11-1946

The Colonnade, Volume lX Number 1, November 1946

Longwood University

The Colonnade

State Teachers College

Farmville, Virginia *November, 1946*

Everybody knows him...

Early or late, he's a familiar figure to every policeman on the street—he's the Doctor —he's on an emergency call!

● A Doctor's life isn't his own to live as he chooses. There are interrupted holidays and vacations and nights of broken sleep. Emergencies require his presence for long, exacting hours . . . with somewhere a pause and perhaps the pleasure of a cigarette. Then back to his job of serving the lives of others.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

The "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat

The "T-Zone" is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you* . . . and how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THE MAKERS of Camels are naturally proud of the fact that, out of 113,597 doctors who were asked recently to name the cigarette they preferred to smoke, more doctors named Camel than any other brand. This survey was nationwide, covered doctors in every branch of medicine—nose and throat specialists too. Three nationally known independent research agencies made and vouch for the findings.

Try Camels. See how *your* taste responds to Camel's full flavor. See how your throat likes Camel's cool mildness. That's the "T-Zone" test *(see left)*.

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. ~~VII~~ IX NOVEMBER, 1946 NO. 1

CONTENTS

THE STAFF

Dr. Dabney S. Lancaster

A Challenge

Dr. Dabney S. Lancaster

THE most critical situation facing the State of Virginia today is the shortage of well-qualified teachers.

To our College has been assigned the task of educating those who in turn will guide the development of the future citizens of Virginia and the nation.

There could be no greater challenge. No more enduring satisfactions are derived from any occupation than those that come to the well-trained teacher who loves young people and who sees from day to day the happiness that she brings to children through opening their eyes to new interests and new opportunities.

My ambition is to witness the day when there will be Farmville graduates teaching in every school in Virginia and when with one accord the people of Virginia will agree that the expression "Farmville graduate" is synonymous with "good teacher".

The distance forward to this goal can be shortened through the daily cooperation of faculty, students and administration of the College.

Fantasy

Betty Spindler

Born of the fairies, I'm free and wild.
Why do they call me a mortal child?
When silvery moonbeams softly stray
Into my window, I steal away.
Down to the sea I slip like a mist;
Dance on the foam, stop short and list.
As the lonely night owl hoots from the shore
I bound to the beach and dance once more.
The wind is my charger, in mad haste
O're hill and plain, cross marshes and waste,
I ride in a comet-like race with the moon.
These fancies are fleeting—others come soon.

When elfish desire its mischief has spent,
Then I return in bliss and content,
To wander with the gentle-eyed fawn
Out of the wood, 'cross the moonlit lawn.
As I bid adieu to Titania's court
I sadly forsake my night-long sport.
Laugh if you will at my fancy's flight,
Say that 'twas only a dream at night,
But watch when the stars shine through again
And you will see me, for never in vain.
Does the night wind call to my spirit wild?
Be I fairy born or a mortal child?

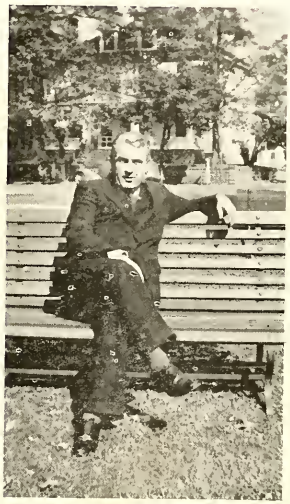
The College Honor System

Dr. C. Gordon Moss

I remember a dingy and dilapidated classroom at the very rear of unreconstructed Washington Hall at Washington and Lee University. For that was in the days when the log concept of education, adorned at one end with brilliant scholarship and gingerly occupied at the other end by earnest desire for truth, was more in vogue than today. All fall I had sat at one of the creaky desks in that room absorbing, along with a little French, the vibrant philosophy of one whom we called, even with some respect, "Cutie" Easter. But the particular cold January morning of my most vivid recollection of that room was distinct unto itself. For I had entered that room to endure my first college examination.

Already Cutie had done his worst with three walls filled with most incisive questions and devilish passages of French to be translated. The author of that atrocity was sitting there gleefully awaiting our arrival, and consequent rapid demise. With the arrival of the last unwilling victim he arose, inquired whether there were any questions, and then, slapping his hat on the side of his head—it wouldn't go on top because he refused to have his hair cut from early fall until late spring—he bade us a "Good morning, gentlemen!" and was gone.

It took me a good while to comprehend the significance of that grand exit. Here were questions that I couldn't possibly answer, but outside the door was my note book crammed with all the answers, and across a narrow strip of campus was the library with its complete information. Furthermore, nothing more would be seen of Dr. Easter until six o'clock that evening when he would collect the exam books. But I was a student of General Lee, however long since he might have died. I was presumed



Dr. Moss

to be a gentleman of honor until I should prove myself otherwise. I was there alone with my own conscience. But no, I was not alone. I was there with the ghosts of all the preceeding Washington and Lee students to preserve the most sacred tradition of the college, namely, that a W&L man was a gentleman of unassailable honor. More concrete still, Dr. Easter had left me there without a trace of hesitation, without the remotest hint of turning back.

Indeed, and in truth, such an experience in early life can become a life long memory; can become a solid foundation for an entire life. For if one's fellow man can completely trust one, one can trust oneself and can adopt such an attitude towards others.

Continued on Page 28

A Glass of

First Prize in Sh

EL

THE ride form Richmond to ***Bettencourt*** was beautiful. We rode through a countryside that was new to me. The fields were a green that I had never seen before, and the cab driver, watching me in the rear mirror, said, "Wheat". I grunted. "Well, fancy that," I said to myself, "Wheat in Virginia!" Spring was alive everywhere, and never had it appealed to me as it did that day, rolling alongside the beautiful Blue Ridge. A Bostonian myself, I couldn't picture Virginia in any way but with widespread, lovely lawns, gracious old homes with the stately pillars, and colored pickaninnies romping in the back yard. I guess "Gone With the Wind" did that to me.

The sun was just beginning to fade beneath the mountains, and it formed a scene that was very peaceful and utterly lovely. The blue haze they were named for was more apparent when the driver rolled slowly to a stop. He said crisply, "This is as far as I can take you. Miss Maddox, she don't like cars in her driveway. She uses a buggy. Queer old egg, she is".

Having paid the man, I grasped my new luggage, waved good-bye, and turned up the road aginst a growing blustery wind. As I walked on, with the suitcase a heavy weight from my right shoulder, the idea of being Miss Celia Maddox's nurse didn't appeal to me any more. As my commission in the Army Nurse's Corps wouldn't come in for some time, I had decided to cut short my vacation in the mountains of Vermont. One has to make a living sometime. From what Miss Maddox's housekeeper, Rhoda Saxon wrote me, I had the impression that it would practically be a vacation.

Suddenly, the place they called ***Bettencourt*** loomed in front of me. What a massive structure it was! There was a wide veranda with nine pillars, and the wall of bright red brick was almost completely covered with ivy, giving it a cool, remote look. I walked up the sprawling stairs, and lifted the carved knocker. The door opened, and before my eyes stood the most sinister looking person I ever hope to see. She was a mulatto, with strong negroid features, and immense proportions. Her hair was in elaborate coils around her head, large ear-rings fell from thick lobes, and her arms were as big as a prizefighter's. She wore a dress of brownish material, and her shoes were the old-fashioned kind, buttoned beyond the ankles. She opened the door, and I entered. Her voice was soft, and well-modulated. "I'm Rhoda Saxon. Come in out of the wind".

