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The Colonnade

State Teachers College

Farmville, Virginia



February
1947

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ness of Camels.

See if *your* throat doesn't
suit *your* "T-Zone"
to a "T."



The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. IX

FEBRUARY, 1947

NO. 2

CONTENTS

You're in the Army Now	NELSON SNYDER	5
Incident at Limerick	ELINOR LAWLESS	6
The Army Marches On	JACK LANE	8
Introducing Our Faculty		9
My Silent Partner	A. R. SOUTHALL, JR.	10
Loop-de-la-Whirl	ANNE WILLIS	12
The Destiny	PATSY SAUNDERS	14
My Cross	MELBALE BOOTH	15
G. Is in a Girls' School	JOHN VAN HOY	22
Almost Eighteen	CRAIG CUMBIE	27

POETRY:

To You	MARGARET LAWRENCE SIMKINS	4
Owed to a Jitter-Bug	MARGARET LAWRENCE SIMKINS	11

BOOK REVIEWS:

Fletcher: <i>Toil of the Brave</i>	EVELYN HAIR	18
Eberle: <i>The Charioteer</i>	LEE CARTER	18
Campus Capers	GRACE LOYD	20

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"What we aim for is a really dynamic combination of the New Yorker and the Yale Review!"

Adapted from *Everything Correlates*
by Anne Cleveland and Jean Anderson

Dedication

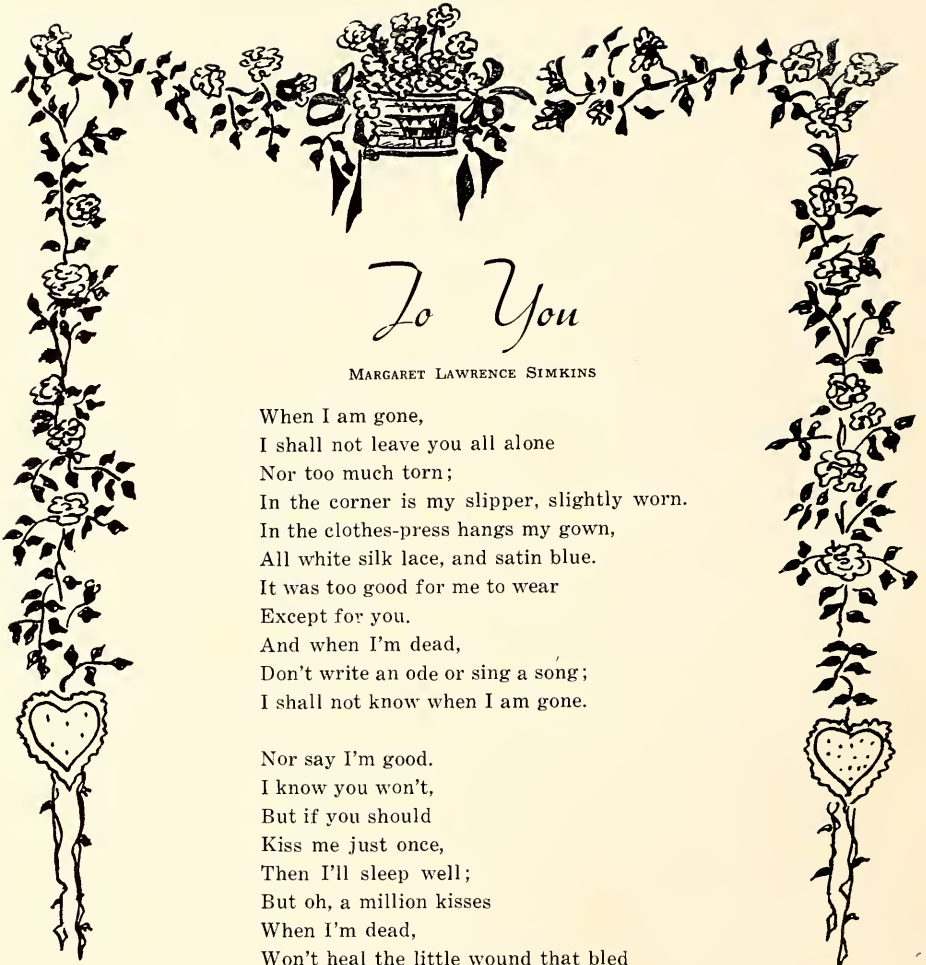
To the following men and women whom we have come to know affectionately as "Our G. I.'s," we dedicate this issue of The Colonnade.

