreams I go to all the far-off and exciting places I've always wanted to visit. I can travel to the Far East, the land of the Arctic, the South Sea Islands, anywhere I may choose. I see queer people in silken kimonos, carved temples, and waving seas of rice; I see the aurora borealis, the deserts of virgin snow, the lofty snow-capped peaks; the swaying palms, the hush-hush of the water lapping eagerly at the shore. All these, and more, do I see.

I visualize places I know, places that are dear to me. The winding creek that is before my house, the white sea gulls that swoop and glide endlessly above it, the faint but unmistakable smell of salt water are all there in my mind waiting to be taken out and examined.

Half the joys of an experience, it has been said, are taken from anticipation and I hold with this. For who has not, upon learning of a future trip or event, spent hours in planning and speculating upon it? Before seeing a house or a place or a town for the first time, I already have a picture in my mind's eye that fills completely my conception of it.

It does not seem strange to lie on the bed in my room at school and, by closing my eyes, find myself back in earliest childhood, crabbing from a low footbridge, or begging for a ride on the back of one of the farm's mules, or guiltily eating forbidden green apples. It is not a phenomenon to me, I say; I accept it as a thing of infinite elation and question not its whence and wherefore.

## In My Soul

- - - *"They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."*

IMOGEN CLAYTOR, '43

Why am I not a poet?  
Why cannot I express  
The sounds I hear in silences  
Of nature's soft caress?

Why can't I make a reader  
Thrill to sounds unknown—  
When shadows sigh, and flowers breathe,  
And beetles cease their drone?

I felt such sounds when very young,  
I'll feel them when I'm old;  
For though I'm not a poet,  
There is poetry in my soul.



# Write Mrs. X

MARY STUART WALMSLEY

(A former student at S. T. C.)

☐ "WHAT a combination!" Nelle groaned at the despairing image in the dainty round mirror. "Green eyes and muddy brown hair! How could anybody contend with that?" Which was, of course, an exaggeration, but undeniably based on fact. For there was nothing glamorous about the brown mane that fell helter-skelter into curls down Nelle's neck, or the eyes, which, as the little forty-watt lights shone in them through pink ruffled shades, were unmistakably green. She got up suddenly, disgusted, snapped off the little pink lights and plunked herself down on her bed.

It had been a rotten party, all right. You could tell about parties. You could tell by the trite little "I'll-see-you's" and "It-was-a-swell-party-really's" that they said at the door. Well, it hadn't been her idea, this party. She agreed with her mother that it was high time she was "getting into" things around town. But an afternoon party! No one liked the best of them. Well, honestly, it had been awful. She had hoped to do something to put her on her feet, sort of, for the junior-senior prom next week. And what had happened? Nothing except that little item about the whole thing flopping, absolutely flopping! Now who would want to dance with Nelle Winters, the girl who couldn't even throw a decent party? Oh, the irony of it all!

She turned over angrily and arranged the paper she had taken care to place between her dirty saddle shoes and the spotless pink and white chenille. The heading of a column made her stop and look: "DON'T GET MARRIED TILL A FEW YEARS OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL, ADVISES MRS. X." "Ha!" thought Nelle scornfully. "No danger for this high school girl!" She went on to read the girl's letter and Mrs. X's advice. "Pretty sound advice, Mrs. X, I'd say. Um—If you have any problems which you would like understanding Mrs. X to discuss, address them to Mrs. X care of this paper. Enclose a stamped,

self-addressed envelope if you do not wish your letter printed.' Well, honestly, do you guess . . . "

\* \* \* \* \*

Harrisville, Va.

January 17

Dear Mrs. X,

Our junior-senior prom is next week, and it will be my first. A girl's first junior-senior prom, in a small town like this, is practically her debut, and it either makes her or breaks her. I'm afraid I won't make a go of it. Wonder if you could possibly give me any pointers.

I am seventeen years old, a junior in high school. I am five feet five, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, have a fair figure. My eyes are green and my hair is muddy brown. (Isn't that awful?)

Please don't publish this because it would be recognized on sight. I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Thank you.

Brighteyes

\* \* \* \* \*

April 10

Dear Mrs. X,

I just must tell you how much your advice has helped me. I wore the plain white dress to the prom, and just as you said, it seemed to make the most of what beauty I have. I followed your advice about dark makeup and had a long, "girlish" permanent. I'm taking exercises for poise and grace. (I waved my eyelashes, and it seemed to have effect! I have an invitation to another dance next week.)