I murmured a feeble "Thank you", and followed her into a large room. Almost immediately a little colored maid brought in a pot of tea, and, being very tired after my long trip, I gratefully accepted a cup. Rhoda stood by the window, her hands folded, and stared at me. I noticed a beautiful Persian cat that was weaving itself in and out between her thick ankles, purring contentedly. She smiled, and her smile changed her whole appearance. I relaxed; perhaps the woman was human after all. Before she could say anything, a booming voice called to her, and without another word, she left the room, leaving me with the empty tea cup. On a couch across from me, another Persian cat glared at me with sneaky looking amber eyes. What the deuce had I gotten myself into?

I found out a few minutes later. The little colored maid came in and said in a piping voice, "Will you follow me, please?" I followed her up the stairs slowly, looking at the lovely appointments in the house. The staircase was long, and spiraled to a wide landing on the second floor. Everything was waxed to a high shine, and old portraits and mahogany tables and chairs were lined soldier-fashion along the wall. In the frail

Continued on Page 8

Red Wine

Contest

ss

"She started to propose a toast, thought better of it, and put the glass down on a small table near her."

A Glass Of Red Wine

Continued from Page 6

vases on the tables were fresh hothouse flowers, many peonies, and sprays of sweet-peas. They were the only sign of spring in the whole house.

Pausing in the doorway that the little colored maid had motioned me into, I pushed the door open all the way. I stepped inside, and stopped dead in my tracks.

On the huge canopied bed lay an old woman. My already poor heart pounded like a galloping horse. Except for the lovely white hair, which was spread like a fan on the lavendar sheets, and her bright quick eyes, she might have been the branch of an old gnarled tree. It was her skin that was wrong. I stood there, my mouth hanging open. Then I began to feel that someone was staring, or was it laughing, at me? I looked up, and my heart jumped.

There was a man standing beside the bed. He had a stethescope around his collar, but beyond that I saw nothing. He was looking down at me, and I found myself staring into a pair of the most disconcerting blue eyes I ever saw. He had dark, reddish hair, a pink face, and a very pleasant, laughing mouth, and when he smiled at me, he revealed a set of beautiful white teeth. And those blue eyes! Ohhh! They shifted from my face, down to my feet, and traveled slowly upward. I'm sure that he knew that I had a patch on my petticoat! I came out of my reverie to hear the end of the doctor's speech, in acknowledgement of Rhoda's introduction. ". . . Glad to know you, and this is our patient, Miss Celia Maddox". He smiled down at the old woman, and turned back to me. Blushing, I managed a few words to her, and she looked at me, then turned over and apparently went to sleep.

Those blue eyes followed me as Rhoda took me to my room to unpack. I was to stay across the hall in a wide room with a big fireplace and cheerful white curtained windows. My bed was a four poster affair, and the room itself was furnished in exquisite taste. Rhoda left me to my own devices for a short while, and I unpacked and mused over my new job.

Miss Maddox was evidently in the last stages of a rare kind of skin disease; that I could tell at a glance, having been on a similar case the year before. That accounted for the odor in the room. In my long experiences at the hospital, I had seen it, but never as in that luxurious bedroom across the hall.

Fight it as I might, the doctor kept coming back into my thoughts. His name. Dr. McLane. Skin case. Suddenly, it came to me! Yes! that was it! On my last case, I had read a book, "My Theory on Skin Disease", by Dr. Leo McLane. It was a book that had caused sensational comments from emminent authorities because it was so completely different from the usual beliefs. Well, I certainly didn't expect to find him so young!

I heard a bell downstairs, and then a knock on the door. We had dinner in a large room, and I learned much about Dr. McLane that night. He had finished medical school in Boston, and interned at the University of Virginia. He had come down to Richmond on a case, and decided to set up practice there. That was about seven years ago, and he had been there since.

After dinner, we went into the living room, a wide spacious room filled with priceless antiques. He put a match to the fire, turned his back to it, and continued to talk. "This skin malady has been affecting Miss Maddox for about thirty years. It is the lingering kind, and no one knew about it until she became too ill to leave her room. The Maddox family is an unusual line, and sometime I will tell you about them. But I must get back to the hospital." He came towards me and grinned as he said, "I hope that you enjoy working with me. Good night". Then he left the room, and I went upstairs to attend to Miss Celia.

The weeks passed swiftly, and before I knew it, the valley was in full bloom of spring. Gone were the dull, dreary days of March and the fitful rainy days of April. The apple blossoms were out in pink glory, and their sweet fragrance was everywhere. It was May, but in my heart I was weary.

I mused to myself as I sat, one beautiful evening, on the bank of the small stream

Continued on Page 22

I Had Forgotten

ANN SNYDER

Class of 1944

I had forgotten that the sun could shine,
And flowers could bloom along a woodland way,
But now the sun has warmed my heart again
Because we walked together there today.

I had forgotten that a rainy day
Could be so fresh and lovely in the spring,
But since we've walked together in the rain,
I've learned that even on rainy days birds sing.

I had forgotten that a little bird
Could sing as sweetly as he did today;
That even starlings have their red-tipped wings,
But when you walk with me the whole world's gay.

I had forgotten that a heart could love
And be as happy as you've made me be.
So many things were lost and now are found;
Because you showed me love, now I can see.

I'm Glad You Came

ANN SNYDER

Class of 1944

I am glad you came to me today;
Love had been so long away
That I had thought my dreams in vain,
And now that Spring has come again
I need your love to make me gay.

Jonquils are blooming by the way
And spring is in the air today.
Now joy will in my heart remain;
I am glad you came.

The thrush is pouring out his lay,
For joy is on the earth to stay.
The laurel is blooming by the lane;
Yes, spring has come again to reign,
And love has come to me today.
I am glad you came.

A Red Dress

Second Prize in S

"WAL, the best way to git up in them hills is a' hoofin' it."

"Hoofing it?" I questioned.

"Yep, walk," explained the ancient proprietor dryly. He spat expertly on the worn and not-too-clean floor of his general store, and hit an unsuspecting fly. He stuck a gnarled, scaley face altogether too close to mine and inquired, "What you aimin' to do up thar, stranger?"

It was useless to explain that I had come to sell life insurance policies to the mountain people. It was even more useless to try to sell them. I tried to tell that to the home office of Liberty Mutual Life Insurance Company, but the managers had too much faith in their newly-found idea for increasing sales. It was unreasonable and inconsiderate of my supervisors to insist that I sell insurance policies to ignorant, illiterate mountaineers. I shuddered to think of explaining the benefits of life insurance to such people as this man, whose question he voiced again. "I said, what you aimin' to do up thar?"

"Uh, just look around," I murmured. "I'm terribly fond of the mountains, aren't you?"

"'Tain't a question o' whether I like 'em or don't like 'em. I was bawn yere. That's why I'm yere. Reckon I'll go on bein' yere till I'm d a i d. W h e r e was you b a w n, stranger?"

"Massachusetts," I dutifully replied.

"That's whar you oughta be right now. A man ought never to leave the place whar he was bawn. That's why they was bawn whar they was, so they could be thar."

I smiled in spite of my efforts to match my mood with that of the old timer. His bit of philosophy was more than I could bear with a straight face. I changed the subject. "Which is the best road to take up the mountain?" I asked.

"'Tain't none of 'em good. You just as well follow right along this road. It'll git you thar. Maybe you can stop at the McCauley's or at the Shaver's tonight."

I decided it would be the best course, too, since there was no other road in sight. After thanking him, I hurried on, for the afternoon was well worn. I felt quite the mountain hiker now, having transferred the contents of my brief-case to a knapsack. The spell of the purple mountains gripped me and I actually began to enjoy myself. As I trudged on up the winding old trail, I began to understand why the natives of these hills seldom left them. The fresh clean odor of the pines invigorated me, and I hastened my steps, for I was anxious to meet other of these people whom I must insure in spite of their prejudice against the trifling complexities of the more civilized world.

