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* * *

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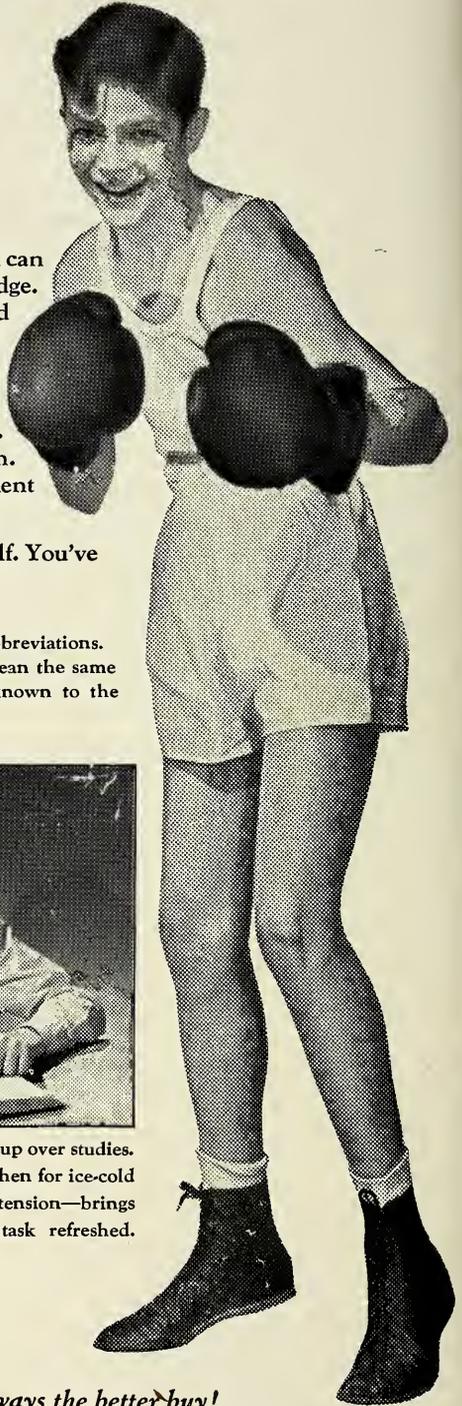


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The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. VI

MAY, 1944

NO. 4

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Over the Editor's Shoulder . . .

To all the readers of the Colonnade, the new staff sends greetings! We've racked our brains and torn our hair,--to quote an old phrase,--to put out our first issue and we're just beginning to realize what a grand job "Liz" and Mildred Corvin did. Without their "inside info" we'd never have gone to press...Right here and now we'd like to devote a few lines to the seniors. Four years now you've been a part of S.T.C. and have helped to build up and keep that true "Farmville Spirit" that we value so highly. We've known you and admired you since we've been in college, so allow us to wipe away a tear at the thought of parting. Somewhere along the way, you've stored up a lot of gay ole times, everlasting friendships, and--it is to be hoped--knowledge. May these things "go with you always", to help bring you the best that Life has to offer . . . So to you, the Seniors of '44, we fondly dedicate this issue of The Colonnade. Good luck and bon voyage!...While we're on the subject of graduation, we want you to notice that our Cover Girl has donned a black gown, too, but we have it on good authority (from her creator, Mary Lou Dondley) that her kid sister will be here with us next year to take her place...Classman of the outgoing Seniors, Miss Elizabeth Burger, offers us some valuable advice in her article called 'Decisions'.

Don't miss reading this!...Virginia Sedgley, class of '43, now a school marm in Wise County, has written us some amusing letters that will give the prospective teachers a taste of what is to come--so hold your hats! ...We know that you're going to enjoy Betty Cock's story about the winsome soldier "Phil Weed", (who is pictured on page 6 by Lucille Winston's clever pen) and Jane Ruffin's "Two Telegrams" will keep you guessing till the end. Virginia Terrell did the attractive sketch accompanying the story...And now, "the time has come" when we can see that VACATIONS are just around the corner."--So, be ye bound for a job, three months of relaxing, or another stretch at summer school, we wish to say, "have a fine time, everybody. And please find time to ... Write for THE COLONNADE!"

JANE KNAPTON

End of Day

LOIS WEBSTER ALPHIN

I've seen the shadows of dark hills
 Against the setting sun,
And silhouettes of sturdy oaks—
 When busy day is done.

I've seen broad fields against the east
 Ablaze with evening light,
And silent shadows deeper grow
 With fast approaching night.

I've watched dark swallows as they sail
 And dip, and soar away—
A dim outline against a sky
 That fades with end of day.

In but a single evening hour
 I've watched the world grow still—
I've glimpsed the pagentry of dusk
 Unfold beyond a hill.



*"Who in the moment of victory . . .
. . . covets neither profit nor honors."*

—JOHN GERSON

*A parting word to the seniors
of '44 from their classman,
Miss Elizabeth Burger.*

Decisions

MISS ELIZABETH BURGER

IN many ways 1944 is a year of decision. Looming over you are large issues which you must decide. And upon your power to balance the scales much depends!

Many of these vital decisions have already been made for you, and you anxiously await the outcome. In a degree things have been shaped for you in the world today. You are not pleased with the situation. But you have that hope and courage which by nature belong to youth; therefore, you look forward expectantly to a better future.

Now the decisions become yours to make. The lessons of the past are clear and should offer guidance for the future. You must live beyond the past, and accept that pioneer spirit which leads the way to true progress. You will not dare evade the obligations and responsibilities which fall upon you as young women who have been educated to the democratic way of life. Indifference to your responsibilities may bring the penalty of even more calamitous consequences on your shoulders.

In personal, professional, civic, national, and international affairs, there are going to be questions which will demand your decisions. To consider your personal decisions of little moment will be a serious error. In fact, the price of liberty is the intelligent solving of each problem as it arises in daily life. The solution of these daily individual problems should be based upon the same principles as those which are essential for the solving of questions of most far-reaching significance.

The ability to solve problems with perception is one of the most important goals of the educative process. In general, there is no problem which cannot be solved best by the scientific approach. Briefly, the scientific method requires that conclusions be suspended until sufficient evidence is presented. This plan forces you to base your conclusions upon accurate information rather than upon desire, prejudice, plausibility, or any other basis except truth. All in all, the scientific method is merely a rational appeal to truth, and truth cannot be arrived at until a careful analysis of all factors has been made. This is the only intelligent means of solving challenging problems.

There are many hazards threatening the best use of the scientific method of making decisions. You must be able to interpret the evidence with unbiased attitudes, to recognize what is true and honest, to exercise your own self-reliance, and to resist all pressure which may urge you to discard your intellectual integrity. Furthermore, before drawing conclusions, you must remember that nowhere—not in professions, not in business, not in politics, not even in society—can you get something for nothing.

You are living in a period of rapid change in which new problems are constantly arising. The aim of your teachers in the process of your education has not been to give you specific answers to specific questions. But the aim has been to provide you with a basis for determining the solution of any problem in any situation by the scientific method.

Solving of problems is a daily routine, but often the solutions bring dire results. You know that you should eat and sleep to meet your own requirements; yet too often you fail in even these essentials for health and success. You attend college to bring you to a fuller life; yet you often evade the finest phases of the college scheme. You want to marry to satisfy your needs for love and companionship, and yet a large number of people do not find marriage a durable satisfaction. You earn money, and yet you are unable to use it wisely. You choose a career, and yet you find that your work is not agreeable. There is one thing of which you can be sure and that is—if the results of your decisions bring unsatisfactory

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"Some farm you've got there, Sleepyhead," he said.



