

11-1943

# The Colonnade, Volume VI Number 1, November 1943

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# The Colonnade



Freshman issue 1943

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FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

# The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. VI

NOVEMBER, 1943

NO. 1

## CONTENTS

<i>Stories:</i>	
A Town Called Hope .....	JEANNE STRICK 6
Glasgow 1940 .....	MARGARET PATTIE 11
Letters From a Freshman ....	OPHELIA WHITTLE 13
<i>Articles and Essays:</i>	
Here She Is .....	5
Army Wife .....	ALLENE OVERBEY HUNT 8
Blame It On Monsieur	
L'Enfant .....	EDWARD PALMER HOYT 10
Invasion? Where? .....	PATRICIA GARTH 16
What Kind of A Roommate	
Are You? ' .....	SARAH TRIGG 18-19
If I Were a Freshman Again,	JANE KNAPTON 21
<i>Poetry:</i>	
Poundemonium .....	MARY PARRISH VICCELLIO 9
The Little People .....	ANONYMOUS 14
Mine Shall Be Songs of Simple	
Things .....	SARA DAILEY MOLING 20
Sixteen .....	ANN SNYDER 20
That Song I heard .....	ANN SNYDER 20
<i>Book Reviews:</i>	
Kimball: <i>The Road to Glory</i> .....	SARAH TRIGG 22
Dewey: <i>Living Thoughts of Thomas</i>	
<i>Jefferson</i> .....	LUCY BOWLING 22
Kimball: <i>Thomas Jefferson's</i>	
<i>Cook Book</i> .....	ISABEL SAMPSON 23
Frary: <i>Thomas Jefferson:</i>	
<i>Architect and Builder</i> .....	ISABEL SAMPSON 23
<i>Thomas Jefferson and the Unknown</i>	
<i>Brother Randolph</i> .....	MARY CRANK 23
Mack's Cracks .....	HELEN MCQUIRE 24
Sparkling Speech .....	12
Over the Editor's Shoulder .....	EDITOR 2

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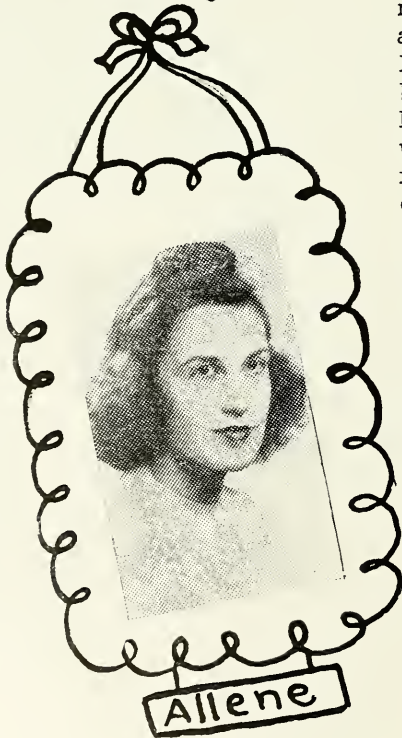
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# Over the Editor's Shoulder . . .

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Obviously, we are dedicating this issue to the up and coming class of '47. By now, Dear Freshman, you are reasonably settled and well on your way to being exposed to that supreme and sanctified state known as Higher Education. We are gratified you have made the wise decision that College is the place for you in these days of confusion. But, perhaps, before you chose to pursue your education in these Halls of Learning you complained that going to college teaches one only how to go nuts in a ladylike and cultured fashion. You work like a demon for four long years learning that a Neanderthal man would be a boring dinner date; that man uses but  $1/4$  of the brain cells of his allotted 92,200,000,000 (a fact which amazes you not when you gaze at your fellowmen); and that the guy who said French is the language of Love must've been off his beam—there's certainly no love in your heart for those irregular verbs. You were probably quite eager to Do Your Bit for the War Effort in the various guises of a fetching Motor Corps uniform, the sharp garb of the Wave or the none the less exciting housedress of Holy Matrimony. Why, you asked yourself, should I for four years seek refuge in a nunnery absorbing the pretty little principles of law and order while violence, misery, and hatred rule the world outside? Can't I Do something about it? Yes, Young Ladies, we wish to go on record as saying that you can. By going to college you are preparing yourselves for the essential job of helping democracy work—in a small way, perhaps, but nevertheless important. "A little learning is a dangerous thing." You may run across that gem of quotations some day in English class. Alexander Pope said it. We verify it. Absorb

all you can in your years of learning here—study your history, government, geography, Spanish, economics—you will need every ounce of education you can pack into these years in order to fit yourselves for the coming turbulent years. Just like Father says, make the most of your Opportunities.... We do not say that yours is the momentous task of Rebuilding the World—no, not even that the future of this hemisphere is in your girlish hands. Let us send heavenward a prayer that this be not the reason for the four years sojourn at Farmville! In fact you may have selected Farmville rather than upset the Parents. Or maybe the pictures looked fairly decent in the catalogue. You're possibly disappointed that we have no memorial cocktail lounge and that Modern Dance does not refer to jitterbugging. There is only one professor here under 30 and he's married, you groan.... However, welcome and good luck! Kindly remember to refrain from sleeping in 8:05's—it hurts the prof's feelings; be careful not to squeal in vicinity of post office—it may be the last time you'll ever; and remember only upper classmen can cut classes and get away with it—or can they?.... A word on the cover—we fondly call her "The Studious Angel"—that smug little character of the wings and misplaced halo. Sarah Trigg created her in hopes she represents the average freshman along about Study Hour!.... After a year of fascinating work in the sardine-packed city of Washington, Mary Parrish is back on the staff again. The girl is possessed of a wicked wit so watch out for her brain-children.... Note on the frontispiece: although Mr. Powers and Mr. Conover regretfully declined the invitation to judge the most photogenic and representative girl of the Freshman class, we feel we didn't do so badly even if Mr. P. and Mr. C. had accepted. Mary Cameron Butt is her name and she was selected from a group whom we would toss a big fat Hershey (if we had it to toss) for their patience during the long hours in which we "shot" them from every conceivable angle.... Allene Overbey, now the muchly traveled wife of Lt. John P. Hunt III, has offered us her reactions upon becoming the wife of an Army flier. She was editor of the magazine in '41-'42, you remember. (The transition from editor to wife gives us the faint hope that we too have a chance). As you will see, she hasn't lost her touch in "Army Wife".... Our lone male contributor, who gives us his impressions of Washington, D. C., is Edward Palmer Hoyt. Ed is a reporter on the Evening Star in Washington and hails from Oregon—which he tells us is much like Virginia.... Before we pack the old Underwood away till again we dust the keys for another discourse on almost anything, we beg of you, we entreat you to write for the Colonnade. Dig deep into the ideas we know are lurking beneath that curly head, and present them in story, essay, poem or article form.... And now we take leave in order to prepare ourselves for the onslaught of material which we feel confident the above entreaty is bound to foster....

Elizabeth Tennent



*Freshman--'43 Style*

## *Here She Is . . . . .*

She's definitely a go-getter, this '43 style Freshman for she knows that a slacker has no place in the world of today.

She's fresh and natural—she doesn't consider it the least bit smart to look older than she is. You're only young once, she says, so therefore acts her age.

She realizes that her world is changing; she knows she must get her ideas sorted out, freed of the old fads, cynicism and sentimentality.

She takes courses in First Aid; she rolls bandages, purchases War Stamps and Bonds, signs up for classes in Spanish, government, economics and world geography.

She warms the heart of all she greets with her cheery "Hi" and smile.

She does not gaze in childish awe upon her professors but rather in respect and admiration for she has learned to think out for herself the problems she encounters in class.

She still has fun but knows there is a time for seriousness as well.

She is kind to her clothes and takes excellent care of them for she knows that war time means conservation of everything.

She takes rationing and inconveniences of the present with good grace.

She attends USO dances for the boys in the service and willingly dances till her feet are weary.

She's a person to be admired this Freshman of '43. We like her and set her up as an example to You . . .





BY JEANNE STRICK

THE monotonous “scrunch, scrunch” of the old straw rocker came to a sudden halt, as Sam Worthington leaned forward to peer at the girl walking past his house. It was obvious from her slow, unsteady steps and backward glances that she was a stranger in town. Such tell-tale signs would have been unnecessary to Sam, however, as he had been acquainted with the entire population of Hope for the past twenty-five years. “Hope”, as Sam often puts it, “was the kind of town people came to visit, and not to just pass through.” Today Sam viewed his town in lazy contentment, as it lay before him, bathed in the warm October sunshine.

Half out of curiosity and half out of sympathy he called to the passer-by, “Can I help you, ma’am?” With a start, the girl turned troubled blue eyes towards the porch. She retraced her steps and stopped at Sam’s gate before she spoke.

“Why, I guess so—”. She paused, shift-

# A TOWN CALLED HOPE

*First Prize in Short Story Contest*

ing her small bag. "I'm looking for a hotel or an inn or some place to stay." Sam pondered a moment, murmuring some hasty conclusions to himself; then he took his corncob pipe out of his mouth.