The late afternoon sun sifting through the trees made patterns on the dusty road that narrowed now to a wagon trail. I continued to climb, the trail g r o w i n g gradually steeper. An insurance agent walks many miles on his debit, but never had I traversed such rough terrain as my feet stumbled upon now. On Corregidor it was worse of course, but I tried to forget that. I began looking for a place to rest a moment. A short distance to my left, I heard sounds of rushing water. Suspecting a cool waterfall, I forsook the trail and struggled through the underbrush. I knelt at the edge of the stream to drink, then hesitated. Suppose this stream wasn't pure? After a moment's deliberation, the footprints of small animals along the water's edge assured me that the water was safe for human beings too. My throat was dry from the dust, and I drew long, cold swallows of

or Sunday

y Contest

"Shall I be like the other mountain girls and ask for a red dress to wear on Sunday?"

the icy liquid.

As I straightened up, I caught a glimpse of a pair of beautiful, tanned feet swinging below a tangle of vines. I stole cautiously around the huge roots of a fallen tree.

Turn Page Please

Seated on the fallen log which stretched across the stream, was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. She was dressed simply in a rough, brown cotton dress. Soft waves of brown hair rippled over her shoulders. She was sitting very still and her eyes were closed. I hardly dared to breathe for fear of startling her. Although I made no sound, she seemed to sense my presence.

"Hello," she said. Her voice reminded me of feather down and tinkling music, so soft and sweet was it.

"Hello, little one."

"I do not know your voice," she said. "Who are you? Why are you here?"

"My name would mean nothing to you, and it doesn't matter why I am here. Please don't be frightened if I tell you I never saw anyone so lovely." Immediately I regretted my speech, for she was such an unusual being that I had no words with which to praise her.

My words did not seem to impress her. Her downcast eyes confused me.

"Thank you," she replied quietly. She shivered as a cool breeze stole across the woods.

"It's getting late," I reminded her. "Hadn't you better be going home? Won't your family worry about you?"

"No, they won't worry. I suppose I shall go home, though."

She eased herself to the end of the log, and I helped her down.

"May I walk with you?" I asked. "I am a stranger here and am looking for a room for the night."

"I suppose you can come along with me; Pa is very understanding." As she walked beside me, I noted that her steps were taken with precision and care beside me. I longed for her to look at me, but her eyes remained on the ground. The sun was just disappearing behind the mountain as we stepped out into a clearing.

"Look, my little flower, the sunset is beautiful!"

"Yes, it must be," she murmured. "I have never seen it. You see - - -"

"Yes, I see." I was startled and irritated that I had not known already. It seemed cruel and unfair that one so young, so undemanding, should be asked to carry the burden of blindness along every path she trod.

Sensing my feelings, she smiled. "Do not pity me, because I have never seen the light. I do not miss that which I have never had."

It was at that moment that I realized a peculiar fact that bewildered me. This ethereal maiden was not in the remotest way like the other mountaineers I had had occasion to meet. She was educated! No child of the hills could speak so fluently and beautifully.

"Have you always lived here?" I asked.

"Always," she answered. She guessed my question, "No, I'm not like the rest. It was my mother who taught me. She came from far away when she was a young woman, to marry my father. She has never been back. Her family strongly disapproved of her running away with a mountaineer. But she has been very happy with him. She taught me everything she knew, hoping that someday I could go away to study. I will never go, though. I couldn't live anywhere else, because the paths there would be too strange for my feet to understand. The earth here knows me and guides my steps. I shall always be a disappointment to my beautiful mother, because I am blind, and cannot be what she wants me to."

I could say nothing. I only knew that my heart cried out to her. I wanted her desperately—to love and protect all of her life. I shook my head to still my thoughts, for this could be nothing but an impossible dream. She could not see me. She could not know that my face was so horribly disfigured that it could hardly be called a face. The scars that I carried with me from Corregidor would ever remain to make my life miserable.

"Little One," I said, "you could never be a disappointment to anyone. Your mother must love you for what you are. God knows, I do, however untimely it may be for me to tell you."

"You are so kind," she almost whispered. "Why do you bother? All the others say I am useless. I must live in my own small world—my parents and I. It means

Continued on Page 28

Ten Days Behind a Lingerie Counter

ANNE WILLIS

LAST summer one of my friends gave me the shock of my life! She dared to depart from our time-honored tradition of spending our precious summer vacation days in spasmodic bridge games and dips in the town pool. For these and other things we made frequent engagements in our mad effort to escape the canning, weeding, and other repugnant activities carried on daily in our homes. Without so much as a backward glance at the coke machine and sun-tan lotion, she marched bravely off to find a job! We, her astounded cohorts, known to the town as "The Twelve Belles Who Chime Most Sweetly at Midnight", secretly admired her red-blooded determination and could not refrain from envious "Oh's" and "Ah's" when her first letter arrived. It was written on impressive stationery inscribed "Gooley's Hardware, Inc." In her letter her final words to us were "And girls, this is so absorbing and so broadening that I'm actually keeping a diary about it. I hope that some day you, too, may know the glorious feeling of financial independence!"

Cookie's step toward maturity had a marked effect on me. So much, in fact, did it impress me, that the next time we reviewed our Anti-Work Bill it didn't sound half so modern and sophisticated as it used to. So, I, too, decided to become a salary-earning citizen.

I reported for duty the first day in a sort of coma, for I had spent a night of waking at countless intervals to peer through the darkness at the clock, lest the alarm shouldn't go off at seven. Promptly at nine the efficient young thing who assigned me to my post behind the lingerie counter told me where to file my social security number. She also kindly remarked that they had better looking suitcases in the baggage department than those I was carrying under my eyes. You see, I was offering my talents to the local department store—the only one our town could boast of—that carried a complete line ranging from horse-collars to ladies' underwear. I was assigned to the latter.

My heart sank as I surveyed the counters of tumbled panties, nighties, and petticoats. But words that will be forever inscribed in my heart are those my boss whispered to me, as he placed a comforting arm around my tense shoulders. (He was so little that he almost had to stand on tiptoe to accomplish this feat).

"My dear", he said, "remember that Rome wasn't built in a day, nor was the world created in a day. And so you can't expect to learn in a day all there is to know about Leggett's Department Store! Take it easy!"

I tried so hard to heed this advice that I'm afraid I overdid it a little. The next day being a Saturday and "Bonus Day", a record was kept of each clerk's sales. Mine fell noticeably short. If it hadn't been for one giddy little salesgirl in the Piece Goods Department who found the coke machine definitely more alluring than her materials, my name would have graced the foot of the list. But even then my boss refused to be discouraging. After the list went up for all the clerks to see and criticize, he came up to me with this bit of comfort. "Sales aren't all by which we evaluate our sales people, young lady", he said, relaxing in a very charming manner against my counter and scrutinizing a frilly negligee. "What counts most in Leggett's—as elsewhere in life, I believe—is one's attitude. Second comes one's ability to get along with the other clerks, and third, how many sales tickets

Please Turn to Page 19

AUGUST AF

Third Prize in Sh

GENE D.

WILBUR crammed the last piece of ginger bread into his mouth. It was a large piece—too large for his mouth, which he had stretched beyond all reason for the previous bites. He managed to swallow it; then ran his tongue around the outside of his mouth in search of escaping crumbs. Having disposed of the ginger bread, he rubbed his hands on the seat of his corduroy knickers to remove the sticky brown sweetness left by the bread. He really felt that he needed a glass of milk, but he was too comfortable to go for it.

It was a hot August day; one of those known as "dog days". The air was close and humid; nothing seemed to stir. Wilbur was restless, but the heat had robbed him of his usual energy. He just sat, thumping his heels against the side of the porch and trying to whistle.