And the Plot Thickened

BETTY DEUEL COCK

SUMMER'S coming again, and that's what made me think of it. Because this happened last summer, you see, and though I thought about it a lot last fall, I'd kinda forgotten most of what had happened until I noticed things coming up through the ground.

When I first got home from school late last spring, my overly-industrious and super-optimistic family had started a Victory Garden. All out for defense, you know . . . not enough that they're all working for Uncle Sam anyway, and our only brother is in the Army, and we do buy War Bonds even if I am "broke" every time I pass the Table in the Hall. No . . . we have to have a Victory Garden. Okay . . . so I'm elected to pull weeds, and there's my summer job.

Don't get the idea I'm not patriotic, please. I pulled weeds till my hands were raw, and I got my back far more sunburned than it ever got on the roof. And the mosquitoes held daily conventions all over the place with me for refreshments. It was worth it, though. My sisters had talked some old geezer into letting them use the plot right behind our house rent-free, and they'd really done a grand job of getting it plowed and planted. They had corn and tomatoes and beans of all kinds, and squash and cucumbers and potatoes and beets, and (so-help-me) canteloupes and watermelons! That's where I branded them Optimists Supreme . . . but I reckon I got fooled.

One afternoon I'd been hoeing for an hour or so, and I was getting kinda bored with the idea. The neighbors' ideas were always much more interesting . . . we had to plant beans and dig out weeds to please everybody in the block behind us, but at least we usually had company. This afternoon, in particular, it was so hot even the mosquitoes had taken to the shade, and I was fagged out. So, I flopped down under a bean pole, which was all the shade I could find, and tugged the kerchief from around

my head to mop my face with. My overalls were rolled up to my knees and my sneakers had holes in 'em, and my brother's old shirt was one of the raggedest ones of the lot we had appropriated when we became farmerettes. Living in town as we do, Mother usually objected to our abbreviated get-ups, but even Father had to admit that in that garden we might as well be in the country; 'cause, though the houses are fairly close (quite close, in fact), the block is a maze of dead-end streets branching off from a dead-end street, and we were farming at one of the deadest ends. The only people who ventured down that street were people interested in our garden.

So as I said, I collapsed under a bean pole and mopped my dampened brow, which is putting it mildly. And I looked over the situation as proudly as any feudal lord surveying his vast estate, and had to admit that the family hadn't been too dumb after all. The corn was beautiful, and the beans had climbed as though well-trained, and all the rows were even and straight and green. It was nice to start fixing supper and merely have to step out into the back yard and over a fence for a nice mess of beans or beets, or a cucumber or tomatoes for salads. Awfully nice! I yawned. We'd learned to speak of "pole beans" and "hills" and "full ears" and to discuss sprays familiarly with the envious would-be farmers who were too busy all the time to plant anything; but never too busy to tell us how it's done. It was a nice situation . . . but I was awfully tired of hoeing it up at that point. I yawned again. My hair was straight as the garden rows, and I pushed it back and curled up on my arm. The third time you yawn it's fatal.

. . . When I woke up, it was with one of those gruesome "I'm not-quite-alone-and-I-oughtta-be" feelings, and I didn't open my eyes right away. I wasn't scared . . . all my

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From a Freshman to a Senior

ANONYMOUS

I envy you, fair Senior. I envy you for the fact that you are a Senior; for the fact that your long hard years of schooling are through. I envy you for the new experiences which you are about to find as you leave the shelter here and step out into Life. I envy you most of all for the four full years you've had in hallowed halls of Farmville . . . but then, too, I realize the paradox, and I know that you must envy me even more, for I still have three, full, happy years to go . . .

* * * * *

On my first day here at S. T. C., a friend wistfully confided, "I wouldn't mind college if I were a Senior. They're so . . . so . . . *different!*" From then on, my brain as I singled out "fourth year students", digested the minute details that *made* a senior so different. Why should they be different, except in age and experience?

Oh, of course, you knew all the ropes . . . which windows will open from the outside, and the best ways to smuggle sugar from the dining hall. Your rooms are "suites" with private baths, whereas ours are rightfully dubbed "rat-holes of identity"; your kitchens yield smells and products almost home-like in their variety, while our forbidden hot-plates can scare up little more than toast and fudge. We stay, figuratively speaking, on campus for four days out of seven, and lie in our darkened rooms each night listening longingly to your ten-thirty excursions downtown. Truly, you've earned these privileges, but don't we still have the right of envying? But these are the only differences I have ever noticed, and these are material things.

Inasmuch as I, a rat, am daring to approach in this manner the adjourning class, what can I say? The esthetic is invaluable . . . but we're not being esthetic. Who can use a word like that and describe a person who likes to "turkle" and play "kissy-kissy" and bake herself on a roof in the hottest sunshine available? That doesn't make for a difference. These are, perhaps, hangovers from your own freshman year. The differences we find are your realizations of the love of finer things, your aptitude to study, and the discretion which you apply in partaking of the numerous extra-curricular advantages which are offered. Believe me, a Freshman thinks a lot and expects a lot of a Senior. To us, you are a goal—an ideal—and all the other words that go along to make up a life of look-forward-iveness. For three more years we'll be coming to realize within, the vast differences which must be there, and which we cannot quite perceive as yet.

We're looking forward to the day when we can pack up our memories with our faded trinkets and souvenirs, torn books and changed opinions, and follow the trail you've made for us out into a war-beaten world. Our lives lie ahead . . . wary and insecure, but yours lie far nearer than ours, and seeing the attitudes and eagerness with which *you* look forward to Come-What-May, we steel ourselves, and bind up our hopes for the future in thoughts of the past, and we toast you, dear Seniors, as our prayer, and our inspiration!

Prayer and Thought

First Honorable Mention—Poetry Contest

GUSSIE HIMES

I've loved a million things or more
The stars at dawn, the wide seashore,
The mirth of children as they play,
The beauty in an old Scotch lay.
I know that I shall always love
To watch the smoke climb up above
A clump of trees, and settle there,
And oft I've breathed a silent prayer
As gray smoke faded from sight
And drowsy towns prepared for night.

You Made Me Care

Second Honorable Mention

MALINDA FOX

You're the one I'm thinking of,
You're the one who made me care,
You're the one who gave me strength,
For the sorrows I must bear.

You're the one who gave me happiness,
You're the one who gave me sorrow,
You're the one who gave me faith today,
And the hope for tomorrow. .

It's Spring

Third Honorable Mention

ANNE GREGORY

When the snows finally go,
And the winds briskly blow,
When the rivers rise and flood,
And trees and flowers bud,
It's Spring!

When the sun floods the earth,
And new plants have their birth,
When birds return each day,
And the world seems very gay,
It's Spring!

When young hearts fill with love,
And the skies are blue above,
When a new year's at its start,
And new hopes fill the heart,
It's Spring!



As she transferred the grade in her record book in a daze and turned to the next paper, a poignant memory gripped her. It seemed only last night that Jerry had stood over her as she corrected papers at the same desk.

"Cathy, darling, do we need to do those papers tonight? Can't we just play for a change?"

"I really should, Jerry—"

She remembered the martyred look on his face—

"Here, let me help!"

She remembered so well how he had struggled with those quotations from Shakespeare, how he had protested that as a teacher she was a failure because she gave too much memory work, how the next night she had gone over the papers again because she suspected the grades were too high only to find that he had put "A" grades on failing papers. It was so like Jerry to be lenient!

