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The Colonnade, Volume Vlll Number 4, May 1946

Longwood University

The Colonnade

State Teachers College

Student Building

May 1946

Juniors

. . . your springboard from college to a career

VOGUE'S 12th PRIX de PARIS

Vogue's **PRIX DE PARIS** contest for college seniors is tailor-made for you who want to try your talents for fashion, writing, merchandising, art or photography, advertising. It's Vogue's way of culling the best editorial talent from the college classes of 1947. It's your way to step straight from college into a career.

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The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

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CONTENTS

THE STAFF

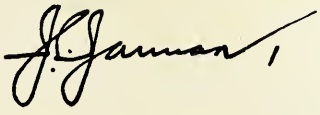
Dr. Joseph Leonard Jarman

Co-operation

ONE of the most important words in the English language, to me, is co-operation. Co-operation is the one word I have used time after time to emphasize the importance of people's working together.

There are many other desirable qualities a person should develop—initiative, independence, tolerance, to mention a few. But for a satisfactory life, these qualities have to be colored with the results of co-operation.

Co-operation might be said to mark the difference between "I" and "We". If "I" do so and so—that's fine. But if "We" succeed, think how much more worthwhile that sounds—and is. If each of us contributes his part to an effort, the result should be something that is worthwhile to all of us.



Tribute to Dr. Jarman

Mrs. Carrie Hunter Willis

Class of 1911

DR. Jarman's long record is proof of his excellent executive and administrative qualities. His fame as an educator is secure. The deep affection of "his girls" reflects the warm sympathy and understanding which he has given them so freely. His whole life has been devoted and dedicated to the education of young women—to their welfare during their college years—and to instilling worthy ideals and principles of right-living into their hearts and minds.

"Work is love made visible," says the prophet. Today at Farmville we see Dr. Jarman's work and love made visible in each white column, in each ivy-covered building, in each green shrub, and in the shining eyes of his girls.

And now, I hear again through memory's ear Dr. Jarman saying—"My girls"—pronouncing it "guirls" in a way no one can imitate. I hear again his voice, rich with faith and deep with understanding, as he counseled us. I hear again his chuckle as he lighted his match — and his cigar; again some girl's world was made right—her problem, however big or small, was solved, and she walked away with a lighter heart.

Carlyle said, "See deep enough and you see musically, the heart of nature being everywhere music—if you can only reach it." Dr. Jarman loves music, and he has done his best to give his girls an appreciation of it. He loves beauty; and at Longwood, as at the college, he has provided beauty for all to enjoy. He has given the students the opportunity to know and to appreciate the beauties of landscaped lawns and architecture.

As long as there is a State Teachers College in Farmville, to thousands of his students in all walks of life, he will remain their president, their counselor and friend. The love of his girls will grow with the years, because he gave them the true values of life—because he taught them by precept and by example, of service to others. He taught them to be loyal and courageous, whatever the task.

Thirty years have passed since Dr. Jarman spoke these words—which I copied as a student, in a worn notebook:

"Open your eyes and see beauty in everything—everywhere. See life with an open mind—with a big heart and a big soul. That is a way to live a big happy life!"

Then surely Dr. Jarman must be happy, knowing he has not only helped his girls during their college days, but also during their more mature years. He will continue to live on in the hearts of those who have had the privilege of knowing him.

HIGH SHOES

Mrs. Carrie Hunter Willis

LATE one fall there was a mild epidemic of some kind. But one girl was seriously ill from it. Dr. Jarman quietly walked through the halls and to the Infirmary several times during the day and night. When the crisis came, he never left the building. Haggard, pale, and shaken by the death of one of his girls, he appeared at Chapel as usual.

None of the girls ever suspected that Death had claimed one of them. Imagine their surprise when Dr. Jarman told them, that Friday morning that each one of them would be excused from classes that afternoon in order to buy high-top shoes. "And," he insisted, after waiting a minute for the protest from the girls, "you will have all day tomorrow, Saturday, to get them. But on Monday morning every girl must have high-top shoes—not only have them, but have them ON her feet. Your health is the most important thing. Your parents have entrusted your welfare to my care, and there will be no excuse for the girl who does not have them. And—in case you haven't the money to pay for them, charge them to me—until you hear from home."

On Sunday the girls limped to church. The strolls along High Street were cut short. Those high-top shoes HURT!

On Monday morning the girls filed into Chapel. Dr. Jarman asked them to raise their hands if they had bought their new high-top shoes. Every hand went up. And he smiled his approval. A member of the faculty leaned over and whispered to him. Dr. Jarman's face grew serious. He then asked:

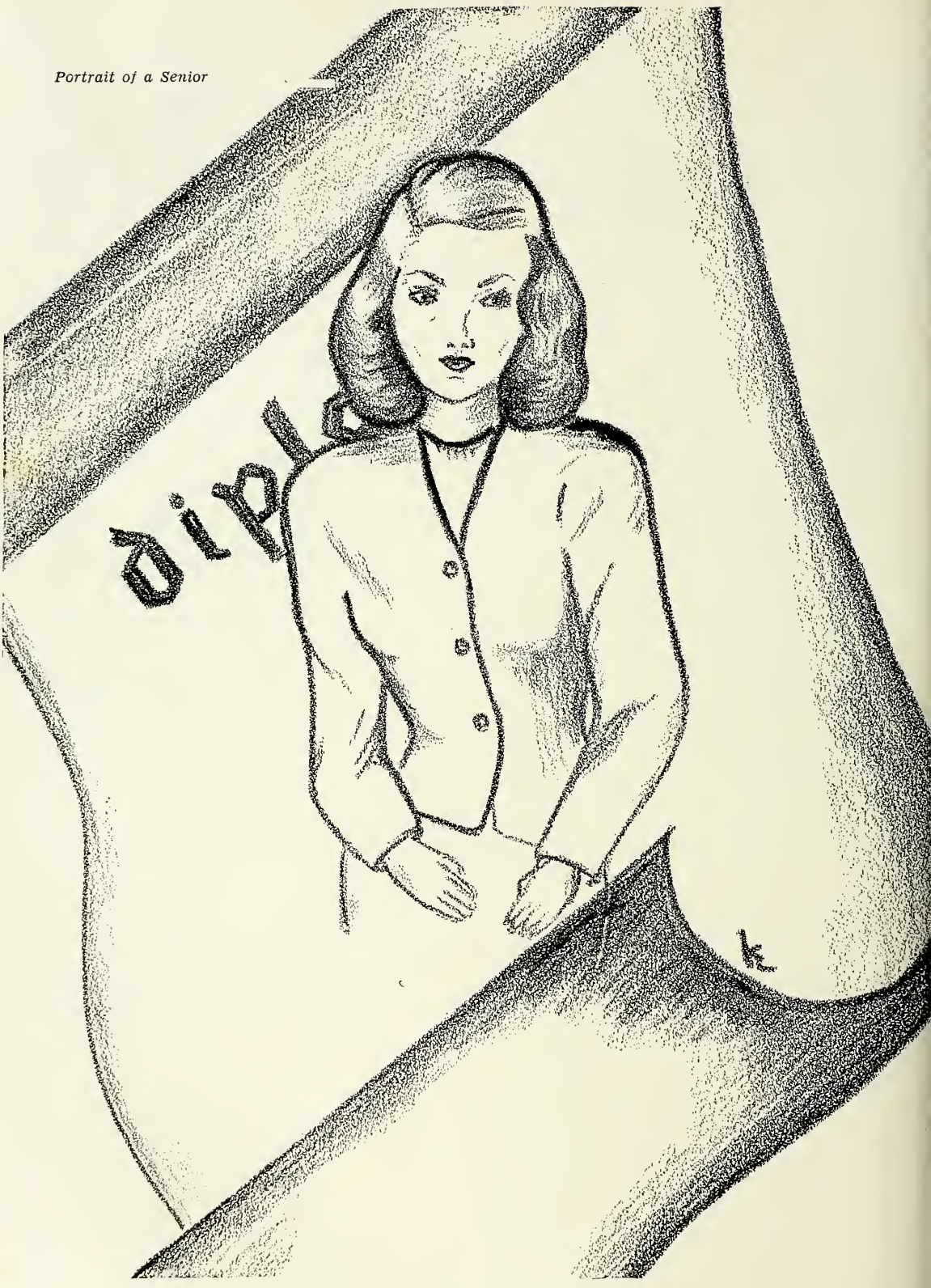
"Will every girl who is wearing them, please raise her hand?"