"Well", he drawled, "I reckon since there ain't no hotel in Hope, and being as we ain't got no inn, ye'll have to stay here. I've got the only 'available rooms." At her questioning look he reassured her, "Oh, 'tain't no use for alarm, miss. Mandy Small keeps house for me. She serves a pretty good meal, too, for a eighteen yearer." The girl stood at the gate, staring past him with a troubled look in her eyes and a bewildered expression. Sam did not want to urge her, but he did want to tell Mandy to fix up the extra room and set another place for supper, if the girl decided to say. He shuffled to the gate, opened it, and questioned her.

"Made up your mind yet?" The girl took a deep breath and let it out in a body-racking shudder. She seemed to Sam like a violin too tightly strung, tuned to its highest pitch, yet holding together by sheer will. To his amazement, she did not break into tears; rather her emotions took the opposite release. She laughed shakily as she said almost apologetically, "O. K., Pop, I guess you've got a guest."

After supper, the girl excused herself and wearily ascended the steps to her room. Sam waited for her door to click shut before he rose to help clear the table.

"Just look at that plate!" Mandy exclaimed. "She didn't even touch my nice 'scalped potatoes or them expensive green peas." Sam nodded.

"I know, Mandy, something's a-bothering that girl, something *inside* her. You know, she didn't speak more'n two words at the table, and they were to tell me her name—Mary Bennett." Sam's voice imitated

*Continued on Page 27*



# Army Wife

ALLENE OVERBEY HUNT

"Where did you say you were from?"

"California."

"A native?"

"Oh, no. My home is in Virginia."

The occupants of Pullman section 6 of the California Limited were being briefly introduced over a cup of coffee. A cup of coffee is uniquely an American medium of introduction, and a very good one. Two total strangers stand in line outside a crowded diner, each with that rather unpleasant before breakfast look, when a table for two is announced. One looks anxiously at the other, offers a slight hand motion, a reserved means of saying, "After you, of course", and both rush for the table. There is no conversation between them. Then the waiter appears with two steaming cups of coffee, and, after a polite "May I have the cream please?", they arrive at something in common.

In that manner, I and my hitherto strange companion were becoming acquainted. We had, as custom would have it, passed the time of day, and she, I realized, had uncovered two very pertinent facts concerning me: the first that I was born a Virginian, the second, that I had doubtless been living in California. Strange, I thought, how one's loyalty to her home state will out. I have, in the course of recent travel, met innumerable people who, when asked if they are from a certain state, will reply that they've lived there thirty, forty, possibly fifty years, but that their home is really in such-and-such.

So it was that I was somewhat preoccupied with my thoughts and the breakfast before me when she spoke again.

"Your husband is in Service, of course?"

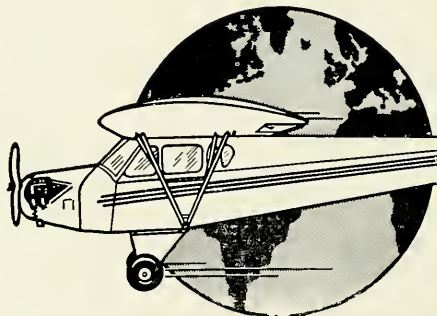
I must have made some reply, but I was unaware of any conversation between us during the remainder of our meal. The extreme matter-of-factness of her question called for no answer when you considered it, and I had suddenly done just that. I had been asked the same question many times before, but I think that this was the first time I had been so sensitive to the finality implied.

Perhaps I had been too heavily concerned with the actualities of being an Army wife to view myself projectively in the situation. At any rate, I felt a sudden impulse to reach for my mirror. My identity had, until that moment, been so clear to me that I had never considered it. Now I wondered if I really had any obvious identity at all, or, if, on the other hand, I simply wore a certain expression which naturally branded me as one whose "husband is in the Service, of course."

Swiftly, out of a confusion of thoughts, my mind wove a patch work quilt on the landscape without. I saw all the little threads of events tying themselves together—a strangely composed biography of the American Army wife. These particular events happened to belong to me. I realized, however, that they might be another's—any other's—as well.

I saw a furlough wedding and friends bidding farewell. I retraced our drive through the Southern states and remembered my awe at seeing the towering snow-covered Rockies, the grotesque forms of purple earth that dwelt undisturbed in the wastelands of New Mexico and Arizona, and the broad expanse of nothingness that is the desert.

*Continued on Page 35*



# Poundemonium

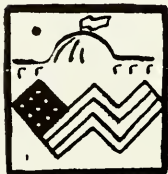
MARY PARRISH VICCELLIO

'Tis harder to say if greater want of will  
Lies in over-indulgence or the reducing ill;  
But both I have tried at one time or another  
With the sad result that I only discover  
That from caustic conclusions and delving deductions  
By far the most difficult is bodily reductions.  
Some few can eat just what they choose  
With the result that they neither gain nor lose;  
And others of a less numerous variety  
Continually eat—but never to satiety.  
The constant aim of their meager existence  
Is to increase their poundage and bodily resistance.  
But the bare fact remains—and yet I can't see  
That what's food to them is fat to me!  
With mind firmly set, I resolve to lose weight,  
To regain my figure, and my appetite abate.  
"Tis mind over matter whose victim you are:  
Mental construction is better by far."  
Poignant pangs of conscience nag at my will  
In a futile attempt to cure my hunger ill;  
But try however hard they may—  
It's my only ill they can't allay.  
I've tried the diet of complete starvation,  
And lunched on ideas of self deprivation,  
And rolled and tossed and bumped around,  
In a vain attempt to lose a pound.  
But I've grown—alas—to accept my lot  
Unseen and spreading—pretty or not.  
But there's never a day that I don't envy the dame  
Of the hour-glass waistline, shapely-shaft fame.



# blame it on monsieur l'enfant

edward palmer hoyt



ASHINGTON, as Jane would say, is full of surprises. As a matter of fact there is nothing in town which is not a surprise.

When you get pushed off the train at Union Station you'll find out—if you're crazy enough to come here in the first place. This town is no place for women—only the women don't know it.

Did anyone ever tell you that Washington is a crowded city? Well, it is.

I've a pet theory about that. It occurred to me when I first hit the Nation's Capital (as some idiots call the place) that Washington is a pretty well laid out city. First they built it—then they filled it up to the brim with people, and then—and here's the real trouble,—they started tossing in those phenomena known as reporters.

Now newspapermen, as any well educated girl at Farmville should know, aren't exactly human. Almost—but they just missed. If you've ever been to the movies, and undoubtedly since you got to Farmville you have, you've seen us in action. We walk around, when we're not running, with hat-brims turned up, cigars in fact, pencils behind ears, and all the other cute little tricks. We're also veddy romantic characters. At least that's what Sam Goldwyn tells us.

If you can emagine a city where these idiots play hide and seek with one another day after day, and interpret everything anyone says, even up to futures on death notices, then you're getting a birdseye view of Washington.

And speaking of a birdseye, you ought to run into our pigeons. Pigeons in Washington is something. Not are, but is. Pigeons is an institution.

Now ordinarily I look upon a pigeon as a rather pretty, more or less harmless bird. But not here! Pigeons in this town is a definite menace. You can't park your car within three blocks of Pennsylvania Avenue if you aren't prepared to spend three days washing it—if you have a car. Of course, I haven't.

Pigeons also menace the pedestrian. I walk carefully around town, with my eyes glued to the ground, and if I heard Gabriel blowing his trumpet, I would be afraid to look up. And I ain't much afraid of Gabriel either.

All in all I think the pigeons in this town should have their wings clipped.

And speaking of clipped, you'd better stay away from here unless you own a couple of plantations, or a tobacco leaf, or some such. Everybody in this town is out to clip us poor yokels.

When I first got here from Oregon, I got a real shock. They've converted the monetary system up here, and my wampum wasn't any better than a plugged nickel. Right now, I think I ought to go back, at least for one good reason. In Oregon they can't sell likker to the Indians, but an Indian drinks more whiskey in a week than a Washingtonian sees in a lifetime. Every time I walk into a liquor store here I think I'm in the West Indies.

Washington is the great cosmopolitan city of Washington. That's what it said in my history book. Maybe it was a typographical error, but I'm beginning to believe it.

This town is full of lots of things, but mainly of citizens. Of course 99 and 6 tenths per cent of them are from elsewhere. Now elsewhere means exactly that. When you meet someone here, you say "how do you do and how long have you been here," all in one breath.

Oh, well, at least we don't say "hey". I spent last week-end in Farmville, and I

*Continued on Page 28*

# GLASGOW 1940

Second Prize in Short Story Contest

MARGARET HARRIET PATTIE

THE bus hesitated, stopped for me to climb on; then, as though annoyed at the interruption, jolted forward, causing me to lose my balance. Grinning self-consciously, I grasped the platform rail, paid the conductor, and then mounted the stairs to the upper deck. There was only one other occupant on that deck so I had a choice of seats. I headed directly for the front one, pausing only long enough to smile to the little boy in the seat across the aisle. It certainly was grand to catch this bus; the next one is always packed. I glanced at the child. How small he was to be by himself; he couldn't be more than six. Probably he had been playing some game before I came and burst in on his solitude. My eyes clouded. Solitude! It would be lonely without Ian. What a fool he was! He didn't have to go; he could have been deferred; they needed him to help build ships. But, no, he *would* go and fight!

"Don't you understand, Ann, I'm young—strong—I can stand the army. The older men can build the ships—work in factories. No, Ann, I've got to go!"