Eubank Dunton, Army Air Forces	Jack Lane, Army Air Forces
James Jones, Army Air Forces	Stewart McGhee, Army
Rosser Flippen, Navy	John Lamenzo, Army
Owen Gills, Navy	Herbert Maxey, Merchant Marine
Graham Koch, Army	Leonard Maxey, Army Air Forces
George Robertson, Navy	Alger Rixey Southall, Navy
Robert Slate, Navy	Billy Southall, Navy
Nelson Snyder, Army	John Van Hoy, Army Air Forces
Joseph Wilkerson, Army	Elinor Lawless, U. S. Marine Corps
Thomas Wood, Army	Edna Longworth, Navy Wave
Ruth Eggleston, Navy Wave	Billie Mullins, Navy Wave
Helen Holbrook, Navy Wave	Dorothy Tuck, Navy Wave

Not only have they given us the added distinction of being termed a "co-ed college," but they have become a vital part of our campus life. They have caught the intangible "spirit" of Farmville. No one could be more a part of the friendly groups of students in the Rotunda, the library, Shannon's, or on the campus-walks than "Our G. I.'s."

Extending their interests into the fields of literature, they have contributed generously to The Colonnade. Notice especially those articles by Nelson Snyder, Jack Lane, A. R. Southall, and John Van Hoy.

Having read "A Glass of Red Wine," by Elinor Lawless, in the last issue, you won't need a recommendation for her new story. And we've been promised bigger and better contributions. The G. I.'s are just getting started!



To You

MARGARET LAWRENCE SIMKINS

When I am gone,
I shall not leave you all alone
Nor too much torn;
In the corner is my slipper, slightly worn.
In the clothes-press hangs my gown,
All white silk lace, and satin blue.
It was too good for me to wear
Except for you.
And when I'm dead,
Don't write an ode or sing a song;
I shall not know when I am gone.

Nor say I'm good.
I know you won't,
But if you should
Kiss me just once,
Then I'll sleep well;
But oh, a million kisses
When I'm dead,
Won't heal the little wound that bled
For the kiss I missed
Before I went to bed.

ELINOR
LAWLER

"You're In the Army Now"

NELSON SNYDER

JOHN was just a young boy when he was drafted into the United States Army; in fact, he was only eighteen and had just entered college.

He felt exhilarated that bright chilly February morning as he stepped off the train in Fort Bragg to the tune of "You're in the Army Now". He felt as if he could lick the Japs and Germans single-handed. The music inspired him so much that it made him feel that if he couldn't march to it, he would go mad.

The first week at camp, John spent meeting all of his bunk mates, getting shots to immunize him against all sorts of diseases, drilling till his feet were so sore that he could hardly walk. He did calisthenics until his arms, legs, and body felt as if they were made of stone, and he did a lot of other routine things.

The second week John and all of his fellow recruits began basic training. Basic consisted of more drilling, more calisthenics, as well as classes in map reading, gunnery, and other subjects.

The second week, and John found himself rising every morning at the crack of dawn. After getting on his feet he and his buddies dashed outside and fell in line—like three rows of corn. Then they were off to chow—whatever it might be. Chow over, the recruits were given about an hour to clean up the barracks and themselves.

At eight o'clock the Sergeant yelled in-sider for them to "fall out." After counting off, and after roll-call, they were off at "double-time" to the athletic field. John found this a rather strenuous way of getting there. When the calisthenics were over, they ran back to the barracks, changed clothes, and "fell out" again for their classes which lasted until twelve o'clock.

At one, they fell out again for training on the 105 mm howitzer and the obstacle course. Finally, the day was over. What a

relief to lie on the bunk and rest! Only John was mistaken—the day wasn't over—he still had to stand retreat. So he washed and dressed again, this time in his cleanest clothes and his most polished shoes, and fell out.

The next morning John awoke by the sound of the bugle, and as he lay there in his bunk, he started thinking about what he would have to do that day. Of course, it would be the same thing that he did the day before. He began humming to himself, "Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning! Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed." But before he could finish, the Sergeant came in and pulled off his blankets shouting in his ear, "You're in the Army Now! Get up!"

For the next three weeks John found himself doing the same things that he had done that first day of basic training. At night he relaxed by going to the movies or to the PX with a few of his buddies and partaking of a few "brews".

Along with all this physical training John's brain was worked equally hard. He studied such things as map-reading, the mechanics of a gun and other things which would make him a good fighter and soldier.

Somehow John excelled in each of these phases of the army; so he was given the test for Officer Candidate's School, and he passed with flying colors.