About a third of the girl's hands went up, while the others looked down. Dr. Jarman's voice was cold as he spoke:

"Tomorrow, young ladies, you will march down the aisles, then up the steps there to my right, and across the stage. If I must inspect each girl's high-top shoes, I will have to cut Chapel exercises short in order to do so."

The next morning, we marched as he had told us, across the stage. That was enough. We wore the hated high-top shoes until spring. Dr. Jarman meant what he said!

Portrait of a Senior



From Here On - - -

Elizabeth R. Burger

YOUR thoughts are directed towards the future as this message goes to you, Seniors of 1946. From here on, from these college doors—the task is yours. As you face life, you will be exposed to a world which may at times seem chaotic and incomprehensible—thwarting, if not destroying, your immediate plans. However, the perseverance and wise judgement which you show from day to day will, by the law of averages, give you a winning chance. Your future depends upon you!

You are facing the future with greater assurance and confidence because you have experienced a college education. What are your advantages as an educated person? You use your power of thinking clearly in determining that which is true. You exhibit broad-mindedness and tolerance and an ability not to resent that which seems foreign to your way of life. You are prepared to adapt yourselves to a world of eternal change, not to a static complacent one. You possess an appreciation of literature and the arts, and you understand the use of books as a tool. You recognize the spiritual as well as the material side of life. You are able to develop your own principles and to set your own values as a guide to your associations in life. You realize that your education is not complete. You feel your part in the college community as well as in international responsibility. You know that freedom, in reality, is established, not lost, by adherence to the rules and conventions of society. You understand and utilize the intelligent approach to the solutions of your problems. You are prepared to live a happy and full and satisfying life because as educated people your basis of recognizing what is fundamental is sound.

What lies ahead for you? Many are prone to wave the flag of fear for the future. This fear is a result of lack of understanding and faith. And such fear is a ghost that inhibits your thinking, damages your personality, and forces you to harbor painful uncertainty. Truth allays this fear, and so you must seek that truth which gives understanding and faith in the future. In spite of the fact that the end of war has left many dazed, you should strive today to see one thing clearly—that a mutual understanding of all people is the only thing that will save any one of them.

Your mastery of the future is deeply rooted in one factor—your attitude toward what happens to you. You may plan your future, and your own potentialities will determine in a great way the outcome. But you cannot escape the tyranny of time and events unless you face them heroically. And this lies within you. Your true happiness depends upon your success in dominating what comes and in taking from it, all that can help to give you peace and security. But your happiness cannot be isolated from the happiness of others; it is bound with service to mankind.

You turn to beauty, to nature, to God, to friends you have known, and you find something that gives you faith, renewed courage —something that enables you to carry on in the world that is before you. You live and work, not because of any incentive of your own making, but because of the inspiration of those you have learned to admire and respect. I have observed you at work and play. I have seen you wisely and impartially choose your own leaders; I have seen you bow gracefully to the wishes of the majority; I have seen you subordinate yourselves to give others the opportunity to exercise their ability. I have looked on your sane interpretations of the joys and sorrows of

Continued on Page 10

LOOKING AHEAD

CAROLYN BOBBITT

IN 1902, when Dr. Jarman first became our president, he began the use and application of two of his favorite words, "co-operation" and "lady-like." Many people wrote about this throughout the years, and these two words became a living part of each of Dr. Jarman's "girls."

In 1946 "co-operation" and "lady-like" are still his favorite words, and, as of old, he says to us, "As long as you remember that you are ladies and act accordingly, you need no other rule by which to govern your conduct." The value of co-operating—of working together in every way possible for every worthy cause, he reiterates to us again and again.

As we seniors go into our special fields of work next year, no matter what those fields may be, we will hold Dr. Jarman and those two words fast within our hearts as guidelights. In our mind's eye, we shall see him on the platform in the auditorium, and we shall hear his voice, low and thoughtful, say:

"And now abideth faith, hope, and charity."

Faith. Hope! Charity! No senior of 1946 is so dull as not to realize that to catch the significance of these words is to gain that inner strength which Dr. Jarman believes four years at S. T. C. can give us.

Many teachers and administrators have used Dr. Jarman as a yardstick, asking themselves what would Dr. Jarman do were he faced with a similar problem or in a situation such as they, and I am sure that many of us will be doing just that same thing in the coming years.

Dr. Jarman's chief purpose has always been to serve the state. He has constantly kept big ideas before him, and he has tried to instill these into each of us here—the ideas of keeping "big" things before us—of being the best of whatever we are, wherever we are.

It is true that Dr. Jarman has not recorded many of his thoughts and ideas in writing, but he has recorded them in the minds and hearts of "his girls."

As the Reformation is the lengthened shadow of Luther, Quakerism of Fox, Methodism of Wesley, and Abolition of Clarkson, so Farmville is the lengthened shadow of Dr. Jarman.

We, the seniors of 1946, are deeply indebted to Dr. Jarman for all that he has done for the state, the community, and the college, but most of all, for us. He has meant much to us in the past, and will mean more to us in the future, after we have left S. T. C. for a world of uncertainty, doubt, disappointment, confusion, sorrow, happiness, gaiety, and gladness, all of which we are bound to stumble upon in our walk of life.

Truly,

"He was a man; take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

Dr. J. L. Jarman, Our President

CAROLYN BOBBITT

Now for his dear sake
Let his own maxim ring:
"Be the best you can
Whate'er the future bring.
Have faith, hope, and love
For those along your way;
Give a cheery smile
To all you meet today.
"Co-operate, be a lady
In all that you chance to do,
'Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you' ".

Backward Glances

Virginia Eubank Treakle

S we pause amidst our activities to pay tribute to our president, Dr. Joseph L. Jarman, we take a backward glance at our college. In the Focus, the forerunner of the Colonnade, one writer in 1912 described the growth of Farmville under the first ten years of Dr. Jarman's administration with these words: "Each year the growth of the student body has been so great that, like the chambered nautilus, the school soon outgrew its shell and new chambers had to be built to meet the growing needs." Dr. Jarman's record is unique and his influence powerful. It is unique in that during his forty-four years as president of this institution not once did the State Legislature turn down his recommendations; it is powerful in that under his leadership, the atmosphere of friendliness and scholarship has kept pace with the physical growth of the college. During these forty-four years, the East and West wings and the Middle East Wing were planned and constructed. The training school, the infirmary, the dining hall, Cunningham hall, Annex, the laundry, the power plant, the library, and Longwood are, to a large extent, the result of his careful planning. Also in the words of a former student, "Student Building is a monument to the energy of Doctor Jarman as well as to the service and lasting devotion of the friends and alumnae of the college."

Today, in honoring Dr. Jarman, we are just echoing what has been said by numbers before us. In 1912 a former president of the Alumnae Association wrote, "With the chiming of the midnight bells, ringing out the old year, ringing in the new, has closed one decade of work and service for our state by Dr. J. L. Jarman. Well-earned indeed is the measure of praise accorded him at this time by his co-workers of faculty and students, and not least among those proud to do him honor are the alumnae, who hasten to extend him our congratulations and to pledge a continuance of our loyalty in the future."