I feel that I owe my success to you, Mrs. X, for the swell time I had and the rush I got. Thanks just loads!

Brighteyes

\* \* \* \* \*

May 1

Dear Mrs. X,

I think I've fallen in love for the first time. At the dance I mentioned in my last letter, this simply superior boy gave me a swell rush. He has recently moved to town

## THE COLONNADE

and goes to the same school that I attend. My problem this time is: How do I work on him off of the dance floor? Will you drop a few hints in the enclosed envelope?

Brighteyes

P. S.—He's wonderful!

\* \* \* \* \*

December 4

Dear Mrs. X,

I must thank you for the second bit of excellent advice. Andy and I are "going steady" now. How about some more subtle tactics to encourage him?

Recently, I met a most horrible gink. He called me several times after our last dance. I don't like him AT ALL. He has stopped calling me, and I don't blame him. But since he stopped, I have been considering him. Andy and I are both going to State next September, and I don't want to be already "possessed" when I go there, though I love Andy with all my heart. I feel that it is no more than right that we should each meet some other boys and girls. This ginkish individual is from the city where we are going to school (your own fair city), and I feel that if I gave him a date or two he might be able to show me a good time when I go away to school by introducing me to the town crowd. However, I don't want him to think I like him. What can I do to get him to call back? And after he comes, what can I do to convince him I don't like him, without being rude? Please help me.

Brighteyes

P. S.—He's awful. Red hair with cowlicks. He writes, with a psycho-analytical sideline. Isn't that terrific.

\* \* \* \* \*

May 30

Dear Mrs. X,

It's miraculous, the way things work out for you. I don't know what I'd do without you. He did call me back. And I also think Andy loves me more for a little competition. The gink didn't seem to be hard to manage at all after you told me how.

As I said, I'm going away to State in September. You've been so much help to me along other lines, that I thought maybe you could advise me as to what clothes to get, and what personality traits I might try to develop to help make myself popular on the

campus. Thanks!

Brighteyes

\* \* \* \* \*

December 20

Dear Mrs. X,

Enclosed you will find a little white linen handkerchief that I hope you will like. It's for all the priceless advice you have given me. When I had "Mrs. X" put on it at the store, the salesgirl thought I was nuts. Maybe you will, too, but I feel that you are one of my dearest friends, and one that I should give something to at Christmas.

I wore the beige-and-green formal dress to openings. Andy said that it made my eyes look bright and greener than ever, and even made my hair sort of have green and gold twinkles in it. You said it would, you know. All the clothes you advised me about are simply swell.

Trouble is, the gink, Johnny, likes them, too. I just can't seem to tell him to stop coming. After all, he's been responsible for my "getting around" here in the city. Why can't he see that I'm desperately in love with Andy? What can I do to let him know?

Brighteyes

\* \* \* \* \*

January 14

Dear Mrs. X,

Are you slipping? Or is it just me? Your last letter sort of changed tone, didn't it? I agree with you that a little jealousy won't hurt Andy, but why so much? Honestly, he's getting sensitive about it. I've dated Johnny's friends, too, and compared them to Andy's—well, compared so far as possible, because they just don't compare! Don't you think I'd better apologize to Andy and just sort of freeze Johnny out? After all I'm wearing Andy's frat pin and we're going to be married in three years.

Well, what'll I do? Brighteyes

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a good while before Nelle heard from Mrs. X. Then one day there appeared in her daily column a short item:

"Brighteyes: I am quite busy with other requests. Figure it out for yourself and do whatever you think best."

\* \* \* \* \*

February 4

Dear Mrs. X,

It may interest you to know that I am

now using my own wiles and they seem to be working! Having a swell time. The gink bothers me no more—doesn't even break at dances. Just looks at me sort of funny sometimes from the sidelines. He usually has a date to our dances. However, I don't suppose this interests you. Brighteyes

P. S.—What do you think of moss green taffeta relieved with light green chiffon for Midwinters?

\* \* \* \* \*

## “Do Unto Others . . .”

*Continued from Page 10*

fingers reaching for her. Joey was back again, this time kicking and scratching like a wild animal. She entwined her bony fingers about Leslie's lovely throat. Leslie gasped and struggled to free herself, but Joey's hold only tightened. Leslie's hands pawed the air; her senses blurred. She couldn't see—couldn't breathe. Suddenly, she remembered that if a person were hit hard enough in the solar plexis he would be knocked completely unconscious. Mustering all of her failing strength, she brought her knee up with such force that Joey only looked surprised and crumpled to the cold, cement floor.