O. C. wasn't exactly what John had thought it would be. He knew that he would have to study, but he had thought that, at least, he could go out any night he wanted to. He couldn't. He didn't like this at all; so six weeks later he got out of O.C.S. However, he came out as a Corporal, and not as a Buck Private. It made him feel very good—not to be a private.

John went back to his old "buddies", and he was much happier to be with them, rather than with the guys in O.C.S. Every night

Please turn to page 25

“Incident at

ELL



“The pen is mightier than the sword” . . . they say, but some pens leak, as mine does. So this tale has no moral, no surprise ending; it is just a tale. I heard it years ago, but it wasn't until I grew up and heard it once more that I appreciated it myself.

I come from a long line of Irish people who go by the name of McCreary. My cousins and aunts and uncles are too numerous to count. It is one of these numerous aunts that I want to write about. Her name is Phoebe. Phoebe Penelope McCreary. How the name Phoebe Penelope got into a family with names like Bridget, Kathleen or Jamesina, I don't know, but Phoebe, somehow, hits a wrong chord. My grandmother, however, must have had second sight, because if ever a name fitted anyone, Phoebe fitted my aunt.

Aunt Phoebe was very small. She was only a little over four feet tall, and she had bright silvery hair, and laughing blue Irish eyes. She possessed a pair of clever square hands that were never still. Aunt Phoebe was a cook. A master of the culinary art, she could turn out pies and cake that were worthy of George Rector, himself.

After Grandmother McCreary died, Aunt Phoebe was left on her own. Without a single business talent in her pretty head, she went to work for the socially prominent James Snelling family. They lived outside of Philadelphia in a beautiful old country home, which they called, “Limerick”. It was situated on the fashionable Main Line, and the Snelling family kept up a social schedule that would have made a debutante balk.

That was twelve years ago. She was very happy at “Limerick”, having a room to herself and two week-ends a month to do as she pleased, and two week's vacation a year with pay. Ah, yes, the modern domestic had come a long way.

This tale begins after Aunt Phoebe had been at “Limerick” for nine years. When she was in the kitchen one afternoon, turning out the most beautiful breast of pheasant you ever saw, Mrs. Snelling came in, followed by a woman. Mrs. Snelling was aristocracy personified. Her regal carriage, her fine patrician nose, and severe hair-do bespoke the upper class. All in all, she was haughty in appearance, but she was gentle, sweet, and kind beneath her veneer of wealth.

“Phoebe”, she said in her low musical voice, “this is our new laundress. Father O'Donnell recommended her. Be good to her, and show her what to do. She will sleep in the room across from you.” With that, Mrs. Snelling turned and went through the swinging door, and into the library where General and Mrs. Edgcomb were waiting for cocktails.

Aunt Phoebe looked at the woman. She was almost six feet tall, and her face was deeply pitted from acne, and her wild, coarse hair was straining to release itself from the coils she had wound around her large head. She wore a modest brown coat, and matronly shoes, and she carried a large black suitcase covered with foreign looking labels. Aunt Phoebe gathered her full height of four feet, one inch, and snapped: “What's your name?”

"Limerick"

The woman, who had been raking the white kitchen with her black eyes, stared at Aunt Phoebe and said in a harsh voice, "It's Ella Conley, if it's any business of yours. Whatcha got good in that there icebox?"

Aunt Phoebe walked over to the refrigerator and without another word, opened it, set a plate of cold sliced meat on the table, and stalked out. Immediately she went upstairs to confer with Bessie Storey, the housemaid. Bessie had been at "Limerick" for fifteen years, and she and Aunt Phoebe were great friends.

She burst into Bessie's room and said, all in one breath, "Mrs. Snelling has just taken a new laundress and I don't like her looks. Besides, she sassed me and she looks like a hard woman. I don't like her at all!" The amazed Bessie looked up from the knitting she was doing for the Red Cross and smiled. "Now, sit down, Phoebe, and cool off", she advised in a motherly fashion. "You know that it's bad for your blood pressure to get so excited".

"I know", countered Aunt Phoebe, "but I don't like the woman's looks; she gives me the creeps!" Aunt Phoebe set her lips in a prim straight line, and Bessie knew that the new laundress was in for what most people called, "IT".

So, for the next few weeks, Aunt Phoebe watched the new laundress. Nothing missed her eagle eye. Ella Conley rarely spoke, but when she did, it was in a deep harsh voice, usually demanding something, or complaining about the food. Aunt Phoebe's dislike grew into hatred. She was challenging her unofficial position as head of the domestic household. Bessie began to observe the unconcealed animosity between the two.