During his forty-four years at Farmville, Dr. Jarman has endeavored to inculcate in the minds and hearts of "his girls" the highest Christian principles. Some have called our college "A Christian Home." This Christian, home-like atmosphere they have attributed to the fact that Dr. Jarman has been its head for two-thirds of its existence. All in all, the college is a reflection of the high ideals and principles for which he stands. Dr. Francis Butler Simkins, in his publication, ***Who's Who in Farmville Portraits,*** said of Dr. Jarman's influence on the college, "He has had so much to do with its development, that in an intimate and direct sense, its character is a reflection of his character and personality. He has fostered its growth from a modest normal school housing three hundred students into a large college of almost nine hundred students, living in a group of school buildings in the best Virginia taste. Without sacrificing the democratic purpose of preparing young women at small cost to serve the Virginia schools, he has fostered an atmosphere of gentility and good breeding usually associated with the aristocratic tradition of the old commonwealth. He has kept Farmville devoted to the task of training teachers while other institutions founded for the same purpose have been diverted into other educational fields."

As seniors of 1946, most of us are looking into the future just a bit to plan what we shall do when we go out from this college to face independently the realities and uncertainties which confront us. We realize that we are expected to hold high the torch of Farmville and to keep the light of learn-

Turn Page Please

ing bright. What we as students are today, we owe largely to our close association with Dr. Jarman as our president, adviser, and friend. His influence, above all others, has made our Alma Mater stand for the highest and the best.

There is nothing new to say about one who is as widely known and loved as he, for people have been writing about him for years. More than three decades have passed since a student, Maria A. Bristow, now Mrs. T. J. Starke of Richmond, wrote these stanzas in praise of Doctor Jarman.:

"Doctor Jarman, we greet you here
In real appreciation,
In love, esteem, in gratitude
For your administration.

" 'Tis you who work and strive with us,
You know our many trials;
'Tis you who join our merriment
With best of friendly smiles.

"Our school is as some vessel great
Upon a vast, wide sea;
Sometimes the skies are fair and bright,
Sometimes they're blustery.

"And we're the passengers full of hope,
And you the pilot true.
We never have a fear for life—
You'll steer our good ship through.

"They've put our helm in your strong hands,
Your seamanship you've shown;
We know you'll guide us safely on,
Through seas, to worlds unknown."

Students even earlier than three decades ago caught the meaning of Farmville and of Dr. Jarman. Throughout the years this spirit has lived on. We, the students of 1946, wholeheartedly echo the spirit of the author of this poem and join with her, other alumnae, and friends in paying tribute to Dr. Joseph L. Jarman who will become President Emeritus on July 1, 1946.

Morning Is Best

IRIS COLEMAN

Honorable mention in poetry contest.

I like the morning best
When day begins anew,
And the slowly rising sun
Makes sparkles of the dew.
I like the birds' twitter,
The friendly sounds of day,
When soft clouds curtain the sky
And drive despair away.

From Here On - - -

Continued from Page 7

life during the long depressing war years. I have worked with many of you of unusual ability and untiring effort, who did your part so well that others were influenced through it to such a degree that they too grasped the spiritual elevation of a task well done. I have faith in the future because such as you are a part of it.

From here on, Seniors of 1946, may your future be bright and may a full measure of success be yours.

The Library Tower and Clock

A Sketch of O

ACCORDING to Dr. Jarman, the first of our school magazines came into being when a group of the girls went to our president for advice and permission concerning such a venture. There had been "Annuals", of course, but these girls wanted a school magazine wherein could be printed the literary attempts of the more creative students. Dr. Jarman gave his consent, and backed by the three Literary societies, Cunningham, Argus, and Athenian, the ***"Guidon"*** came into existence. The very first issue, which went to press in February, 1905, had the following editorial message from the first co-editors, Zaidee Smith and Lucy Manson:

"It is with fear and trembling that the editors present their first number of the ***Guidon*** to the public, for they realize fully the trust imposed in them, and the responsibility of their undertaking as well as their inexperience. . . . We strive to make it worthy of its name . . . . to make it our Guidon, and the Guidon of our school."

And on the fly-leaf, or title-page, of each issue is the Shakespearean quotation, "I stay but for my Guidon".

In content, the first magazine differed but slightly from our ***Colonnade.*** There were short stories, poems, articles and editorials. There were alumnae notes, and a joke-section. Listed in the very first table of contents we find titles like "Ante-Bellum Days", "Christmas 'fo' de War", Class poem of 1904, and "The Importance of Self-Control." Varied and interesting, to say the least. In later editions we find "Some Day", "The Peregrinations of Polly", and "In and About School", all going together to build up the vital statistics which have been recorded for posterity in these small, bound volumes.

In appearance, there is a large difference. The ***Guidon*** was a smaller, blue-jacketed booklet, printed by the Smith Brothers Printers at Pulaski, Virginia. Quite a contrast from our large, glossy magazine of today. It sold, at first (1905) for a dollar a year, or fifteen cents per single copy, but in 1908 the yearly subscription price had gone down to fifty cents; the price of a single copy remaining the same.

The ***Guidon*** failed in 1910. Why, we cannot say, but fail it did, and the remains, figuratively speaking, were tossed into the scrap-bag on top of the unsuccessful little ***Greeting*** which had seen light possibly twice, back in the 1890's.

To succeed it came the ***Focus,*** either late in 1910 or early 1911. Of the same size and approximate content of the ***Guidon,*** the ***Focus*** was tan in color with deep brown lettering, and boasted a cut of the Rotunda on its cover, for about four years. In 1914 it changed from the Farmville printers' office back to the Smith Brothers in Pulaski, and with this change came also a change in appearance. Now the ***Focus*** wore a modest white jacket with black lettering depicting its name and date. But her contents grew in variety and interest, covering every subject from "The Hermit's Cave" to an editorial debate with the Randolph-Macon boys on the use of "simplified spelling" in a girls' college. Soul of the school was the ***Focus;*** but in 1922 it was converted into the weekly newspaper which we know so well as the ***Rotunda.*** We find it interesting to note that the name of the ***Focus*** is now carried on by the school paper of Farmville High.

In 1929, the Cunningham and Ruffner

ollege Magazines

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Literary Societies founded ***The Voice.*** This was an impressive little pamphlet, with its silhouetted cut of Joanne of Arc astride her horse,weilding her sword on the cover. But despite the hope of the editors to make the ***Voice*** "truly the voice of our college", it, too, appeared in print two or three times, and died out for reasons of its own.

The Farmville ***Quarterly Review,*** Volume One, Number One appeared in May, 1936, and was published three times a year at the price of twenty-five cent per copy. The Contributors included Miss Nancy Byrd Turner, author, poet, and lecturer; Dr. Francis B. Simpkins, of the college faculty; Thomas Lomax Hunter, of the staff of the Richmond Times-Dispatch; several alumnae, and, of course, the students who were enough interested to write for the magazine. In appearance it was of the same stocky, Readers' Digest type, and fairly un-interesting looking in general. By now, however, the contents were broad enough to include articles on foreign affairs, on subjects like birth control, and reviews of current play successes, such as "Life With Father". The titles in the table of contents became more the changing vernacular of the college girl, and we find among them titles like "Mike", "Uncute", "Panorama", and "Doloppy".

The ***Quarterly Review*** was indeed a success . . . . with one exception. The financial side collapsed, as had invariably been the case before, and the ***Quarterly Review*** faced a complete downfall unless something was done. So, as in all times of stress, a committee went again . . . to Dr. Jarman!

After analyzing the situation and realizing that the main trouble lay in the fact that none of the magazines had paid financially, Dr. Jarman explained the circumstances to the waiting committee.