Leslie dropped beside her, exhausted and struggling for air. When she recovered her composure, she looked at Joey with concern and gathered her in her arms.

“Joey,” she called softly, “Joey, can you hear me?”

Joey's eyes fluttered open. She looked up at Leslie and started to speak.

She stiffened, realizing what had happened. Her eyes blazed. When she struggled to get up Leslie was firm and clasped her tighter.

“No. Joey, now its my turn. You can't defeat me even tho' you want to very much. You have no strength and I have no desire to hurt you so we'll just stay here until you decide to talk sensibly.”

“Why, you—! O. K., whatcha wanta talk about? You ain't give me a chanct to get back at you. But it ain't no use even if I'm down. I ain't got nuthin' to say to you.”

“You listen to me, Joey, and don't open your mouth 'til I've finished what I have to say”. Leslie was angry and upset at her seeming lack of progress. She spoke sharply

No answer came to Nelle's letter. However, she told herself, she was doing very well alone. If Andy didn't ask for a date, one of his friends always did. And all his friends were so nice. Especially Tommy. Tommy was swell. They made such a good looking couple—he tall and blonde, she small and dark. Little Brighteyes could get around.

She was a little worried, though, about

*Continued on Page 28*

and unlike herself.

Joey looked at her in amazement and began to speak. Instead, she burst into tears, great sobs racking her thin body. She buried her head on Leslie's breast and wept tears that had been dammed up within her for years.

Leslie held Joey against her tenderly waiting for her to speak. Slowly the sobbing grew less violent and Joey looked into Leslie's face.

“Gee, kid, I had you—all—wrong,” she sobbed, “when I was in—solitary, I got to thinkin' 'bout what you sed. Ya' know, that stuff you sed Christ lived by, that ‘treatin’ people like you want 'em to treat you’. Well, it sounds O. K. Its like you sed—I ain't been happy. I been an awful bully and these kids ain't really bad. I don't hate 'em—none of 'em—I jus' wanted to be some-buddy big.”

She stopped sobbing but the tears still ran down her dirty face leaving two white streaks. She clung to Leslie, like a child to its mother, hungry for love and affection. Leslie's eyes were misty as she spoke brokenly.

“Yes, Joey, I know. But now that your reign is over everything will be different. You can help them in the right way and they'll look at you with love in their little hearts instead of fear.”