This situation continued for sometime. Then one night things began to happen.

First of all, Aunt Phoebe had heard pecculiar and weird noises from the locked bedroom across the hall. Then one Tuesday morning, while Aunt Phoebe was counting the dresses Mrs. Snelling wanted washed, she noticed that two of her favorite frocks were missing. Slipping upstairs, she searched in Ella Conley's room. It hadn't been swept in a long time, and dust was thick on the dresser, and around the open closet door. She looked in the closet. There was nothing there except the clothes Ella had worn the first day she came to "Limerick", and two clean uniforms. The black suitcase was on the floor. Aunt Phoebe opened it, and to her satisfaction found the two dresses, and a small card with "Norristown, Pennsylvania" written on it. With a thoughtful look on her face, and her eyes narrowing, Aunt Phoebe took the dresses downstairs and put them in the laundry basket. The following week the same thing happened. The groaning sounds continued, and when Aunt Phoebe told Bessie about them, Bessie laughed in her face. So Aunt Phoebe left her without a word, and went downstairs, and began to prepare supper.

That night, Mr. and Mrs. Snelling went to a party at the Hopkins estate adjoining "Limerick", and Bessie went into Wilmington on one of her periodic visits to her sister.

About eight o'clock, Aunt Phoebe allowed herself the luxury of a long refreshing hot

Please turn to Page 23

The Army Marches On

JACK LANE

AT Keesler Field, Mississippi, in November, 1943, the weather was warm.

We had taken the necessary examination for entering Aviation Cadet training, and we were waiting for orders to go to a College Training Detachment. On November 26, we were alerted for shipping out from Keesler Field; on November 27, we left. No one knew where we were going, but as usual several rumors were circulating. The only thing we were sure of was that we were going north. When we reached Richmond, snow and ice were on the ground. The weather kept getting colder as we went farther north through Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. From New York, we went to Albany, and our destination was still a mystery. After we left Albany, the officer in charge of the shipment told us that we were going to the University of Vermont, which was located at Burlington.

We arrived at Burlington about 9:30 A. M., November 29. The snow was twelve inches deep, and the temperature was five degrees above zero! Only two days before, we had been reveling in the warm Mississippi sunshine and now this! To a man, we delved into our bags and pulled out our overcoats. A man needed two coats there! We really thought we would freeze before we had walked the fifteen blocks to the hall that was to be "our home" for the next five and a half months. Eventually, however, we grew to like Burlington, in spite of the temperature.

Burlington is a rather quaint town of thirty thousand, on the eastern shore of beautiful Lake Champlain. Many of her thirty thousand people are direct descendants of the early French settlers, who made their way up the St. Lawrence River and then on to the Lake Champlain district. They are still decidedly French in both language and customs.

In a few days after our arrival, we were in full swing as students of the University of Vermont. At that time, the student body was made up of approximately eight hundred girls, one hundred civilian boys, and eight hundred aviation cadets. Our classes ran from eight o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon. We had our classes separate from the other students. The worst thing about that was that we weren't even allowed to talk to the girls on the campus. The Army said it should be this way, and the Army knows! But we met the girls now and then in the bowling alleys or in the coffee shops, when we were rather sure that none of the officers would be around.

With the exception of Saturday and Sunday nights, we were required to remain in the hall each night to study. We did study—the most of us—but some of the boys engaged in more entertaining activities on those cold winter evenings. On Saturday afternoons we often went skiing or ice-skating, and on Saturday nights we usually went to the dances given by various sororities or other organizations.

All of us looked forward to the last month of our training for then we were to begin flying. That last month finally came, and we really did fly. We flew only ten hours, but those ten hours seemed a long time to most of us. Each flight was one hour in length and we were unable to fly many days in succession because of the bad weather. At night if you could have heard us discussing the various things we did while flying that one hour, you would have thought each of us a veteran at the game. There was much exaggeration, but I guess that was only natural. We really considered ourselves "hot pilots" after we had finished the ten hours.

About the time we finished our training,

Please turn to page 24

Introducing Our Faculty . . .

Second of A Series

BY ELINOR LAWLESS

MRS. PACKER

*If you find yourself with fever or chills
You should go down quick-like-a-rabbit.
Mrs. Packer will give you a handful of pills,
But "Girls, don't make this a habit."*



DR. WALMSLEY

*In economics, politics, history, or debate—
Any subject you mention, at that,
You're sure to find him up to date—
With an answer right under his hat.*



DR. HIGGINBOTHAM

*Venture down to the Biology lab some day—
Where the bugs and the bats are collected.
There Dr. Higginbotham holds sway,
And old bones are resurrected.*



MY SILENT PARTNER

A. R. SOUTHALL, JR.



belong to no secret organizations. I know of no shibboleth that could do justice to my secret. Perhaps it should not even be called a secret, as it is possessed by all. But, I consider it my most priceless possession—my imagination.