"The only way I see for it to work is for me to finance it," he said, "and I can't finance it unless every single girl gets a copy. You go ahead with your plans, provide for every student to have a copy of each issue, and I'll back it up with the campus fund."

And this he did. In December, 1938 Ann Dugger, editor, presented to a waiting public the first issue of the ***Colonnade,*** with the following statement in her editorial section captioned "The Columns":

"Here it is . . . the first issue of the Colonnade.

"Built on the foundations of the Farmville Quarterly Review.

"Rendered with a new size, a new name, and new illustrations.

"All capable hands are needed for the upkeep!"

The "capable hands" co-operated. Today the Colonnade stands as much a part of S. T. C. as the white-columned cloisters for which it was named. Respected, eagerly awaited, beloved by all, it fulfills more than its first staff ever dared dream it could, the job which it set out to do: that of immortalizing college life and college living.

Just as Dr. Jarman is the soul of the student body, these magazines, too, are and have been the love of the students who have struggled to put them out. Long hours in the Herald office; longer hours of proofreading; planning layouts; making last-minute changes; praying for cuts to return in time . . . all these and far more go into the make-up of any one of them. Sometimes it seems as if the whole could be tossed for salvage into the Scrap-bag of Literature, but more often, each ingle issue is dear to the hearts of those who have spent their time upon it.

Under the bright jackets of the ***Colon-***

Continued on Page 14

College Polish

GRACE LOYD

He: "May I kiss your hand,"
She: "What's the matter, Is my mouth dirty?"

"Smile that way again." She blushed and dimpled sweetly.
"Just as I thought. You look like a chipmonk."

A patient in the insane asylum was trying to convince an attendant that he was Napoleon. "But who told you that you were Napoleon?" inquired the attendant. "God did," replied the inmate. "I did not," came a voice from the next bunk.

Then there was the absent-minded professor who lectured to his steaks and cut his classes.

He: I wish I had a nickle for every girl I've kissed.
She: What would you do? Buy yourself a pack of gum?

You kissed and told
But that's all right
The man you told
Called up last night.

Mistress: Mary, we have breakfast promptly at eight o'clock a. m.
New maid: All right, M'am, if I ain't down don't you all wait.

"Tremendous crowd at our church last night."
"New minister?"
"No, it burned down."

He: You've a faculty for making love.
She: No, just a student body.

His face was flushed, but his broad shoulders saved him.—The Spectator.

"Would you like to see a model home?"
"Glad to. What times does she quit work?"

"Could I see the Captain?"
"He's forward, Miss."
"I'm not afraid; I've been out with college boys."

Plumber: "I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."
Pa: "Ma, here's the doctor to see you."

Professor: You should have been here at nine o'clock.
Student: Why? What happened?

"What are you thinking about, Jack?"
"The same things you are, dear."
"If you do, I'll scream!"

"What are you wearing that toothbrush for?"
"Oh, that's my class pin. I went to Colgate."—Spectator.

Student: What's that you wrote on my paper?
Prof: I told you to write more plainly.

A Sketch of Our College Magazines

Continued from Page 13

nade, the literary efforts of students of all classes spring to life upon the glossy, printed pages. Here are found the true embryo authors who fashion their stories largely in the light of true incidents, giving colorful pictures of American youth in the 1940's a permanent place in the scrap-bag of literature. Here the would-be poets set down for posterity their innermost feelings about every subject from pets to politics, and here the artists of tomorrow plan the "cover-girls" of the ***Colonnades*** of today.

The Spy

Naomi Piercy

NANCY was finding it very difficult to keep her mind on her work. Twice already Mr. Prescott had reprimanded her for her carelessness, but her thoughts were far away. Over and over again the events of the night before ran through her mind. She had a mental vision of light curly hair, laughing blue eyes, and an engaging smile. Something about the face haunted her. It looked innocent enough and yet—who could tell? He wore the uniform of the United States soldier. Was he really a spy, as she suspected? She couldn't be sure. Still there were some very suspicious things he would have to explain. She wondered whether she should report him to Mr. Prescott. But no—she had no definite evidence against him. She would find out all she could about him. Then if she were convinced that he was a spy, she would report him. That would be her patriotic service to her country.

Again she went over the events of the night before, analyzing each one. She had left work a little later than usual last night. Mr. Prescott had asked her to help the new girl in the office. After that she had waited to straighten her desk. On her way out the soldier brushed past her and entered the building. Out on the street she remembered that she had left the book she wanted to read that night; so she returned for it. In the outer office she stopped short. Someone was moving around in the other office. She heard the rustle of papers and the closing of a desk drawer. Quickly she stepped to the door and flung it open. The soldier, who was bending over the waste paper basket, straightened slowly and winked at her. Then answering her unspoken question, he said, "I'm the new janitor here."

"This is no time to be joking," Nancy said severely, though her knees threatened to give way with her. "What are you doing here?"

"Now look here, honey. That's no way to make a guy feel at home. I just wanted to see how well you are taking care of my job." The soldier smiled as he sauntered toward her.

"How did you get in here?" Nancy questioned, backing away from him.

"Don't be afraid of me. I won't hurt you. You saw me come in, but you are not going to say anything about it, are you?" He advanced toward her more slowly. "Well, are you?"

"N—no!" she stammered. She wondered whether he could hear her heart beating.

"Promise?" His eyes were searching her face.

"I p - - - promise." She was afraid to refuse. He didn't look very dangerous, but she couldn't tell.

"That's a good girl. Now, if you really want to know what this is all about, meet me at that little cafe across the street in half an hour. But mind you, you aren't to mention this to a soul."

Somehow he had managed to get between her and the door. She didn't remember how it happened. While she was pondering over it, the lights went out suddenly, and the room was in total darkness. She cried out involuntarily, then quickly moved to another part of the room. She flattened herself against the wall, hardly daring to breathe, waiting for she knew not what. Nothing happened. There wasn't a sound in the room. Cautiously she put one foot out in front of her, then the other. She stood still and listened, then stepped forward again. Slowly, noisilessly, she made her

Continued on Page 28

What I Like About The American College Girl

H-S

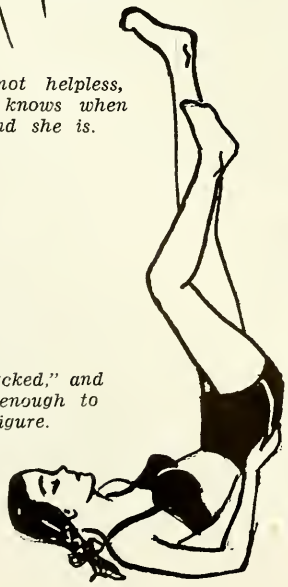
She's a good sport, and sometimes even beats us.

She has a well-balanced sense of humor and she can talk intelligently.

She has learned to dress comfortably. She's not afraid to be herself.

A man can pl date according to budget and coun her to fall in.

She's not helpless, but she knows when to pretend she is.



She's "stacked," and has sense enough to watch her figure.

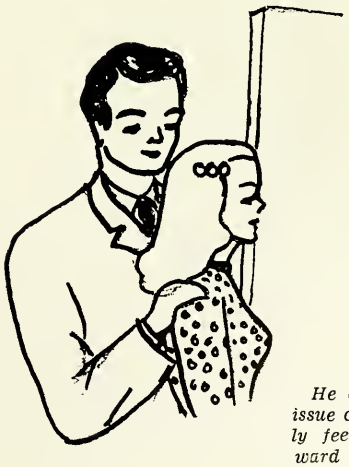
hat I Like About The merican College Boy
S. T. C.

He has made sports an important part of his life, but he's not embarrassed when caught with a book.

He's a real jitterbug, but he can be plenty smooth.

He has a healthy appetite, and our mothers like to feed him.

He's at home anywhere, and our fathers like to take him hunting.