So he was going—tonight. He wouldn't be sent to France for a while. That was one consolation. At the rate things were going, he might never see *la belle France*. Britain had been in the war almost a year, and all that the British soldiers had done was to have a tea-party by the Maginot Line. Small wonder people were disgusted! It had been fun at first: soldiers, sailors, and airmen in new uniforms; splendid speeches, laughing speculations; "Now-if-I-were-Chamberlain" discussions; and blackouts. Yes, it had been rather entertaining. I remember even now how amusing my mother looked on that first trip in the darkened city as she bent down in the torchlight to peer at the house numbers. Fancy not knowing your own house! But the glamour's worn away and

there's nothing left now but a harrowing fear of what is to come. We can't wait forever for the Germans to make the next move. If only Chamberlain—oh, why worry? Never before in my eighteen years had I seriously worried; so why start now! With very little effort I turned my thoughts to lighter things.

"I'll be very charming at the station tonight," I thought. "Friendly but not too friendly. Ian likes my blue linen outfit; so I'll wear that."

And so my thoughts ran on as I swayed with the bus when it rounded corners. Disinterestedly, I glanced out of the window to see who would get on when the bus reached the stop. But before the bus could get to the waiting people it—happened!

The heavy double-decker tossed from side to side as if on waves, then screeched to a standstill. A noise rent the air as if the foundations of universe were being torn asunder. It reverberated until I felt my ears crackling

"Oh, my God, I'm deaf." I thought. Simultaneously I turned my head. "No," I breathed, "No, I'm not seeing this. I'm dreaming. I *can't* be seeing this." \_ \_ \_

But there it was—a mountain of black smoke and dust; a mountain dotted through with flying timbers and bricks from the homes of human beings. Yes, these very same timbers and bricks jumped as if in fiendish glee, shouting "We are free! Man thought he controlled us—but, not, we are free!"

I sat immobile. My throat felt closed. My mouth was full of dust. "I can't be deaf," I murmured. I could hear my heart pounding. It pounded until it dominated my entire frame. I felt as if my whole body was being dismembered by that relentless jogging. Would it never stop? I glanced around

*Continued on Page 29*

# Sparkling Speech

Their conversation was a bridge that spanned the months they had been apart.

—NANCY WHITEHEAD

At sunrise the yellow, red, and orange streamers seemed to be pulling the sun out of bed and into the sky.

Love glowed on her like a Neon sign.

Her schedule was pretty good—at least she was getting her quarter's worth.

If you insist on walking through my dreams, tread lightly on my heart.

A soldier's complaint—the salad was tempting 'till the raisins got up and walked away.

Trying to figure a way to get along without homework—mental wall butting.

—ISABEL SAMPSON

I like the way this place has been laid out—how long has it been dead?

His face resembled a well run obstacle course.

I'm afraid all the Botany I know is wrapped around men's necks and nationally advertised as "Great Neckwear."

An accomplished acrobat—one who has learned to tackle our buses and trains today.

—SHIRLEY EASTERLY

Night pulled her dark curtain across the sky and the stars began to twinkle with the glow of a million footlights.

—MARJORIE PITMAN

Her hair resembled a field of uncultivated hay.

He controlled a group of monopolies—among others, conversation.

His lectures are as dry as the Sahara Desert.

He had a duel personality—always at cross purposes with those around him.

Her clothes had a Harpers Bizarre-ish air.

It was written all over her face—too bad she forgot to erase it.

A kiss is like someone tickling your arm—it drives you crazy but you wouldn't have it stopped for anything.

—OPHELIA WHITTLE

"She was a phantom of delight"—yeah, but who wants to make love to a ghost?

Jane?—Oh, she's getting a D F degree.

Her voice was like brown leaves falling.

A roommate is like a family—someone to listen to your troubles and cause a few, too.

—GLORIA SHEPPARD

# Letters from a Freshman

OPHELIA WHITTLE

*Honorable Mention in Short Story Contest*

September 21

Dearest Mom,

Farmville is absolutely the worst place. I wish you could see my room that is on "Gym Hall". The only resemblance to a gym that I can see is that my room looks like one of those lockers we had in high school. If you put more than one pair of shoes in it, it looks crowded. Golly, I wish I were back at home in my four-poster bed and could see something besides four walls, one dresser (for two of us), a bare window, two beds, and a desk.

My roommate, Janie Stuart, rushed in a few minutes after I got here and declared that she loved S. T. C. already. Personally, I can't see anything to rave about.

Mom, a girl in white brought me up to my room and instead of leaving so I could cry in peace, she stayed and gabbed on and on about the beauty of Farmville and its great spirit. She acted as if there were something very special about this place, but she is probably romantically inclined. I guess you just have to grin and bear all of this show they put on for you.

They have a very silly rule about putting lights out at 10:30 and it's almost that now. They act as if we haven't grown up, so they "tuck us in bed." Maybe tomorrow will be better.

Love,  
Peg

September 28

Mom, Dear,

It has been a week since I had time to write. We have had three parties and Orientation classes every minute of the day and night. I'm sick of telling people who I am and where I'm from. They even gave us little name stickers to wear. I feel as though I'm on display. I wish I were back home where people don't ask so many questions.

A junior, who calls herself my big sister,

came to see me. She kept saying, "If there is anything you want to know, or if you get lost, let me know and I'll try to straighten you out." She acted as if I didn't have any sense and couldn't take care of myself. She took me to the Y. W. C. A. reception. We met Dr. Jarman and a lot of other people who don't know or care anything about me. They had a silly entertainment and then it was all over. Everybody was bored like I was, I guess, but they acted as if they were having a good time.

There was an A. A. and a Junior Class party, too, and I guess they were fun in a childish way. They reminded me of grammar school. I don't really dislike Farmville anymore, but it's just not grown up.

We had to take tests this first week and that was enough to spoil everything. I hate tests.

It is nearing that "chicken hour", ten-thirty, so goodbye for now.

Love,  
Peg

October 5

Dear Mother,

Sometimes I feel like Farmville is in another world where there is no war going on and that nothing on the outside affects people here. I wanted to be a teacher, but now I don't know. I feel like I am wasting time here. I could get a defense job, make my own money, and get out of this place where the rules are so strict for no reason. Every time I turn around there is some rule that absolutely must not be broken. I can't understand why I can't come and go as I please. Mother, we can't even go downtown except three afternoons a week. And the dating rules are terrible. Tommy came up last Sunday and all we could do was go walking and to church. I know he won't want to come again. We could have done so

*Continued on Page 31*



# *the little people*

ANONYMOUS

the little people—  
of them i sing—i know  
i am not worthy of the task,  
but all i ask  
is the right, my friend of complacent brow,  
is the right to speak of them and how  
by silent plodding, sacrifice and work  
they strive to do what you often shirk  
and perhaps in some small way  
instilled in you, i pray  
will be a gentler contrite heart  
more prone to concede  
that you should heed  
the jobs they do  
the thoughts they think. you are big  
and they are small  
but in God's eyes  
you are one size. forget it not.

for myself i do not seek high glory;  
for them i only write  
their story

who are they?  
well, they are democrats, republicans  
hot dogs and spaghetti  
bank night, beer, free speech and local 906  
protestant, catholic, jew and holy roller  
crapshooter, coney island, automat and bowler;  
workingman and seamstress  
odd fellows and actress  
w. p. a. and  
i. o. u.  
their names?—the o'donnells, the joneses  
the bulovskys, the rosenbergs,  
and don't forget the mctavishes, the owens  
the bichellis and the kanaks.  
of course you'll want to know  
the places they call home.  
think of flatbush, green valley, and 35th st., n. y.,  
omaha, birmingham and littleton, pa.  
and even the smallest hamlet  
in the  
u. s. a.

## THE LITTLE PEOPLE

i see you shake your head and admit  
you've see their faces  
but from where you sit  
on your substantial cloud  
of i've-done-my-bit  
you still aren't convinced  
of the things i sing—so let me  
continue and—yes, i'll bring  
these brothers of yours to your very door so  
open it wide. i now leave the core  
of their spirit with you. mark well,  
my friend, they've a volume to tell.

“my name is michael dugan  
i'm section boss on the old railway.  
we're not rich folks but we're happy—i'll say!  
why, we're living in the  
u. s. a!  
and our sons are fighting mad. we're glad.”  
(his body is bent but sterner will  
you've never seen. perhaps, my friend, you get what i mean)  
“why am i knitting—for the boys, of course.  
'tis only a bit—  
and it goes so slow  
but it's all i can do—i'm blind you know”  
(on and on her needles click  
and her gnarled touch is gentle though the wool  
is thick)  
“sure, they call me flo.  
why do i work till i'm ready to drop?  
there was a guy named joe  
across—over there—and, brother, if welding tanks  
will help to stop  
this war  
then i'm on the job till the work is over—thanks,  
but i don't ask no praise.  
get the boys back—but soon  
i says.”  
(her tough manner belies her spoken  
words. for joe is dead. her heart is broken.)

my friend, i see your eyes are clear  
wide open now—but have no fear.  
they will not shirk—but  
work  
and give  
and strive  
to live for what they believe is right  
and fight for freedom's flag unfurled—  
the little people—they'll show the world  
and show it  
plenty!