"Dear Jerry!" And Catherine smiled through her tear-filled eyes as she picked up her knitting and turned on the radio.

"Don't think—knit—knit—knit—don't think."

And then the familiar voice of the radio announcer.

"Tonight we have the songbird of America with her best presentation of the nation's favorite melody, 'Remember'."

And Catherine remembered. To her mind's eye there came a vivid picture—a house-party back in '37. How clearly she saw that lean tanned figure as he strode across the tennis courts to meet the newcomers to Ted's annual houseparty in the country. Those keen steady eyes and that boyish grin as he shook hands with the girls were as clear as if they were before her. She had been attracted to that rebel Jerry Vaughan from the moment that he took her hand in his in a firm handshake with, "Catherine Lee—Well, that's good and Southern. Catherine with a "C" or "K"?" It had evidently been mutual from the beginning, for that last night before they all left for their respective homes when they walked up from the beach bonfire, he squeezed her arm.

"You know, Cathy, I'd like for you to come down to the fall Germans next month. How

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The Green-Faced God

JANE KNAPTON

CLIVE paused in the heat of the Egypt sun and mopped his face. The continual digging in the old excavations seemed to have been of no use as far as a discovery was concerned. The whole party, including himself, had been pretty much elated when they found the old scarab ring, which was their first and last clue so far.

Dr. Williamson, who was the head of the group of scientists looking for the ancient tomb of Tarukna, was digging away at the rocks that blocked the tunnel that had been mined in the ground by their group of natives. Clive watched with respect and amazement the scrawny little man, so energetically working about in the hot sun. He turned for a cigarette to the big bearded man, David Summers, who was working beside him, when all at once they heard Dr.

Williamson shouting excitedly.

"I believe I've found it! Come here, you two, and see if this isn't the kind of stone we're looking for."

Clive and David lost no time getting to the other end of the rockpile, where they began at once to help Dr. Williamson chip and scrape away the ordinary rock to find that behind this was a sort of wall of a smooth white stone. Thus were the tunnels and catacombs of the Ancient King discovered by a party of men who, though learned in culture and customs of the old Egypt, nevertheless were still, above all, scientists of the 20th century. There were reasonable and logical explanations for all miracles or mysteries that they had ever encountered. . .

For the first time, Clive, David, and Dr. Williamson entered the labyrinth of caves

THE GREEN-FACED GOD

that made up the vast tomb.

"Amazing!" said Dr. Williamson softly, blinking behind his thick glasses at all the evidences of wealth that clever hands had fashioned centuries before. Into the high, arched stone ceiling were carved portraits of royal families, and the polished walls, now chipped and uneven by time, were covered with paintings. The flat, formal dignity of these figures marched around the room, showing the amusements, pastimes, duties, and tasks of the king of another time. Curiously wrought boxes of all shapes, inlaid with jewels that sparkled like fire in the rays of the powerful flashlights of the men, were on the floor. Peering from niches in the wall were statues and masks of weird and grotesque proportions.

The three men stood in a large room, uncertain which way to turn next. David gave a low whistle as he gazed around, and suggested,

"This is too good to miss any of! What do you say we each take a different direction, see what we can find, and then come back here and make our reports?"

"A good idea" agreed Clive and Dr. Williamson. Clive followed a narrow corridor for what seemed miles; then gradually it became wider, and as he came around a twist in the passage way, a sudden unexpected change took place. He found himself in a vast room, but the startling thing about it—the thing that confused him—was the place was not dark, as were the other rooms and corridors. The light was strange and soft and mistlike, and spread over the floor, the walls, and the ceiling. Squinting his eyes, Clive began looking for the cause of the light, for he refused to even think that there might not be a logical explanation for this. Yes, from one part of the room, right across from him, the light seemed to be a little more intense. Clive had never been superstitious, but he had to use all his will power to stifle the impulse to keep looking over his shoulder to see if something were following him. Unconsciously perhaps, he spoke aloud,

"This must be the room we were looking for—the room that contains the body of King Tarukna."

He walked across the room in the shimmering light, and as he drew nearer the opposite wall, the light grew brighter until all of a sudden, it quite blinded him for a moment. He stopped and blinked; then focusing his eyes to the glare, he saw that it came from a niche in the wall. In the niche was a small statue, one such as he had never seen before. It squatted on crossed legs, its trunk bare, from which rose three sets of arms, all pointed upward. The body was of gold, but the grotesque face, grinning wickedly, was of green jade. For some reason, Clive felt a shiver of dread as he looked at it. Those eyes—they almost seemed to have some hypnotic power. He felt unable to take his gaze away from them; they were mocking, taunting, unbearable. He seemed to lose all power of movement, of thinking, and as he stood there, fixed, he was aware of a strange beating sound gradually filling the room. All the mysterious light in the room approached him. He couldn't shut his eyes; they remained glued to the green eyes of the god, as the light gradually suffused him. It seemed to be entering his eyes, more and more, until his brain became a vast glaring void. Then abruptly, the beating sound ceased, the light vanished, and he was left in darkness. Shaken, he stepped back a few steps. No sooner had he done so, than a huge slab of rock came crashing down on the spot where he had just been standing. Clive felt his knees turn to water, and he hurriedly turned on his flashlight and made for the nearest wall for support. The room was in complete darkness now, and his flash beam picked out the spot where the rock had crashed. If he had been there just one second longer—he shuddered. Cautiously, he approached the niche again, this time from a different angle. Yes, the statue was there still, but it looked now merely a piece of statuary—"a very good collector's piece of statuary, too," Clive thought. It looked so harmless now, that he wondered if his mind had been playing tricks on him. Why, it was fantastic to think of such a thing ever happening. "I must have just imagined the light and the drum-beats," he thought. "Of course, that must have been it. There have

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"By these things shall ye know them . . ." See if you can recognize these seniors. For the verdict, turn to page 18.

? WHO IS IT?