He doesn't make an issue of it, but he really feels protective toward us.

Worth Investigating

prop up on these

THE JAMES FROM IRON GATE TO THE SEA

BLAIR NILES, *Farrar & Rinehart, New York,* 1945.

"IT is two miles below Iron Gates, near the border of Allegheny and Botetourt counties, that Jackson River, still acrid and frothy from the paper mill at Covington, meets the Cowpasture, which comes so quietly around rolling wooded hills as almost to seem like a pool, rather than a river . . . The two streams sweep about a green islet, and unite; and there, more than three hundred miles from the sea, James River is born."

Thus the author begins her story of life along the James, which takes us back to Jamestown where we see the romantic figures, Captain John Smith, Pocahontas, and John Rolfe. We travel up the James River from Jamestown to Petersburg and Richmond, meeting along the way such famous people as William Byrd II, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Edgar Allan Poe, and Robert E. Lee. We cross over to Williamsburg and meet all of the important people there. We see George Washington, "the majestic bridegroom", and Martha Custis, "his pretty little bride", in all their wedding finery. We accompany Governor Spotswood and his Knights of the Golden Horseshoe on their expedition to the top of the Blue Ridge. All of the old history-book characters come alive for us in this picturesque story of life along the James. And we help them to fight Indians and build their homes; we ride the canal boats with them; we share their sufferings in the War between the States; and we look with them to the future, realizing, in the words of the author, that the life of a river is "endless, its history, like itself, continuous, flowing out of the past, through the present, and into the future . . . that future for which the present is solemnly responsible."

NAOMI PIERCY

STRAIGHT DOWN A CROOKED LANE

MARTHA BYRD PORTER, *John Marshall Press, Richmond, Virginia,* 1945.

STRAIGHT Down a Crooked Lane is a witty and fascinating tale of a charming lady's ancestry, girlhood, marriage, and contributions to Richmond's civil war effort. It is well worth reading just to learn to know Mother and Father. Mother was a lady, a Christian, an ardent Episcopalian, and a strict advocate of complete abstinence from all forms of alcohol. Father could quote both Shakespeare and the Bible forwards and backwards, and did so upon the slightest provocation. The gravity of the current crisis could always be gauged by the sources of the quotation. For instance, when he couldn't persuade Mother that he was right, he would read "The Taming of the Shrew" before he went to bed that night. Father was completely unpredictable and utterly charming; "the man I married" who refused to propose in the accepted fashion. Aunt Emily, who would cook for everybody south of the Mason-Dixon line, except visiting Yankees was worth knowing too.

As a whole the book is a gay picture of life among cultured, well-to-do people in Virginia—the only state in the union, to any right-thinking person—whose daughters were never exposed to the University.

If you are in need of a "shadow-dispenser," here it is—and happy listening to Shakespeare!

EVELYN HAIR

Kit Gallops On

Betty Deuel Cock

KIT Kennedy wasn't the kind of girl who believed in miracles. Of course she could read in the papers every day about people who are heard singing in the shower one night and singing over a national network the next night. There are always people being discovered by people . . . high school girls who accidentally get their pictures in Life and wake up the next morning modeling for Powers or signing a movie contract . . . sure, she believed in those things, and knew that they happened, but even in her wildest dreams she never believed that a miracle like that could ever happen to her. No, the only bits of excitement which came Kit's way were such things as missing buses in strange cities, or running into people she knew in the places she'd least expect to see them.

Therefore, Kit Kennedy stood at the rail as a spectator the day of the big Horse Show and paid out a good dollar for a raffle ticket when she knew darned well she'd never win the Horse. Then she pocketed the stub and turned her attention back to the class of working hunters which were being judged in the ring.

Horse Show judges never can make up their minds in a hurry; so Kit had plenty of time to look longingly at the field of horses, and to eye particularly her favorite, Lady MacBeth, a big sorrel mare who was already well ahead in the total score of points for the hunter championship. Lady MacBeth stood third in the line-up, poised and beautiful, with her head up and her coat glistening coppery in the sunlight. "Oh, just to ride that mare one time," thought Kit, as only she could do, with a good clear foot of space to spare! Kit wasn't at all surprised when the judges' decision was announced and Lady MacBeth had won another blue ribbon for her owner's collection.

The next class in the ring was a harness division, and Kit and the crowd wandered off to the hot-dog stand, and from there to a tour of the stables. In front of Lady Mac's stall they paused with the worshipful crowd of admirers and watched the glow increase as the sorrel coat was well rubbed down. The old darkey doing the rubbing was loud in his praises of "Our hoss" . . . and Kit was loud in her expression of her great desire to ride the champion-to-be.

There was an elderly gentleman standing to Kit's left, his eyes twinkling as if he were being highly entertained by the conversations going on about him. He noticed the glow in Kit's eyes, and he noticed, too, that long after the other spectators had gone back to the rail, she lingered there stroking the mare's neck and talking to her, or listening wide-eyed to the stories the old groom was telling about other shows and glories Lady MacBeth had won. Finally, after one more outburst from Kit as to how she'd "give anything to ride a horse like that" the old gentleman smiled down at the girl and asked her where she lived. Kit named the town, some miles away, and the old gentleman harrumphed in a pleasant tone, and smiled a little brighter.

"Well, my dear, perhaps after she's rested up a little from this show, Lady Mac would be delighted to have you exercise her a bit . . . if you think you can handle her. Do you ride at all?"

Handle her? Why Lady MacBeth didn't need expert handling! She loved to jump . . . . and she went along as graciously and as eagerly as any rider could have

Turn Page Please

wished . . . but this was not really happening now, was it?

"I beg your pardon, sir, but Lady MacBeth isn't owned by anyone where I live. She's an out-of-state entry."

"Keep up with your horses pretty well, don't you, lass? Wee-lll, what would you say if I told you that Lady Mac is spending the summer . . . oh, say three . . . maybe four five miles out from your own hometown? What would you say if I added that she'll be needin' a bit of exercise this summer that her owner'll be too old to give her? Then do ye think you could make it over to Holly Hurdle farm a time or two and ride that mare after all?"

Time didn't exactly stand still, but Kit stayed dazed for the rest of the afternoon. The Gang, Inc., couldn't seem to drag her away from the stables back to the show-ring, except for the hunters' classes in which Lady Mac took trophy after trophy. And she was standing right by the paddock-master's elbow when her favorite cantered through the out-gate as Hunter Champion of the show. So was the old gentleman who had finally convinced Kit he was the owner of the sorrel beauty. He watched the girl with a keen look in his blue eyes; then, as the exhibitors led away their tired charges, and the loud-speaker blared on and on about a beautiful horse that was to be raffled off for a worthy cause, he turned sharply and started toward the stables.

"Colonel Taylor?" The old gentleman stopped and faced the man who had spoken.

"Yes? Oh, . . . hello, Doctor! Nice show wan't it? How could you get away from all your patients this afternoon? Heh, heh . . . lovely show, wasn't it?"

"It so happens, Colonel, that I have to follow my patients . . . particularly one of them, anywhere he happens to go. I've driven forty miles today to tell you once and for all that this foolishness of yours has got to stop. Either you follow my orders, Colonel, or find yourself another physician. I refuse to take the responsibilities you force upon me by your persistent running after this horse of yours. Your trainers are perfectly capable of bringing home the blue ribbons, and your health depends upon less excitement and a lot more rest! Believe me, sir, I have your interests at heart. Of course, the actual show means more to you than reading the results in the papers, but it seems to me, sir, that your family could convince you, if I can't, that your health is more important than your horses'."