# Invasion? Where?

PATRICIA GARTH

IN war-torn Europe today there are at least six possible places from which the Allies might choose to start their one or more invasions. Because Hitler does not know when or where the next attack will come, he must keep strong fortifications on all fronts. The six places which are mentioned as possible fronts, not counting Italy, are: (1) through Norway; (2) through the Low Countries; (3) through France; (4) through the Balkans by effecting a bridgehead on the Adriatic Sea at Split or Dobrovnik, or (5) in the Aegean Sea at Salonika; (6) through the St. of Bosphorus into the Black Sea, and force a landing at Varna, or Constanta in Rumania.

I. Norway has a rugged coast line of 12,000 miles, and is open to sea born invasion. Trondheim is the key strategic point in all Norway, because the Germans have turned it into a huge naval base. It is said to be one of the greatest submarine and naval stations in Northern Europe.

The coast between Oslo and Kristian is a good place to strike in that country. The beaches are good; there is space for maneuvers, and highways and railroads are available which lead into the interior. On the other hand, the sea route from Britain is difficult because the ships would be exposed to air attack for 500 miles. Mr. Joachin Joestin says the following three points should be prerequisite before an invasion is undertaken:

1. The landing, or landings should be made under cover of sufficient air protection.
2. The expeditionary force must be accompanied by sufficient supplies.
3. Assurance would have to be obtained in advance that the Swedish Government will not permit the Germans to bring troops and material into Norway through Swedish territory. Both Trondheim and Narvik are linked by rail with

the Swedish line Osterund Gallivare. The Germans have been using these for the past two years."

The conquest of Norway would be an essential preliminary to landings, which would have a more direct effect on the enemy as in Denmark, and then on to the Baltic Coast of Germany at a point within 100 miles of Berlin itself. Copenhagen, which is quite strongly defended, would have to be taken before we could land on the Baltic Coast Colonel Lanza says: "Until the German divisions in Germany are drawn off elsewhere, our invasion of Denmark does not look promising. This time may not be far off."

Success would give the Allied Nations control of the Arctic Sea, ridding the supply lines to Murmansk and Archangel from the present attacks by German submarines. The R. A. F. is now bombing Axis positions in Norway, and in the early part of October, 1943, a combined British and American sea force tried to force some of German's largest battleships out, which were hiding in one of Norway's harbors.

II. If landings were made in the Low Countries (Belgium, the Netherlands) south of Texel, they would have some advantages. The 100-mile sea route from Britain is short and the landing forces could be reinforced quickly, and the area would also have air coverage. The defenses, however, are strong, and the Allied advance would eventually bring the invaders up against Germany's West Wall. This Wall consists of fifteen miles of heavily fortified territory.

III. If a landing is attempted on the French soil, it seems to be the consensus of opinion among the war strategists that there will be two simultaneous landings—one on France's northwestern coast, and the other on her Mediterranean Coast, west of Toulon. The Rhone Valley has topography which well offers excellent lines of

## INVASION? WHERE?

advance into the heart of France. In this southern region the Nazi defensive forces are not nearly so strong as they are in the northern section. The fore-mentioned Axis defense line of 15 miles extends along the French coast also, and it will require a powerful Allied offensive to penetrate it. From the United Nations air bases in Britain and Corsica, all of France is vulnerable to Allied air attack. Because of the short distance, the expeditionary forces could be rapidly reinforced. Before the end of the war this invasion will most probably come; however, the Allied generals may decide to wait until the air power has broken down the Axis defenses somewhat, and perhaps Hitler will also have to withdraw some of his divisions and send them to another front.

IV. The Balkans are often spoken of as the "soft underside of Europe". If the Italian campaign is a success, the flank attack by way of the Adriatic seems more promising. The Partisan and Patriot Guerrillas are already fighting there, and the Allies have established contact with them and are sending them lend-lease aid. The air bases in Italy can cover the sea movement, and there are many islands, the seizure of which would give fighter air cover to the forces landing there. There are excellent harbors and adjacent waters capable of holding many ships, and nearby supply bases at Brindisi and other Italian ports are available. The threat of the Italian navy has been removed of course, and they are in turn shelling some of the Axis-held territory.

The Istrian Peninsula, with the ports of Pola, Trieste, and Fiume, is a very strategic spot, for it borders northern Italy, is within easy bombing distance of Vienna and Budapest, and opens the prospect for another strategic bombing front covering all of southern and southwestern Germany, thus helping to augment the bombing now carried on from the British Isles and the African Coast. The probable ports at which the bridgeheads would be effected are Split and Dubronik in Yugoslavia, and Durazzo in Albania, because they are situated at mountain passes leading through the Dinaric Alps.

V. The next place where it would seem feasible for the Allies to stage an invasion in the Balkans would be to land a bridgehead at Salonika in Greece on the Aegean Sea. The main objective would be to cut off the Danube, which is more than a river. It is a great communications artery for the Nazi military—economic empire. Its capture would cut off Hitler's supply line to the Balkans. Another way to get into Bulgaria is by a land route from Istanbul through the Black Sea. This would be possible if Turkey joined the Allies, or if she gave us permission to come through her territory. Salonika and Istanbul are gateways to the Danube valley. Railroads lead from Germany down the Danube valley from Vienna to Budapest, and thence to Belgrade. The main line continues to Nis in Yugoslavia, where it divides; one part goes through mountain passes to Sofia and Istanbul, the other runs down the Morava and Vardar valleys to Salonika and the sea. Both are good invasion highways.

The Germans have Salonika well fortified and will most likely defend it with all the might and strength they can muster; if the Allies are successful, the following plan will probably unfold.

"Before the invading army lies the Vardar Valley which possesses an excellent highway. The Greeks will give the invaders every possible aid, and the Patriots under Mikailovitch, and the Partisans under "Tito", although now fighting each other for power, will join forces to fight their common enemy—Germany.

Once arrived in Nis, the army might divide and a part of it move eastward along the railway, through the mountain passes to Sofia, and thence north, passing to the plains of the lower Danube, where Rumania would lie open before them. Next they would capture the Rumanian town of Giurgiu on the Danube. This town is the terminus of the pipeline that runs down from the Ploesti oil fields, just north of Bucharest. The Rumanians are helpless to desist. Meanwhile, the other section would probably be moving straight up the valley above Nis, aiming at the capture of Belgrade and the second cutting of the Danube, opening

*Continued on Page 33*



# WHAT KIND OF A ROOMMATE

SARAH TRIGG

Choosing a roommate is a more serious business than deciding what degree you'll undermine your health for. You could take a business course and verify the rumor that these professors are handsome devils, or you could do some wishful thinking for the future and take the Home Economics course, thereby avoiding Speech. If you become weary and decide you are entitled to a rest, you may throw your mother's dream along with everything else over the Rotunda and become a special student. But, if you don't like your roommate, you certainly can't throw her over the Rotunda because it would interfere with the fast-moving traffic to the post-office.

Therefore, filled with a deep appreciation of the overwhelming task of choosing a roommate who will understand and appreciate you, I feel my solemn duty, or nearly so, to keep you from getting stuck with a God of Nations who doesn't seem to realize that hers (for the small sum of \$360) is the priceless privilege of rooming with you. I have prepared a roommate analyzer, not only on the broad theory that the editor needs something for the middle pages, but on the assumption that it certainly can't do any harm. And if you don't think so, let's not argue the point.

## INSTRUCTIONS:

Read each question and check the answer which comes nearest to fitting you. After you have answered all questions add up the number of "A" replies, the number of "B" replies, and the number of "C" replies. You are in group I if you scored a majority of "A"s, group II if you had a majority of "B"s, and group III if you had a majority of "C"s. Turn to page 36 for the verdict.

- I. When you undress for bed, you:
  - a. Hang up your clothes.
  - b. Let them accumulate on the floor.
  - c. Sleep in them.
- II. When do you return borrowed books?
  - a. Promptly.
  - b. When you've finished looking at the pictures.
  - c. Only when they're from a rental library.
- III. When you have a test to study for and there's a fascinating bull session going on, you:
  - a. Go to the library.
  - b. Put studying off until a vacant period the next day.
  - c. See what or whom they're discussing.



roommate's clothes

# ROOMMATE ARE YOU?



IV. Do you borrow clothes?

- a. Never.
- b. With her grudging permission.
- c. When she isn't looking.

V. When you carry on a conversation early in the morning, is it usually:

- a. Pleasant at 7:00 o'clock.
- b. Somnolent until 10:00 o'clock.
- c. Grouchy.

VI. When you ask your roommate for her opinion on your personality, you expect:

- a. The awful truth.
- b. Diplomacy.
- c. On the contrary.

VII. Why did you come to Farmville?

- a. On the assumption that a little more education wouldn't harm you.
- b. To widen your horizons without cramping your style.
- c. You are weary of that same old room at home.

VIII. When you get a box of food from home, you:

- a. Graciously offer it to your roommate.
- b. Keep one eye on her and one on the food.
- c. Eat in the solitude of your closet.

IX. When things aren't going your way:

- a. You are calm.
- b. You are moody.
- c. The less said, the better.

X. Do you borrow money?

- a. No.
- b. Only for social security.
- c. Live on the installment plan.



Turn to page 36 for verdict

## *Mine Shall Be Songs of Simple Things*

I sing of smiling clouds that bathe the sky,  
Of rhododendron lost among the green,  
Of seaside pebbles, and the piercing sigh  
Of wind on wintry nights. For I have seen  
The many-fingered shadows of the pines  
That strain to cross a road, damp nestling leaves,  
And tiny rainwashed pools reflecting lines  
Of sunset's silver glow. On summer eves  
I've joyed in fresh dew-embroidered grass,  
In lush mimosa, in gay water-brooks.  
I've loved wild vines, tall oaks, the dreamy mass  
Of blossoms, like those spun in fairy nooks.