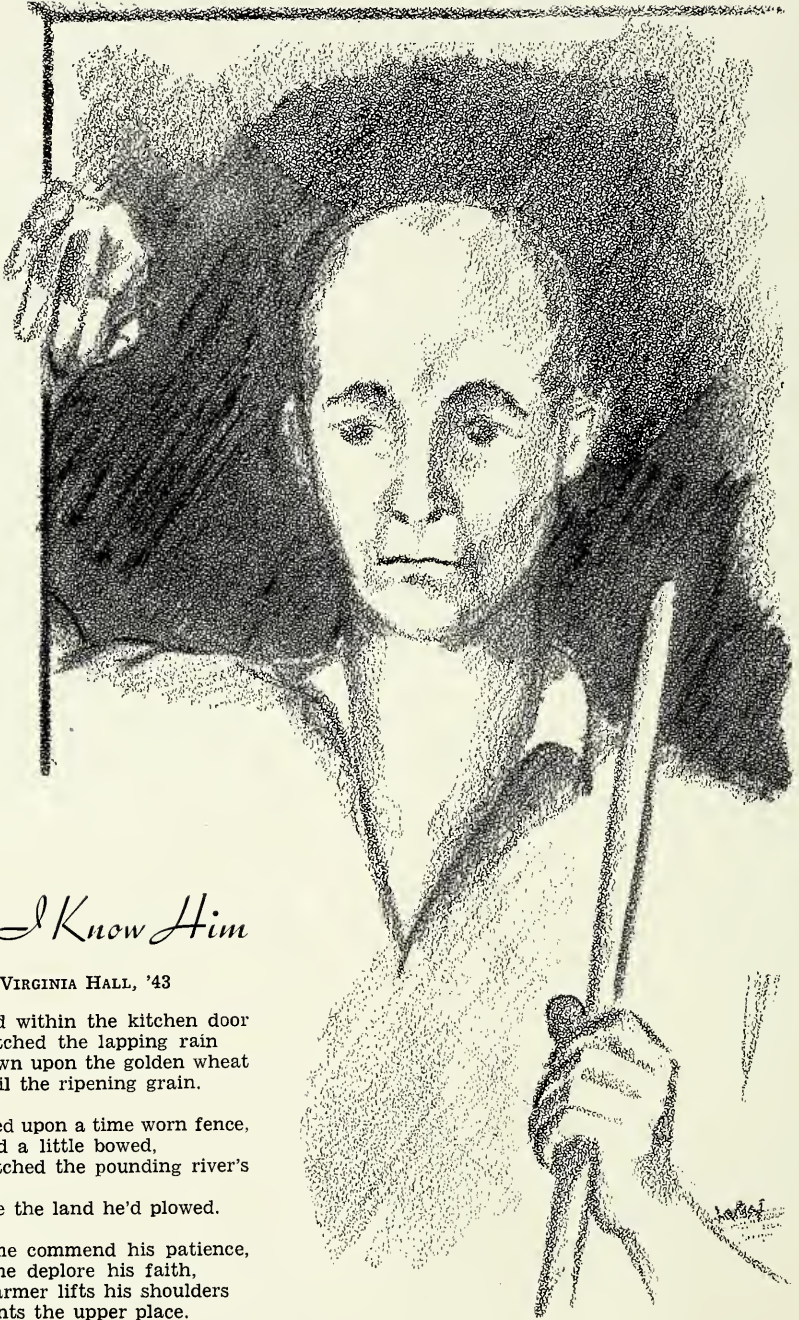
“But—but—do me a favor will ya'. beautiful,” she looked up at Leslie, a questioning look on her tear-streaked face.

“Yes?”

“Don't tell 'em I cried and don't tell 'em I wasn't happy being mean. It'd make me feel awful and they'd tease me. I'll make it up to you and to them. Honest!”

“No, Joey. We won't tell them!”





*As I Know Him*

VIRGINIA HALL, '43

He stood within the kitchen door  
And watched the lapping rain  
Pour down upon the golden wheat  
And spoil the ripening grain.

He leaned upon a time worn fence,  
His head a little bowed,  
And watched the pounding river's  
arm  
Consume the land he'd plowed.

And some commend his patience,  
And some deplore his faith,  
But a farmer lifts his shoulders  
And plants the upper place.

Editor's Note:-

*The following two essays are examples of the literary attempts of the Freshmen made compulsory by their superiors, the Sophomores, during Rat Week. We'd say they aren't half bad!*

## Why Cracked Ice Isn't What It's Cracked Up to Be

VIRGINIA RICE, '46

☐ OFFHAND one might say that cracked ice is just what it pretends to be, but that is where one is mistaken. Cracked ice isn't cracked at all. Crackers are cracked; sidewalks are cracked, and lots of people I know are cracked too, but not so ice. Ice is chopped, like eggs, and some nuts I can think of. To crack is to burst and nobody ever heard of an ice-burst, or did they? Every self-respecting piece of ice is either whole or chopped and so it just isn't what it's cracked up to be after all.

Now that we have our terms straight and understand that cracked ice is really chopped ice, we can continue to talk about it, calling it by its wrong name, of course, because at this age it's too late to change names. Chopped ice, to wit, cracked ice, is something I've made a study of. There is

something about a piece of ice that always fascinates me and makes me want to chop (crack) it. Chopped ice (which will be referred to henceforth under the name of cracked ice) is one of the most useful things in our lives. It can be used daily as a good brisk morning refresher. (Try some tomorrow on the soles of your feet exactly six minutes after you hop out of bed). Cracked ice (until now referred to as chopped ice) is an excellent foundation for baking. Crack (actually chop) six quarts of ice and place in layers in the bottom of your oven. Turn the oven on and when a stream of water starts pouring from it, the oven is the precise temperature for baking sponge cake. My reputation as a sponge cake baker is based on this invaluable method of testing the oven. For any further suggestions, write to Cracked Ice, Inc., care Home for the Cracked, Staunton, Virginia.