"Family! Tommy-rot! What they know or care about my health or my horses could be printed for two cents! Why if my granddaughter had half the interest in that mare of mine that a certain young lady here today seems to have, why I'd give her the mare in a minute and die happy. But dammitall, Doctor, that mare's a pet! She's used to affection, and being exclaimed over, with real, honest enthusiasm. Why, all Patricia does is to say, "She's such a pretty color, Granpa, but she's so big . . . come see my goldfish . . .', and there you have the full span of her interest. Bother! I'd rather have a stroke watching the Lady gallop-on than live to be a hundred just reading about her winning ribbons for an owner who feeds gold-fish!"

The Doctor smiled and took the Colonel's arm.

"This time, Colonel, you at least saw the whole show. You hadn't even told the folks where you were going. They decided that since your horse was gone, there must be a show somewhere, but it took 'em all day to locate you for me. Now, come on home, will you, and let the boys bring the horses? I'll even let you watch 'em draw the number for this raffle, if you wish. But then you've got to drive back with me. Fair enough?"

Somewhat unwillingly, the old man allowed himself to be led along to the white-washed fence, still protesting his rights.

"Doc, I'd sell 'em all . . . the whole stable full, if you'd just let me keep the Lady and show 'er till I die. God knows my youngsters don't want the animals, and I'd rather sell 'em myself to good owners than have the children dispose of them after I'm gone. But I won't have Lady MacBeth go to just anybody! And so far as I know, nobody that I'd let have her has the price that'd

Continued on page 27

Night

ANNE MOTLEY

Second Place in Poetry Contest

The clouds of night close 'round my head,
And it is day no more.
The sun has sunk from sight
Behind the hills,
And all is still.

There is no soul to break the solitude of this bleak moment,
Save only me.
And I am a mere shadow
On this windless plain where Time stands still.

No mortal man can break the magic spell
Cast by the darkened sky and unlit plain.
My soul's my own!
I have no fear nor doubt that cannot be allayed by the vastness of the night.

Just as I know that day will fade and night will come,
I know that cares will vanish
With the coming solitude.
The calm, cool fingers of the twilight

Gently press my troubled brow,
And I can rest again.
Alone I stand—yet, not afraid.
For this moment is mine!

I Mus

FROM a dormitory window I watched Elise's slender figure make its way around the devious turns and twists of the path that led up Eiderdown Hill from the lake. I had known for several days, that "Lise", as the girls in her dorm endearingly dubbed her, was troubled. Even the waning afternoon light did not hide either the worried frown on her face or the discouraged droop of her shoulders.

Lise was French—French from her tiny uptilted nose to her graceful, slender ankles. That was about all that I or any of the other girls had been able to learn about her since her arrival in late September. There was a dramatic quality about that day. The new girl had stepped down at Front Gate from a magnificent chauffered limousine, on the arm of an army officer, handsome enough to excite the admiration of even the most business-like upper-classman. Each of us vied energetically for the simple task of carrying her light battered suitcase up the stone steps. But Elise seemed to shrink from our courtesies and clung possessively to the bag with one hand and to the khaki-clad arm with the other.

Yet the warmth in the grey eyes of Lt. Dorn dissolved her frosty silence, and we formed an enthusiastic little circle about them as he explained about Lise.

"Lise has been in America less than a year," he said, "and school is bound to be strange to her at first. Take good care of her for me, won't you?" I tore my eyes away from his magnetic features and well-groomed dark hair to inspect our new colleague.

Lise was standing a little apart, her expression withdrawn and slightly baffled. She reminded me of a rabbit I once found caught in the fence and dragged home—unsure of everything, yet defiant. I longed to know her better and, if possible, to become her friend.

I searched out the dean, quickly obtained the number of the room to which Lise was assigned, and appointed myself her guide and guardian. Lt. Dorn was not long in his leave-taking. He placed his arm lightly about Lise's shoulders for an instant, said in French a few words of encouragement, and left her to me.

I marshalled her up to the second story room, doing my best to cheer her in a language I had flunked twice in two previous semesters. But she caught short my vague ramblings when her eye found the two bay-windows which over-looked the lake around which Appalachian University had been built. The windows were open wide to expel the musky summer odors, and Lise stood transfixed before them, drinking in the beautiful scene. "Cherie, c'est tres beau!" she breathed. She smiled then and added in hesitant English, "I like it here, and also I like you." It was as if a door had opened, and right then I knew that the happiness of this sensitive foreign girl was to become as important to me as my own.

Yet as months passed and I advised her on "crip" teachers, explained basket-ball rules, consulted on sweater hues to enhance her brunette charm, and taught her to say "Come again?" instead of "Comment?" I found that I was still no nearer to knowing the real Elise.

Socially she was a direct hit. Boys and girls alike were fascinated by her vivacious manner, and her ease in dancing insured popularity at all the formals and "Co-eds." I understand why. When a college bon-fire leaped up and voices joined in a rousing cheer for "A.U.", tears glistened on Lise's dark lashes; when hot-dogs were passed around, she wrinkled her nose in pure ecstacy; and when she saw a movie it was to her a never-ending miracle. Such joy in living is contagious!

Yet a part of Lise's life was somehow mysterious. It began with the letters which

Continued on page 24

Return

I Must Return

Continued from Page 22

filled her box daily—letters which she locked away and never shared with anyone. And it grew with Lt. Dorn's brief visits which always left her sad and silent.

One night I peeked across her shoulder as she was laboriously answering one of these letters and teased, "Who's the "amour", honey? Couldn't be that heavenly Lt. Dorn, could it?" Lise's reaction amazed me. She snatched up the half-written page and lashed out angrily, "Leave me alone, please." Then she must have seen that I was genuinely hurt; for for her eyes softened, and she put her arm around me and suddenly began to cry.

Yet pity was a thing Lise would never tolerate. So I waited quietly for her sobs to grow quiet, then listened without a word as she confided what had been locked so long within her heart.

Her words carried me far away from the dormitory room—to a country I had glimpsed only remotely through books—her native France. I tried to picture the little fishing village of Saint Lo where she had been born on the stormy shores of Normandy. I saw a little girl in thick black stockings and home-spun skirt, treading down a dirt road at daybreak to slide into her seat before the chimes announced that school at the convent had begun. I saw her waiting with eagerness at the pier for a weather-beaten old man whom she called "Poppa" to dock his skiff at night-fall. I watched her lovingly fondle a baby salamander that slipped through the course net. A lump rose in my throat as she told of a gentle, cough-ridden mother, too tired at the end of the day to rock away the cries of Lise's baby brother. Of all the sweet remembered things of her home-land, I think Andre was most dear to Lise. Her eyes kindled as she described how his baby toes curled around her finger, and how his chubby hand clung to her skirt on their way to school. She had listened to his childish treble develop into a manly bass and had seen with pride that his lanky legs had out-speed her own.

It was on Andre's seventeenth birthday that the change had come—a day not very different from any other. The sky was blue and cloudless, and she and Andre had swung along happily down the familiar dirt road—hands locked around a basket filled with savory home-baked bread for the noontime recess. The breeze made soft furrows across the shining shafts of golden wheat and no omen dimmed the horizon to warn them of the horror they were to witness that day.

They were singing an old French air when they entered the village. Then suddenly Lise stopped short. "It is so very quiet today, Andre," she said uncertainly, and her words echoed down the narrow cobbled street. "Don't be a goose, Lisy," Andre admonished with the confidence of his new-found years. "We must hurry or Sister Marguerite will chastise us again."

But Elise was noticing other things. The blinds of all the little gabled houses were tightly drawn, and even old Widow Villon was not on her front stoop as usual, flicking out her feather duster. Nor were the shoemaker's black cats anywhere in sight. A shadow of apprehension stole over Elise. There was something terrible in the unnatural silence—something electric.

Then they heard a new sound — the sound of heavy hob-nailed boots beating a harsh tattoo on the pavement. It blended in merciless rhythm with screech of sirens and clash of metal. Then a mob of black-coated men swept down the street, filling the passage with gutteral laughter and the ceaseless echo of their boots.