I sing my songs alone, where I am free,  
With all the great out-doors for company.

—SARA DAILEY MOLING

## *Sixteen*

Today I tread an unfamiliar way,  
Today I am sixteen, and I can't see  
Just what my life may have in store for me,  
For all of life confronts me here today.  
Must I step forth into that hazy way  
Not knowing what the future offers me?  
Must I proceed, though dark the way may  
    be?  
For life moves on—its course I can't delay.

The world in all its beauty stretches out  
And beckons me to come and take my share.  
I do not falter at the open door;  
My heart is not beset by fear or doubt;  
For now I shall go forth and wander there  
Where few have ever dared to go before.

—ANN SNYDER

## *That Song I Heard*

That song I heard, that tree I saw,  
The flowers of earth and clouds of sky  
    Can lift my soul to heights above,  
    Can give me hope and make me love  
The meager tasks I have to do.

That breeze I felt, a thrush's song,  
The babbling brook, the sun's bright rays,  
    The soft dew drops, the grass of spring--  
    All make my heart within me sing  
And make me love the tasks I do.

—ANN SNYDER

# . . . IF I WERE A FRESHMAN AGAIN

*Words of Wisdom*  
—from a Senior who has  
been through it all

JANE KNAPTON

I'd start the day right by going to breakfast, so I wouldn't be going to gym class on an empty stomach! (And I'd never again show up in that class with a kerchief, or without my gym socks!!).

I'd be sure to drink plenty of cokes while the gettin's good, before I got over to Junior building!

I'd set the alarm clock for at least fifteen minutes before I got up, so there'd be time to get my face on straight, and put on something besides my pajamas under my trench coat. No foolin', gals, that's really a gruesome sight for the poor professors to face at 8:05 in the morning.

I'd get at least seven hours of sleep at night, no matter how interesting that late bull-session got.

I'd take my troubles to my faculty advisor, instead of running to my emotional friends next door.

Just so I'd have a better idea of what's going on in the world today, I'd sign up for a geography, or current events class.

I'd never be without those necessities of life—a sweater stretcher, a long jacket,—

and for rainy days, "carry me back to my boots and saddles."

I wouldn't be a continual borrower. Even the smoothest dispositions of friends can develop a rough edge when you are always using their cosmetics, clothes, cigarettes, and stationery. Use your own, chum!

I wouldn't mistake sloppiness for casualness. There's a slight difference between droopiness or looseness in a jacket, and the "shine or sheen" on your nose

I'd get to know more people in my class than just those on my hall.

As far as clothes are concerned, I'd bring the basic ones with me, and add the finishing touches after I got to college.

I'd never again wait 'til the night before to cram for exams, far into the wee sma' hours—comes the dawn, you'll be wishing for those seven hours of sleep you passed up

Well, there it is, gals, but f'r heaven's sake, don't do as I do, but as I say to do! Here's hoping you new girls will profit from the trials an' tribulations of a not-so-long-ago-freshman.



# They Are Reading . . .

## JEFFERSON, THE ROAD TO GLORY

MARIE KIMBALL, *Coward-McCann, Inc.*, 1943,  
\$3.20

HERETOFORE, Jefferson's biographers have passed lightly over the formative years of his early life in their haste to reach those years which were crowded with public duties and honors, while he was Secretary of State and President. Since the day of Randall, who has written the only biography of importance, many new sources have been made available. From them now emerges a freshly written book by Mrs. Kimball, which presents an entirely different picture of Jefferson. She presents Jefferson in his youth and young manhood, down to his writing the Declaration of Independence at thirty-three. The author interprets the period of his life which reveals how and when Jefferson, the aristocrat, was transformed to Jefferson, the democrat.

Jefferson has consistently been pictured as the son of a pioneer frontiersman, who married a member of the great and wealthy Randolph clan and brought her to live in a cabin in the backwoods. The author penetrates this mystery and reveals that the Jefferson family was one of substance and position in the seventeenth century and that great Virginia families, as well as the Jeffersons, participated in a gradual immigration from the Tidewater in search of virgin soil.

Far, then, from being a pioneer, Jefferson, in *The Road to Glory* is pictured as an intellectual and a sportsman who is equally at home with cultivated men of the world and with the fashionable swains with whom he shoots, fishes, horse races, and plays cards.

This book is a wholly new view of Jefferson the schoolboy, the student and musician, the gay young blade, the lover and devoted husband, the practical farmer, and the aristocrat transformed by studies on the principle of natural law and of government into the champion of the lowly. Mrs. Kimball

penetrates the formative years of Jefferson's life that paved the road to glory.

SARAH CASTLETON TRIGG

## LIVING THOUGHTS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

JOHN DEWEY, *Longmans, Green and Co., N. Y.*,  
Toronto, 1940, \$1.25.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was fortunate in his birth and other early surroundings, being a product of the aristocracy and the frontier. To happy contacts and experiences he added the gift of personal genius. He was able to grapple successfully with the problems of a nation in revolutionary birth and in the aftermath of formative growth. The problems of the church, of international relations, of national and state powers, and of the relations between the judicial and legislative functions were all studied by him and answered according to the necessities of the times. Yet he was more than a practical statesman; he enunciated political and social ideals akin to the poetic absolutes.

Jefferson spent much of his time writing letters filled with comments on the issues of his times. Professor Dewey uses this voluminous source as the most effective means of revealing the thought of the Sage of Monticello. The reader is surprised to discover that one person could find time and energy for such a variety of interests. Jefferson was a farmer, keeping up with all the advances in botany and agricultural science, observing closely the stock of all countries in which he traveled, and introducing the olive tree into South Carolina and Georgia. He studied the natural sciences, especially keeping up with chemistry at a time when the foundations of that science were being laid. For over thirty years he made a study of languages, especially Greek, Russian, and Anglo-Saxon. He was interested in comparing various dialects. His knowledge of art and literature

was also great.

During his public life Jefferson spent much time in trying to give reality to the hope that all people could have an opportunity for an education. With this object in view, he planned the University of Virginia and supervised its building. He once said in a letter, "I shall not die without a hope that light and liberty are on a steady advance."

No one can fully understand Jefferson until his letters have been studied. For this careful selection of the best among the great multitude, we owe much to the skill of John Dewey, a philosopher as important in the advance of twentieth century education as Jefferson was that of the nineteenth century.

—LUCY BOWLING

### THOMAS JEFFERSON'S COOK BOOK

MARIE KIMBALL, *Richmond, Garrett and Massie, Publishers, 1938, \$2.00*

### THOMAS JEFFERSON: ARCHITECT AND BUILDER

I. T. FRARY, *Richmond, Garrett and Massie, Publishers, 1931, \$7.50*

HERE are in this world many necessary evils such as money, sleep, food, and buildings, but, undoubtedly, the most dreaded of them are the last two. In limited space one can never mention all the things that cross the mind—for instance, food.

In *Thomas Jefferson's Cook Book*, Mrs. Kimball cleverly lists all the tempting dishes definitely not found at a college. Her book creates all the lovely and tempting foods the student dreams about as that frustrated individual takes fork and knife in hand to cut tenderly the piece of raw-hide set before her. The author takes the liberty of recording carefully the materials used by the Sage of Monticello in order to create an aroma of delight around the dining hall of her Virginia mansion. Each recipe was tested by Mrs. Kimball and proved not only to be correct but also to taste good. Did you know that the first American recipe for ice cream is in Jefferson's handwriting? Thomas even went with

his chef to market to have a hand in selecting the provisions of the day. This account of his foods is excellent reading, and one may get a thrill by merely showing to hungry friends the delightful recipes of our favorite Virginia statesman.

*Thomas Jefferson: Architect and Builder* reveals the Sage of Monticello in another of his minor roles. The public is already well acquainted with his architectural accomplishments. Many buildings he designed are preserved around us, and our knowledge is confirmed by the many pictures in Mr. Frary's book. In fact, the pictures are so ample that one does not have to be able to read to get the message of this book. Jefferson's achievements as a statesman have not overshadowed his reputation as an architect. The combination of Roman dome, colonnade, and square frame which he adopted to the Virginia environment has led to a great Jeffersonian Revival in the twentieth century. Even those whose minds were brilliant enough to build the great institution at Farmville copied the Jeffersonian concept of a building.

—ISABEL SAMPSON,

### THOMAS JEFFERSON AND THE UNKNOWN BROTHER RANDOLPH

THE TRACY U. MCGREGOR LIBRARY, *University of Virginia, Charlottesville, 1942, \$5.00*

THE correspondence between Thomas and Randolph Jefferson consists of twenty-eight letters written between 1807 and 1815. With refreshing simplicity they portray the Virginia plantation life of the times. Among the problems of mutual interest to the brothers were a spinning jenny, a broken watch, shepherd puppies, the schooling of Randolph's son, seeds, a gig, the death of a sister, and the conditions of travel. The two planters lived twenty miles apart: Thomas at Monticello and Randolph at Snowden.

