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Miss Bugg
7/4

The Colonnade



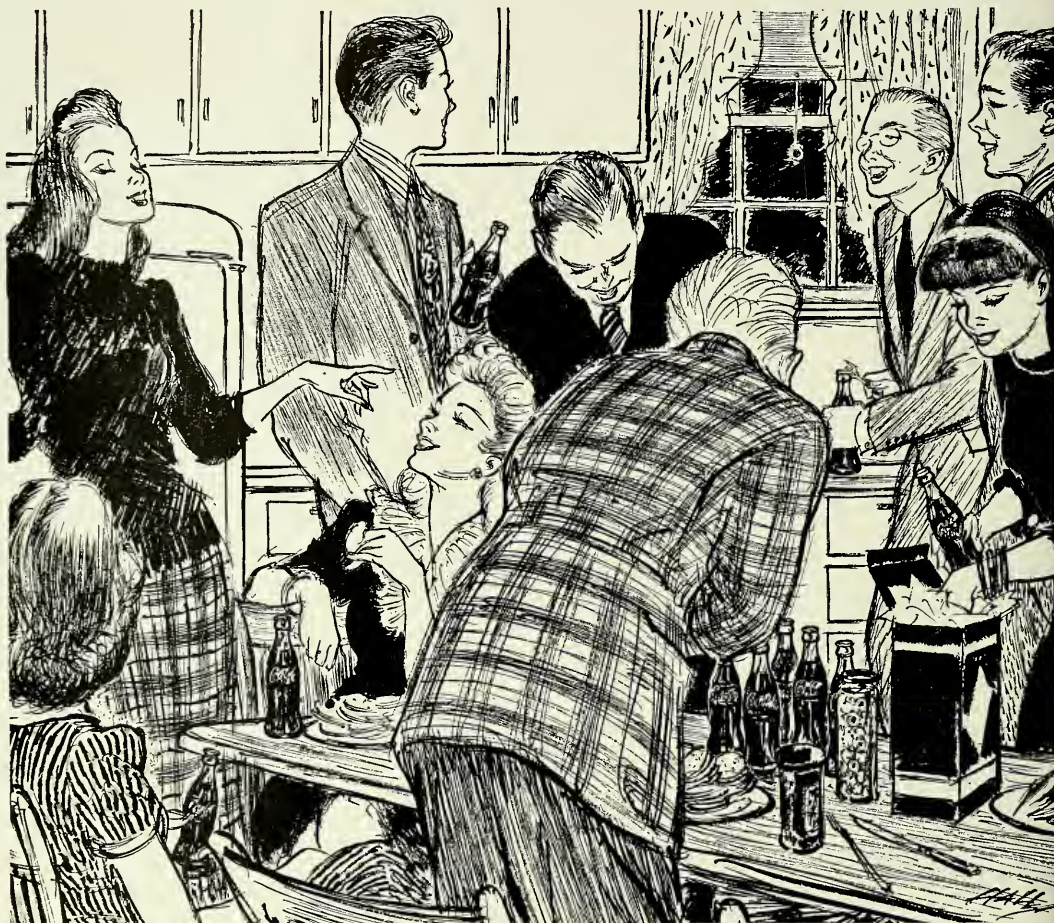
State Teachers College



Farmville, Virginia

Law

Let's raid the icebox...Have a Coke



...or a way to make a party an added success

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The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. V// MAY, 1945 NO. 4

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Over the Editor's Shoulder . . .

To the seniors of 1945, we fondly dedicate this issue of The Colonnade.

There is sadness for you seniors at leaving and for the rest of us at seeing you leave. You have been our sincere friends, our older sisters, our companions. For four years you have been among us, giving your best to Farmville. By your high ideals and your achievements, you have left to the incoming seniors a challenge. May they accept it willingly and nobly!

Our guest writer this month is Mr. French....our own "Charlie Hop." His chat with his class will bring a few lumps to everyone's throat....especially the seniors'. To illustrate Mr. French's A Chat With My Class Carmen Lowe has come up again with two of her cartoon characters.

We know you will like our short stories. The White Envelope and The Red Hat by Mary Rattray and Anne Willis respectively....also, Interlude by Fay Johnson.

Betty Cock and Jocelyn James give us a variety in their sketches, Vignette in Blue-gray and The Knock that Came from Nowhere.

In our poetry section we find a contribution by Martha Lee Doughty...class of 1915. From our own present talent, Shadowed Reverie by Janice Gordon Wells.

Jean Prosis has expressed all feelings on the death of our late president in her essay On the Deck My Captain Lies Cold and Dead.

In closing we want to stop a minute to thank the old staff for helping us so much... We surely do appreciate it. Also, we remind you that some of your leisure time this summer may be well spent as a nurse's aid or in helping the Red Cross.


Have a big summer and we'll see you in September.

Nancy Whithead



DEDICATION

TO THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1945 WHO
HAVE GIVEN SO MUCH, WE WISH TO
DEDICATE THIS EDITION OF
THE COLONNADE





WHITE

THE city dust was scented with Spring. Over the newly lighted buildings a star was shining, but in the West, above the smooth and darkening river, the last golden traces of sunset lingered rosily. Park Avenue was a sparkling ribbon of lights. Everywhere else in the city things seemed to be quieting down for the night, but here the day had just begun.

In her lovely pink and blue Renaissance Apartment, just off the avenue, Linda Reynolds was waking up. Linda, with her warm blond hair, and soft blue eyes, was the type of woman who always looks ageless, smart, and ever beautiful. Leaning back against her lacey pillows, she picked up her white French phone, and dialed a number.

"Hello, June, darling? . . . Yes, this is I - - - I'm still a little fuzzy - - - been asleep all afternoon. Did you have a divine time last night? What? Yes, I know - - - they all close before twelve now. Isn't it too ghastly! New York just isn't the same anymore. That reminded me, I got a very tiresome letter from Hugh today No, he was missing but finally got back to his base. Here's the letter. Let me read part to you. He says, 'All I could think of the whole time we were lost at sea was—she is waiting for me. I kept seeing your face, hearing your lovely voice, remembering the plans that we made the day I left. You were the only hope that I had. I hope the wire they sent you was merely "missing" not "killed in action". So many of the boys have had that mistake made.'

"And he goes on and on. Poor boy, I suppose he has gone through a lot but, really, I never gave him any encouragement while he was here. We all were very gay, and never at all serious. You know that. He was such a darling, and so much fun. Maybe it's just a new line of his, but I must say it bores me. Where are you going to-

VELOPE

right Really? Well, perhaps I'll see you there Have to rush now. Rex is coming at nine and you know how long it takes me to get ready. No, no place special . . . just on the town . . . all very gay . . . Luncheon tomorrow? . . . love to. See you then . . . Bye Darling."

Replacing the phone on the little table, Linda tossed the pale blue satin pouff aside, and slid out of bed.

"Hurry, Sally, is my bath ready? You know how it annoys me to be kept waiting. Quick! I'm late now!"

Unnoticed, a thin white envelope, covered with stamps, and censor marks, glided off the slippery pouff and down into a small painted basket beside the bed.

A day quickly passed and it was night again in New York.

In a far different part of town, the quiet old brownstone houses and tiny grocery stores were settling down for the night. Rumpled and grimy children were starting to drift homeward after a rough hour of playing ball in the streets. From somewhere came the sound of "Drink To Me Only," being played laboriously on the violin. A young girl sat in her window, brushing her waist-long black hair. An old woman, selling pretzels on long sticks, shuffled down the sidewalk. Several of the houses displayed dingy "Room For Let" signs in their windows.

On the steps of one of these homes sat two equally large, red-faced women, talking over the neighborhood news. The door behind them opened and a young woman walked down the steps. She was tall and slim, her navy blue suit gave her a fragile look. Her dark auburn hair curled crisply up from the soft ruffle around her neck. She had an unusual, vital face, although far from beautiful . . . it was strangely appealing. She seemed to be in a dream. Look-

Turn page, please



THE COLONNADE

ing straight ahead of her, she walked past the two women as if she didn't see them.