FAY JOHNSON

- I. Who, if in the Building, has a cup of coffee in her hand all the time; or, if in Main, has a glass of cream in her hand all the time to put in the coffee - - - - could be Business Manager of the Business Managers' Club according to qualifications - - - - has that tall, dark, handsome and silent man from Pickett - - - - has never in her life been on time for a class - - - - looks best in black severe things nobody else could think of wearing - - - - has dark tresses halfway down a gorgeous back?
- II. Who has naturally curly dark brunette hair which is *always* in place - - - - always has such a cheery smile for everybody - - - - wears long-waisted dresses to such perfection - - - - simply loves movies to distraction - - - - always starts to tell a joke and then can't remember the point - - - - is always trying to make her fingernails grow - - - - just loves dinner rings - - - - likes to fool around with photography - - - - has a nickname which is composed of her initials and by which she is known to everyone?
- III. Who knows every single thing that has ever happened, ever will happen, or that is happening in this school, and all the why's and wherefore's thereof - - - - has a voice that always sounds as if it were in the first stages of a bad case of laryngitis - - - - has a face generally found behind a camera - - - - has to pay only half tuition because she spends most of her time in the Science Building teasing Mr. Mac, working in the lab, and developing pictures?
- IV. Who is so very reserved and shy that she seldom "just chats" with anyone - - - - had rather draw or paint than eat - - - - has a genius at very exquisitely simple, yet striking clothes - - - - could never, even in the wildest, be pictured doing a hula in full costume - - - - calls her best friend "Elizabeth" instead of by her popular nickname - - - - loves the novels of Somerset Maugham?
- V. Who is positively one of the jolliest, happiest girls in the Senior Class - - - - who always wears a trench coat over her pajamas - - - - simply never goes to bed, but stays up
- roaming the halls in search of a fellow nighthawk - - - - is a grand dancer and jitterbugger - - - - always wears her hair in a feather-cut - - - - is a mainstay of the College Choir and other music groups - - - - has eyelashes as long as Droste's?
- VI. Who has a lisp so marked that it is quite an outstanding characteristic - - - - wears her hair in a long bob - - - - has definite ideas as to how music should be listened to - - - - loves sport clothes - - - - is quite an expert athlete - - - - has a Martha Rayeish mouth and eyes that "crinkle up" when she laughs - - - - has a habit of raising her brows when she is talking animatedly - - - - just loves a cigarette to death?
- VII. Who frequently wears large, exotic flowers or wide bands in her hair - - - - dances her toes off from some modern thing to a stirring conga—in fact, her dancing has frequently stopped a dance - - - - has a waist that is oh! so slender - - - - can really sing a blues song when so inclined - - - - has a husky mezzo voice - - - - has a nickname which does not apply to her in the least - - - - goes away practically every week end, and yet gets tons of things accomplished?
- VIII. Who can play nearly anything she picks up and is called on continually - - - - loves Millay's poems, also classical music - - - - has a "bright and shining morning face" always - - - - is eternally, unendingly reading government parallel - - - - has a certain brand of humor quite unique?
- IX. Who has a positively matchless, wholly unsurpassed wit - - - - can work like six horses when so inclined - - - - has a repertoire of hilarious experiences wholly unequalled - - - - has one of the best swimming forms in school - - - - always lights a cigarette the minute she gets inside Junior Building - - - - has great ability in Modern Dance - - - - the gorgeous tan she invariably gets - - - - especial skill in the great and almost extinct art of "Turkling"?

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This Is the Life

Helen, dear,

Here I am, a schoolteacher of exactly one week. I feel like it's been a thousand. Just let me tell you. I came down Thursday; the Superintendent had selected a place for me to live. It was where my predecessor had resided—now I know one reason why she resigned. I am in the middle of the Clinch Mountains, right in the coal mining district—and don't I know it. The boys in my class are big hulking brutes, dumb as oxen, and they think they are very, very witty.

But to get back to my narrative. I am living with a dear old—hag. Already she has pried through my drawers and held my letters up to the light. She has also asked me any number of questions. I was just about to tell her that my mother was a dope fiend and my dad an ex-convict, but as I knew she was a big gossip I decided against it. Friday we had one of those gruesome sessions called a faculty meeting. That was nothing to the mess they called a Teacher's Institute. That met on Saturday. Sunday I went to church and the wife of the president of the School Board promptly corralled me into being a Sunday School teacher. Fool that I am, I let her do it. I wish I had told her I was a Holy Roller and was only visiting the Baptists.

Monday the show began. The pupils visited each class a half an hour. I know I couldn't have stood four classes the first day, any longer than that. If I have ever had any idea about uplifting the youth of America, that idea is blotto now. If I can pound some simple fundamentals into these brutish minds, I'll be lucky. Of course, I have some bright students. As one cute number told me, "My father is the biggest doctor in town, and I always get A's in class." Whether that was in the nature of a warning to me or a plug for her father's business I don't know.

The rest of the week was much the same. I have managed to keep order. The first time there was any talking, which was the first day of classes, I spoke kindly and quietly and told the class to come to order. It didn't work. So I spoke more firmly; still there was talking. Then I just gave a lecture that lasted ten minutes, telling exactly what the score would be—and it worked. Frankly, no one is more surprised than I when I squeal a would-be-talker with a glance. I hope they never find out how scared I am.

Let me know, you lucky thing, how you and the BIG BOSS are getting along. Does he still fire dictation eighty miles an hour and murder the King's English in the process? Tell me the news. I'm so buried in these coal fields that we get all our news by pony express.

Love,

Sedgley

P. S.—We're right across the State line from Harlan County, Kentucky. Which side do you favor, the Martin's or the McCoy's? S.

October, the wettest day.

My dear Miss Umbdenstock:

Yours of the 5th received and contents dully noticed. I re-read your epistle six times and finally gave up. No reflections on the newsy letter; I enjoyed it two days later, but I had a cold. All the students have colds; all the teachers have colds; the weather is damp

Continued on page 26



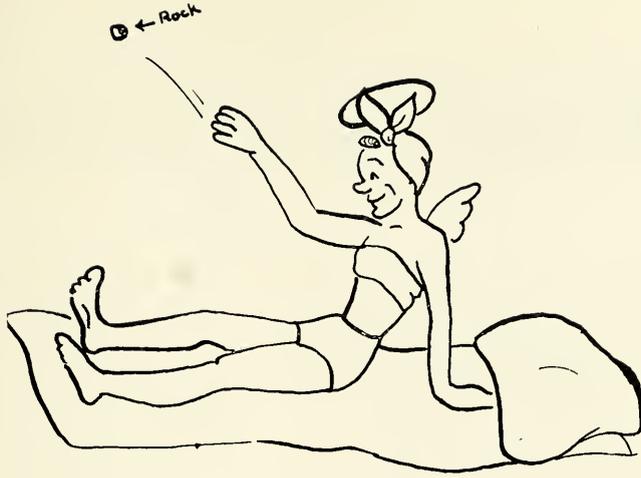
Need more be said - - - -

You Are My



Her roommate is on the roof, so - - -

ine!



The menace of the roof!

The finished product!



She got a tan. She got - - freckles!!

Mac's Cracks

HELEN MCGUIRE

A famous professor gave a lecture at an insane asylum. He began by saying: "Why are we here? Why are we here?"

A nut in the back row stood and said, "Because we're not all there."

—The Archive

* * *

"What makes you think that your husband was drunk last night?"

"Well, he doesn't ordinarily try to shave the fuzz off the bath towel."

—The Archive

* * *

Young girl in court swears she's never been kissed.

Enough to make any girl swear.

—News Item

* * *

Dear Jack:

I just read in the paper that students who don't smoke make better grades than those who do.

Love,
Dad

Dear Dad:

I have thought about it. But truthfully, I would rather make a "B" and have the enjoyment; in fact, I would rather smoke and drink and make a "C". Furthermore, I would rather smoke, drink, and neck and make a "D".

Love,
Jack

Dear Jack:

I'll break your neck if you flunk anything.

Love,
Dad
—Voo Doo

I like Scotch. Scotch is served in glasses. Glasses are spectacles. Two glasses of Scotch and make a spectacle of myself.

—The Turn-Out

* * *

Wish we had a fifth for bridge.

You don't need a fifth for bridge, you dope!

Well, make it a pint then.

* * *

Judge: "Young man, do you realize, that by leaving your wife you have become a deserter?"

Hooked: "Judge, if you knew my wife, you wouldn't call me a deserter. I'm a refugee."

—Don't rush off

* * *

If a girl wants to get married, she's gotta know a lot of catch words.

Answers to *Who Is It?* (p. 14)

- I. Mildred Corvin
- II. Mary Evelyn Pearsall
- III. Sara Jeffries
- IV. Sara Trigg
- V. Jerry Titmus
- VI. Patsy Connely
- VII. "Twitch" (Virginia Mae) Ellet
- VIII. Libby Ann Jordan
- IX. Ruthie Dugger
- X. Hannah Lee Crawford
- XI. Ella Banks Weathers
- XII. "Liz" Tennent
- XIII. Sara Wayne France
- XIV. Fay Nimmo Webb

G. I. Joe



Prof: "Miss Jones, give me an example of the Law of Diminishing Returns, please."