Down the alley came the sound of an intruder, who paused now and again to kick a piece of loose gravel. Wilbur listened attentively, trying to recognize the walk. Soon the wiry figure of Leroy Chisholm emerged from behind the woodhouse. He saw Wilbur and stopped.

"What do you think you're doing, Baby?" Leroy's voice sounded threatening but Wilbur couldn't decide what the threat was.

"Nothing."

"Well, ain't that sweet? Mama's little boy ain't doing nothing."

There was no answer to that. Wilbur just kicked against the side of the porch and looked at Leroy, who was five years his senior and a known bully.

A young gray cat crawled from under the porch and arched her back as she rubbed herself against Wilbur's feet. Wilbur stroked her from her head to her tail with his hand.

Leroy was interested. "That's a mighty good looking cat."

Wilbur picked her up. "She's mine", he said.

"Boy, I sure would like to have a cat. Cats are much better than dogs. You can't kill a cat. They've got nine lives, Why once I seen a train run right over a cat and mash her flat. The old cat jus' laid there 'bout a minute, dead as a door-nail; then she pulled herself together and got up and walked away. I ain't never seen no dog do that, have you?"

Wilbur shook his head, pulling the half smothered cat closer to him. "I don't want to see it happen to my cat."

"Oh, it wouldn't hurt her. Shucks, it'ud have to happen nine times 'fore she'd die."

"Just the same, I don't think she would feel very good, getting all mashed up, even if she didn't die."

"You know what we could do? We wouldn't have to let a train run over her to see if she'd die. The train is too far away, and 'sides there ain't another one till five o'clock. We could just bury her same as if she was dead and leave her there a minute and then dig her up again. She'd be all right."

"But I don't want my cat to die at all."

"I told you that we wasn't gonna kill her. We just go bury her, and even if she did die, she'd still have eight lives left."

Leroy reached out and grabbed the cat. Wilbur held on tight. "Leroy, please let's don't bury my cat. Suppose she's already died some place else eight times. This may be the last life she's got."

"Aw, let go your ole cat, or she'll be dead for sure before we even bury her. This cat has got all nine lives all right. She's just a little cat. Where'd you get her?

"Our Tabby had her."

TERNOON

ory Contest

RRISON

"How're we gonna remember where we buried my cat, Leroy? We ain't got no grave marker."

"Well, she's a young cat, ain't she? And you had her since she was born ain'tcha? An' she ain't never died before, has she? So she's still got all nine lives. Heck, I'll prove she's still got all nine ives. We'll bury her every day for eight days, and she'll keep right on living, but we won't bury her the ninth time 'cause then she'd die for good. Come on, let's bury her in Pettiegrew's Field."

Leroy took the cat by the nape of the neck and started toward the alley. Wilbur walked behind, doubtfully. Leroy, followed by the reluctant mourner, bearing the resisting corpse, paraded through the alleys until he came to a vacant lot, which was used for many purposes by the neighborhood boys. It was known as Pettiegrew's Field. Here Leroy chose a suitable spot for the grave by some blackberry bushes and told Wilbur to start digging.

Continued on Page 25

Introducing

The First of a Seri

Verses l

MR. HOLTON

This gentleman everyone knows
In a jam to him everyone goes
He'll help if he can
He's an A-1 man
Mr. Holton, we throw you a rose.

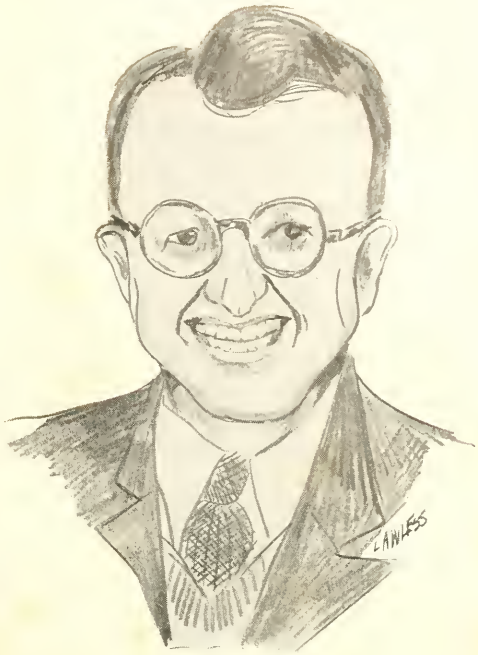
DR. BRUMFIELD

You surely must know this young man
For you take all his classes you can
Is it what he's expounding
That sets your heart pounding
Or Brumfield himself that so grand?

)ur Faculty

'LINOR LAWLESS

Y SPINDLER



MR. FRENCH

An ode would be just the thing
For our praises we lustily sing
To one who's the top
He's our own Charlie Hop
And he's got all us gals on his string.

DR. SIMKINS

If it's history you would explore
Just go knock on his classroom door
With the facts you're supplied
And much else beside—
Dr. Simkins will teach you much more.

Worth Investigating

prop up on these

A LION IS IN THE STREETS

LANGLEY, ADRIA LOCKE, *Whittlesey House, McGraw Hill Book Company,* 1945.

TO love someone so terribly much knowing all the while that what he does is wrong and that he must be punished was a trying experience for Verity. She knew Hank and the exotically beautiful swamp girl, whom he had appropriately named "The Flamingo", were having an affair, and yet she loved him.

Verity had met Hank Martin when he was a peddler in the swamp lands and had loved him from the beginning, as did everyone who knew him. From the day of their wedding she had forebodings about Hank's desire to help the common people and had watched him hold spellbound, first his friends and later multitudes. He made promises to the people in return for their votes, gradually rising to the position of governor of his state. On his road to power Verity saw him employ what he termed "nictitating" to gain his ends. He gave the state many things, but as he rose to power he became a "little dictator" and lost many of the fine qualities Verity first loved him for—and yet, she loved him.

Other characters besides the two principals of the book prove interesting: "The Flamingo", who caused Verity heartaches from their first meeting; Jules Bolduc, the philosopher-aristocrat upon whose land the Martins began life together in a sharecropper's cabin; Shelah, the old Negro woman who loved them both dearly, and who was present when their daughter, Nancy, was born; Guy Poeli, a bird-lover and an underhanded politician whom Hank both needed and feared; and "Saber" Miladge, the sharp-witted newspaper man who was kind to Verity.

It is not fair to present too simple an analysis of Hank Martin. He gave the people a great many things. He was deeply in love with his gentle wife—almost placing her on a pedastal. He made friends easily and was true to them; yet his winking at what was wrong and forgetting it, and his underhanded methods to gain personal power are often hard to understand. The reader must make up his own mind about Hank Martin as presented in this dramatic portrayal of a man who never paid any attention to grammar, who dressed crudely, and whose ascent from a poor peddler to the governorship of his state was phenomenal.

KAKIE HUNDLEY

THE GREAT LADY

MARGARET MCKAY, *John Day Co., New York* 1946.

EVERY nation has its own ideal of what a great lady should be; but Felicia Dale would doubtless meet the requirements of every people except possibly the natives of the Australian bush. Born into the diplomatic set of the foreign colony in the late nineteenth century China, she, with fiance, father and friends, endured

Continued on Page 29

Ten Days Behind A Lingerie Counter

Continued from Page 13

you make out".

That second point was one upon which hinged many of the vicissitudes of my working day. Most of the other summer clerks were of about my age, chronologically at least. But instead of sharing secrets and sympathizing with each other the way the "Twelve Belles" had always done, they indulged in criticism and jealousies.