The older of the two spoke to her. "That's it dearie, a nice bit of fresh air will be good for you. Shall I leave the hall light on until you come in?"

The girl's face suddenly lighted up, smiling she said, "No, don't bother, Mrs. O'Rourke, I won't be in until late."

She kept on walking, the sound of her heels on the cement got fainter and fainter until she was out of sight.

The two women whispered, their heads together.

"Sure and you know what that is Katie? That's old man Kelly's daughter, Jenny. Never was a pretty one, but she caught a handsome husband, money too! Yes, he was a nice boy. She got the telegram today, yes, killed in action. What a pity—both of them so young, and married such a short time. What have you heard from your son? Well . . ."

The women talked for a while longer, then went inside.

Jenny walked quickly, almost as if she were running away from something. She sobbed noiselessly to herself—

"Dear Lord, you know this isn't right, isn't fair—we've had so little . . . Oh, John, I love you . . . I love you. You can't leave me now . . . you can't! But you know he has, Jenny . . . he's gone . . . Oh, John . . . John!"

This last was nearly a scream, as she tripped against something sharp and cutting, and saw a large dark hole loom up in front of her.

"Jenny, hang on to yourself. That's merely a foundation for a new building . . . nothing to be afraid of." Yes, as she leaned

over the railing, the large cement-lined cavity seemed bottomless and deadly.

"It would be so easy . . . it wouldn't hurt, not for long, and then I would be with John. It would solve everything. But Jenny, it's not right . . . Is anything right now? I must, one step, and I'll be with him . . ."

Suddenly she was snapped out of her concentration by the sound of a heavy truck piled high with rubbish hurtling around the corner and on into the darkness of the street. From the very top of the pile a thin white envelope, covered with censor's marks and large stamps fluttered down to the pavement in front of Jenny.

"Why . . . a letter . . . read it Jenny, it may be a sign, may be important. It's not for me . . . read it anyway . . . It's from a soldier like John—read it—read it! 'All I could think of the whole time we were lost at sea was—she is waiting for me. I kept seeing your face, hearing your lovely voice . . . our plans.' My only hope . . . 'missing,' not 'killed' a mistake, mistake . . ."

"Could it be—a mistake—possibly?" Looking down into the darkness she shuddered to think what she had nearly done. Turning quickly she started homeward.

"Think of it, Jenny, you almost left him." Shame, mixed with happiness surged through her.

Seeing a tired little girl trying to sell her last wilted bunches of violets, she thought. "Look, it's spring and I didn't even know it." Jenny suddenly felt very glad to be alive. As she walked on she could see people moving around within the houses. Everything seemed warm and homelike. Two little boys were playing marbles by the light streaming from an open window.



A CHAT WITH MY CLASS



of got swallowed down in my throat. What the mischief, pillows go hang! I just couldn't fuss at a swell class like this. And I didn't fuss, truly I didn't! And haven't been sorry I didn't.

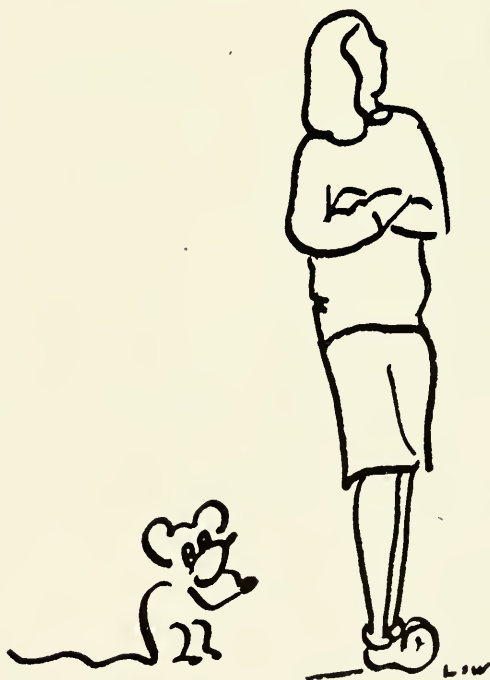
Along toward the end of the '41-'42 session, every time people looked at me they offered me something to eat. They all got to asking me what was making me so thin. At last, I got to thinking that maybe I was sick and didn't know it; so I stepped on the scales at Shannon's when nobody was looking. To my surprise I had lost fifteen pounds. Trying to promote the Circus Stunt, the Class Production, Interclass Games, and Class Parties is the nicest and surest way in the world to reduce. But, oh boy! It was worth every pound lost!

Four years is a long time, but it has passed all too quickly. We have lost some of the freshmen of '41, but we have gained

Continued on Page 26

NI, everybody! Here we are all together. And I am going to do something I haven't had the chance to do in four years. I am going to do all the talking, or perhaps I should say all the reminiscing, but you, too, may remember.

Do you remember the Freshman Class in the Fall of '41? Who could forget that class? Of course, you can't, because you were it, and of course I can't because it was then that you chose me as your classman or adviser. Like the bad penny, I've been with you ever since. From that time on I've always insisted that I was a member of the class because I soon became so attached to every one of you that I felt I was really a member of the class. How could I help it? You had talent galore, energy enough to turn a dynamo and charm enough to stagger one . . . and mischief enough, so help me, to make you even more lovable. When I think of your mischief, I recall a certain "pillow episode" in which some of our class members had been guilty of taking a part. I was asked by a member of the Home Department to take 'em to task about it. Well, we had a called class meeting, and there I was with my head as full of good advice and reprimands as a pillow is of feathers. But when I took one look at you, all the fussing I was going to do just sort



Futility of Study

BETTY DEUEL COCK

I can draw a structural formula;

Determine an unknown.

The psychological instincts

Of philosophers I've shown.

I'm *not* a whiz at grammar,

And that I do admit . . .

But I *can* interpret Thackeray

In a class of Classical "Lit."

Biologically, my construction,

From my innards to my frame,

Is a system I'm familiar with:

I can call my bones by name.

I know the bare essentials

Of nutrition; I can sew.

The outcomes of historic wars

Are among the things I know.

In short, I thought my knowledge

Was improving with my age;

I was sure that as a Senior,

I would be a seasoned sage.

But my brain has ceased to function

And by day, I get the dumber . . .

For in spite of all I've learned this year,

I must go to school all summer!

"On the Deck My Captain Lies Cold and Dead . . ."

JEAN L. PROSISE

A reverent silence filled the auditorium as the speaker paid tribute to a man who seemed to me to have been immortal, a man, who brought his friendliness, his vision his wisdom as a pilot of democracy, had become to be almost an ideal which I never dared dream could be crushed—and yet he died. As I sat there still too stunned to really grasp the significance of such a tragedy, I could only analyze my own feelings, those which I found later were shared by the entire nation and most of the world. My first feeling was one of having lost a dear friend whom, though I had never spoken to or even seen, I felt I knew intimately. Unprecedented was the realization that I had trusted him only as one trusts a friend. I had felt safe, as though he were protecting me personally and now insecurity ruled my very being. My thinking became a turmoil. "What of the peace plans," "what of Russia's attitude since it was our leader who cemented the friendship between us", "what of the demoralizing effect upon our armed forces and our civilians", "what will befall us now that our Captain lies dead?"—My only consolation and reassurance came when I recalled his warm smile, his appealing eyes as he looked at the world expecting the best response from us all, and his mellow voice taking us into his confidence at his "fireside chats", enabling us to catch his indomitable spirit and to share his optimism and fearlessness through such words as "We have nothing to fear except fear." When he said "Fellow Americans", each felt that he spoke to him personally. I remembered how he had fought for equal rights for every color, creed and class. I remembered his undying interest in the common man, though he himself was an aristocrat. I remembered his love for children and for his dog Falla. I remembered his consideration for womankind shown by his appointing a woman to the cabinet. His concern for the physically afflicted came to me with the realization that he never mentioned his own physical disability. - - - - Upon thinking of this man, Franklin Delano Roosevelt as I knew, admired and—yes, loved him, I come suddenly upon the realization that though physically he lay dead, as an ideal he was not crushed but will live forever as an influence in my life. I felt secure again because I knew that as a martyr his ideas and his hopes will materialize—that his spirit will live!