The dictionary tells me that imagination is a mental image, a conception, or a creation of the mind. I have modified Webster's definition, and I call it a sixth sense.

Sometimes I go for hours making mental analyses of objects that I see, of phrases that I read from books, and of other things that I come in daily contact with. Most people would call this imagination running wild, but it gives to me relaxation of both mind and body.

I sit down to read a book, run across an interesting passage, and my imagination takes over. Sometimes I read several pages in a text book before I realize that I am not grasping anything; that the words are just passing through my mind. My imagination has my interest elsewhere.

I have tried in vain to rid myself of this habit, but I find the temptation always mounting. If I go to a movie, in the middle of the feature my imagination takes over again, and I try to figure how the story will end. All in all, it does add to my interest in the story. After a football game, I picture myself in the position of the quarterback, and what plays I would have called to outwit completely the opposing team; or after an automobile accident, what maneuver I would have made to avoid the accident, had I been the driver.

But my imagination has played further pranks on me. For hours it has dwelt on the thought of perpetual motion—how a machine could be developed to run indefinitely. But even great scientists have not yet proved that this is possible. I have read detective stories and later found myself making a mental survey, as to how the author could have planned a perfect crime. Sometimes I go to a class and sit through the whole period, trying in vain to listen to the information given by the instructor. My imagination gets a grip, and I am entirely oblivious to what is going on. I think of what I did yesterday or a year ago, and of how I would handle the situation, should I have to encounter the same thing again.

I think a course in electricity I once took is more or less responsible for these analytical capers of my imagination—a course which involves about one half facts and the other half imagination; one in which the results can be seen but causes and effects are missing.

Whatever imagination is, I gain great pleasure from it. I do not believe in secrets; they do not create. But I do believe in imagination; it reveals and creates. I will stand by my imagination—my silent partner. Someday it may prove of value to me!



Owed to a Jitter-bug

MARGARET LAWRENCE SIMKINS

I've learned somewhat about the ant,
The crawfish, and the slug.
But my, just try to classify
A modern jitter-bug.

His head is almost solid bone,
There's absence of antennae,
What sense he has is in his feet,
Of brain he hasn't any.

He has a rudimentary spine,
The appendages are jointed,
He has some hair upon his head,
His nose is upward pointed.

When he is soaked in alcohol,
He always sees things double,
To squash him as you would a fly,
Would be a luscious trouble.

He's cilia than any loon,
His bray-like laugh betrays him,
A simple thought of any sort.
Is just the thing that slays him.

He doesn't work at all by day,
Nor does he work by night.
Now is this thing a sort of sponge
Or just a parasite?

Oh, you who know your phyla well
Please tell me if you can.
What is this foolish jitter-bug,
An insect, ape, or man?



EUNOR
LAWLESS

Loop d

IN the shadowy ballroom hung with festive green and white streamers, girls in billowy net skirts and straight young men in black tuxedos glided across the polished floor. They formed a pattern of youth and gaiety and fulfillment of cherished dreams. This was a night to be remembered, a night of laughter and music—a night to hang on to forever!

As the liquid notes of the saxophone introduced the Senior Special, "I Love You For Sentimental Reasons", Betsy Grey-stone's lithe young figure beneath her white lace gown moved eagerly into her partner's arms. For a moment she was aware of nothing save the joy of following Johnny's intricate steps, as they dipped and whirled among the other couples on the floor. Their feet paused together in response to an almost imperceptible break in the music, and Johnny bent his suave blond head and whispered, "Honey, your roommate told me you were a good dancer, but she's dead wrong—You're perfect! I've never met a woman who could anticipate all the curves the way you do. Let's dance together this way forever, shall we?"

Betsy shot him a flattering, thank-you smile, but her blue eyes held a remote expression he was not quite able to fathom.

"Maybe she thinks this is just a new line," he reasoned. "Can't blame her, really. We've just known each other this one night. But she's my kind of girl, all right. Good to look at and caring most about clothes and dancing and keeping her figure on the beam. None of these serious, character-studying dolls for me! Susan's that way. Wonder why she chose Susan to room with anyway? But I guess a butterfly like this one needs somebody to run errands for her and keep her out of trouble. Poor, conscientious little Susie!"