Flattened against a doorway, her body rigid and one arm outstretched to shield the boy, Lise watched the strange parade. As one after another the hated swastikas and demon-like tanks with their smoking gun-mouths passed her, the tragedy of what was happening in St. Lo seered its way into Elise's mind.

"The Convent!" Real fear gripped her as she remembered the school was without any protection from roaring guns and flashing sabers. "We must run, Andre," she said briefly. "Run as fast as we can to the school!"

Yet Elise's worst imaginings could not have prepared her for what they found. The sequestered, ivy-covered buildings on the hill stood no longer—her own beloved classroom lay in a heap of smoking rubble and only the little chapel set apart had escaped the flaming destruction of the bombs. Outrage and bitterness flamed inside her breast as she thought of the children and her teacher—stern, tight-lipped Sister Marguerite. Lise could see her now, extracting a ruler from among the straight rows of chalk boxes and papers which lined her desk and brandishing it menacingly at the "German mongrels" who dared to upset her classroom decorum with their polished boots and noisy pistols. Had she shouted, "Silence, s'il vous plait" when the first bomb burst overhead? Had the warning even come in time for even that?

Fear for her safety lent wings to Elise's feet as she sped to the chapel which housed the survivors. Here she found a shattered little group huddled around the statue of the Virgin, the older boys and girls on their knees in prayer. A little boy with red and swollen eyes ran to her and sobbed out all that had happened. One fact became real for Elise. The bomb had found its target directly above Sister Marguerite's tidy little desk.

Before the still form with its immaculate hood and starched blouse, stained with blood, Elise stood a moment unbelieving. Then she was on her knees beside it, while sobs of grief and love tore themselves from her throat. Suddenly the words of her beloved friend and counselor seemed to fill the room, "If your spirit is troubled, Elise, pray with all your might." When she arose at last from her knees, the burden had lifted.

During the next unreal days, Elise tried to think of nothing save of the work to be done. Real warfare had begun in Saint Lo. She must keep the convent children within the safety of the chapel walls.

Her mind was haunted by what she should do when the meager supplies in the storeroom were gone.

Before sun-rise on the fifth day she awoke with a daring scheme. She shook Andre from his tousled-haired slumber. "Brother", she said, "Wake up and give me your clothes." Chagrined, but obedient, he began to peel off his breeches and shirt. "Lisy, whatever are you going to do?" he asked. "I have a little errand in the village, cherie," she answered gaily, pushing her shining hair under the tiny beret, "but I shall be back in time for breakfast."

Only a few stars still sparkled in the skies when she reached the village, and in the light of early dawn she could see that many of the buildings were still standing, untouched by the shells. Her Uncle Jacques' butcher shop, back of which was the lodging of her aunt and uncle, was still standing. Elise skirted a treacherous bomb-crater and approached the door. Except for the shattered window panes and glass counters all seemed unharmed. And so she gathered courage, reflecting how grand it would be to be wrapt in the arms of her jovial uncle and to return to the hungry children with choice pieces of lamb and mutton.

But as she passed from the shop into the cheerful living-room a vastly different scene confronted her. Sprawled on her aunt's soft chaise-lounge and clad in a black shirt, gaping at the waist, a fat German lay snoring. Beside him a younger cat-like officer sat with his feet resting on the pot-bellied stove. As she entered, he spat upon the stove and the loud hiss evoked a harsh jeer from the third occupant, an arrogant Nazi lieutenant with the most cruel eyes that Elise had ever seen. He looked up as she entered and cursed so loudly that he waked his beefy adjutant. Fortunately, Lise had gained a speaking knowledge of the German tongue at the convent; so she stood her ground and spoke evenly, "I am the neice of Jacques Cartier, and I wish to be taken to him at once." The three guffawed loudly, and the big fellow mutter a few words to the man on the couch. He rose, caught Elise by the collar of Andre's ill-fitting jacket, and jerked her toward the cellar stair. "Since you know this house so well, French cur," he bellowed, "go and fetch us some wine. And don't be slow."

Turn Page Please

Lise did not hesitate. She knew well the stairs leading up from the wine-cellar which opened into the meat-shop above, and was bent on reaching them and making a rapid escape. Breathlessly, she reached the top and awaited her chance to run unnoticed through the half-open door.

But the greedy German was not to be so easily cheated. He had foreseen her plan, and placed himself with a sardonic smile, beside the door. As Elise bolted out, his muscular arms enfolded her. She struggled to free herself. Then a gasp broke from her throat as she saw from the reflection in the glass counter that her hair had been loosed from the confining beret and was beginning to cascade down about her shoulders. The odor of wine blended with the man's hot breath on her neck, and she realized that struggling was useless now.

Her hand rose instinctively to protect the rosary around her neck—Sister Marguerite's gift, and she uttered a prayer for strength.

Suddenly her captor turned. Behind him stood the fat adjutant waving his arms and screaming—"The American forces have landed in Normandy. They are marching now to Saint Lo!"

Alarm shook the arrogant Lieutentant. Elise had a wild impulse to laugh as he pushed her away, his small mustache quivering nervously as he shouted: "Sound the alarm!"

Elise was pushed into a chair and bound to the wicker rungs with sharp bruising knots. The fat German took up his post by the window. She felt the warm blood gush from the wound on her breast, and her head ached so violently that it was difficult to concentrate at all.

The bestial Nazi left to guard her seemed disgruntled. His cowardly nature made him glad enough to be left out of the fierce hand-to-hand battle which raged in the street, but this task of minding a mere girl was distasteful. "At least she might talk and keep me from growing bored," he told himself.

Not so smart after all, were you, Frenchy?" he taunted. "Next time you'll fetch that wine the way I tell you. One always obeys the commands of an officer of the Reich. Do not forget that, do you hear me? Do you hear me, I say! Speak to me, you wretch!"

Not once during this tirade had Elise flinched or taken her eyes from the speaker's face. "Speak!" he reiterated, his anger mounting as she continued to regard him with scornful silence. Then he lurched toward her, blind fury in every line of his piglike countenance.

His formidable hulk blended with the blackness which descended about her, and she knew the blessed release of unconsciousness. . . .

Elise stopped speaking to me, as if trying to fit into place some nearly forgotten pieces of the past.

"What happened then, Lise?" I urged her to go on.

"All I can remember," she said in a far away voice, "is that I awoke between clean white sheets in a little room smelling clean and antiseptic. A few weeks later found me aboard a ship—a refugee ship bound for America.

"But, darling," I said, deeply moved by all she had suffered, "that's all over now. You mustn't ever relive those moments, even in your mind. Your future here with us is the thing that counts. And that divine Lt. Dorn. Where did you find him, anyway?"

When I mentioned the Lieutenant, the dark spell was instantly broken. "Lt. Dorn saved my life," she said simply. "He alone knows what really happened that day in the village. He choked that German with his bare hands. I'll never be able to repay him—never—for his kindness to me.

"Oh, cherie, I love him so very much! Such gay times we had together in New York while I was convalescing. I was always happy after I met Philip. And he seemed to love me, too. Yet I mustn't—I can't—." Her tone was almost desperate.

"But why, Elise? Why haven't you every right to love him?" I asked.

"It's difficult for you to understand cherie. You Americans with your high spirits, your roofless automobiles, and your hot-dogs." She smiled a little, but then the

same defiant look I had noticed the day she came, came into her eyes.

"But I cannot remain in your glorious America, even for Philip. I must return to France. I must teach French children to be strong. I must carry on for the sake of the youth of Saint Lo and the France that is to be. I must return, cherie."

Kit Gallops On

Continued from page 20

take her. And that's that!"

A man in a black velvet cap caught the Colonel by the arm, and touched his cap.