"The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trips the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bell
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies—
Fallen cold and dead."

THE

IT was a glorious Easter Day. The smell and taste of spring was in the air and a soft breeze ruffled Linda's sleek black hair, turned under page-boy fashion, and lifted the white ruffle of my blouse against my throat as we walked arm-in-arm toward Church. Neither Linda nor I had spoken . . . a sorrow, greater than any we had yet known, lay heavily about us, leaving us insensible to the panorama of life which rang rebirth and gladness. But it was for Linda alone that eyes regarded us with heart-felt pity and sympathetic hands were extended. Linda, her dark beauty accentuated by faultless black, the silver wings pinned above her heart catching the sunlight and her eyes bright with unshed tears, was an unforgettable picture of young love whose dreams had been shattered by the ruthless god of war. If the people we met thought of me at all, they were surely wondering where on earth I bought this giddy red hat and why my mother allowed me to come forth in something which clashed so violently with my carrot hair. When we passed Joe's Ice Cream Parlor, I glimpsed a reflection of the red rose upon it—which was all it consisted of really—in the glass window. My thoughts rushed back—back to another spring day.

On that day, Mother, busy with the annual "top-to-bottom" house-cleaning, sent Johnny and me to do what she referred to as "marketing" with an interminable list of groceries, garden-seed, 48-inch drapery material, thumb-tacks and the like and had entrusted Johnny with eight dollars which we were to spend wisely and judiciously. What Mother hadn't bargained for was the penchant Johnny and I always shared for gazing into store windows at outrageously useless things which caught our fancy and which sometimes led us to walk in, casually inquire the price and usually just as

casually walk out again since our meager allowances stretched just so far. On this particular occasion, however, we felt ourselves wealthy beyond words ("filthy-rich" Johnny put it), and when I spied a certain chapeau and was instantly captivated by the full-blown crimson rose and the dainty veil that floated from it, Johnny decreed that we could well afford a small sacrifice of \$4.98. So in a most business-like manner he ordered the sales girl to "wrap 'er up" and I tucked my prize under my arm and departed, feeling a trifle guilty perhaps, but nevertheless, proud. Johnny shared my elation. That's the kind of person Johnny was. Moreover, when we returned again to the scene of rug-beating and furniture upheavals with nothing more than half the groceries and six identical packages of zinnia seeds (which were free samples at each of the six stores of which our town boasts) plus a *Vogue* number that could neither be eaten nor used for upholstering the worn love seat, Johnny charmed my practical mother right into admitting that it was "cute as a bug's left ear." You see Johnny possessed the sort of gray-green eyes that rendered it next to superhuman for even mother to refuse him anything.

Those amused green eyes, behind whose gaiety was an intense seriousness of purpose, his zest for living and loud yellow socks and his slow Georgia drawl had all joined forces to enslave my heart when he first came to us; a lanky boy with a new-bought razor in his pocket and silent grief in his eyes for the memory of a frail and beautiful mother to whom the Dark Angel had come all too soon and a father he had never known. But John J. Breckenridge had, even then, the courage and the smile which makes life worth while come what may; and upon the woman who had been

D HAT

his mother's dearest friend in boyhood; he poured out the fullness of his trust and affection. My mother had always longed for a boy of her own and her arms could have held a half-dozen more like Johnny. Father never ceased to be amazed at the way he tackled the lawn on sultry days and overcame the mystery of why the electric mixer had ceased to mix, and for my part—well, living had just begun.

We discovered the magic of music together — Johnny and I. He purchased a second-hand clarinet and I graduated at last from the "Music Play for Everybody" piano book and together we struggled to master Beethoven's preludes and the haunting melodies of Debussy. But this soon gave way to something far more stimulating. One night when we had grown weary of the stately strains of the "Minuet Waltz," Johnny had a sudden inspiration.

"Let's jam it!" he shouted. I cautiously varied the strict 3-4 time a little and Johnny caught it up. Pretty soon we were swinging all we'd learned in true Cab Calloway tradition. When Johnny finally put his clarinet down and I swung away from the squeeking stool, it was past midnight. "From now on," Johnny proclaimed, "you and I are cats from Basin Street." I agreed. It was hard not to agree with Johnny.

We neared the high iron gate then, pushed wide to admit the throng of well-mannered Church go-ers. Looking at Linda, so tall and graceful in toeless, stilt-heeled pumps, it was difficult to recall the little girl who lived across the street, mixed mudpies with grimy little hands, jumped backward from the garage roof with stringy pig-tails flying in back like escaped kite-strings, and played away the long hours of childhood with me, always bossy remembering her two years seniority.

I could think of Linda only as Johnny's "girl". I'm not certain when it had its beginning but the way in which Linda's looks complimented his easy charm made them seem destined for each other. Realization of this came to me at a high school football game in which Johnny scored the final touchdown and became a hero. Johnny was not meant to be a football champion—he was loose-jointed and his feet had a way of getting tangled with each other or somebody else's—and it was sheer determination, not skill, that won for him a place on the team. I was more aware of this and of the long hours of practice it had cost than anyone else. My eyes never left the gold 16 emblazoned on his perspiration-soaked shirt and I was cold with fear when the sharp blast of the coach's whistle came, the ball snapped into position, hurtled into the air and came riveting down into Johnny's arms. A tackler lunged and I closed my eyes tight. Then I heard cheers of "Atta-boy, Breck" reverberating all around me and knew that he was safe. My knees were weak with relief but I ran to the bench toward which he was returning. My words of pride and encouragement fell upon deaf ears. Beside him was Linda, laughing up at him and scolding coyly for the mud on his football pants. Johnny was laughing too, and bent to smear some of the mud on her upturned cheek. Linda ducked and ran from him, but Johnny sprinted after her and his strong arms pinioned hers against the high board fence. He looked down at her flushed and lovely face, framed by the white scarf which bound her hair, whispered a few words into her ear, then let her free. Together they walked across the field toward the shower-house, and I felt a dull ache rising in my throat that nearly choked me. It

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was then that I first knew hate.

Fall deepened into winter and Johnny's and Linda's attachment grew. Late one gray afternoon he strode into the study where I was biting my lip over a vexing geometry proposition. There was conscious pride in his voice as he said, "Say, Kitten, betcha a new red hat you can't guess who'll be leading the grand march at the Senior Prom on the memorable eve of the graduation of Class of 41."

"Sure, I retorted, trying to hide the catch in my voice, "the Duke and Duchess of Windsor."

"Not if Linda and I get there first, they won't. You, my deah, have the most high honor of being the first to congratulate the King-elect."

I wanted passionately to hurt him somehow—to cry out against this girl who was going to lead the prom in a pink lace dress—to tell him never again to say the name which held him spellbound. Instead, I pushed back my chair, put one foot before the other and did a silly exaggerated courtesy.

"His Majesty!" I said. Johnny laughed and gave me a teasing hug. Then together we solved the geometry problem.

They were a striking couple—Johnny and Linda. Whenever they were together, heads turned and people smiled in unconscious tribute. I might have forgiven Linda had there not been something so cold and sure in her nature; something, I felt deep down, that would eventually hurt Johnny, who gave so much of himself.

For Johnny, college life was a short link in the chain of events which rushed forward to shape his destiny. Soon his letters, which had been full of enthusiastic accounts of law procedures and techniques which even Father couldn't fathom, devoted more paragraphs to techniques and procedures of the Air Force and V-12 units. This we could all readily comprehend!