---

## Why Do Leopards Have Spots?

LELIA HOLLOWAY, '46

☐ WHY do leopards have spots? Well, the first and foremost reason, I believe, dear reader, is because he is a leopard! Have you ever seen a leopard without spots? Of course not. That's because the leopard would look like a lion if it did not have its spots to identify it. And who wants a leopard to look like a lion? No one—so God spotted the little leopard.

Leopards have lovely dark eyes, as you know, dear Soph, and it's very sensitive as to its color scheme, etc. So, he wears a

darkly spotted skin to match his spotted eyes.

Also, for **protection**, a leopard has spots. Of course, though, this is only a minor reason—that the spots blend the leopard into the underbrush so he cannot be detected by his enemies. But the main reason the little leopard has spots is because its Ma and Pa had them, and he didn't want to be an outcast so he grew spots, too. Or else—leopards don't really have spots after all. They're only "spots in front of your eyes" that you see, which is the fault of your poor eyesight.

## *Beauty*

CAROLYN ROUSE, '43

Not only in a garden rare  
Is truest beauty found,  
Nor is it in snow-laden air,  
Or by a mountain bound.

But beauty deep escapes the throng;  
A few have found its trail,  
Which winds in pathways like a song  
Up higher heights to scale.

It lodges in the simplest thing.  
It's in a mother's care,  
It's heard in hearts that ever sing,  
A child's earnest prayer.

---

## *Clocks*

BETTY DEUEL COCK, '46

They stand in solemn solitude,  
Stately, tall, and lone.  
In towers high above all else,  
In regal splendor all their own—  
They're seen, and they have known.

They've known a world of peace and love,  
Simple, gentle, kind;  
They've seen it torn from peace to strife,  
Seen death and tumult all entwined  
In many a tortured mind.

The time of day has reached the hour;  
Chimes sound clear, then cease.  
How like our lives! At Time's discord  
With every strike our woes increase . . .  
Then rest . . . one hour of Peace.

---

---



# PROP WASH

FIDDLE HAYMES, '43

When Columbus discovered that the world wasn't flat it sort of took the edge off things, didn't it?

—Old Maid

—¶—

If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it he's a brute; if he doesn't try but could get away with it if he did try he's a coward; if he doesn't try and couldn't get away with it if he did he's a wise man.

—Old Maid

—¶—

Then there was the man who threw the cow over the cliff to see the Jersey bounce.

—¶—

A lady we know walked out on her husband because he couldn't stand the way she talked. Now she's gone home to mutter.

—Punch Bowl

—¶—

Hear about the girl who stuffed her roommate into the laundry bag and woke up her pajamas?

—¶—

Thought for today—or any day: Time wounds all heels.

—¶—

An absent-minded professor went to a shop to buy a jar. Seeing one upside down he exclaimed, "How absurd! The jar has no mouth." Turning it over he was once more astonished. "Why, the bottom's gone, too!"

—Log

—¶—

90-day Wonder: "Gee, that's a gruesome looking insignia on that plane."

Old Timer: "Not so loud. That's the squadron commander looking out the window."

1st Moron: "I'm writing a play."

2nd Moron: "Really? Tell me about it."

1st Moron: "Well, it begins with the third act and ends with the first."

2nd Moron: "What's the idea of writing it that way?"

1st Moron: "Cause everybody gets killed in the first act."

—¶—

Man: "I want a loaf of Mumsie's Bread, a package of Krunchies, some Goody Sanny Spread, Ole Mammy 'Lasses, Orange Pully, a pound of Aunt Annie's Sugar Candy, Bitsey Bite size."

Clerk: "Sorry, no Krunchies. How about Krinkly Krisps, Oatsie Toasties, Malt-Wheatums, Ricelets or Eatums-Wheetums?"

Man: "The Wheetums, then."

Clerk: "Anything else? Toostie Tater Chips, Cheesie Weesies, Gingie Bits, Itsey Cakes, Toofums or Drama's Donuts?"

Man: (toddling toward meat counter): "Tant det anysing else. Dot to det some meat."

—Sour Owl

—¶—

A pent house suite is swell but some girls want a suite with two pairs of pents.

—¶—

Three Chinese sisters who aren't married:

Tu-Yung-Tu

Tu-Dum-Tu

No-Yen-Tu

—Old Maid

—¶—

Tough? Why every time he sticks out his tongue he breaks a tooth?