The girl in the cashier's box I came to know as "Margie." My boss always called her "Purty", and I suspected that this endearing nickname was chosen in hopes that it might cast a magic spell to hold her temper in check, where HE, at least was concerned. But for the poor green salesgirls there was no respite! For the first week, Margie's attitude toward me was like that of the English professor's whose little boy said "I ain't got none, Daddy." Every trip to her box was accompanied by either a lesson in salesmanship or in manners.

"Can't you ever learn to put the amount they pay you in the top block, Willis?" If everybody gave you the exact change, why d'ya think I'd be here?"

I was never to forget that I was a "greenhorn" and that "Purty" had been reigning over the cash register long enough to learn what really made the business world tick.

Then, there was Miss Webb, in the baby clothes department. I shall never forget her She was small and round—somehow giving the impression of having recently been sat upon. This was due, in part, to her customary flat shoes and her unusual hair-do which consisted of curls jutting out at all angles from a myriad of criss-crossed bobby pins. However, it wasn't long until I began to see beneath this awesome exterior of curls and found hidden chords of melody in her sharply ascending refrain, "Ten, twenty, fifty, one dollar! Call again." Then Miss Webb would say to herself, "Diez, Veinte, Cincuenta, uno peso. Llama ud. otra vez, por favor." Because, you see, "Senorita" Webb had a passion for the Southern American way! One day I caught her, completely absorbed in a letter which I noticed was post-marked from Argentina. I, too am a Spanish addict, but scarcely from choice. "Senorita", however, actually beamed when I revealed my interest. We read aloud the gracefully worded letter signed, "Su buen amigo, Esabellita" and she was delighted when I stumbled over the same words that she hadn't understood. We smuggled our snarled translations into the store and struggled over them together when Mr. Coleman, the floorwalker, wasn't watching us. For Miss Webb the racks in the Junior Department didn't contain mere layettes and baby shoes. They were "los canastillos y zapatos pequenos". I hope that years to come will find her swapping Lily Dache's for Spanish sombreros and spending her free Wednesday on Copacabana Beach. She deserves it!

My own free Wednesday was like a quiet oasis in a Sahara of pink slips and garter belts. During the times when I wasn't plotting how to arrange the night-gown displays so that Mr. Coleman couldn't see me sitting down in the little green chair behind the counter, I was unfailingly planning for my Wednesday afternoon. Most of the girls used them as a kind of preparatory period for Saturday night. Margie said she always spent hers soaking her elbows in lemon-juice and trying to forget how many of the girdles I had sold that morning would be returned on Thursday. Each of us spent our time in different ways. "Senorita" wrote to her friend in Argentina, and one of the dry goods girls just took out on approval all the dresses in her size—all that she could carry—and tried them on for diversion. For a night, at least, the Duchess of Windsor's wardrobe had nothing on hers!

I remember with unusual clarity one Wednesday morning: everybody was electrified with anticipation of a free afternoon for everybody—from our genial boss right down to Henry, the prop and broom man. In such a dreamy mood, I was standing between the girdle counter and the tailored slips, when suddenly my reverie came to an abrupt end. Glancing upward, toward the piles of shoe boxes stacked to the ceiling, I

Continued on Page 30

CAMPUS

GR

Situations wanted: College graduate, mature, motherly, intelligent, class of '47, seeks position as housemother for fraternity at W&L. Phone 222.

The Old Maid

Jack: If you're a colonel, how come you wear both eagles on one shoulder?

Mack: It's mating season.

"Stop winking at the quarter-back, Mabel, he's not making those passes at you"

The professor who comes in late is rare; in fact, he's in a class by himself.

The Old Line

Use Lumpo soap. Doesn't lather. Doesn't bubble. Just company in the tub.

Epitaph on the old maid's tombstone: "Who says you can't take it with you?"

The Wataugan

Toast: To our wives and sweethearts—may they never meet!

Neighbor: Johnny, I need a loaf of bread from the store. Could you go for me?

Johnny: No, but I heard Pop say he could.

"Eavesdroppin' again," said Adam as his wife fell out of the tree.

Father: Well, son, what did you learn in Sunday School today? Anything new?"

Young Hopeful: Sure, daddy. I learned all about a cross-eyed bear. His name was 'Gladly'. We sang a song about him, "Gladly the Cross I'd Bear'."

Boulder

May: You've got to hand it to Jim when it comes to petting.

June: What's the matter, is he lazy?

The Old Line

A young fellow called Wolf by his chums
Made Boyer and Grant look like bums
He kissed with such zip
That he wore off his lip
And now he makes love with his gums.

John Owen

She: Who said you could kiss me?

He: All my friends.

CAPERS

Her eyes were black as jet—
This charming girl I knew.
I kissed her.
Then her husband came.
Now mine are jet black too.

The Old Line

He: You remind me of Moses.
She: What makes you think that?
He: Everytime you open your mouth, the bull rushes.

Then there was the absent-minded professor who wrinkled his stamp and thoughtfully licked his brow.

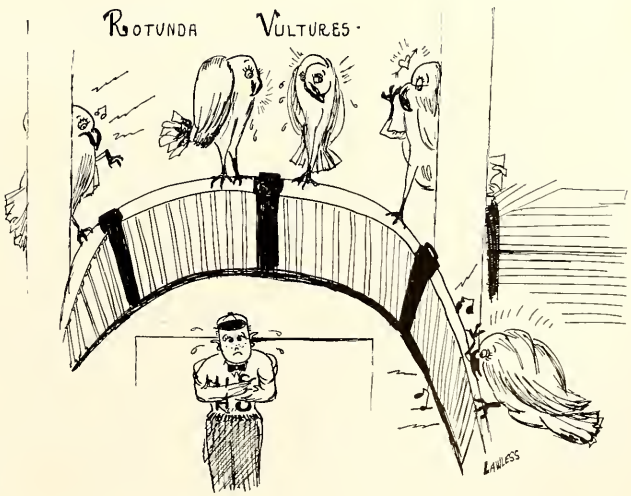
As a rule
Man's a fool.
When it's hot
He wants it cool.
When it's cool
He wants it hot.
Never pleased
With what he's got.

There was a young chief of the Sioux
Who smoked rubber bands dipped in glioux
The effect upon him
Was a feeling of vim
But all his tribe died of the pioux.

John Owen

In Boccaccio, it's frankness.
In Rabelais, it's life.
In a professor, it's clever.
In a college mag, it's smutty.
SO
"The one who thinks our jokes are poor
Would straightway change his views
Could he compare the jokes we print
With those we couldn't use!"

The Old Maid.



A Glass of Red Wine

Continued from Page 8

that bordered the main lawn. Dr. McLane was worried; Miss Celia didn't seem to want to get well. It was a strange household. A strange old lady as its mistress; a haughty fat woman as the housekeeper, and a lot of scared Negro servants. I had tried to shake off a feeling of revulsion as I passed Rhoda on my way out to the lawn. She said very little, and kept to herself, and whenever I saw her, she was chewing a piece of candy, or maybe shooing one of the little colored girls around. At times I would catch her staring at me with her expressionless black eyes, and for the life of me I couldn't stare her down. The twilight haze was just beginning to deepen, and that evening I was especially tired. Miss Celia was getting steadily worse, and I felt that I had to get away from that room, from the awful odor, and from the watchful eyes of Rhoda. So deep was I in my thoughts that I almost stumbled over Dr. McLane, who was sitting underneath one of the magnificent willow trees. I walked over and sat down beside him. We sat and talked about the scenery, and how beautiful we thought the great orange moon was. "You've been working like a dog for the last three months. What do you say we go into Hillsdale, and take in a movie?"

The orange moon was just going behind a cloud when Dr. McLane and I walked across the lawn from the car. The movie had been funny, and I don't remember ever having laughed so much. He was holding my hand, and we were shouting outrageously over something silly, when the front door flew open, and there stood Rhoda. In the half light of the portico, I could see that she was angry. Quickly I let go Doug's hand, said a polite "Thank you", and went upstairs.