Our forebodings materialized suddenly one rainy morning in March, when I awoke to hear his familiar step on the carpet downstairs. The sheepish grin, the same he had worn when we purchased the hat, accompanied him. He was wearing the jaunty cap and uniform of an Army Air

Force Cadet. My heart, beneath my old blue bathrobe, began doing all kinds of patriotic things, but I had learned never to betray my real emotions so my voice was quite steady as I teased, "Well, go on, start polishing your fingernails on your shoulder, glamour-boy."

"Same mean ole Kitten with unsheathed claws!" he replied, and his gray-green eyes were affectionate and amused as ever. Still I knew that he had changed somehow, that the choice he had made meant a new life in a different world which would take him even farther away from me.

Later he confided, "I've asked Linda to come down from school to see me off. Do you think she might come?" Again I felt the return of the pain and longing which had become so much a part of me.

Linda did leave the swank private school she attended and came home, ostensibly to be with Johnny. But Linda, who thrived on adoration, had acquired such a galaxy of admirers in Johnny's absence, that her time had to be divided among them. And that which remained for Johnny was little. He filled in the long gaps by drives through the country with me, when we gave ourselves to the sunshine and slowed down to read every Burma Shave advertisement, putting tunes to the one we liked best. Nights were still cold and often we merely sat and watched the flames leap and dance in the fireplace. "Puts you in the mood for dreaming," Johnny remarked. "There won't be much time to dream where I'm going, I'm afraid."

Mother, whose insight was always perfect, saw to it that Linda was on hand the night before Johnny's departure by issuing an invitation to dinner days ahead. Our guest was breath-takingly lovely in ivory satin, a sapphire necklace clasped around her white throat. Dinner was gay; each of us joked, reminisced, said anything however absurd or unimportant to push back the thoughts of his leaving. Then Linda departed for her wrap—she and Johnny were to go dancing. Johnny watched her hungrily as she glided up the broad staircase, then turned to me. "You gotta come with us,

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Interlude

FAY BYRD JOHNSON



THEY sat at one of the small round tables in the little Washington seafood place silently eating their shrimp salad. They were a nice looking, young couple with a detached, rather intense air about them. He was tall and thin with an artist's hands and philosopher's deep-set, brooding eyes. She was thin and very like him in miniature. They said little but closely observed each fellow diner as if they were jotting down in a mental book, notes for future reference.

As they continued their absorbed scrutiny, a party of four young women came in—taking a table opposite. In the soft, dim light they all looked pretty and happy, even gay. As was his habit, he idly watched each in turn. They evidently didn't prove of interest because his glance strayed quickly.

She, too, passed them over. As the party was in his direct line of vision, his glance soon returned, resting upon one of the young women.

A gay fluff of hat perched over a plain, round little face with anxious eyes. It was obviously an expensive hat. She wore a suit with the usual frilly blouse cascading down the front from the throat. Of course, there were bag and gloves blending in with the rest of her "outfit." There was a wistful sadness about her. She was so defiantly gay that one knew that it wasn't so, that really she was sad. He caught this.

"Typical government workers determined to have a good time in the midst of their humdrum routine," he said lightly. She turned her full attention upon the little table and saw as he saw.

They dawdled over their food, now quite intent upon the occupants of the next table, particularly the girl with the pink fluff of hat. They talked now—slowly—one making an observation, the other noting it.

"Her boy friend is overseas," she said, not really believing it.

"She has no boy friend. She would like better than anything else in the world to have a boy friend," he stated. And she had known it would be so.

"She's the kind of girl you just want to take out to an expensive restaurant and have a gay evening. I would just love to make her have a wonderful time—to make her think that somebody wants to sweep her off her feet." He said this sadly.

She continued, "And her clothes are so brightly new, and you know that she will keep them that way for a long time. She will wear them carefully and only on Sundays and important occasions like having lunch with a friend at the office. Oh, they're too dressy for her, but she's never had any-

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Vignette In Blue-Gray

BETTY DEUEL COCK

ELEANOR was a thoughtful girl, anyhow, so the fact was not an unusual one that on a particular gray afternoon, she was sitting in her college room staring at the radiator.

The other girls in the room chattered on quietly, but Eleanor didn't hear them. She was still staring at the radiator. The war news was fair, but that wasn't exactly what she was thinking about. Her blue-gray eyes rested on the pink border of the towel that served as a scarf for the shelf topping the tall heater, and she smiled as she thought of the day her Mother had helped her pack for college.

"Here's some guest towels, Eleanor. Put them where you can find them."

"But, Mamma, I won't be needin' guest-towels at school. They'd just get all beat up in the laundry."

"Well, take them anyway, child, and use them for dresser scarves. Things you leave home you always wish for later. Where shall I put these, now?"

So the guest-towels had come, and the first thing that had greeted Eleanor's eye in the bare freshman dormitory-room had been the bare shelf-like top to the radiator cold, tall . . . and the first thing she dug out of her trunk was a brightly bordered guest-towel to cover that bare bit of desolation.

Her eyes wandered upward over the stationery boxes on the right, and to Joe's picture, perched precariously near the edge . . . but so delightfully near her bedside! Dear Joe! 'Way over there . . . she'd have to write him again tonight. Which stationery? Why the blue, of course, for Joe had said when she wrote to him on that blue-gray paper, it seemed as if he were looking into her eyes, and hearing her speak the written words. She eyed the rest of the boxes in the stack . . . working down from the blue-gray. The air-mail she'd save for her cousins in California, and the other fellows from home who were overseas. The plain white (Christmas present) she'd use

for the family, because they didn't care. Only she'd write to her aunts on the shell-pink, for they liked to think of her as being terribly sweet and lady-like . . . and if she kept them pleasantly thinking delicate thought about her, they were often apt to decide to put Eleanor's name in the pot when it came to making cookies on a Thursday! Oh, yes . . . the pink had its purposes! At the bottom of the stack was the box of plain stationery with the school seal stamped on every sheet. This she kept handy to impress the girls who were at other schools . . . and what a favorable bunch of impressions she had managed to send forth over the state on that odd plaid! Why, to read her letters to those scattered high school chums, anyone would think Eleanor Abbott the most satisfied college freshman in the whole United States. And Farmville the world's best school!

She sighed and shifted her gaze to the snapshot albums. Therein lay pictures of the girls who had held her attention for the last five minutes or so. "Plum" and Gaynelle and Caroline . . . their pictures mounted so carefully during high school years in the fat, red album there on the radiator. The other, newer and thinner, held pictures taken here at school . . . Martha and Jean and Virginia and all the gang. Pictures around the campus . . . pictures at Longwood . . . snaps of the familiar buildings . . . and regular knock-down-drag-out scenes of midnight feasts and coke parties.

The party last night, by the way, had been a rip-snorter. She ruefully let her gaze wander to the empty coke bottles and the full ash-trays on the other end of the radiator. Good-naturedly, though, she decided that cleaning up would be worth it. If (her attention centered on the little brown sewing basket) she could find time too, to darn those darned pink socks!

And oh, the lessons! Her notebook and English grammar lay on top the snapshot

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A Knock That Came From Nowhere

JOCELYN JAMES

HOW well I remember the enormous, almost palatial, house in which we used to live in town! Palatial to me, perhaps, because with that immense white house and surrounding trees, the nooks and hiding places in the garden, I connect all the fond memories of my childhood.

In the yard, which was enclosed by a shaggy hedge, there were four tall pines, six cypresses, two magnolias, and many other trees; my favorite, however, was the weeping willow by Friz's house.

Friz was a faithful ducky who was born and reared with my father. They played together as children and were the greatest of friends throughout his life.