The letters prove that Randolph's interests, grammar, and tastes were typical of the farmer of the 1800's, but they also prove that the Sage of Monticello had some commonplace virtues about which we previously

*Continued on Page 33*

# MAGS GRACKS

HELEN MCGUIRE

A Pullman porter who had started out on an all-night run had his trip cancelled. Returning home unexpectedly, he took a look around the house, then took out his razor and stropped it vigorously.

"What you doin', Sam?" asked his wife

"If dem shoes stickin' out from under the bed ain't got no feet in 'em, ah is gonna shave"



You made hay

While the sun was bright,  
I sowed wild oats

By the moon at night.  
Your hay is stacked  
In bundles neat,  
But the lingering taste  
Of oats is sweet.

—FT. McARTHUR ALERT



F. B. I. men claim that just after the battle of Midway, they intercepted a message sent by a Japanese fifth columnist to his homeland. The message read: "Situation very bad for our side. American sailors now speaking to American soldiers."

—THE AAFSATONIAN



## HURLING THE HAMMER AT HUBBY

"See that man over there? He is a bombastic mutt, a windjammer, nonentity, a false alarm, and an encumbrance of the earth."

"Would you mind writing all that down for me?"

"Why in the world—"

"He's my husband, and I should like to use it on him sometime."

—A NEWSPAPER

Have you heard about the little moron who thought a mushroom was a place to pitch woo?



## CROSS PURPOSES DEPT.:

Second Lieutenant: "Colonel, I've been trying to see you for a week, but you were busy, sir. When can I see you?"

Colonel: "Why don't you make a date with my secretary?"

Second Lieutenant: "I did, sir. We had a lovely time, but I still want to see you."

—THE ARMODIER



## HOW TO BREAK A WILL

Little Spencer let no grass grow under his feet, when uncle came for a visit, before rushing up with this:

"Uncle, make a noise like a frog."

"Why?" asked the old man.

"Cause, when I ask daddy for anything, he says: 'Wait till your uncle croaks.'"

—THE GENERAL PRESS



Sgt.: "I can't see what keeps you girls from freezing."

Girl: "You're not supposed to."



## ATTRACTIVE ATTENTION

"All right back there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on," came a feminine voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on."

The entire carful turned and craned their necks expectantly. A girl got on with a basket of laundry!

—LAUGHTER



MISCONSTRUED

"My dear chap," said the doctor after the examination, "I'm glad you came to me when you did."

"Why, doc," asked his friend and patient, "are you broke?"



First Scout: I've lived on vegetables only for two weeks.

Second Scout: That's nothing; I've lived on earth for a number of years.



"What is home without a mother?" said the private to his girl on the phone.

"I am, tonight," she sighed.

—ARIZONA CONTACT



Girl: Oh, Mr. Astrologer, what do the stars foretell for me?

Man: (Looking carefully at the stars)

Ah, my pretty maiden, the stars say that you are to marry a handsome man.

Girl: (Looking at the stars) Goody.

Man: The stars say your husband is to be rich.

Girl: Oh boy!

Man: I can see in the stars that you will have a husband who will be distinguished, rich and handsome.

Girl: Some fun. Oh, Mr. Astrologer, tell me one more thing.

Man: What do you wish to know?

Girl: Tell me how am I going to get rid of my present husband?



"OUR OWN LITTLE LUCIFER"

A Lady: "Are you the executive officer? I'm Mrs. Preston Wadolph. I have a grandson, Lucifer, serving in your army."

Army Exec.: "Yes, madam. He's away on leave attending your funeral."

A SLACKERS EXCUSE

The pretty girl of the party was bantering the genial bachelor on his reasons for remaining single.

"NO-oo, I never was exactly disappointed in love," he meditated, "I was more what you might call discouraged. You see, when I was young I became very much enamoured of a young lady of my acquaintance; I was mortally afraid to tell her my feelings, but at last I screwed up my courage to the proposing point. I said, 'Let's get married.'"

"And she said, 'Good Lord! Who'd have us'."



"Do you think you are Santa Claus?"

"No."

"Then leave my stocking alone."

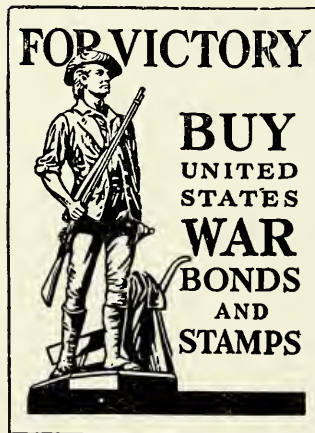
—A LA MOAD





UNCLE SAM DID NOT HAVE  
TO BUY THIS SPACE!

**BUY WAR BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS**



## A Town Called Hope

*Continued from Page 7*

the girl's, "Mary Bennett", and he recalled the proud way in which she had repeated her name. Sam pulled out his old heavy time piece and fingered it thoughtfully before he regarded it. He snapped the watch case shut, and expelled a deep breath as if to ward off the disturbing incident that had so shaken the routine of his life. Then he ambled out to the hall, calling back to Mandy, "Guess I'll go down to Evan's store for a chat with the boys." He shook his head slowly, still feeling an impending uncertainty.

The town clock was striking one when the men stepped out into the chilly air, and Tom Evans locked his shop for the night. Sam automatically pulled out his watch, and association brought to mind the girl again. He replaced his watch, and hurried through the murky bleakness toward his home. There were no lights burning when he entered; the only light came from the dying embers in the living room grate. Sam was about to hang up his hat when he noticed the figure of the girl sitting before the fire. She seemed to be reading from a small volume, "Oh, Jim, my darling, do you remember—?" She paused, and Sam, not wishing to embarrass her or himself, crept softly up the stairs.

At breakfast the following morning, Mary did not appear, but Mandy was too absorbed in retasting a choice bit of morning gossip to take much notice. The news finally came out while she was piling steaming pancakes on Sam's plate.

"Have you heard the news, Mr. Sam?" He waited patiently for her and assuming curious attentiveness replied, "Can't say I have, Mandy. What's it all about?"

"Well, you know that Sunnyfield Rest Home, across the river—reckon it ain't over ten miles. Well, one of 'em ran away yesterday. One of them neurotics—folks who's a going to have a breakdown—*escaped*, and I think—." Mandy stopped short as Sam dropped his fork and rose.

"Now, what's the matter with them pancakes, Sam Worthington? Ain't you going to eat 'em?" He did not answer, but under

Mandy's intense gaze he dropped back into his chair, and suddenly became engrossed in cutting his pancakes into small pieces.

It was while Mandy was dusting the living room that Sam heard her ejaculating, "Well, for the goodness sakes! I ain't ever seen this before." He wandered into the room to learn that she had found the book the girl had left there.

"I'll take that, Mandy." He spoke softly, but firmly. She relinquished the volume to his grasp and watched him retrace his steps to the den. Sam felt a flash of guilt as he laid the book unopened on his desk, for the gold print read "DIARY". He tried to concentrate on the *Daily Times*, but a piece of folded paper, protruding from the place it marked in the Diary, held his attention. Slowly, deliberately, he opened the book to that place, unfolded the letter and read no more than the heading, "Sunnyfield Rest Home." He folded the paper, and as he replaced it, the clear small handwriting

### F. W. HUBBARD

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FARMVILLE VIRGINIA  
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caught his eye:

"Sept. 3—Oh, Jim, my darling, do you remember? But, of course you must, for two weeks are little to forget and so much to remember. I was your wife for two weeks—an Army wife, with a flier husband. You died for your country, my dear. I'm sure you were brave at the end. But no matter what, you *will* remember—won't you?—those two short weeks—a lifetime of happiness!"

"Sept. 4—It was yesterday that the wire came, Jim, and I haven't cried yet—no, I shan't, my darling, ever."

"Sept. 5—Why do the office people say I *must* cry, Jim? Do you know they are going to send me to a rest home? Funny, isn't it, that it should be out west near your home town. But what difference would that make? We never had the chance to talk of your family in our two weeks—more like two hours! I'm so awfully tired, my dear (longing for you, I guess)."

"Oct. 3—I've been here a month now, and oh, what a *prison* it is! This has been the first day they let me write you a line. Please don't think I've forgotten; for every waking hour I repeat your name."

"Oct. 6—Jim, why—why did I not ask about your home or family before it was too late? If only I could talk to someone who *knew* you, someone who was a *part* of you."

"Oct. 8—I remembered something you once said, Jim, about living in a small western town called Hope. That name is true to itself; for, oh, my dear, I'm beginning to hope again!"

"Oct. 9—Tonight I'm going to run away—"

Sam closed the book with shaking hands. "The poor child," he whispered. "The Bennetts moved away from Hope years ago."

Mary stayed in her room all day, and Sam guessed that the pent up tears had finally gushed forth. After supper he asked her to sit by the fire. When they had settled into a sort of melancholy dreaminess, Sam began to speak softly, "You know, Mary, it's good having someone around the house again. I had a son; he was a fine fellow. He joined the Air Corps—made a grand pilot." Sam dropped his eyes and studied his

hands, weighing the effect of each word upon his listener. "He was killed, Washington wired, September third. His name was Sam, too, Sam Worthington." Mary suddenly leaned forward and grasped his rough old hands. "Sam, I'm so sorry." The old man patted her fingers as he quietly rose, and left the room in silence.