John made a mental note to cancel the

date he'd made for next evening, since Susan's roommate hadn't turned out to be the colorless, horn-rimmed creature he had envisioned, and gave his attention again to the conversation.

"My heart's been broken exactly three times," he confided, "but after tonight all three pieces are in your keeping."

"Really"? He was a little surprised at the coolness in her voice.

"But maybe you'd rather not talk about it 'til later, huh? Much later?" He gave her arm a meaningful squeeze.

"Yes, Johnny. I'd rather not talk at all now, if you don't mind—just dance."

Johnny's first compliment on her dancing had sent Betsy's thoughts racing backwards; back to another dance, another dress, another boy.

* * * * *

It was a sultry June day, throbbing with the luxurious, just-out-of-school freedom. She was then all of thirteen—a proud seventh-grade graduate and more thrilled by her doctor father's new microscope and the cookie-bowl than anything else had to offer. And she couldn't reconcile herself to the fact that tonight she'd been invited to a party—her first grown-up dance—and that her entire afternoon must be sacrificed to a dancing lesson when the swimming hole looked so invitingly cool and untroubled. She gave her short bobbed hair a peevish toss, looked disdainfully at the new manicure set her mother had provided, and deliberately scuffed her worn moccasins on every chair, as she made her way into the spacious living room.

The rug was rolled back neatly and the antique victrola squeaked out one of her mother's college-day fox-trots, as Cousin Helen, cool and perfumy in flowered afternoon crepe, greeted her waiting class. "Now

a Whirl

Betsy's here, we'll have partners for everybody!" she said.

At first it had been fun, two-stepping around the coffee-table and over-stuffed chairs with Tommy's grimy hand clutching hers, and she thought, "If this wasn't my brother, it might not be so bad." Then Helen commanded Susan, Betsy's next door neighbor and dearest chum, to put on "You've Got Me Pickin' Petals Off of Daisies". "This will be faster and more like the ones you'll be likely to hear at the dance," she said.

She showed them a double step to suit the faster tempo, with a sort of slide back and dip at the end. Susan caught it promptly and went twirling gayly about the room with Cousin Helen. Her plump little legs followed the rhythm effortlessly, and her eyes shone with excitement. "Come on, you slow-pokes!" she called to Tommy and Betsy. "It's loads of fun!"

Tommy and Betsy had followed, but with disastrous results. Betsy's long, gawky legs just couldn't seem to obey her when she told them to slide and dip, and with the first turn with Tommy one of them caught under a chair-leg and both children sprawled on their backs! Laughing, they started off again, but try as she might, Betsy couldn't make her feet go fast enough or keep them out of Tommy's territory. "Lift 'em up, Clumsy!" he admonished, "or I'll get me a new partner. Here, Susie, let me try it with you."

Totally unconscious of the cruelty of his demonstration, Tommy discarded Betsy abruptly, clutched Susan's compact little waist and they circled away, Susan's beribboned pigtailed sailing out behind like triumphant banners.

Betsy collapsed on the sofa in a torrent of tears; the contrast between her own and Susan's agility was all too painful.

"I just won't go to the old party!" she wailed. "I'll never go to a party and I'll never try to dance again. My legs are too long, and I'm ugly and oh-h-h, Susan, I hate you! Don't you ever come over here again!"

As the door thudded behind her dejected playmate, her mother entered, distracted from her sewing by the unusual sounds emanating from the next room.

"Really, Elizabeth!" she exclaimed, "What on earth is the matter? Did you ask Susie to leave?"

Betsy's livid face arose from the tear-splashed pillow. "Yes, Mother, I did. I never want to see her again as long as I live, and I'm not going to the old dance!"

Betsy's mother, while completely understanding her daughter's outburst, was not given to pampering her children.

"Why, of course, you'll go, dear! Come here and try on the lovely dress Cousin Helen brought over. It was her first evening gown, and now it's to be yours."

Still inconsolable Betsy allowed her mother to draw the pink net flounces over her sunburned head and poked her long, angular arms through the dainty puffed sleeves. A tuck here and there, the hem lengthened and bound around the bottom, and it covered her in all the expected places. But Betsy's healthy freckles and boyish frame made the ruffles and Scarlet O'Hara skirt look oddly caricaturish. As she revolved before her mother, who knelt on the floor with a mouth full of pins, Tommy entered with his customary whoop.

"Well! Look at Dracula, will ya'!"