Later, Friz worked for my father for many years with a love and loyalty that can't be bought or sold. I wish I had known him better, for he makes a superb character about which to think and write. I did know him long enough, however, to love him as everyone else did, white and black included. In fact, so much did I admire him, that I took it upon myself one day to confiscate ten dollars from my mother's purse to purchase ten dollars worth of chewing tobacco for him at the corner store. The disappointment brought angry tears to my eyes when the storekeeper refused to sell me that much tobacco.

The next memory I have kept stored away in the top drawer of my mind was quite sad. Friz was in the hospital in an unconscious condition. Being a child, I had a quick sense of the intense feeling of worry that was around me and soon detected deep furrows in the brows of my family.

Friz had been holding the reins of a mule while she was being shod. Suddenly she went wild, dragging Friz behind her, she dashed around the corner of the slaughter house and out across the corn field. The reins had made a lasso on his hand; he couldn't have released himself even if he had been conscious.

He never regained consciousness. I saw my whole family made sick with grief — even my usually unconcerned brother — everyone!

I won't go into the funeral, because it would be too depressing. But, I shall never forget two things about it: the multitude of people who came (white and colored) and the smile on his face as he lay so still against the satin and surrounded by flowers. He died when I was only five; nevertheless, I will never forget.

Then a peculiar thing happened. It was a year later when I decided that Friz's house would make a perfect play house; my playmates readily agreed. So, we ventured into the house which had not been mentioned during the past year, but as we looked about us we realized it *was* a perfect place to play.

We were upstairs in the bedroom "playing house," I suppose, when we heard a knock. For several seconds we were still as mice—petrified! It came again—a clear, slow, bewildering knock, as when one raps on a door; only this knock didn't come from the door. *It came from nowhere!*

Simultaneously, we fled down the stairs and out under the friendly weeping willow, under which we chattered wildly and compared notes. We had all heard that knock, and we all remember that knock still, even though fourteen years have passed.

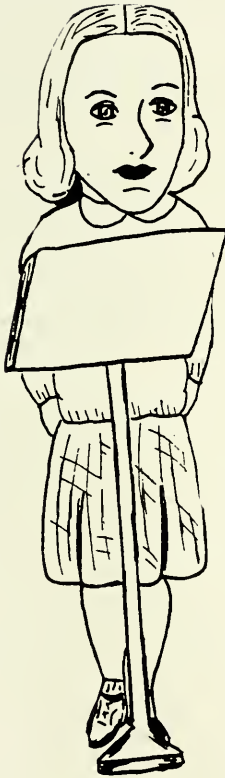
Weeks later we gathered up our courage and entered again. The same thing happened. It frightened us so badly that for months we didn't darken the door.

Then it happened! It was a year later when someone dared me to enter the house alone. And, I took the dare because I had an audience, consisting of four of my friends, waiting breathlessly under the willows.

I opened the door. It squeaked and I trembled. The rooms were the same. Noth-

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THUMB



1. Soft voice; sweet smile;
Firm friend all the while.
Disposition unstirred,
Sweet gal,



2. Late visits; lights out.
"So Big; grand scout!
Lotsafun round her diggin's,
Our pal,"



3. Merry laugh twinkly eyes;
Heart big as all her size.
Loves a wit, but hates a sap . . .
"Laud, Maud . ." it's

L Q U I Z



5. Here, there, everywhere;
Sparkly eyes; curly hair.
Brilliant mind; keen daring
Navy-minded.



6. Crisp curls cut short;
Plans to teach at last report;
Works hard, makes the grade..
Neat 'n' sweet

Answers on Page 31

suppressed.
timly dressed.
came a bore.
.....



EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN

GWETHALYN GRAHAM BROWN, *J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and New York, 1944, \$2.50.*

THIS is the story of the love between a young Canadian Jew and an English-Canadian girl, and of the obstacles presented to their marriage by the opposition of the girl's family because of her lover's race. The realization of this prejudice against him throws the young Jew completely out of balance and he develops a morbid inferiority complex. In the end, his brother who sees the problem in its proper proportions, applies common sense to the situation.

This book entwines one of the great race problems into an interesting novel.

—BETTY WOODWARD

LOG BOOK

FRANK LASKIER, *Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1943, \$1.25.*

THIS is a war book. Like most war books, it tells the true story of our men as they fight, live, or die. Frank Laskier, a merchant seaman, is not a great writer and his *Log Book* will probably not live as great literature, but he puts his story into plain, clear, and understandable English.

He tells of his friends and their lives, of the various ports that he visited throughout the world. He tells of the time his ship was sunk and how he and several of the other crew members, all seriously wounded, drifted for days on a raft until they were rescued by a Spanish tramp steamer.

"And we lay there on the raft, wounded—horribly wounded. And suddenly, with-

out any cause or reason whatsoever, the raft overturned. Just imagine sitting and feeling the raft slipping and slipping from underneath you, and then suddenly the raft had overturned. But we got back and we watched our ship sinking. I was very, very fortunate. I was on the raft and I had been, let us say, so seriously wounded that I was losing consciousness."

—LUCIE MCKENRY

BLACK BOY

RICHARD WRIGHT, *Harper and Brothers, New York and London, 1944, \$2.50.*

IN Richard Wright's report on his childhood and youth, we have the first such book written by a gifted author about a little negro boy growing up in our own country. This autobiography will be read in various ways by various readers, for it is a many sided tale as well as an exciting one. The book is full of picturesque folk-lore, folk-ways, superstitions, and pictures of daily life so vividly described that they are like things seen with the physical eyes.

Richard Wright strings your nerves taut. You feel his anguish as by a piercing cry of pain.

He ends his book with this passage: "With ever-watchful eyes and bearing scars, visible and invisible, I headed north, full of a hazy notion that life could be lived with dignity, that the personalities of others should not be violated, that men should be able to confront others men without fear or shame and that if men were lucky in their living on earth, they might win some redeeming meaning for their having struggled and suffered here beneath the stars."

—VIVIAN EDMUNDS

Dreams Unwasted

MARTHA WELLS



THIS was life. Peace, quiet, and solitude were his companions as he lay in the shadow of that towering mountain of honey-colored hay. Apricot-colored sunshine gave to everything with a dream-like quality. Even the air had a freshness about it that seemed to penetrate every fiber of his body and to awaken his every sense.

That was what he had longed for—a haven of peaceful refuge where a man could hear himself think. And now that he was partly fulfilling this desire, what about his thoughts? Everyone meditates whether it proves advantageous or not. But meditation can so easily be lulled into dreaming, and he had spent months of dreaming and reflecting while in that other world. Musing over dreams in dark, damp caves while hiding and waiting for the snap of a twig or the rustle of dead leaves to betray the presence of an enemy, or, perhaps, while half-submerged in a stagnant, pungent pool of insect and crocodile infested water, or lying face down in a path of liquid mud waiting for the shadows of droning planes to pass overhead. Swift, persisting thoughts constantly with him as he read letters weeks and sometimes months old.

He was fighting with his hands, his whole being, fighting to live. Yet an ever prevalent question habitually arose to challenge his mind. To what use would he apply

his term of life? The entity of the question was becoming more and more forceful. Life would not wait for him. It was going fast and he could not afford to let one valuable minute be wasted.

Now that he was home again, he was brought face to face with the living picture that man must work to hold his place in the world, and work harder to realize his ambitions. This wasn't hard to understand, but what were his ambitions? Surely in a land with such tangible opportunities at hand he would find something that would insure him security for the future.

While his hands made a sieve for the rich, brown earth spilling through his fingers he realized that here was his life before him and all around him. How blind he had been! Man belongs to the earth. Man in co-operation with God helping to create and to keep alive those resources which support a country through strife and make it prosper in peace time.

Suddenly, he grabbed handfuls of the dirt and clenched it tightly in his fists as though afraid he would lose his precious discovery. He started down the unplowed field, and his spirits soared as if on wings. He was free from uncertainty; he was sure now; he had found his answer. Uttering a fervent prayer, he said, "God, let Ellen help me mold this new life."