I put on my old quilted robe, combed my hair out of the heavy braids that I wore, and was settling myself on the couch in the old lady's room when I heard the car go down the drive. The inky blackness enveloped the house. The moon was gone. I settled myself again on the couch, shivering.

I heard Rhoda pad by—how she frightened me! Me! I grinned to myself, and told myself to stop being such a foolish girl.

There was a little sitting room near Miss Celia's and I sat down in one of the comfortable chairs. Idly, with my fingers I traced the outline of one of the roses that were carved on the drawer of the little cherry table beside me, and was startled to see a small drawer shoot out into my lap. When I had recovered from the surprise, I picked it up. Inside was a hollow space, and nestled there was a sheaf of yellowed papers. My woman's curiousity got the better of me, and so I read it. It was a complete history of the Maddox family. It would take too long to tell you everything that was written on those papers, but I will try to tell you the most important part.

In the early eighteenth century, Lord John Bettencourt Maddox had come to America. He had given up his title to do so, with the high hopes of a pioneer, and dreams of building an empire of which he would be the sole ruler. He married a girl of French-Spanish blood by the name of Annette de Lysaght and together they built their own little empire at Bettencourt.

From these two people sprang the most passionate and headstrong people in Virginia. Handsome men and beautiful women. I got up and wandered out into the hall. I looked at each of the portraits, and then the dates, and compared them with the history of the Maddox family that I had in my hands. As I went from picture to picture, it became more and more apparent that they were all unusual. There were American Revolutionary heroes, a General Maddox in the War of 1812, and a lieutenant in the Mexican War, and three of the Maddox boys were killed in the Civil War. They wore the grey of the Confederacy. The fourth Maddox boy, Burgess Adams Maddox, served gallantly in battle, came back and married Marta Baird Epperson, a belle he had courted before the war. Two daughters were born. The oldest girl, Celia Epperson Maddox, was two when her mother died giving birth to Maude Anne. Burgess never married again. And from

there on, there was nothing about the sister, Celia, or the father. I looked in vain for their portraits.

I wandered back into the sick room, and had the shock of my life! A bright shaft of moonlight fell on the bed. The covers were thrown back and the bed was empty! Oh, my God! Frantically I turned on the lights! She was nowhere in the room! The door was ajar! I ran to it, flung it open. Where could she be? The old lady couldn't go far in her weakened condition. She must be somewhere in the house. I looked out into the hall, and as my eyes became adjusted to the darkness, I could make out a shimmer of light—it was coming from under one of the rooms near the back balcony. I gave a smothered cry and ran.

As I look back now, it seemed as if I would never get down that hall! I stopped. The door was partly open. It was one of the rooms that was always locked. I paused, pushed the door all the way open, and the sight was one that I shall never forget as long as I live.

Miss Celia was on her knees in the middle of the floor. Her long white hair cascaded to the floor, and she was gazing up at a painting as if she were in prayer. Her gnarled old hands grasped the light beside her, and with a tremendous effort, she got up, held the old kerosene lamp up to the portrait. I gasped in amazement! It was a painting of a perfectly beautiful young woman. She had lovely blonde hair, intertwined with pearls, and her clear blue eyes matched the gorgeous blue satin gown she wore. She had an angelic expression on her face, and her laughing red mouth smiled down on the old lady. "Maude, will you forgive me? I'm such a horrible person!" She sobbed, and turned to the next portrait. At first I could not understand what she said; she was delirious. "Oh, Breck, what wrong have I done you? Oh, God, will you ever forgive me?" She implored the painting. It was that of a young man, perhaps in his middle twenties. He was handsome, with soft brown eyes, jet black hair, and he was dressed fashionably in a long black coat and cravat affected in the early 1900's. He was smiling at me, and at Miss Celia. "I was so wrong! Wherever you are, please forgive me". She sobbed on and on, and I wanted so much to go to her and try to comfort her, but something made me stand in the doorway.

My eyes went to the third picture, and I almost lost my breath! It was vaguely familiar! Blazing green eyes, bright coppery hair held back with a black ribbon—why! It was Miss Celia! What a creature she must have been! I didn't even notice Miss Celia collapse on the floor I was so intrigued with the painting. Oh! I ran over to her, and carried her—(how, God knows, because she was a dead weight in my arms) —back to her room, and gave her a sedative.

I called Dr. McLane, who said that he would be right over, and sat down on the couch to keep watch over the old lady. She was very weak, and I had my doubts about how much longer she would live. I noticed the drawer to the night table open, and since things like that bother me, I got up, and started to close it, when something caught my eye. It was a small green book, very old, for the cover was peeling with age. I picked it up, opened it, and my eyes fell on one page. It was dated Christmas Eve, 1901. If I hadn't read on, this story would never have been written. I sat down on the chair near the bed, and settled myself to read about Celia Maddox, in the journal she religiously kept.

It was Christmas Eve at Bettencourt, in the year 1901. Maude was going to announce her engagement to Breckinridge Webb. The party was wonderful, and all the society folk for counties around were gathered for the occasion. Maude was wearing her blue satin gown, and carrying her ostrich fan, and oh, so happy—she was glowing! Breck was constantly at her side. Celia must have been the most unhappy person that night at the Christmas Eve Ball—for there was a secret that she kept from Maude. She was deeply in love with Breck, her sister's fiance. How beautiful and ruthless she must have been! And so different from Maude! She had bright red hair, green eyes, and wore quite risque dresses. Tall, with

Turn Page Please

the grace of a gazelle, she danced the local swains almost out of their minds. She had countless beaux, and danced with all of them that fateful Christmas Eve. Watching for the right moment, she managed to get Breck into the drawing room alone with her. She had begged coyly at first for his love, and then, after many distressing scenes with him, demanded his love with all the fury she could muster. "Leave Maude behind!", she cried, with a toss of her proud head. "Let's go far away, just you and I—I can make you so happy". But Breck told her gently but firmly that Maude Anne was the girl he would marry, and that he was sorry.

Blazing with humiliation, she stood in the middle of the empty drawing room, in her white dress, and poured out her fury and wrath on him, and swore that some day she would have revenge!

After the party, when all the guests had gone, the two families gathered together in the drawing room, to drink one last toast to the beaming couple. It was too much for Celia to see Breck gaze fondly into Maude's eyes, and so she abruptly went out of the room, to return later with a glass of red wine. She started to p r o p o s e a toast, thought better of it, and put the glass down on a small table near her. Breck, watching her, took it, and said, "I propose a toast to Maude, my future bride", and with one gulp, swallowed the wine. Celia stared, with her eyes wide with terror, and ran from the room. Everyone watched her go with questioning looks, and murmured about her.

In the wee hours of Christmas Day, in 1901, Breckinridge Webb died. The doctor who was hurriedly called when he became so ill, said that he had been poisoned. Maude was prostrate in her room. Mr. Maddox paced in front of the forgotten Christmas tree, with a thoughtful look on his face. When Celia went in to console Maude, her father came into the room and uttered the curse that had haunted Celia for the rest of her life. "May the arm that poured the poison into that glass—may that arm wither up like the branch of an old tree." With a frightened cry, Celia grasped her arm, for a pain had shot through it. Maude sat up in bed, disregarding the pleas of the maid Rhoda to lie down. Her eyes accused her sister, and she said, "I know that you were in love with Breck". Her voice took on an hysterical note; "You poisoned him. Ah, God help you!" She turned her head and lay sobbing miserably on her pillow. Rhoda turned, and led the dazed Celia back to her room, and closed the door. Celia was left alone then and for the rest of her life, with her conscience.