Betsy was oblivious of the remark and expression on her brother's face. Dancing lessons forgotten, she was floating away in a pink-net heaven all her own. This beautiful dress would make all eyes gaze in adoration tonight, and she was certain it was the

Please turn to Page 19

THE DESTINY

PATSY SAUNDERS

THE marsh was dark and stagnant. The soft lap, lap of the water against the bank held a sinister fascination for Kathleen. What was it about the quiet murky water that drew her closer and closer to its edge? Among the rustling cattails goggle-eyed frogs croaked their weird, monotonous song. Dark, mysterious shadows fluttering here and there cast their shapes upon the marsh. The scream of a wild animal pierced the air; then all was quiet. But Kathleen was unaware of any of these things. That dark marsh had cast a hypnotic spell upon her. Creeping steadily to the water's edge, she looked down into the depths. The heavy mass seemed to surged up—up until it seemed to engulf her.

Then, as quick as a flash, a powerful inner force jerked her back, and she fell screaming to the ground. Kathleen was no longer the beautiful and poised Mrs. Yall. A weird, haunted expression was in her eyes, and her ashen face was distorted with pain and sorrow. Her dark hair hung loosely about her shoulders, and her forehead was damp with icy sweat.

"Kathy, what a coward you are! Where is your faith in God? Where is your faith in yourself? And where is your pride?"

Faith? Pride? The marsh seemed to echo with mocking laughter. Her faith and pride had disappeared with that playwright husband, Don. But Don's image appeared before her as clearly as if he were standing there. Handsome, charming Don! Kathy smiled a half, twisted smile. There was only one Don in the world. All women should be thankful for that. She could see him at his desk, writing frantically—his coppery hair touseled and his pipe—oft times not even lighted—clenched between his teeth. His grey-green eyes were not laughing and friendly; they were hard and penetrating as he concentrated on his work. While he

worked, she would slip quietly away. Days, sometimes weeks later, he would come to her, disheveled and dog-tired, but triumphant, with his new play clutched in his hand. Together, they would read and criticize it, line by line. Always the plays were successful on the stage, and always Kathy played the leading role.

For five years, these two young people were happy in their ambition and in their love for each other. Somehow, Don's personality reached out and enfolded everyone with whom he came contact. She was always by his side, ever ready to help him and ever radiantly happy in his success. Now he was gone—gone forever!

* * * * *

The darting shadows became more frightful as they swept brazenly in front of her, screaming, "Gone! Gone!" The trees spread wide their limbs of rustling leaves and mocked: "He's gone, Kathy, forever." The marsh changed from a weird stillness to a whirling stupendous mass of greyish green hideousness. Then, firmly but gently, some inner power drew her eyes upward.

"It is hard to bear, Kathy, but you must—for his sake. He loved you very much."

Poor Donny. If he just hadn't attempted to produce those last two plays. They had been dismal failures. He had not only invested all of their own savings, but he had borrowed rashly. Almost over night, they had lost all their savings. This, Kathy could stand, but the change in Donny she could not. Now always half-drunk and unshaven, at one moment he would turn blood-shot eyes upon her, and blame her for his failures; at the next he would passionately beg her forgiveness.

"Don't leave me, Kathy," he whispered harshly. "No matter what happens, I love you."

Please turn to page 31

MY CROSS

MELBALE BOOTH

Matthew 27:16-18

SLOWLY I walked up the hill—up the hill and away from the prison. Was it possible that after four years—four dark, depressing, years, I was free? I, Barabbas, son of John of Judea, was free to roam these hills like any other free man. A free man! Yes, I was a free man with no place to go.

I climbed higher. Had the grass always been so bright? It seemed to me that every blade raised its dewey greenness to greet me. The flowers were blooming—the first blooms I had seen for four years; but I had never forgotten the saying, “The flowers will bloom for the Passöver.” Far in the west the flaming sun was fast sinking. Pillars of gold and red upheld the sky. The sun going down, symbolized the passing of this phase of my life. I felt the cool twilight air on my bare arms, and took delight in the freshness and purity of it. I was tired, for one loses one’s energy after four years in prison, and I sat down.

Only a few hours ago Pilate had stood before the yelling mob of Jews and the council of the Church of Jerusalem. Around him stood the Sandhedren. Slowly, as one who was about to do something he did not like to do, or that was against his better judgment, he spoke. The mob became quiet. “It is our custom,” his voice was low, “at this time to release unto you one prisoner from bonds. Would you—”

“Release Barabbas. Release Barabbas.” the mob yelled. “We would have Barabbas.”