"Colonel Taylor . . . congratulations, sir, on the championship. The judges are wondering if you'd draw the number for the raffle. We're nearly ready, sir. Just come out to the center of the ring."

"Excuse me, Doctor, I'll be glad to drive home with you immediately after drawing this number!", he remarked, and with dignity in his slow steps, he stalked away toward the improvised judges' stand.

"You're to understand, ladies and gentlemen," blared the loudspeaker, "that the holder of the lucky number must be present within a few minutes' time, or we will draw another number. All right, Colonel Taylor, into the hat you go . . . bring out one number . . . thank you sir, and the lucky number is . . . 11052. Mr. Horace Jenkins is the lucky man.

"He's gone home 'bout an hour ago!" shouted a bystander.

". . . As we said, ladies and gentlemen, since Mr. Jenkins has gone home and forfeited his chance to claim this horse, we'll ask Colonel Taylor to draw another number . . . thank you, number 2-1-319 . . . please step forward and claim this beautiful five-gaited . . . "

Kit Kennedy wasn't the kind of girl who believed in miracles, but the number on her stub read correctly after all, and she squealed and grabbed hold of the nearest elbow which happened to belong to the man next to her. Then with a mad scramble, she was over the white-washed fence and halfway across the ring. Colonel Taylor saw Kit coming—Katherine Kennedy . . . she was about the age of his grand-daughter Patricia. About the age he himself had been when his father gave him his first horse . . . one of the best. About the age of the girl with whom he had first fallen in love . . . the girl who had been killed in a nasty pile-up on a fox-hunt so many years before.

"I say, sir" . . . said the colonel to the judges. He did some fast whispering and the judges stared at each other in amazement.

"Dammitall," said the Colonel, "Tell the man at the speaker."

"Ladies and Gentlemen, hold everything. There's been a grave mistake."

"Er . . . Ladies and Gentlemen . . . there are two horses being raffled off this afternoon, and this is not the one this young lady has won. We're giving two horses, one a hunter and one a five-gaited horse. This young lady has won the hunter . . . and so we will ask her, Miss Katherine Kennedy, to please draw the final number for this beautiful five-gaited black gelding, while she's waiting for her own horse to be brought into the ring . . . Right this way, Miss Kennedy . . . just bring out one number, please, and hand it to the judges."

Kit didn't quite understand, but she stuck a trembling hand down among the raffle tickets, and she scarcely heard the digits as the loud-speaker called them off and a man came forward to claim his horse. The crowd lingered in amazement, but Kit was the most amazed of all. Coming across the ring, her muscles rippling under the plaid blanket, her head high and her ears up, Lady MacBeth towered above her trainer. The Colonel was watching Kit closely. The doctor was watching the Colonel.

Kit turned to the Colonel and gasped . . . "But, sir . . . that's Lady Mac."

"She'll need the exercise still, this summer, lass . . . but, he winked at his doctor, "I'm sure her owner is not too old to give it to her!"

The Spy

Continued from Page 15

way to the door. She was all alone. Giving a sigh of relief, she hurried out into the street. She had no intention of going to the little cafe. Her only desire was to get as far away from there as possible.

Now Nancy began to wonder whether she should have gone to the cafe. It was foolish to keep the promise she had made him, for she was sure he had no legitimate business there. But when she thought of those eyes looking at her, she knew she couldn't tell.

Would the day never end? She didn't know why she was so anxious to get out of the office. Miss Pillar, the new girl, had been very trying on her nerves today. She had come to her again and again, asking for help with her work. While she explained, Miss Pillar didn't seem to be listening at all. She kept her eyes fixed on some papers lying on the desk, and once when she walked away, she brushed against the papers, sending them scattering all over the floor. When she stooped to gather them up, Nancy noticed that she looked at each one carefully, as if to be sure they were in the right order.

Mr. Prescott had been in a terrible humor today. What if she had missed a few words when he called her into his office for dictation? She was just thinking how she might bring up the subject of the strange visitor of the night before. He didn't have to storm at her. In all fairness to Mr. Prescott, though, it was unusual for him to be in a bad humor.

At last the hands of her watch pointed to five o'clock. She gathered her papers together and carried them to the safe, and locked it carefully. She went back to tidy up her desk. Miss Pillar was applying her lipstick. She picked up a sheet of paper and blotted her lips, dropping the paper into the wastebasket.

"Don't you want a kleenex?" Nancy asked.

"Oh, no!" Miss Pillar cried hastily, appearing very nervous. Nancy wondered what could be the reason for her nervousness. She was determined to find out.

They left the office together; then Nancy turned back on the pretext of having left something. She hurried into the office and went straight to Miss Pillar's waste basket where she picked up the paper with the lipstick on it and looked it over carefully. She recognized several statements from the papers on her desk. Miss Pillar was not supposed to know anything about them. Nancy put the pieces together. The soldier had been looking in the waste basket. This paper had been left for him. It would be very dangerous, if it should get into the wrong hands. She tore the paper into tiny pieces and burned them in the ash tray on Mr. Prescott's desk.

Out on the street once more, Nancy drew her coat closely about her, for it had turned much colder, and a biting wind was cutting through her. As she hurried down the street, she heard footsteps close behind her. A hand touched her arm, and she looked up into the face of the soldier. Her heart skipped a beat, then raced on.

"You didn't come last night," he accused reprovingly.

"I couldn't," Nancy managed to answer.

"Now look! you're not still afraid of me?" he questioned. "Come on.. Let's go in here and get a bite to eat." Before she had time to answer, he had guided her into the little restaurant. It was a quiet place with only a few people. They sat down at a table for two in a secluded corner. For two hours they talked and ate. Nancy never knew the time to pass so quickly. Without even telling her his name, the soldier entertained her with stories and anecdotes of his adventures until she began to feel that she had known him all her life. In the back of her mind she was troubled with many questions about him, but she couldn't bring her-

self to ask them. She was sorry when he looked at his watch and told her they must go. They didn't talk much on the way home, but when they got to her door, Nancy said, "You didn't tell me what you were doing in the office last night." His smile lit up his whole face. Nancy looked away. "No, don't tell me," she almost whispered.

His arms were around her. Nancy clung to him, her face buried against his coat. She could feel his heart beating. He lifted her face upward and kissed her gently, reverently. Without a word he released her and walked down the steps. She saw him stop under a street light and rub his handkerchief against his lips, look at it, and walk on.

The next day Miss Pillar didn't come to work. Nancy was glad, yet curious.

Mr. Prescott looked at her curiously when he came in, and suddenly she wanted to cry. She knew that she ought to tell him about the soldier, but she couldn't. All morning she fought back the tears. Just before her lunch hour Mr. Prescott came up to her desk. "Miss Elder, I'd like for you to meet my son Bob."

Nancy looked up into the face of the soldier. She could only stare.

"Your son!" she finally managed. Mr. Prescott seemed not to notice her concern and went on into his office.

"I guess I do owe you some explanation, Miss Elder—Nancy." Bob spoke her name softly. "You see, some very valuable information was leaking out of this office. I used to work as a private detective as a by-line. So I promised Dad to see what I could find out. I traced it to the janitor, but I couldn't find out where he got his information. I found part of it before you walked in on me. Then last night I saw you burn some paper, and I thought you were trying to destroy the evidence against you. Of course, when I found the lipstick didn't match, I knew it was Miss Pillar—," he broke off. Nancy was crying, uncontrollably. He took her into his arms, trying to console her, but she pushed him away.

"Why, what's wrong?" he asked, as she continued to cry.

"I hate you. I hate you!" Nancy cried between sobs. Slowly it came to him.

"Oh, Nancy!" he whispered. "Does it really mean so much to you? Wouldn't it be all right if I kissed you now because I want to—because I love you?"

She smiled up at him through her tears.

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