—Showme

—¶—

"I wonder who this telegram is from?"

"Western Union. I recognize the handwriting."

—Exchange

## Write Mrs. X

*Continued from page 23*

Midwinters. Of course all of Andy's friends had rather special dates that they asked to dances, just as she was Andy's special date. But Andy—well, some of her friends had told her that Andy was seeing a lot of Teddy Harper. No, he couldn't ask Teddy to the dance. Wasn't Teddy the girl that usually asked Johnny? Wonder if she would this time. Wonder if Andy liked Teddy. Andy loved *her*.

She was relieved one night a week before the dance—it was a little late; most of the girls in the dorm had already been asked—Andy called her and asked her to the second show. Well, goodness, what if most of the dates did go to the first show. This was Saturday night.

Andy was rather sullen, somehow. On the way home he asked her to go to the dance with him. Nelle, mentally heaving a

sigh of profound relief, answered in that little uncertain tone that Mrs. X had told her about that she guessed she would.

"Tom didn't ask you, did he?" Andy sounded a bit hopeful—oh, no, of course it was her imagination. Of course she was flattered, she thought, because he thought she had saved the date for him against competition. "Well!" she sighed as she locked the door to the dorm. "Well."

Midwinters came, and nine o'clock found Nelle in moss green taffeta and airy chiffon coming down the steps to meet Andy, very handsome in white tie and tails. "Gosh," Andy said, awed, as he took her hand. "You look swell, honey!" "Thanks, Andy!" she said happily.

Tommy broke first. She noticed a faint smell of liquor about him. Over his shoulder she saw Andy dancing with Teddy. They were laughing, Andy hoarsely and Teddy in a pleasingly contrasting trill. They were

—||—

A dansa  
A data  
Perchanca  
Out lata  
A classa  
A quizza  
No passa  
Gee whizza.

—||—

First Frosh: You look broken up. What is the matter?

Second: I wrote home for money for a study lamp.

First: So what!

Second: They sent me a lamp!

—||—

Then there was a soldier who mailed his girl two letters a day while at camp—when he got home on leave, she had married the postman.

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Gird Housekeeping  
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having a good time. One by one, Andy's friends broke. She wondered why Andy didn't come back. Then, between numbers, she saw Andy and Teddy disappearing through one of the doors. She kept watching as if by her steady gaze she could draw them back in. She wondered if the girls in her dorm had seen them and what they were thinking. She'd said, "Of course, I'm going with Andy!" Then she saw Tom and Mickey, his date, go through the same door. Jerry was talking in her ear. Suddenly he said, "Hey, come on! The music's started! Don't you want to dance?" She did so, mechanically. One of Johnny's uncouth friends cut in. Jerry disappeared. She thought she would scream if Dick didn't stop telling silly jokes. One by one the other boys came around, and after ages had past, there was Andy. It wasn't the Andy that had gone out the door. He smelt as Tommy had, only more strongly. Too strongly. She remembered what Mrs. X had said about drinking and wondered if she'd been wrong there, too. He was acting rather silly, she thought. "What's the matter, honey? Turn on that personality! Wan' me to leave you?" Surprised, she found herself not angry, only filled with a cold disgust. "Let's sit this one out, Andy," she said. They left the floor. Andy murmured "Scuse me a minute" and disappeared.

She knew he wouldn't be back—and if he came, he wouldn't find her. She got up and strolled out on the large front porch, pulling together with difficulty a dazzling smile. It dropped like a weight when she reached the cool darkness.

"Beautiful night!" There was suddenly a man at the railing. Yes, it would be him, at a time like this. She thought ironically, "In stories, this is where the dream man enters. This is where the man who's been around all the time turns out to be the one you love. Awk!"

"Seen Teddy?" Johnny asked.

She went out to the side porch just a few minutes ago.

"Anybody with her?"

"Oh, honestly!" she thought. She said, "I'd better be getting back in. Andy'll be looking for me." She turned toward the bright lights and bouncing rhythms. A large tear glistened on her nose. Then realization

came to her like a bolt of blinding light.

"Oh, Johnny," she sniffled, "I guess it's been you all along, hasn't it?"

"My psycho-analysis chart," began Johnny seriously, "says your type of individual—I quote—will know his mind best in an overwhelming crisis; will react strongly in favor of the subsequent outcome of the situation. Unquote. I, being the subsequent outcome, demand some reaction. Here, blow your nose!" He extended a handkerchief to her.