Mary remained, staring into the fire and thinking how very much like her own sorrow Sam's was. "But he had his son for *twenty years*" she murmured, "I had Jim for only two weeks." Her mind kept juggling the like and unlike elements of the situations, considering the impact of grief each had produced. Gradually her thoughts shifted away from herself, as she realized how much greater was Sam's loss than her own.

"Why, he's just like a child", she said out loud. "He's old and helpless, he needs someone to take care of him. He needs *me*!"

The weeks that followed were filled with laughter and tears for both Mary and Sam. They rummaged through the attic and dug out old pictures of Sam's wife and of young Sam. Mary listened, fascinated, while Sam wove into each picture a meaningful memory. They took long walks, and talked about the war, airplanes, music, poetry, people, and most of all, their pilots. They were both supremely happy.

Mandy noticed the dual metamorphosis, and finally one day, while standing at the kitchen window, she exclaimed, "Well, I never saw so much blossoming in one person." She had been watching Mary dig happily around the garden, a radiant contentment filling her every action. Mary suddenly looked up and waved. Sam, standing at the other window, smiled and whispered, "Oh, God, life is *good* after all!"

---

## blame it on monsieur l'enfant

*Continued from Page 10*

know darned well that every female "hey" in the college got a good look at me.

Personally, I think its a fine idea for one sex to look the other over, but I'm not used to seeing the other. And besides, you aren't even sly about it. You just look. All of which may be veddy flattering, but I do

hate to run around looking sunburned all the time, particularly when it's raining.

Actual Washingtonians, I mean the few natives left in captivity, are a pretty decrepit lot.

The other day I heard about a case in court where a woman, 84, was suing some small urchins because they knocked her down and injured her while playing football on the sidewalk. Now, of course, that's all right, but she should have quit football a couple of years ago.

Washingtonians do have a pretty tough cross to bear though. They bear it, carry a torch for it, and yap about it constantly. Everyone in Washington wants to learn to vote. Personally, I'm pretty happy that they can't because they'd all be Democrats anyhow, but they figure somebody ought to let them have a voice in the government.

After listening to them for a while, I've about decided that they make enough noise without a voice—so everything's equal in the long run.

Every once in a while I hear some native Virginian (aside from the mint julep) talking about how fine it would be if "we had bars like they all do in the District." That, to me, is a big laugh. Ha.

If the District had a real honest to God bar in it, no one would know how to act.

Although, personally, I wouldn't drink a mixed drink, if I could get anything better, let us make me a hypothetical case.

First, I casually stroll into a bar—or cocktail lounge if you want to be uppa clawss.

I walk up to the bar—wink at the bartender (so as to get that extra dribble) and ask for a whiskey sour.

The guy looks at me, polishes a couple of hundred glasses, then says, "Look, bud, you know you have to sit at a table to have a drink."

So I go sit at a table.

Eventually I flirt with the bucktoothed waitress long enough to entice her over. Then I say, brightly,

"One whiskey sour," and since I am very thirsty by now ask her to make it a double one.

This, as you all know by reading *The New Yorker*, is impossible, so I am stalled

for another ten minutes while she explains.

Then I look at the price list, figure what the hell is the use, go back up and sit at the bar and have a beer.

The only place in town that you can stand at the bar and drink is the Press Club, which, by the way, is where I am writing this. It is a little difficult to balance a drink in one hand, a cigarette in the other, and type with my teeth, but its a damn sight better than trying to get a drink anywhere else in this town.

Also they have to serve food to serve likker in these cocktail lounges. Not that you have to buy it—but they have to have it on tap.

Take a little fatherly advice and don't ever eat in one.

They'll poison you if they get a chance.

And also they'll knock your pocketbook for a roll. Oh, well there's always the compensation that you don't have so much to carry with you if you're broke.

Aside from containing a lot of politicians, and broken down reporters, and a bunch of loony citizens, and the damned pigeons, Washington is a husk.

I would advise you to give it the same kind of treatment that I do in Baltimore—snub it, and go straight to New York.

---

## Glasgow 1940

*Continued from Page 11*

wildly, looking for an escape, and then I saw the child again. He had sunk in his seat, his face pale, his little mouth taut, his eyes fixed on my face with such a look of fear and loneliness that I forgot myself and went over to him.

"I bet that's the biggest noise you've ever heard." How strange my voice sounded. "Let's go and find out about it, shall we?"

The child nodded numbly.

"Come on, then. Here's your parcel. Now take my hand. Atta boy! The old bus certainly is rocking, isn't it?" As I said that I realized that it wasn't the bus but my own unsteady legs. I looked at the boy. "Be careful going down these stairs, now. It's like a lighthouse, isn't it? I mean the stairs—the way they curve." I hoped desperately that he didn't know what I was



talking about. It didn't really matter anyway.

On reaching the platform, we found that everyone was getting off the bus. The conductor looked at me and said nervously, "Seems like one of the Jerries has slipped through the barrage. He's gone, I think, but you'd better step over to the shelter." He smiled encouragingly. Grasping the child's hand firmly to give me courage, I scurried with him through the still flying debris to the brick shelter a few yards away.

My doubts about my hearing were quickly dispelled when I reached the shelter door. I pushed my way in and leaned drunkenly against the wall. Gradually, my ears became used to the clamour, and I listened to the voices—there are always such voices—that made themselves distinguishable even above the din.

"Hush, darling," a mother was saying, "it won't be long now. Let's talk about the seashore again. Remember the day—"

"What were our anti-aircraft guns doing! Rusting, no doubt!"

"The dirty swine! The damned Huns! I'll show 'em. Just wait." And the speaker shook his fist in helpless rage. There was a disturbance at the door, and a whisper went round the crowd.

"It's the railway. They hit the railway."

"Yes, the train too."

Then rose another report.

"No, it's not the railway. It's Brown's shipyard that copped it!" Many were the stories. The air became thick with them. And then the cry went up:

"Here they come again. Get out on the ground! Get down on your face!" We gazed at the skies. There they were—bombers, dozens of them, getting closer, closer, closer—

"Mamma, look at the seagulls." A child's voice, but in terror we looked up, expecting to see above us more bomb-laden planes. But the child was right; they were seagulls. They, too, had been torn from their placid musings by the sudden noise of that horrible explosion. A few people laughed hysterically. Our nerves were taut and expectant, but we all tried to look very brave. Then the policeman came to tell us there was no immediate danger. Calmly I

started for the bus, a small, sticky hand thrust in mine. How quiet I felt—how numb! I tried in vain to center my attention on what he was saying.

"My brover flies an aewoplane and dwops bombs on Hitler and he's going to—"

His voice trailed off as he concentrated on getting on the bus. As we sat down, the ambulances screamed by, and here and there people gathered on the sidewalk to discuss the raid. On reaching home my first thought was of my mother. I found her safe, but speechless with horror and anger. All the people of Glasgow were angry that day—angry as never before! Life seemed to go as usual, but for hours groups dug into the debris of what had once been an apartment house, in an endeavour to save the lives of those entrapped—the lives of little children, now bloodstained and terrified, who only a few hours ago had been laughing and playing. Others struggled to save the lives of parents, frantic over the fate of their children. I watched them take the rescued to the school which was the site of the first aid station.

All day it went on, people going to claim their dead and coming from the building with lost, unfathomable expressions. Others came out with tears of joy and compassion washing their cheeks; their loved ones were not among the dead. Who can measure the infinite gladness, thankfulness, that these people felt?

Somehow that day passed. Faces relaxed. The scene of the raid became the rendezvous for curious individuals. Many came out of morbid curiosity, waiting to have their petty little souls shocked—hoping, yes, hoping to see some gory sight, so that they might report "the overwhelming experience" to their more faint-hearted neighbours. Others came, realizing that the horrible tragedy of the day was but a fraction of what could happen. I was one of the many whose feet were irresistibly drawn back to the spot. I stood there, a lonely figure among dozens. My head was bowed over the knuckles of my clenched hands. I was oblivious to the excited shouts of my fellow men. I was remembering Ian's words.

"You see, Ann, this isn't just one nation fighting another, or civilization struggling

against barbarism. It's more personal. It's hard to explain—I don't quite know what I mean myself—but our fight is—is against hate. If we could only learn that it is hate and *jealousy* that cause wars—hate and jealousy of the people of one nation for another nation. Oh, Ann, we must not hate. Glasgow—Scotland must not hate."

We must not hate! How hard it is not to hate and despise the ones who have done this awful thing. I wish Ian were here with me, so that he could see this devastation. Could he still feel kindly toward the Germans? With that question burning my mind, I hurried home to dress to go to the station to see Ian leave.

The station was like all stations, noisy, dirty, and milling with people. Looking anxiously for Ian, I felt my heart give the uneasy leap it always gives in railroad stations. I glanced at my watch, and then I felt a tap on my shoulder.

"Oh, Ian, I was afraid I'd missed you."

"I hope you *will*." He grinned down at me. "It's hard going, but I must—I *must*."

His voice broke, and I laid my hand on his arm.

"I think I understand," I murmured.

"I'm sure I do. I'm proud of you, Ian"

The thrill protesting voice of the locomotive rent the air. With brisk, determined strides, the soldier entered the coach, pausing only long enough to say in a tight voice,

"Goodbye, Ann. I'll write as soon as possible."