The Most Unforgettable Character I Have Ever Met

JANE WARING RUFFIN

UNCLE Ben was riding one of the oversized work horses the first time I saw him, and I thought it the strangest picture I had ever seen; a midget of a man astride a monster of a beast. He stood a scarce five feet from the ground, Uncle Ben did, but he carried those five feet proudly, and never once in all the years before his death did I hear of his hesitating to perform any task because of his height. He had twice the strength of an ordinary man, developed perhaps because of his handicap of shortness, he was agile and wiry even in his old age.

We had just moved to the farm when I met Uncle Ben. I, a six-year-old from the city, found every minute of farm life a new and thrilling experience. It was Uncle Ben who took over my education. He rode me in front of him on the big horses; he lifted me beside him on the hay wagon; he found a place for me on the corn planter. And on late summer evenings when the day's work was done, I would put my small white hand in his knotty black one, and we would walk while he revealed to me more of the mysteries of the farm.

An old man when I met him, Uncle Ben had been on the farm all his life, and his father and grandfather before him had been there. He knew all the paths and short cuts through the woods and pasture, and on countless occasions he led me to prize berry patches, to the most beautiful cherry blossoms, to mistletoe clumps when I had been searching for hours for them and had found nothing.

When school opened in the fall, it was Uncle Ben who drove me in the farm wagon the four miles to meet the school bus, and during those drives, it was he who told me stories more fascinating than those of Uncle Remus—more fascinating because they were less fantastic. Uncle Ben could

not read or write a word, but it was to his cabin that I took my books to study. On the floor before his fireplace I struggled with reading, spelling, arithmetic, encouraged by the little old man who sat in the rocker in the corner and silently smoked his corncob pipe. One of the greatest thrills of my life was the night he asked me to teach him to read.

Kind, devoted, generous to the core, Uncle Ben would have given away the shirt off his back. His money he saved for the essentials of food and clothing, but he was ever ready to spend it on me. Many of his gifts to me were the products of what he had found in the woods or had made with his own hands. Even now among my treasured possession is a pair of fur gloves he had made for me from the skins of rabbits he had caught. Till his death, my favorite Christmas present was the box of nuts and "surprises" from Uncle Ben. And even when I came off to college, now and then in Mother's boxes I'd find a jar of nut meats with a card printed in the childish way I'd taught him long ago: "Love, Uncle Ben." He spoiled me, yes, but whenever Mother mentioned it, he reminded her that she had been spoiled in the same way by the same hands.

In spite of his goodness to me, it was Uncle Ben's philosophy that makes him the most unforgettable person I have ever known. His philosophy of life—he didn't call it that, he didn't call it anything—he never put it into words; he lived it. Today I can see in all my thinking something of Uncle Ben's philosophy. "The world is good," he would say, "and beautiful. And if we love each other and God and tell the truth it will stay beautiful." He could read character at a glance, and I brought my friends home as much for Uncle Ben's ap-

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"The Heavens Declare . . ."

—SARA DAILEY MOLING

Gently the night stooped to the edge of day
And loosened her myriad splendor through the sky.
The gossamer drifts men call the milky-way;
Indigo cloudlets, feather-laced, that lie
Pillowed upon the moon; the moon itself,
Far wanderer, lulling all souls with love.
A million starlets, each a sparkling elf
Of diamond lustre . . . Softly from above
Stolen certain knowledge, all doubts to efface:
There is but God; there is no time nor space.

Shadowed Reverie

JANICE GORDON WELLS

Last night I came upon a dream
And walked into it mile on mile.
I chanced to stop before the house
Where we stopped once and played awhile.

Alone we two explored each room—
Through each clear window framed the view.
We never dreamed as I dreamed now
That our fond plans would ne'er come true.

In perpetual peace I lay
And watched my dreams fade in the air.
My dream had really ended you know,
For I knew the house was not there.

Yesterday it stood strong and true;
Shrouded in secret memories;
Today it has crumbled in the dust
Of long forgotten centuries.

Fog

MARTHA LEE DOUGHTY

Class of 1915

The fog steps along
In its old gray shawl
A-moaning the song
A-floating 'round all

'Tis lonely and drear
A-shivering, set
A-dropping a tear
When nothing is met

It pushes wet feet
Up through marshes tall
A-climbing to meet
Each slow-rocking yawl

Affectionate, shy
It hugs tenderly
Each meadow and sty
Each bush and each tree

It kisses the wind
Caresses the day
Then lagging behind
It eases away.

Amanda Frances

ANNETTE B. GRAINGER

"**M**OTHER, he asked me to marry him!"

"Amanda Frances, you have let this go too far." Mrs. Deaderick's amazement did not overcome her calm sternness. "You know your father and I don't approve of him. David Nelson is a wild young man; just the other day I heard that he had been drunk again, and had been unruly on the street."

"But he is so gentle and fine when he is around me!"

"Oh, I wish I hadn't let you go to the corn-husking bee last night. If I had known you were going to see him there—" Mrs. Deaderick sat stiff in her straight chair and wrung her hands. The ashes in the fireplace were cold, and they diffused an atmosphere of early-morning gloom through the whole room. The sun did not creep through the half-closed shutters to relieve the gloom; so Amanda Frances and her mother sat in semi-darkness.

"Amanda Frances, you must stop his attentions at once. We can't have this young scape-goat in the family. He would probably become dependent on your father for his drinking money!"

"No, Mother, he is honest and brave. Father has never had trouble with him in all the dealings he has had with him in his store. And that is more than you can say for most of the people in this town. And he will settle down and run his father's farm when we are married. He promised me so."

"You are not going to marry him—not with my consent," her mother retorted angrily. Amanda Frances' black eyes flashed, and her head tossed, but she controlled herself so quickly that Mrs. Deaderick was not aware that she had angered her daughter.

"You had better talk to your father about it when he comes in for supper. I'm sure he has something to say to you about it."

"Yes, I'll be sure to."

Amanda Frances hoped with all her heart that her father would understand. He always did, for he was more sympathetic than her mother. But Amanda Frances knew that her mother had common sense on her side; therefore, she was afraid he would agree with her.

The day passed slowly. Amanda Frances performed her household tasks impatiently and retired to her room, where she busied herself collecting her most treasured possessions and necessary clothing. She had told no one that she had decided to marry David whether her parents consented or not. Together they would be a fearless couple. Frances knew her parents would take action to prevent a union of which they disapproved; so she was determined that what she and David were going to do must be done quickly—that very night. David had promised to come, and she had promised to signal to him from her window at nine o'clock. She would place a lamp in her window if her parents approved, but if they did not, and if she was ready to go with him, she would place a red cloth in front of it, making a red signal. Amanda Frances felt that this would probably be necessary. She loved her parents, and hated to disobey them; never before had she gone against their wishes. But this was different; her whole future was at stake. She loved David so passionately that she could not bear to think of living without him.

When the time came for her father's arrival, Amanda Frances was waiting in the living room. She had carefully planned how she would tell him of David's fine and beautiful qualities and of her deep love for him; she would appeal to his sympathy and try to persuade him to her side.

When he did come, she put forth her argument well. He did understand, and he was sympathetic. But he was also fearful for his daughter's future.

"You will not like being married to a man who is often drunk," he warned.

"But Papa, don't you think he will change? He drinks because he is unhappy. He has nothing to build his future on, and therefore he does not try to build it."

"Perhaps he would change, but it is not likely. It takes a forceful spouse to make a man stop drinking." He grinned teasingly, as if he thought she might be that kind of a wife. "But I wouldn't want you to take that risk."

Amanda Frances was staring at her hands lying limp in her lap. She felt that her father would not give his consent. But he was the first to break the silence.

"Besides, he has no means of supporting you," he said. "Even if he were to settle down now and earn a steady salary, which is unlikely, it would be quite a while before he could make enough to support you in the way to which you are accustomed."