"Of all the despicable—" she began, trying to make it sound furious, and failing utterly. She meekly grabbed the proffered handkerchief. Unfolding it, she froze in pure horror. For it was a woman's handkerchief, and neatly embroidered in one corner were the words . . . "MRS. X."

## Book Reviews

*Continued from Page 19*

truly remarkable. Not only the style an example of "matchless prose" but also such essentials of a well-defined plot, as conflict, and character study colored with excitement, humor, and compassion. This historical background of France is well portrayed as well as a picture of Lourdes with its peasant folk and quiet countryside.

Bernadette Soubirous is outstanding for her sincerity, courage, and humility. One is impressed by her ability to withstand, with simplicity and strength, persecution or applause, and by her love of mankind. Such a character brings out "the beautiful religious spirit" of the novel, which, as one reviewer has expressed it, is "that the brute forces of this planet do sometimes lose to the weak and pure who have faith."

ELEANOR C. FOLK, '43

Hiccoughs are messages from departed spirits.

—† ‡ †—

Professor: "I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice from the rear: "Go home and sleep it off, old man."

—† ‡ †—

If you're ever caught in hot water—be nonchalant—take a bath.



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FARMVILLE, VA.

## Letters to the Editor

*Continued from Page 3*

and cartoonists of F. S. T. C. on the job? They've got what it takes.

—Reader B.

Farmville, Virginia

Dear Editor:

Prescription to *The Colonnade*—a sense of humor. You know, it's not necessary to take life so seriously and reserve all your gayety for a stilted and childish joke page way in the back. Could we please have more clever articles like the chart on men, dear things. And a little less of the stories that tell of death and the futility of life. Can no one write comedy, satire, or just a simple story of every day people?

Put fight into some of your articles and a little less skim milk and crackers.

—Dawn Shanklin, '43

*Ed. Note:- The three letters above contain much appreciated suggestions for the improvement of the magazine. We want more than anything to have you voice your opinions and criticisms. We feel that if you want these changes enough, you'll make them in your contributions.*

Farmville, Virginia

Dear Editor:

During this period of strife and uncertainty we find ourselves faced with the problems of sifting out all the unimportant, unnecessary items which previously comprised our daily lives. To begin with, the announcement of war was not such a jolt or terrifying thought to us because we as students were not aware of its horrors and significance. We had never seen a war and knew nothing of its inward heartbreak and terrifying experiences. A first reminder came that put us somewhat on our feet when sugar was rationed and we were asked to be more conservative. Soon after, our cars became a problem because gas and oil were needed elsewhere. The national defense program gradually sank into daily living and each began to consider his or her part.

The greatest of all blows has hit us now. Our friends, those who sat in the seats beside us at high school, the football team we cheered those Saturday afternoons, and many unknown friends in every walk of life have now set forth to defend us, their country and civilization. Now, the feeling has come into our hearts, and we are beginning to understand the sadness of those before us.

We, at this stage, are ready to fight. Not with gun or sword as our brothers on the front but with that spirit of hopefulness and the desire to "carry on for the nation." Our education is part of our job, and we must complete this in order to give the best to our country when we are called.

—Shirley Pierce

*Ed. Note:- Amen!*

This Is Headquarters For  
S. T. C. GIRLS

## DOROTHY MAY STORE

Charge it if you like

## Editor's Columns

*Continued from Page 2*

expressed in her own medium the story of 1942's college girl keeping mentally, physically, and spiritually fit for today's needs just as, and in somewhat the same way, the men in the armed forces are doing. Both the man and the girl are preparing for different jobs and yet are striving for the same end, an everlasting and satisfying peace.

Inside our covers we find a story by Mary Stuart Walmsley formerly a member of the class of '43, under the title of "Write Mrs. X". It is a delightful story of a girl who uses an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column to solve her problems. You'll find it on page twenty-one. Loline Warmer writes an appealing very short story, "Portrait of Elizabeth", on page twenty-three.

The books are exceptionally well reviewed and they include "Poe's Richmond" by Agnes Bon-durant, a member of the Farmville High School faculty; "Drivin' Woman" by Chevalier; "The Just and the Unjust" by Cozzens; and, finally, "The Song of Bernadette" by Franz Werfel.