The train moved slowly from the station. I smiled, and whispered "Goodbye." Alone I strode through the crowd and into the blackness of the city. The darkness that enveloped me somehow seemed to protect me from harm until I could get on the lighted bus. Once seated there, I reflected on the happenings of the day. It seemed as if I could hear a million voices, but as I wearily closed my eyes, one voice grew in volume: "*We must not hate.*"

## Letters From A Freshman

*Continued from Page 13*

much if we had been home.

Please you and Dad write to me about getting a job. I'm old enough to take care

of myself, and I don't like to be babied. I hope I can come home soon.

Love to you and Dad,

Peg

October 10

Dear Mother,

You always told me not to expect things to come easy and that I'd have to work for what I got. I guess you and Dad were right about not letting me quit school now. I'm not fitted to do anything well now. I'll stick it out even if I keep on hating it.

But Rat Week is coming next week and that is too much. I can't understand the reason for any of this asinine habit of allowing sophomores to dictate to freshmen. I wouldn't mind doing something for anybody if it made sense, but the idea of my having to dress up in silly clothes and obey orders is senseless. The way teachers assign twice the regular amount of work for weekends is easier to understand.

I think all of us freshmen ought to rebel and not allow such a silly practice to continue, but all the freshmen I know are too scared. I'm not afraid of any of them.

Class bell is ringing so I must run.

Love,

Peg

October 15

Dear Mom,

Your letter surprised me. You never told me that you had to go through hazing in Normal School, and, of all things, that you thought it was fun. And did you really have a good time acting like a baby, with a bonnet and nipple? I can't even imagine it.

After I read your letter telling me how it was with you when you were a freshman how you were homesick too, and couldn't settle down, things began to clear up for me. I sat down and thought about all the things I have said and done that were too conceited to be even funny. I realize now that a person has to get initiated into any new situation. All the things people have said and done since I came may have been for my good, and I have been just too dense to catch on.

Thanks a million for making me think. Rat Week starts day after tomorrow and already I have every minute of both days taken up with errands and visits to make on

the Sophs I have three themes to write for them, too, one entitled "Why I Think I'm So Cute"; another, "What Makes All Freshmen Look Ratty When They Are Rats"; and the third, "What Makes a Rotunda

Round". I had better get started.

Love,  
Peg

October 19

My dear Mother,

This is Tuesday night at eleven-thirty. (We could keep our lights on tonight.) I have just come back from running through the halls singing, "We Love the Sophomores" and "Red and White". I'm exhausted, but happy. I have never been so busy, acted so crazily, and had as much fun in all my life as I have had these past two days of rattling. I don't see how the Sophs can watch us scramble like an egg without laughing like we rats do. I'll have to learn before next year when it will be my turn to dictate.

Your letter making me see things with a clearer view, and seeing all of my class going through the same "rigamaroll" of performing and serving, has made quite clear to me the fact that I am not an individual set apart to be babied and allowed to cry for Mother when everything does not suit me.

It is hard to put down into words why I now love Farmville when just a week ago I was so homesick and upset. Since I have gotten to know a few more people in my class, I have learned that the majority of all freshmen get homesick, but most of them take it like good sports. I guess that at times I will get homesick again, but then I will think about all that I'm getting from Farmville—not only a sound background for a future teaching job, but a love of people, of girls and teachers, and of being a small part of that great spirit that is Farmville which makes all the girls speak, no matter whether they know you or not. Maybe you have always felt the way I do now about my school. Anyway, I am so very glad that I could catch something great before I had gotten down too deep in my hole of self-pity.

At ten tonight we had "Big Rat Court"

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and was it spooky! I was called up on the stage to dance like the artist did in Lyceum earlier this evening. I was so petrified that I almost fell off the stage. Before I had recovered from shaking from that ordeal, I was called up again. Mother, the sophomores have voted me the "best rat". I am so proud.

Peg

## They Are Reading

*Continued from Page 23*

knew so little. The great man was not too busy with great affairs to attend to the interests of an unimportant brother. He was patient in little things.

This little book is primarily attractive to those specialists who collect Jefferson materials, but what passed between the Sage of Monticello and the Squire of Snowden reveals much about the life of the times and something about human behavior in general.

—MARY CRANK,

## Invasion? Where?

*Continued from Page 17*

the route to Hungary to the Allies. From here Germany would be wide open to attack."\*

Now the geographical set-up of the land has to be taken into consideration. North of Salonika there are plains and then mountain passes; in some places the valleys are wide and others are quite narrow. An Allied army striking northward along this region would find the gorges fortified and perhaps strongly defended by the enemy. Mikailovitch has said that when the Allies advance his men will take care of the Axis air fields, and also give their liberators information about every inch of the terrain. Before this invasion is possible, the German-held islands, i. e., Crete, Kytheria, Rhodes, Cos, Samos, and others, will have to be taken

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over by the Allied powers. The Dodecanese and Aegean Islands are receiving fierce bombing from American and British bombers, and then on some of the islands, the land forces have come to clashes. In a very recent report, it is said that: "With Allied air forces of both Northwest Africa and the Middle East scorching the Germans in

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Greece, Crete and the Dodecanese Islands, and Greek and Yugoslav Patriots battling them on land, the Balkan fighting today is more extensive than at any time since the British evacuated their expeditionary force

in the Spring of 1941. At least a dozen German divisions are engaged in an effort to hold fast in the dark and bloody mountains."1 The radio also announced that General Tito's army was not but 23 miles from Belgrade.

All of the latest developments seem to disprove somewhat the following statement made by J. Alvarez Del Vayo:

"The new government of Yugoslavia has but a short time to carry out its double task: within the country to achieve unity between the partisans and Mikailovitch, obliging the latter to discipline himself; and, in the realm of foreign affairs, to reach an agreement with Russia. Until that is done, Yugoslavia will not be politically ripe for an Allied invasion; only confusion and disunity among the anti-Axis forces will meet the Allied Armies."

VI. Turkey could open up the Dardanelles to Allied shipping, and provide a route to the Black Sea ports without going to war, but whether Turkey will consent to it remains to be seen. Another "if" in this invasion is: Will Russia want us to come into the Black Sea and unite with her fleet which is located at eastern ports on the Black Sea, and have an all-out push by the three big Allied Nations from the East? It has been said that Russia will next recapture her Crimea Section which is now in German hands, and while she is down that far South, the Allies could step in and land troops at Varna and Constanta. Both of these cities are situated on railroads, and the railroads pass through plains mostly as they pass into the interior. Constanta is not far from Bucharest and the abundant Ploesti oil fields of Rumania. The Danube empties its waters into the Black Sea about half-way between the two cities.

If Turkey would let the United Nations use the area route through the Dardanelles, even though they did not plan an invasion into Europe that way, it would enable us to 1. Richmond Times-Dispatch, October 12, 1943.

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## CONTINUATIONS

send supplies to Russia in far less time than does the present route require.

Everyone is guessing and speculating about where the next front will be, and when it comes, it will probably be as much a surprise to us, the onlookers, as it is to the enemy. Invasion? Where? The future can only tell.

\*This is not an exact copy, but the plan was taken from an article in the *Nation*.

### Army Wife

*Continued from Page 8*

I must have smiled slightly to myself as I remembered driving for the first time into the little desert town wherein our base was located. Two neon signs had flashed into the darkness as we approached it. One read, Scottie's Bar and Cocktail Lounge, the other, The Green Spot Motel. "That," my husband pointed, "is Victorville." To our left were the brilliant red, green, and yellow lights of the Army Air Field. The field, I had later learned, was to be our real home, for it was from there that our orders came. It was there that we met our friends and neighbors—people like ourselves, whose lives and activities were necessarily in com-

mon with our own. That, I concluded quite suddenly, was my first clue to the "Service, of course" angle.

There had been many new experiences

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Virginia

for us on the Mojave, the newest being the Mojave itself, of course. I'm sure I spent hours trying to discover one reason for its being at all, except for the fact that the desert made a splendid target for all the A-T 11's and B-17's that traverse its airways now.

It was out there on a little desert ranch that I came to fully realize that not all the Sinatra in Hollywood can sound half so sweet as the two gladsome words, "Mission Canceled." In the same way, my general disposition fared better during all the freezes, floods, and winds of winter than during the hectic periods of night flying.

I was indeed an Army wife. My schedule was the Army schedule. When my husband flew, I flew—though not actually. Still, I was somehow up there in that plane, searching for the target, releasing this valve, pushing that button, synchronizing on dry runs, opening bombay doors, releas-

ing bombs, plotting them—doing all the things about which I know absolutely nothing. Yet, I had become a part of all the things.

As a civilian wife, I would have discussed clothes, bridge, possibly the latest recipes; but, as an Army wife, I speak of cadets, progress reports, C. E.'s, E. T. A.'s, D. F. T.'s, the latest trainer "poops", malfunctions, and what have you.

"Kansas City, next stop!" I heard the conductor announce, and I suddenly became aware again of the train's motion and the talk of those about me.

"Check your ticket, madam?" he asked. I nodded and gave it to him.

"Government ticket", he remarked, as he returned it to me. "Your husband in Service?"

"Of course", I replied quite calmly. And then I wondered what he must have thought of that!

VERDICT

From Pages 18 & 19

Group I You, little lady, definitely know how to win friends and influence people!

Group II Your roommate evidently has much "faith, hope, and charity."

Group III My advice to you is live alone and like it.

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