"But I don't care if I starve, just so long as I'm with him," Amanda Frances fired out.

"He has never held a steady job," her father continued, ignoring her, "and he has not proved that he will ever do so. A man should be able to gain a foothold in the world before he undertakes to support a wife. It is more costly than you think, both in money and in effort. That is a hard view to take of it, Fannie. When you're in love, you never want to look at the practical side. But it is necessary; it will matter much more later on."

"But Papa, I love him. I could never be happy without him." Amanda Frances' lip quivered, and she stared at her dainty thumbs. She was torn between her love for David and her filial duty of obedience and love for her father. He understood her emotional stress, and he was sorry that so vital a matter might come between them, for as father and daughter, they had been very close to each other.

"I want you to be happy, but I think you would be happier in the end if you would wait and let him prove his worth to the world and to you."

Amanda Frances suddenly arose and went over to her father. "Yes, Papa, you are right. I will tell him we must wait." She bent over him and left a kiss on his forehead; then she quickly left the room. She

was mounting the stairs when she heard the rustle of her mother's skirts and saw the flickering yellow light of a candle in the dark hall above. She swallowed hard to hold back her tears; then she approached her mother saying, "Mother, I would like to talk to you." Her clear voice rang through the darkness.

"Amanda Frances, can't you see that I'm on my way to my prayer closet and cannot speak to anyone now?" Mrs. Deaderick's reproaching words cut Amanda Frances to the heart like a cold knife. Her eyes flashed with fire, and her black curls tossed in anger as she whirled on her small heels and walked with clipped steps to her room.

"Well, if your prayer closet is more important to you than my future," she said to herself as she slammed the door, "I'll go on and marry him now."

Hastily she took her red scarf from her drawer and hung it over the window behind the lamp. Then quickly she jerked the sheets from her bed, tied the corners securely together and fastened one end of the improvised rope to her wooden bedstead. She worked quickly, for it was nearly nine, and she worked quietly, for she did not want her plan to be suspected. And now she must listen well to hear David's low whistle. Just when she had finished her preparations, she heard the soft tones of a low whistle, and she darted to the window. She could see him in the garden below, but only faintly.

She blew out the oil lamp and set it aside. Then she labored to raise the heavy window and set it on its prop. "They probably think I am going to bed," she thought. She did not dare to make a sound as she tossed out her bundle of clothing and stood before the open window.

The outside world looked dark and foreboding. She was leaving her comfortable home and good parents to step forth into a world unknown and mysterious. She knew that once she had stepped out, she could never return to her old place in her home. She turned to give her room a last glance, as if to tell it good-bye. Then she hopped onto the window sill, swung her feet lightly over, caught her improvised rope, and let herself down into the arms of her lover.

A CHAT WITH MY CLASS

Continued from Page 7

some new members through transfers. We have worked hard, and we've played hard too. No matter what has happened, our class has kept its wonderful spirit of enthusiasm and cooperation. My four years of working with the officers and with the members of the Class of '45 have been a pleasure that I shall long remember. The honor which you bestowed upon me by choosing me as your Classman in '41 I shall always fondly cherish.

The very best things must end, of course. And our four years together are almost over. Soon you will be going out to take your places in the larger school of life. Some of you will be teachers, some of you will go into offices; some of you into the Armed Services, and some of you will marry. But wherever you go, you will carry a little bit of Farmville with you, for the ideals, the aspirations and the hopes of the College will go with you. You will be richer

for having been here. And we who stay behind will be richer for having had you! The traditions and honor of Farmville State Teachers College have ever been safe in your hands. It is girls like you who have come here before, and girls like you who will come after you that will cause us to say with just pride, "There goes a Farmville girl!"

Let me thank you again for your splendid cooperation during the years we have been together. As your Classman I can only say that there are some who might have served you better, but there is none who could have loved you more.

*Bye Now,
Charlie Hop*

INTERLUDE

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thing"

He eagerly picked up the thread . . . She has come from a small town in New England or a Mid-western farm. She has always wanted to live in a big city, she has always wanted to have clothes, a boy friend, and to see the bright lights. The war has given her this opportunity. Here she is—one of the thousands like her in Washington—so very eager the first weeks and so terribly disillusioned afterwards."

Sadly she went one, "She lives at a boarding house 'way out, with many other girls like her. Her job is an hour away, if she's lucky. She has little time except for her monotonous typing job, meals, and trying to do laundry and write a few letters. There is no pleasure. She knows few people." They both paused, thinking on these things.

The girls under such scrutiny had ordered, had carefully eaten the things she

knew on the menu, avoiding all the concoctions with the unpronounceable names. She had said little and had looked with open admiration at the beautiful little restaurant and all the strange, assured people. When she had finished, she gingerly took a cigarette which a companion urged upon her. She smoked like the unskilled novice she was.

Afterwards her companions all pulled out shiny compacts for the usual touch-up. She did not. She looked at the check the suave waiter had tactfully laid down. It was obvious she was surprised. Then the four carefully figured out the exact cost per person. As they rose to leave, one remembered the tip. Again they figured, and each girl carefully put down her share. They walked out self-consciously. The little pink fluff of hat could be seen bobbing through the crowd.

VIGNETTE IN BLUE-GRAY

Continued from Page 14

albums, and Eleanor winced visibly as she thought of the unwritten theme that was due in the next day. Abruptly she sat up. The room needed cleaning! The floor was a mess! The bottles were to be put out, and the dishes to wash!

"Break it up, now, Jean," she blurted at her startled roommate. "We've gotta clean the room this afternoon, or we'll get a note from Mrs. Beasley tomorrow, sure!" And without another word, she grabbed Joe's picture in one hand and a dust rag in the other, and set to work with vigor.

It was half-past five and the bell was ringing, when Eleanor folded the last pink sock and put it, neatly mended, in the drawer with its mate. The floor was swept, and the dishes were washed. Eleanor looked with contempt at the form of her snoring roommate, long since collapsed on the nearest bed, and then she looked carefully and proudly about the tidy room. She sank back into her pillow and let her glance rest steadily on the radiator. A fresh, clean guest-towel, with a blue-gray border, was neatly spread over the broad surface. Joe smiled through a spotless glass from out his mirror-blue frame. The snapshot albums were neatly placed, and the stationery boxes stacked and balanced to perfection. The little brown sewing basket she closed now and replaced in its own little position between the books. Her notebook and grammar were on the desk awaiting study hour; the coke bottles and ash trays were gone. Half-past five . . . half an hour 'til supper . . . time for a short letter to somebody . . . but whom?

Eleanor reached for her pen, and casually, oh, so casually—lifted from the stack the top-most box of soft blue-gray. She wrote the heading and she wrote the salutation . . . and looking up from the blue-gray letter, staring ahead with her blue-gray eyes, she looked toward the radiator . . . and, through the spotless glass, she smiled at Joe, who smiled back from his mirror-blue frame.

THE RED HAT

Continued from Page 12

Kitten," he said.

"Then who, may I ask, will do the dreaming before the fire?" I told him, laughingly. His eyes held mine earnestly for a moment. "Do some dreaming for me, won't you kid?" I nodded. Then Linda returned.

The days since that day have fallen into a pattern of such sameness that I can scarcely count them. Except for today. Linda and I were inside the Church and a reverent hush was over everything like the fall of a first light snow. The service had not yet begun. Linda, beside me, was quiet and still. Above the soft strains of the organ, I heard a robin singing outside the half-opened window. Johnny would have liked that—Johnny, who loved the sights and sounds of nature so deeply that it was hard for him to sit for an hour inside that dimly-lit Church.