Co-ed: "When I pay \$25 for a new dress for a date, and my boyfriend shows up with only fifty cents."

—Arkansas Agriculturist

* * *

GIRLS WON'T LET 'EM

"Mabel," said the father, "your young man stays until a very late hour. Has not your mother said something to you about this habit of his?"

"Yes, dad," replied Mabel sweetly. "Mother says men haven't altered a bit."

—Traveling

* * *

Beneath the moon he told his love,
The color left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of his coat,
It plainly showed for weeks.

—Wataugan

* * *

"Boulder," cried the clergyman when the hammer hit his thumb.

Jack and Jill went up a hill
Upon a moonlight ride;
When Jack came back,
One eye was black,
You see, his pal had lied.

—Sun Dial

* * *

First Moron: "What's the color of a rain drop?"

Second Moron: "I don't know."

First Moron: "Plink".

* * *

STORY OF THE WEEK

"How old are you?" asked one little colored boy of another.

"I don't know, fo' o' five."

"Doan you know?" asked the first little boy, amazed at his ignorance.

"No," was the reply.

Then the first little boy had an inspiration. "Has you eve' thought about women?"

"No," was the reply.

"Then yo' is fo'," was the triumphant conclusion.

Continued on Page 30

G. I. Joe



Child at Play

ANN SNYDER

I saw her running down a path today ;
The wind was blowing through her golden
hair.

The eagerness of youth had made her gay
And lovely, like a blossom that is rare.

My heart had never felt until today
The breathless beauty of a sight so fair.
I saw her running down a path today ;
The wind was blowing through her golden
hair.

She did not wait, but I can truly say
It was a lovely sight to see her there
Amid the glory of the summer day ;
She was an object for a dream or prayer.
I saw her running down a path today ;
The wind was blowing through her golden
hair.

These Things I Love

JANICE GORDON WELLS

The freshness of a dawning day,
the golden sand where sea shells play,
pale moon glancing through the trees,
children's laughter in the breeze,
the glow of embers burning low,
silver rivers running slow,
the quietness that twilight brings,
the song the sea forever sings,
steeple silhouetted against the sky,
rising hopes that never die,
the loveliness of starry nights,
the friendly greeting of harbor lights,
October's opalescent air,
April's glory everywhere,
wind trembling on the brink of a song,
fishing boats on the bay at dawn,
the hay stacked high at harvest time,
the invitation when church bells chime,
the comforting effect of free tears,
the haunting memories of yester-years,
candlelight when the heart dreams,
lonely murmurs of restless streams,
love remembered never growing cold,
these things I love—to have and to hold.

Worth Investigating . . .

ALL THE TRUMPETS SOUNDED

WILLIAM GEORGE HARDY, *Coward-McCann, Inc., New York, 1942.*

FROM the first burning sentence to the last solemn words, this is a story of turbulent emotions, of lust, riot, and intrigue. To the old tale of the Hebrews' deliverance from Egypt, Hardy brings new life. Moses becomes the epitome of wisdom and good leadership; he is the man who fights many inner battles before acknowledging the supremacy of Yahweh, the God of Mount Sinai. To offset the intense need of Moses for a higher power than man's self, Hardy creates Nun. Nun is the Hebrew slave, the philosopher, and the skeptic. To him the gods dwelt in the realm of the emotions, while he believed in the world of the intellect, but this cynic understands something that Moses cannot fathom. Moses refuses to concede that the Hebrews are not only slaves physically, but have sunk into the lethargy born of melancholy and hopelessness. He strives to drive them on by appealing to their emotions, not realizing that generations of brutality have dulled their minds and senses and made them numbly contented with their lot. Physical slavery is relatively unimportant, if the mind is free.

Hardy succeeds in painting scene after scene of exquisite beauty . . . the sluggish Nile, the luxurious court life, the miserable slaves, and the fierce desert tribesmen. To this is added the philosophy of Nun, the near fanaticism of Moses, the power of Pharaoh, and the wiles of Tharbis, the Kushite woman.

If a book full of adventure and with a new slant on an old story is wanted, read "All The Trumpets Sounded." You may disagree with Hardy's theology—but, after all, every one is entitled to his own opinion, isn't he?

—MARGARET PATTIE

TUNNEL FROM CALAIS

DAVID RAME, *The Macmillan Company, New York, 1943*

TUNNEL *From Calais* is a war story that provides mystery and adventure. It reveals the courage of the British people and their determination to preserve freedom, no matter what the cost.

The tale centers around a small group of people who discovered the existence of a huge Channel tunnel leading from Calais to some point near Dover. The tunnel was dug by the Germans in order to make a surprise invasion of the British Isles. This small group of people turned over all the information they possessed to the British officials, and worked with them to destroy the tunnel. Sandy, a dashing young naval officer, discovered the weak point in the tunnel and destroyed it.

The book is very technical in places, and there are no vivid characterizations that will linger in your memory, but the story as a whole is very interesting. For those who enjoy mystery and excitement, David Rame's book is a "must".

—KATHERINE PREBBLE

DAWN OVER THE AMAZON

CARLETON BEALS, *Duel, Sloan and Pearce Company, 1943, \$3.00.*

THE year is 1050 when *Dawn over the Amazon* begins. World War II has ended in a compromise peace, and for four years the Allies have struggled with unemployment, and postwar adjustments, quarreling all the while over who is to pay for the war. Meanwhile the Axis powers have rebuilt their depleted forces, regained their strength, and made ready to strike again. This time, the Japanese land on the Chilean coast, and the Nazis come into Brazil from Dakar.

Beals presents a large number of char-

WORTH INVESTIGATING

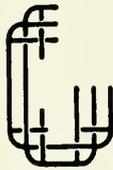
acters in his book. There is an American engineer, Grant Hammond, who wants to start a giant T.V.A. project in the Amazon basin; Victor the Reaper, who is the leader of the laboring class in Peru and neighboring republics; his sister, Gabriela, who is fiery, beautiful, and a good soldier; General Aztugo, incorruptible and enduring, who leads his band of patriots through the jungles; a Passianario, a sort of Brazilian Joan-of-Arc; Baron de Broga; General Manvel Montes, Marcella; and many others.

The plot is centered around the way these human beings face the shattering trials which confront them. In the midst of a dense jungle at Fort Liberty, this brave crew hold off the Japanese for days, until the Reaper arrives with reinforce-

ments. Beset by hunger, malaria, mosquitoes, pium gnats, the lack of medical supplies, thirst, and weariness, the characters of this book are woven into a tale as real and moving as the story of Bataan. The stench of death fairly steams up from the printed page.

In a note to the reader, Mr. Beals says that he is not a prophet, but that his book is merely a peg on which to hang his tale. The events described are not wholly improbable. They could serve as a grave warning to the men who sit around the peace table at the end of World War II. Mr. Beals is at home in Latin-America politically, socially, and geographically. Though he discredits the story as a prophecy, he assumes the air of authority.

—EVELYN GRIZZARD



Decisions

Continued from Page 5

results, you must be lacking in your criteria for making decisions. Too often you forget long-range advantages for short-term benefits of questionable value.

Within the next few weeks you Seniors will be making vital decisions. You must

weigh the evidence carefully, and where the facts are inadequate seek more data. There is no problem too small for the application of the scientific method. If you are willing to stand four-square on this basic conception, there need be no faltering, for the road which you will travel will be bright!