Within a year, Maude had left for the convent, and their father had died of a broken heart. Celia's arm was giving her more pain than ever before. She allowed no one to help her dress, and kept close at home, and within a few years became a recluse. Soon, the old house, which was used to so much laughter and happiness, became almost a tomb. Her father had n e v e r s p o k e n to her again, nor had Maude after that fateful Christmas morning. Maude left the house, a shadow of herself, wan and pale.

It's strange how the human mind works. Celia thought that her father's curse had been the cause of her illness. And no one ever knew that she had intended to kill herself that Christmas Eve of 1901 with the glass of red wine that Breck so impulsively drank.

As I sit writing this now, on my time off from my duties at S - - - - General Hospital in California, I wonder if Rhoda is still winding the clock in the hall that strikes thirteen for twelve, and whether the ivy at Bettencourt is still cool, green, and remote. I wonder if Major Leo McLane, far out in the Pacific ever thinks about Bettencourt, and me. I remember when I saw the place for the last time! Dr. McLane and I stood hand in hand on the lawn while our bags were being put into the car. As we drove slowly down the old driveway for the last time, we turned to wave goodbye to Rhoda standing on the porch. 'Twas a hello and a goodbye! A goodbye to the past, and a hello to a new life!

August Afternoon

Continued from Page 15

"But there's nothing to dig with, Leroy. I think I'll just take my cat and go home."

"No, that would ruin the experiment. How am I gonna find another cat that I know's got all nine lives. No sir, we got to use this cat. Now, you just run over to ole man Pettiegrew's woodhouse and see if you can't find something to dig with. It don't take much digging."

Sitting down on a turf of broom straw, Leroy rubbed the cat's head to calm her. She had not enjoyed the trip. Several red streaks on Leroy's arms gave evidence to this fact.

Wilbur came back with a broken coal shovel of the variety used for fire places. He dug up two or three scoops before he thought of a grave stone. "How're we gonna remember where we buried my cat, Leroy? We ain't got no grave marker."

"Now, that's a right important question. 'Course, we ain't gonna forget where we buried her, 'cause we go dig her right up again, but it ain't decent not to have a grave marker."

Wilbur was ready to suggest again that he just take his cat and go home, but Leroy was not to be cheated out of his experiment.

"We can just leave her tail out for a marker".

That was the logical thing to do. Wilbur could find no more excuses. He gave up and finished digging the grave, but his heart wasn't in it.

Holding the cat in the grave while they covered her up proved to be difficult. Leroy held one hand down firmly on her back and held the tail straight with the other hand. Wilbur covered his cat with dirt. He had to hold the dirt over the cat while Leroy pulled his hand out and filled in the hole he had made. The tail was waving violently when they started. Finally it jerked once and hung limp. Leroy saw it. "I guess she died."

"I want my cat. I don't want her to die. I want my cat."

Leroy pushed down the earth over the grave firmly with his foot. "Hush up, cry baby, your ole cat ain't gonna die for long. She's just gonna die for a minute; then we go dig her up an' she'll be good as new".

Wilbur wanted his cat. She was a good cat, striped with darker gray. It felt good to have her rub against his legs. With a violent shove he pushed Leroy from the grave and began digging with his hands to uncover his cat. The small animal's fur was thick with the moist earth; her mouth was open and dirt was in it. The body was getting stiff. Wilbur's cat was quite dead. He picked her up. "My cat's dead. I killed my cat. She's not coming back to life. She's dead! Cat's don't have nine lives! You lied! You made me kill my cat!"

"Aw, she'll be all right in a minute. Didn' I tell you 'bout the cat the train ran over? She was mashed flat, but she just pulled herself together and . . ."

"It's a lie." Wilbur dropped the cat. With both fists thrashing the air he rushed at Leroy. Leroy was stunned. What made this little bantam act like this? He pushed the boy hard against the chest. Wilbur stumbled over the open grave and fell on his dead cat. He buried his face in the dirt-covered fur and sobbed.

Leroy stared a minute. Then he heard the rattle of the ice wagon wheels on the cobble stones of Main Street. It was hot. Some ice chips sure would taste good. He turned and ran toward Main Street, without so much as a backward glance at Wilbur.

TO MY KITTY

Leroy,
My naughty puss
Your capers delight my
Fond eye. Would that I could be so gay
As thou!

Jean Cake

TO MY SAILOR

My thoughts
Ever turning
To thee, my love in blue.
Thy ship, on far seas, bring
thee back
To me.

Jean Cake

Nearness

Sue D. Davis

I sat there alone in the calmness of night,
With only the stars and the moon in sight.
And the cool breeze flowing through my hair
Seemed to remind me that God was there.

Then I breathed a low prayer of thanks to God,
That He had guided the paths I had trod.
As I wondered again of His love and his care
I knew He was watching me as I sat there.

REMINISCENCES

Barbara Graham

IT was the past that mattered to Daddy Sam—not the present. The things that were gone — the beauty, the stately philosophies of a way of life that his children and grandchildren would never know—these were the things of which he spoke. His life had been filled with rich experiences; he forgot the fears of tomorrow and lived in the wakeful past.

A happy old man, physically ill for the first time, was relating his past to an eager child. Words flowed smoothly. Content was in the voice as the beautiful, beloved story was revealed to the child. The Civil War—a boy of twelve cautiously rode horseback down a dusty, narrow road. He was on his way to the village blacksmith, where he had been sent by his father in search of a wagon wheel. He secured the wheel, waved good-bye to the kind blacksmith, and once again turned down the desolate road. As he approached the forks of the road, fear overwhelmed the child. Should he turn to the left or to the right? The horse pulled to the left, but doubt crept into the boy's mind. Which way led home? The surrounding country was infested with Yankees. The Yankee's propensities for evil had been magnified in the child's mind to the point of superstitious terror. By steady pressure on the reins, he forced the horse to turn to the right. Tears blurred the child's eyes. Nothing looked familiar. Every snapping twig became a lurking Yankee.

After a mile of hard riding he turned back toward the blacksmith's shop. When he sighted the humble old shed relief flowed through the child. He saw the blacksmith's daughter. Shamefully and tearfully he told her that he had lost his way. The understanding girl took the dejected little boy into the house and placed him before an enormous slice of cake. A feeling of security filled him. The benevolent girl had agreed to show him to the forks of the road. His journey home was filled with—not fear of the Yankees—but gratitude for the gentleness and thoughtfulness of the blacksmith's daughter.

Daddy Sam took the younger child's hand, bringing her thoughts back to the present.

"It's the little things in life that matter, my child. I have not forgotten the kindness of that girl, though it has been seventy-one years. Make the best out of life—forget the fears of tomorrow; open your heart and mind to the finer, greater things; give your best to a needy world; and your life will always be full and complete."

The College Honor System

Continued from Page 5

Of course that experience in my first college examination was but the beginning of four years of such an atmosphere. It is a common sight on that campus to see piles of books whose total value would run high lying where some careless student has left them until the rains and snows have swelled them into impressive heaps of neglected knowledge. It became commonplace to serve one's self in the Y candy store, or the University shop, and then ring up the purchase and make one's change at an unlocked cash register.

Such conduct of affairs creates widespread reactions. I remember one year when someone left a considerable amount of change on top of a locker in the gymnasium. But there it remained, undisturbed throughout the year. Indeed I wonder if it is not still there. But that locker room was open to all the help, white and colored, and that money was not disturbed by them any more than by the admitted "W&L gentlemen". Furthermore the campus with its forgotten books and unlocked cash register was available to all the townspeople without losses. One further illustration of the effects of the honor system upon the community comes to mind. I think the only restaurant cashier's desk that I have ever seen which was not located near the exit, was that cashier's desk in McCrums located near the middle of the store, well back of the soda fountain.