And Johnny loved people, too. "All sorts and conditions of men" the minister had said. That was it—all sort and conditions of men. The ragged little boy who brings our paper, the old ladies on our block who do nothing but air their cocker-spaniels with the sad eyes once each day, the ill-tempered man at the station who is always gruff when asked if a train is overdue—they were all Johnny's friends. That's the reason I must be Linda's friend; the reason I had to banish the hatred and jealousy that had been hidden inside me so long. That's the reason I could never let her guess that the silver wings she was wearing like a banner were really mine. Because her grief was real, she must be saved the pain of knowing of the letter which came to me along with a box of khaki uniforms, a few kodak pictures of Squadron C and a brief note from "Chick," the co-pilot who bailed out just before the crash. The letter which read:

Kitten, dear:

Out here things suddenly become oh, so clear to a fellow. When you know that the thread between life and death is such a fragile

Continued on Page 31

College Polish

JANE PHILHOWER

Sophomore: "What's your greatest ambition?"
 Freshman: "To die a year sooner than you."
 Sophomore: "What's the reason for that?"
 Freshman: "So, I'll be a sophomore when you get there."

* * * * *

Some people have no respect for age unless it's bottled!

* * * * *

The worthy shepherd of the church in a burst of passionate eloquence in denunciation of the world's wickedness, declared:

"Hell is full of cocktails, highballs, short skirts, and two-piece bathing suits."

Voice from the gallery: "Oh, death where is thy sting?"

* * * * *

"Ah wins."
 "What you got?"
 "Three aces."
 "No yuh don't, Ah wins."
 "What you got?"
 "Two eights and a razor."
 "Yah sho' do. How cum yuh so lucky?"

* * * * *

"I think Tom and Susie were the cutest-looking couple on the floor last night."

"Oh, were you at the dance last night?"

"No, I went to a house party."

—The Log



THE HEIGHT OF HOPELESSNESS

"Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

To have the chaser and nothing to chase.
 The Old Maid

* * * * *

An egomaniac of note was the sailor who was returning to the United States from foreign duty. Upon passing the Statue of Liberty, remarked: "Put your torch down, honey, I'm home!"

* * * * *

Usher: "How far down do you wish to sit, Lady?"

Lady: "All the way, of course."

Archive

* * * * *



Lips that touch wine shall never touch mine, declared the college girl. And after she was graduated she taught school for years and years and years.

* * * * *

Returning home after a long absence, he was asked what he had been doing. He said that he had been to Turkey, where he had been engaged as chief spitter in the Sultan's harem.

"As chief spitter?" his hearers asked incredulously.

"Sure," he replied. "It was my job to go into the harem-room and spit on each one of the women. When I found one who sizzled I brought her right to the Sultan."

* * * * *

"Hell, yes," said the Devil, as he picked up the phone.

* * * * *

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
 The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
 Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless trees,
 What wonder is it that the corn is shocked?

COLLEGE POLISH

"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor, as his glass eye rolled down the kitchen sink.

* * * * *

"Dear Mom: I joined the Navy because I admired the way they kept the ships so clean and tidy. But I never knew till this week who keeps them so clean and tidy. Love, Junior."

Archives

* * * * *

She: "When we get married, I'm going to cook, sew, darn your socks, and lay out your pipe and slippers. What more can any man ask than that?"

He: "Nothing, unless he's evil-minded."

The Log

* * * * *

"Darling, you are the first girl I have ever kissed," said the romantic sailor shifting gears with his feet.

The Log

* * * * *

Student: "What's that you wrote on my paper?"

Professor: "I told you to write more plainly."

The Urchin

* * * * *

Man, very hoarse with cold, not able to speak above whisper, knocks at doctor's home at night and the doc's wife comes to the door. "Is the doctor at home?"

Wife, also in whisper, "No, come in."

* * * * *

Week end plus no dates—you'd study too!

* * * * *

We always called a spade a spade until we hit our foot with one the other day.

* * * * *

The hand that rocks the cradle is the one that used to turn out the parlor light.

Voo Doo

* * * * *

Girl: "I'll stand on my head or bust."

Instructor: "Just stand on your head."

* * * * *

And then there was the cannibal's daughter who liked the boys best when they were stewed.



SUNDAY MORNING

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall???"

* * * * *

A kiss that speaks volumes is seldom a first edition.

* * * * *

Newcomer at the Pearly Gates knocked for admission.

"Who's there?" asked St. Peter.

"It is I," came the reply.

"Go to hell," he answered. "We have too many school teachers already."

* * * * *

Absent-Minded Sales Girl (as date kisses her good night): "Will that be all?"



THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER THAT I HAVE EVER MET

Continued from Page 20

proval as for that of the family. He was interested in everyone, and in all the small details of life. His goodness, his love of and trust in God, his magnanimity, his kindness, his loyalty—these were the result of his philosophy of life.

But he wasn't a stern, hard old man, Uncle Ben wasn't. He loved to play, to joke, to tease. I can see him now, his dark eyes twinkling, his black face in lines of merriment, his gray kinky head wagging as he teased me about my first date. I can hear his soft, melodious voice singing as he went to his work, singing spirituals and snatches of popular music he had heard me sing. He so firmly lived his belief that a smile is better than a frown that when he died at the age of 80, his forehead was free from

wrinkles, from frowns and the corners of his mouth were turned eternally upward.

Uncle Ben was riding one of the oversized work horses the last time I saw him. I was ready to come back to school, and so I had gone by his cabin to say "good--by". But he was not there. I thought perhaps in a daft old way he had forgotten I was to leave. But the next afternoon he rode up, a midget of a man astride a monster of a beast. He had brought me a handful of the first wild violets from the woods!

A few weeks after Easter, Mother wired me that Uncle Ben had passed on. His funeral was as he would have liked it: small, quiet, and simple. Or as he would have described it a funeral "befitting a worthless old Negro."

THE KNOCK THAT CAME FROM NOWHERE

Continued from Page 15

ing had been touched. There was the pot-bellied stove in the center of the room which had kept the house so comfortable on Maryland's coldest night. The big chairs and the sofa still were losing their insides, and the picture of my father and Friz standing by their blue-ribbon mule still hung lop-sided on the wall. It was no longer neat and clean; dust was an inch thick; the odor was damp and sickening.

The air around me was too quiet — I could hear my ears ringing in the stillness of it all. The wind had begun its serenade, and the weeping willow sadly sighed and swayed to the sepulchral tune. I never got any farther than the doorway, and, I have

never gone even that far since. There it was! The knock that came from nowhere; no it was coming from that door, that closet under the stairs. No, just nowhere as I heard it softly penetrate and yet reverberate through the house.

There was a little crashing of broken glass. On the floor I spied the picture of my father and Friz beside their prize mule—the glass of the frame in a thousand pieces. I noticed nothing else for I ran outside—ran past the wide-eyed children—ran past the pines and the cypress—ran and ran until I was safe in the arms of my father.

ANSWERS TO THUMB-NAIL
QUIZ

1. SARA BYRD
2. L'IL HIGGINS
3. JANIE KNAPP
4. HACKIE MOORE
5. JANE WARING
6. ELEANOR WADE

THE RED HAT

Continued from Page 27

little thing, the full meaning of living hits you right between the eyes. What I want to say, my dearest, is that now I know what you and I have had spells the truest kind of love. When I return, I want you to be my wife. I'll ask you properly then, but I feel you must know that I'm fighting now only to come to you and to the little things that count—things like dreaming before an open fire or laughing over an especially sour note in "I Ain't Gettin' Nowhere Fast With You, Baby". Very soon I'll write Linda and I'm sure she will understand and be with us both. Linda is one of the best "party-gals" I've ever known, but our ways of life are far too different ever to converge. You have and will always have my heart, red-head. And if I may have yours, wear these little wings of mine until I come back to you and that crazy red hat. Johnny

Linda's hand met mine, and there was understanding in our clasp. To be worthy of Johnny's love was to love Linda and all people everywhere.

"O Lord," I prayed, "don't give him a harp. Let him have a clarinet and hear the

song of the robin. Give him a pair of yellow socks and a fire to dream by. And let him know that it's all right with us down here. Tell him I'm wearing my red hat."

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