And the Plot Thickened

Continued from Page 7

life I've been yelling around that neighborhood and making myself heard; so I knew I could certainly convince somebody that I needed help if I needed help. It was just that I knew *somebody* or *something* was standing over me, and I didn't know what I was about to look up at. So I rolled over and kicked my feet out straight ahead of me. What they hit wasn't a vegetable; so I had a good excuse for jumping back a little when I opened my eyes and sat up. I started to shut 'em again and shake my head to make sure I was awake, but I realized in time I should shut my mouth first. People look moronic with their mouths hanging open. The Thing that had been so bluntly staring at me till it woke me up was not an unusual thing as a class, but as an individual . . . wow!

Sure, you knew all the time it had to be a soldier. He was a corporal, tall and blonde, and he had dimples. I knew he had dimples 'cause he was grinning like a jassack, and my first impression was that his ears were that long, too.

"Some farm you've got here, Sleepy-head," he said, and I just kept on ogling him. He tried again.

"What are you trying to prove: the old Southern theory that God makes things grow? Why should you bother?"

"Damn Yankee," I growled under my breath, and that got me to my feet. I hadn't been breaking my back over that hoe all afternoon to prove that the South is the Land of the Lazy.

"Well . . . she got up like a real woman . . . let's see you talk, Sugah, so's I can hear y'all's Southe'n drawl."

Boy, I boiled over! If there's anything I hate worse about a Yankee than that he considers "you-all" singular, I've yet to find it out. I gave that guy up and down the country; and, when I got through, *he* sat down and mopped *his* brow! I didn't let up

for five minutes. In conclusion, and with a dramatic gesture that was sure to convince him, I swept my arm out toward the rows I'd hoed so nicely and blazed . . . "And furthermore, if you can find any gawsh-derned Yankee who can hoe a row like those, you can tell 'im to come right on down and take up where y'all made our slaves leave off in the War between the States!"

It was a fool thing to do, 'cause I'd gotten myself all heated up again, and I knew he was probably having a good laugh at my expense. But you can't expect anything better from a Yankee; so I stood my ground and kept looking as mad as I knew how, which is pretty mad when it has to do with foreigners. I wasn't prepared for the long, low whistle which was his next comment.

"Hey, kid, take it easy. I was only kidding . . . but you didn't honestly plow that whole length of stuff by yourself?"

"No, but there wasn't anything dishonest about the way I *hoed* it."

"Oh . . . I'm from the city myself."

"Yeah, New York City," I fired at him. And I was right, as you always are when you're guessing a Yankee's home and you know it isn't Pittsburg.

"You're pretty cute when you're mad, y'know?" Already he was trying to be funny, and I retaliated with "Brother, I'm not even warmed up yet!" But again he seemed sorry to have irked my ego, and again he apologized. He wasn't too good at it, and I was glad of that. At least he wasn't the suave kind, ever-ready with a reliable excuse. And he showed so much actual respect and admiration for the farm that I kinda cooled off a little. He was awfully cute. But when I showed him the whole lay-out on a row-by-row tour, he got cynical once more.

"You must have had *some* help . . . four girls couldn't raise a flag!"

Honestly, that beats all! All those things

AND THE PLOT THICKENS

growing right up under his very nose and him standing on one of our prize squash in those G. I. shoes; and he had the audacity to make a statement like that.

"Look, Yank, we not only grow 'em, we cook 'em and eat 'em, and if you'd care to stay to supper, I can prove that, too!!!" Gosh . . . if the Southerners are noted for their ready hospitality, the Yanks should be famed for their readier acceptance.

"Good! What do we pick first?"

* * * * *

The family hadn't been too sure about where I had met this Phil person, for I did not make things any too clear; but when he grinned, they went under anyway. They got home all about the same time, and found me in the kitchen with a strange soldier who was peeling potatoes like a veteran. He *was* a veteran . . . the first thing he said to the first sister who dropped her teeth at the sight of him was, "The Army teaches the experts to take the outsides off potatoes . . . it's good training. I'm Phil . . . Are you Anne, Jack, or Birdie?"

And that's the way he was all summer. The garden grew with lots of things, and we immediately christened Phil "Weed", 'cause he kinda sprang up where he hadn't been planted. He came almost every Sunday to help us hoe and pick and everything, and he was there at some time or another almost every day. Lots of afternoons we'd come in from elsewhere and find the tomatoes and radishes all washed and in the kitchen, and sometimes there'd be a note saying his name was in the salad and to please let him eat from a blue plate because his top sergeant had blue eyes, or some such nonsensical thing; and life was never dull. The neighbors took him for granted, too,

after awhile, and whenever they sent over a half-a-pie or something, it was marked "for the girls and Weed", and a good time was had by all. He learned to cook by watching Mother, and I guess she kinda liked him 'cause she misses our brother like everything. Anyhow, he was quite a guy.

It was Weed who found our first watermelon. He shrieked from that end of the garden one Sunday afternoon, and after convincing us it wasn't a snake, carried on like he was a new father or something. And when we got there, it *was* a watermelon, but it was about the size of a baby cucumber. We scoffed at him, but inside we were proud, too. He ate the first slice of it later on when it was big and round and ripe . . . and good. And he ate some of most of the others, or most of some of the others. He *loved* watermelon!

We knew the Army wasn't stationary, but we just never thought of the time when Phil would hafta leave. We'd had a big supper the night before, and I was getting worried 'cause I knew I'd hafta be coming back to school before so awfully long, and I didn't like the idea of missing out on all those wild doings. He left early; and, though he'd been above par on the wit and fun that night, he left quietly. I wondered if he had eaten too much.

I'll never forgive myself for going shopping in another town the next day. When we all came in that night about the same time, all of us waiting on the front porch till the rest of us got congregated, we walked into the kitchen and stared straight at a huge pumpkin that was parked on our green checked tablecloth. It had a pimento mouth and a carrot nose, and its eyes were bright blue grapes. One of Weed's old beat-

STC GIRLS WELCOME AT—
Dorothy May Store
Clothes for All Occasions

Farmville's Largest and Best
Dept. Store
DAVIDSON'S
"The House of Quality"

up G. I. caps sat on top, and to the hat was pinned a note. I read it aloud:

"Meet the Top-sergeant . . . I grew him in a flower-pot. He wishes to state that, while he's not much on public speaking, he's here to say "thanks from the Yanks" to the best bunch of Southern belles a guy ever knew. Take a picture of him and have five reprints made for wallet use . . . he's twice as attractive as his maker. Don't you all forget the guy who horned his way into the nicest summer ever created.

See ya overseas."

It was simply signed "Phil-weed" . . . and there was nothing more. We all cried like babies . . . even Mom got misty around the eyes . . . eyes which he had said were so blue he couldn't ever get away from thinking 'bout his top-sarge, and nobody thought anybody was being silly either.

"But he can't even phone before he goes, and we were gonna make him a strawberry shortcake for supper tomorrow . . ." I blubbered. The family consoled me, and eventually we ate. The potatoes weren't as full of lumps as when Phil mashed 'em, and the radishes had their tails cut off beforehand, and nobody could count the number we ate, and that darned ol' pumpkin sat there staring at us the whole time. Nobody was very hungry.

We got adorable letters from him and all kinds of souvenirs from overseas, but it wasn't the same. We wrote crazy, cheerful letters; and, when I got back to school, his letters cheered me up as much as anybody's. But we don't get letters any more.