Undoubtedly the primary function of a college is to furnish the young mind with facts and to train that mind to be a keen instrument for intelligent living. It seems to me, however, that there are higher purposes. One of those can surely be the inculcating of an absolute sense of honor, a way of life that enables a person to be taken unqestionably at his word in all of life's transactions.

Nothing in this world can be had without cost, and the greater the value the higher is the cost likely to be. It is extremely hard for us to forget our childhood training that a tattle-tale is despicable. Unless college students are able and willing to see that an honor system is worth individual reporting of all observed infractions the system can never be had. Such a responsibility is extremely objectionable, but nevertheless essential.

Nothing that the student body of this college could accomplish would be worth more than the creation of a thoroughly functioning honor system. Such a system is more than personal integrity in regard to academic work and the property of others. It would create that confidence of one student in all her fellow students that would remove many of the frictions of daily life. It would create a college spirit that could not be rivalled by any other college. It would give to every S. T. C. girl that essential and firm foundation for a life that could be supremely happy and purposefully useful to mankind.

A Red Dress for Sunday

Continued from Page 12

so much to me to have you to talk to. It is seldom that I am able to be with someone from the outside."

Her admission encouraged me, but I still felt as though I were cheating her. To take advantage of her blindness in hiding my scars would be unforgivable. I knew that I must leave the hills at once. It would mean giving up my job, but I could not remain near this girl if I could not have her. Then a new thought came into my mind. Perhaps, even though I could not ask her to marry me, I could do something for her. I would send her to school where other blind people could help her to learn her way in the world.

"My little one," I asked gently, "If you could have one wish, what would you desire?"

She looked at me quizzically. "Shall I be like the other mountain girls and ask for a red dress to wear on Sunday? Or," she paused, "shall I just be myself and say that I want to be with you always—because I love you?"

I was a little taken back at this statement. "Little Flower," I said, "you cannot see me; you don't know the truth. You

mustn't say that you love me. What I meant was that you might go away to a school with people like yourself, and they would help you to learn. Couldn't that be like a new red dress?"

"No! I could never learn from them. I want you to teach me. Please understand me." She sighed. "But I am asking too much. My dreams are beyond reality. I cannot let you be chained to a blind woman."

"Oh, my little one, to love you and have you for my own is far beyond any of my hopes. If only I dared, but you don't know. I am ugly, Little One, absolutely hideous—do you hear? I lost all resemblance to a human face in a Pacific battle. That is why I am here in this hidden away place. It is repulsive to the world to have to look at me."

She lifted her face to me, and for the first time opened her eyes. I almost cried out, so gruesome was the sight. Then I realized, suddenly, that her affliction was a bond between us. If she had courage and hope in spite of her misfortune, surely I could forget mine. We would be happy, divinely happy here in these secluded hills, with no one else to care about. I would never sell insurance again: I could find other means of support. We would have each other. I would be beautiful to her and she to me. I took her hand, and she pressed my fingers firmly.

"You are my 'red dress for Sunday'," she said solemnly. "You are what I want most."

The old mountaineer had directed me, and I had "hoofed it" up the road to a new life.

Book Review

Continued from Page 18

the long siege by the natives of the Boxer Rebellion. This experience changed Felicia from a light-hearted girl into a woman who has faced all the horrors of war. Among these horrors were the death of her father and the helpless, agonizing wait for help that might never come.

Mrs. Dale's reminiscences of the Boxer Rebellion form the first part of this most revealing novel about China.

The second part of the book tells of how Mrs. Dale and her granddaughter Patricia calmly walked out of the elder lady's treasure-filled house carrying nothing but a manuscript of her memoirs to begin the long, dangerous trip to Free China. They, with an English couple and two young men, marched into Free China to escape from the Japanese in World War II.

The first part of the book is, however, superior to the second part. The woman who came out of the Boxer Rebellion enriched and ennobled by her experience, understood the Chinese and loved them so much that she lived in China all her life. She was the daughter of a diplomat and later the wife of another, stationed in one of the most dangerous places in the Far East. She maintained a charming home that was a source of happiness to all her visitors and she acquired the reputation of being a very accomplished hostess.

The Great Lady presents a fascinating picture of China and its customs over a period of forty years. In it China is seen through the eyes of a very understanding Westerner who has lived all her life there and who has grown to love and understand the Chinese more with advancing years. ***The Great Lady*** will not fail to interest anyone.

EVELYN HAIR

Thought: We pay the U. S. Weather Bureau billions of dollars annually, and such weather as we get for it!

FACT

Ladies don't go to Hell;
They go to Hades.

—Aldona Bauser

SOLITUDE

Solitude is very sad;
Too much company twice as bad.

—William Allingham

Ten Days Behind A Lingerie Counter

Continued from Page 19

saw our domitable Henry frozen on the top round of his ladder, and frantically waving his unwieldly, pronged stick with which he had lossened the pyramid of boxes. Before I'd had time to realize the tragedy about to befall us, Henry emitted a Tarzan-like yelp which resounded from the basement to the top story, and tumbled from his perch. The assortment of shoes and shoe boxes plummetted down after him. There he lay inert, completely surrounded by a barricade of white kid pumps and black oxfords. I found my breath at last, and ran to help him up. But the victim was scornful of any assistance. "I am not hurt!" he insisted strongly. And to strengthen the point, he rose painfully, adding "An' I ain't no sissy, neither!" It fell, however, to someone else to re-shelve the boxes. Henry went home!

Don't ever let anyone lead you to believe that they don't carry angels in department stores! Our own Leggetts had one: but unfortunately, not to be purchased at the regular price. "Aunt May", who worked with me, was a "sho' nuff" angel. Her value wasn't in dollars and cents, however: it was in her sympathy, her wise counsel, and her quiet friendliness. She was a stalwart little signpost with an abundance of shining black hair and sparkling blue-grey eyes—a signpost pointing out the best road to success in salesmanship. Her priceless bits of advice to me ranged from how to conquer foot fatigue, to how to handle diplomatically a

customer who was backward about being measured for a foundation garment. "Just take her by the hand and lead her off to the fitting room," she would say. "Once she's there, slip the measure 'round her waist so quick that she won't have a chance to complain!"

I followed this suggested technique to the letter and only once did it fail me. That time the tape wouldn't even reach around my indignant customer, and she exclaimed, "Young lady, if you find it necessary to hug me, I'll go elsewhere for my garment!"

But that was one of my lesser trials. The little adolescent beachhounds were the worst. They hang enraptured over the bathing-suit counter for hours, selecting strapless, seamless, two-piece and one piece suits, only to reach the decision that shorts were what they really needed! And then came the ladies of a forgotten era who murmured, "But, my dear, you must have some angle-length knitted union suits!"

When the first pay-day arrived I experienced several emotions; first, elation over the two new ten-dollar bills reposing in my brown pay envelope, and next the temptation as I eyed the chic dubonet bag and gloves that had been pleading with me all week to become accessories to my new fall suit. Eventually I had them under my arm with the important-looking ten percent discount ticket pinned to the wrapping. But on the way home cold despair gripped my heart, for suddenly I realized that I was now only forty-two cents richer than I was the day I started. But so much wiser!

so smart and snug and smug

in her new *Wintra*

made of BONMOUTON*

Eitingon dyed lamb

She feels so luxurious and so level-headed in her new *Wintra* fur coat. A *Wintra* looks like such a lot and costs such a little. A *Wintra* is made of BONMOUTON*, that elegant New Era fur. Everything about a *Wintra* is the best right down to its Narco Rayon lining. Sold at better stores nationally.

Styled by
Town and Country Club Furs, Inc.

*TRADE MARK DISTINGUISHES PRODUCT OF MOTTY EITINGON, INC.