The poetry, which is to be found throughout the issue, is, as usual, a vital part of THE COLONNADE. It is unusual for a college to be so fortunate in having such a large number of girls who have the ability to express their thoughts so completely and beautifully.

The middle pages have a surprise in store for you. We have photographed for you five girls who have the required oomph to be professional models—but definitely! The fashionable clothes that are pictured may be found at Baldwin's Department Store, so hoof it down there and look them over!

Introducing a new and rejuvenated joke page, Propwash! Our joke editor, Fiddle Haymes, has chosen some ripping ones this time.

UNTIL THE NEXT ISSUE . . . . .

Remember we're counting on you to write for THE COLONNADE!

*Thinifed Thright*

## Corregidor

*Continued from Page 7*

were given frequently, sometimes at private quarters, sometimes at the Club. And if you still got bored, you could take the week-end off and go to Manila. Time really passed very quickly, too quickly for us as it turned out, and the end of our tour, February 1941, arrived before we realized it. Needless to say, by that time the month did come we were beside ourselves with excitement at the thought of getting back home to our families.

We were scheduled to sail on February 17. On the night of the 12th we learned that all officers due to sail would be kept on the

island temporarily, and that all women and children would sail as scheduled. The turn

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## Corregidor

of events in the war in Europe had made it seem expedient to maintain full strength in the Philippines while new forces were being trained, and to evacuate the women and children while there was time to do it easily. It was a wise decision on the part of the army, but at the time we thought it very unfair and very unnecessary. We continued to think so all during the summer and fall of 1941, and it seemed more and more unjust as winter approached and our men still were not sent home. Some of the officers in the medical corps and infantry and field artillery did return, which just increased the resentment of us in the coast artillery. We had talked so much on Corregidor, and so confidently, of how the Philippines would be the last outpost of the United States to be involved in the war even if we did join England, that the whole business seemed like a lot of military hokus-pokus.

December 7 proved how wrong we had been, and as the months of our participa-

tion in the war progressed, the resentment we once felt has given place to less childish feelings—to an overwhelming pride in the work of our men in the Philippines; to a stern realization that there is more at stake in this conflict than mere personal safety or family unity; to a clearer understanding of what China and Europe were undergoing while we sent scrap iron to Japan and ignored Hitler; and to an abiding determination that the future shall repay the men in service and the civilians in combat areas for all their misery and sacrifices.

Mail services with the Philippines stopped after Pearl Harbor. The letters and boxes we sent out were returned marked "services suspended". As long as Manila was in Filipino hands we could send and receive cablegrams, but after December 26 that was discontinued, too. Scattered letters did filter through the lines to us now and then. I received one in July which John had written on April 5, just a month before the surrender.

Since the surrender we have heard nothing at all about our men. No casualty lists have been issued covering the last few days of fighting, nor have the Japanese sent out lists of prisoners. The fact that thousands of men were captured gives us reason to believe that our own men are alive, but beyond that we have only faith and hope to go on. The army has listed those who surrendered as missing in action. The Japanese will not consent to allow the Red Cross to contact prisoners, nor will they guarantee the safe passage via a neutral country of ships containing supplies and medicines for them. At best we know that their rations are short, and medicines probably entirely lacking, but we feel somehow that the spirit that kept them fighting so long and so well on Bataan and Corregidor will carry them through these months of imprisonment too. And we are grateful for the knowledge that the artillery fire has ceased.

As for Corregidor, it is best described now in the words of Frances Long, the "Yankee Girl" whose article appeared in *Life* for September 7: "As we passed Corregidor I peeked through the drawn curtain. It was a depressing sight, desolate and completely ruined. I felt sick."

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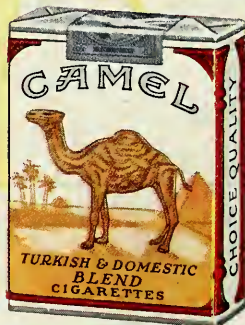
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COUNT. THEY'RE EASY  
ON MY **T**HOAT AND  
THEY DON'T TIRE MY  
**T**ASTE



**GYROSCOPE GIRL**—Pretty Rosemary Gregory (above) calibrates automatic directional devices at a Sperry Gyroscope Co. plant, and she's just as partial to Camels as the fighting men who depend on her precision. She says: "Camels suit me better all ways. For my taste and my throat, Camels are tops with a capital 'T'!"

# Camel