I'm not too anxious to go home this spring. The family never mentions him in letters mostly because they seldom write letters, but I do know that the Victory Garden has been plowed up again and probably planted by now. I know that my job this summer will be hoeing and cooking and . . . weeding the garden. It's gonna be a hard job, but I'm not gonna stop to rest in the middle of the afternoon, 'cause I wouldn't care to fall asleep under a bean pole and wake up alone. One thing I know, too . . . from something Mother said in a letter. She just mentioned it casually, but I got the

idea right off.

"We aren't planting any watermelons this year."

This is the Life

Continued from Page 15

and d - - n drizzly. Pardon the Japanese but that is just the way I feel. My classes are getting along fine. I actually like them, which is probably lots more than can be said for them.

In case I haven't told you, the manpower situation is practically nil. There are two eligible men in town: that is to say, there are two single men in town. One was dropped on his head while young with the expected results. The other has stomach ulcers, so couldn't get into the army. His mother was worried for fear I would try to lure him with my beauty. She told me about the ulcers. My landlady, dear old hag, told me about Harold, being firmly tied to Mama's apron strings.

Did I tell you that I overheard what my nickname is among the students? It's "Snitchel-puss". When I think of the names we called our teachers, I don't blame the children. (See the touches of a teacher? A year ago I would have said "kids".)

By the way Helen, please don't write me letters in envelopes that are lined. My landlady can't read the letters inside, even if she does hold them up to a strong light. I wouldn't want her to strain her eyes.

Write to me, I never hear any news but that from the back-yard fence.

Sedgley

May 23

Telegram to Helen

Don't hold job over. Have decided to stay here next year. Find I like it too much to leave.

Sedgley

The Green-Faced God

Continued from Page 13

been any number of similar cases where the mind refuses to function properly when confronted with a highly stimulating experience and when the subject was nervous. Hallucinations and all that. Although," he laughed ruefully, "I certainly didn't realize I was the nervous type."

Nevertheless, his hand shook as he reached out to take the jade and golden god from its place. His hand suddenly stopped in midair, as through wide eyes he saw that the green head of the god was slowly moving from side to side in a negative motion. Around the face, a faint glow was given off, emphasizing the weird facial expression. Clive drew back his hand in a flash, swallowed, and blinked rapidly. He looked again. The green head was perfectly still.

"This is nonsense," he said aloud, "more hallucinations."

However, this time, although he refused to be daunted in his work (for what reasonable explanation could he give if he returned to his two companions empty-handed?), Clive did not touch the statue with his hands. Instead, he took out his knife, and tried to pry it out with the blade. No use; it appeared to be held down very firmly—so firmly that he couldn't even get the point of his blade underneath the base of the statue. As he pushed, the knife suddenly slipped and cut a gash in his hand. "Oh, damn!" Clive yelled as he dropped the knife. He looked quickly at the tiny figure, and it seemed to him that the eyes glowed and were looking straight at his bleeding wound. The green face now seemed to have assumed a more kindly expression.

Calling himself a fool for such thoughts, he went back to his job of trying to remove the statue. In exasperation, he reached up and seized it in his cut hand, and to his utter amazement, it came out as easily as though it had been merely set down there. By now, Clive was quite ready to leave the place; so without any further looking around, he began walking across the floor. Just before he reached the corridor,

he became aware that the strange misty lights and the drum beats were filling the room again. Panic-stricken, he started to run, shifting the statue to the other hand, but at that instant, the room began to grow larger and larger, and no matter how fast he ran, he could not reach the end of it. Realizing now that he was in some horrible race from which he could never escape, Clive gave a shriek filled with his desperate fear

Dr. Williamson and David were waiting for Clive in the large room with the painted walls. They were eagerly discussing the things they had found, when David stopped sharply, and said,

"Do you hear anything, Dr.? A sort of low, throbbing noise? I think I heard it once before."

He was interrupted by a scream — a scarcely human sound, it was so wild and fear-crazed.

Both men were pale. Dr. Williamson said anxiously, "Oh my God! Clive! . . ."

David ran through the passageway toward the spot from where the scream had come, Dr. Williamson close on his heels. As they turned a corner, they stopped and turned their flashlights on a figure lying there on its face. Dr. Williamson bent down and took the pulse. "Why, it isn't possible. Clive is dead!" the shocked old man told David. "What could possibly have happened to him?"

David stooped and gently turned up Clive's face. Horror-stricken, the two men gazed at it. It was green, and the expression was mocking, taunting, unbearable.

* * * * *

Though David and Dr. Williamson searched and searched again the strange room where they found Clive's body, they could find no cause of his death. The ornate coffin of King Tarukna was untouched; the curiously wrought jewel-studded cases were unopened. And there were statues of strange little gods in all the niches in the wall—except one.

In the New Order

MARY PARRISH VICCELLIO

WHEN one of our popular American philosophers coined the phrase, — “there’ll be some changes made” — he could not possibly have realized the effect that that phenomenal sentence was to have on America’s brain trusts. Refrigerator manufacturers and helio-robot investors have sacrificed many a good twelve winks for the furtherance of ideas that will insure a better tomorrow. From every side, plans for safer, saner, and more comfortable future worlds are advanced, and post war predictions are as frequent as spring rains, and their continual flow just as steady.

I was sold on this subject when the old T.S.F. up and stated one day that during storms I need no longer be frightened. You can come out of your unmetaled corner, it added, turn on tomorrow’s static proof radio, and be struck by the wit of your favorite comedian instead of lightning. Right there such an infinite vista of hope was opened up for me, I decided that life would be so wonderful. Perhaps I wouldn’t give it back to the Indians after all. And little twinges of conscience nagged as I recalled stormy summer days when I would withdraw to spots supposedly unattractive to lightning and wait, literally breathless, until I saw the all clear.

Tales of tomorrow’s streamlined efficiency interested me so greatly that, out of curiosity, I sent for “Kitchen Predictions”, a booklet offered by a glass manufacturer, and found upon receipt, that its contents were not to disappoint me. I read with avidity of an electric eye which could see you, tray-laden, approach a door, and open it for you; of plastic refrigerators with revolving shelves, of cordless irons, and of button window controls which lower raised windows at your bidding. Thoughts for post war worlds were bringing out the “Mother Shipton” in everybody, I found, and though many predictions seemed impossible when you considered how they would actually work, yet page seven of my book assured me that I could expect these innovations and many more besides.

The most revolutionary post war changes seemed fated to occur in transportation. An optimistic prognosticator whom I was reading, said that airplanes would probably replace the automobiles as a means of getting there and back. With that theory, overnight trips to Europe would be just as natural as to New York and back again. And your social calendar would probably look something like this—Tea in London with Grace on Tuesday, Paris on Wednesday to see Monsieur Vert, a friend of a friend of yours who knew Anatole France whom you’ve studied in French Lit., and to Argentina for the week end to see how the tango is really done. Thus globe-trotting loses its staidness as a phrase and becomes as real as tests on anything you’re supposed to know a lot about and about which you are always wishing you knew more. A friend of mine is forever jokingly telling her suitemate she has a call on the phone board from operator I in Italy, and it never ceases to amuse me because of the absurdly impossible manner in which I regard it. And yet, whenever I consider it seriously as a future possibility, I foresee giving myself a mental kick for putting it in the category of the “Nice but Impossible”.

I was utterly wafted away on the wings of tomorrow’s wonders; so much so, in fact, that I decided the world in the future would be well worth clearing of all the peoples antagonistic to our way of life. It would be worth fighting for. I caressed my ack-ack gun, took better aim, and fired away.

Two Telegrams

Continued from Page 11

'bout it?"

She remembered how thankful she was for the darkness to hide her blush as she stammered,

"Why, Jerry, I'd love to."

She remembered those four days after the houseparty broke up when she waited so impatiently for a letter she hoped for, but didn't really expect. She remembered her elatedness when it did come.

She remembered that dance—the red roses Jerry had given her—the white dress gotten for the occasion. She remembered subsequent dances—Ted's houseparty the next summer, and the next. She remembered the wedding in the small Episcopal church in the spring of '40.

She remembered the small apartment they had taken because Jerry's salary as a beginner at law was meagre. She remembered the agonizing nights after Pearl Harbor before Jerry volunteered for the Navy when she knew that he wanted to and dared not mention his desire to her. She remembered the picnic when he finally could suppress the desire no longer.

"You know, Cathy, this is a big mess we're in."

"I know, Jerry. How will it all end?"

"I don't know, but I want to have a hand in ending it." It was then that she had given way to tears and through them had told Jerry to go, that she knew he should and that he wanted to. She remembered his quoting to her those lines—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,

Loved I not honor more."

She remembered those first days after he left, the depth of her despair and the horror of her loneliness. She remembered having sought an outlet and found relief in teaching.

Then she remembered that Jerry was gone.

Thrusting the knitting aside, she twisted the radio dial, cutting the songbird of America off in the middle of the nation's favorite melody.

With a sudden change of mood from struggling to utter desperation Catherine

again flung herself on the bed, pounding the pillows with her fists, giving vent to her innermost emotions. For five, ten, fifteen minutes she lay there, her lithe body shaking with convulsive sobbing before she regained any amount of control. She wandered aimlessly around the apartment, tiny and overcrowded with furniture planned for a large brick house in the suburbs someday.

"All our house plans—for nothing," and Catherine picked up the folder that contained them. On the top, lay several unanswered letters—one just that day from Majorie and Ted telling her that Theodore Cabell III was expected any day. She glanced from the folder to the picture of Jerry on the dresser.

"Oh Jerry, Jerry darling—you didn't know that you were going to be a father, too! You died never knowing—That was the surprise I promised you! Oh, Jerry—My God, tell him in heaven!"

Someone rapped on the door. Struggling for control, Catherine smoothed her hair and straightened her collar.

"Come".

A short and stout mulatto woman placed her head in the door.

"Phone for you, Miss Catherine."

"Thanks, Ida, I'll come right down." Catherine made an effort to conceal her internal disturbance as she went down, she thought, to tell some parent why her Johnny had received a failing mark in conduct. With a sigh which seemed to hover between weariness and boredom, but was only a means of reducing some of her inside tension, she picked up the receiver.

"Yes?"

"Mrs. Jerome Vaughan?"

"At the phone."

"Two telegrams for you, ma'am. I can't send them out tonight. Shall I read them?"

"Go ahead." Catherine stood by the old-fashioned wall phone, undecided whether it was possible that she become pleasantly excited at the receipt of two telegrams, neither of which could be from Jerry, sure that nothing could ever be the same with Jerry gone.

The local operator read in a dry monotone:

"Little Marjorie arrived this p. m. Mother and daughter well. Ted.' Any answer, ma'am?"

Catherine made a valiant effort to control her voice.

"Yes. Wire back—I'm glad. Letter follows.' And sign it Catherine. Send it to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Cabell, 313 Lake Drive, Norfolk."

The old man repeated after her, "I'm glad. Letter follows. Catherine. Is that all, ma'am?"

"And the other message, please." Catherine steeled herself for a very official message from the Navy, notifying her of Jerry's death.

In the same monotone, the operator read.

Ship went down but I can swim. See you Tuesday and have that surprise ready for me. And it is signed 'Jerry'. Any answer to this one, ma'am?"

A few minutes later the black Ida heard a loud metallic and repeated "Hello, hello!" issuing from a fallen receiver. She stepped into the hallway to stare at the prone figure on the floor.

Mac's Cracks

Continued from Page 18

"What do you mean by 'Rculder'?" cried his wife.

His irate retort: "That's the biggest dam in the world, isn't it?"

—The Turn-Out

* * *

An average person is the one who knows he can't beat a slot machine, but doesn't believe it.

* * *

Foggy Will says his gal is like an automobile radiator. She freezes up on him if he doesn't keep her filled with alcohol.

* * *

No one knows what the short skirt will be up to next.

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CONTINUATIONS

Who Is It?

Continued from Page 14

- X. Who has quite outstanding talent at directing and organizing drives of all sorts - - - - is a born manager - - - - loves to "party" - - - - constantly describes things with the adjective "greatest" - - - - wears horn-rimmed "specs" - - - - has an affinity for young Army captains - - - - calls her breezy room "Wuthering Heights" - - - - is forever in a good humor - - - - is the sort people confide in?
- XI. Who has an unceasing energy - - - - a most infectious giggle - - - - is one of those rare people who do not cuss - - - - has the patience of Job with people of all kinds - - - - rarely goes for half an hour without mentioning "Bill" - - - - can always outdo you in moron jokes?
- XII. Who is generally defined as bizarre, different, unconventional, striking - - - - loves to hear the latest choicy bits - - - - draws and writes equally well - - - - whose handwriting is quite outstanding - - - - has great originality at productions, etc. - - - - loves good music - - - - likes to read aloud to people - - - - has such odd bracelets - - - - has strikingly different clothes - - - - will never be forgotten as "Hitler" - - - - smokes "Chesterfields" instead of the S. T. C. ciggie—Luckies?
- XIII. Who, when she smiles, smiles on only one side of her face at a time - - - - has long smooth, ever unruffled, only slightly curling tresses - - - - never cracks a smile when telling a joke - - - - can imitate Miss Wheeler to a T - - - - has very definite

likes and dislikes in all things - - - - can slay you with a glance, but oh! how charming if pleased - - - - gives an impression of authority and definiteness and things-under-controll-ish - - - - is a grand executive?

XIV. Who could be described as tall, slender with long-bobbed slightly curling hair - - - - is ever smiling, cheerful and friendly - - - - loves to play - - - - invariably gets a black tan - - - - loves a guy named Jack?

It's hard for a man to play straight with a girl who's all curves.

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Overheard Around the Campus

When I start being "kittenish" I'll retire; when I stop being "catty" I won't be a woman.



Definition of a good sense of humor—
Someone who thinks I'm funny.



He's in the tropics probably playing "She loves me, she loves me not" on a grass skirt.



The reason I hate to eat oysters is that I'm afraid they're looking at me.



She has the skin you love to touch—with gloves on!



He'd rather meet your family heirlooms than your family.



She ran as if there were a man in front of her instead of one behind her.



My philosophy is: If I can't get an allotment, a teaching contract will do.

Her idea of marriage on a 50-50 basis is: What's yours is mine, and what's mine belongs to me.



A study in contrast—a Southern man who speaks slowly and moves fast.



"The 'Lieu's' in the Army,
They say they're very fine,
But one thing they don't talk about
Is that little wife of mine."



She'd make a good recruiting officer—they fall for everything she says.



A bevy of S. T. C. girls were walking on campus and they passed a group of soldiers from Pickett. One of the soldiers gave a low whistle and said, "Heaven must have just had a recess."



You and I have something in common—I'm crazy about you and so are you.



She's so dumb she thinks the Saturday Evening Post is something to hitch a horse to.

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