Pilate continued above the noise. “I can release Barabbas, the thief and murderer, or I can release this Jesus of Nazareth, in whom I can find no fault”.

“We would have Barabbas! Barabbas! Jesus of Nazareth is a traitor to the Jewish people and to Caesar!”

Pilate’s face and his tense way of holding

himself, showed his indecision. “What! Would you have me release a murderer? And punish an innocent man? What shall I do with Jesus?”

“Crucify Him. Let Him be crucified!”

Then Pilate did a singular thing. He took a pan of water and washed his hands. “I shall not have the blood of this innocent man on me. I shall wash my hands of this affair,” he said. Then he went away, leaving Jesus in charge of the soldiers who were to crucify him.

So I was a free man. And I left the prison house, not knowing, nor caring, where I would go. But there I was, on that hill.

I looked across the hill to Golgotha. There were three crosses. Two were for fellow prisoners of mine. But the third was for me. That cross was for me. It was my cross. I was to have died on it. “He will die in my place”, I thought. “He will die on my cross. He will die my death.”

What did He look like? What kind of man was He? I had not seen Him, though I was in the adjoining room all through His trial. Pilate said that Jesus was innocent. And yet, Jesus didn’t seem to be worried that He was to be killed without justice—not worried, but sad and lonely. “If it is my Father’s will”, He said, “I shall die.” And again, “Through my death shall the world be saved.”

Pilate questioned Him closely. “Art thou a king?”

He only answered, “Thou sayest”.

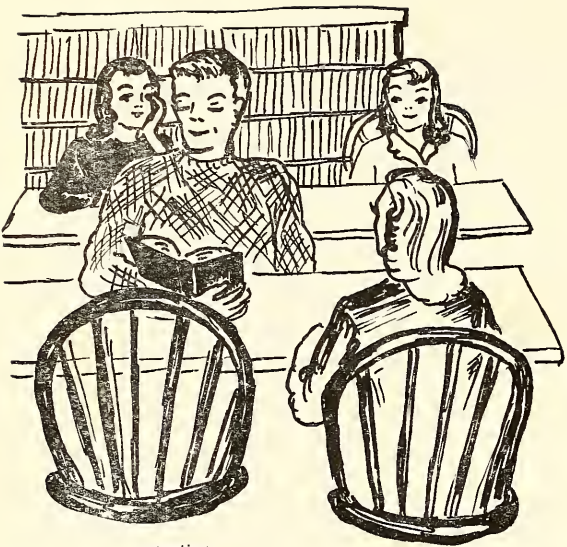
Throughout all the other questioning, He kept His peace, and said not a word. It reminded me of a verse in Isaiah which said, speaking of the coming Messiah, “He shall be led like a lamb to the slaughter, and shall utter not a word.”

The Jews took the Nazarene, and made plans to have the soldiers crucify Him at once, lest His body should hang on the cross

Please turn to page 30

Co-eds on the

ANNE



Concentration



charlie

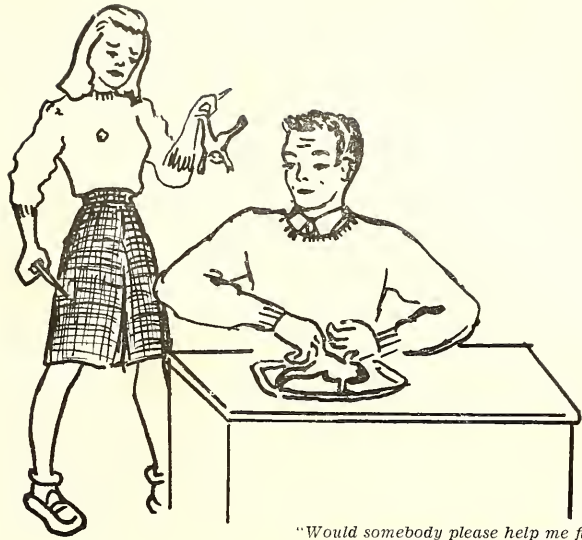
So this



Oops! Wrong room.

the Campus

RLETON



"Would somebody please help me find my liver?"



her education!



"You mean THAT'S what we were fighting for?"

Worth Investigating



prop up on these

TOIL OF THE BRAVE

By INGLIS FLETCHER, *Bobbs - Merrill, Indianapolis.*
\$3.25.

THIS is the fourth in a series of historical novels about the Albemarle section of North Carolina. It is a stirring tale of the American Revolution, with families divided against each other over the cause of independence.

The time is 1779, when the fortunes of the Americans are at low ebb. Conspiracies against Washington and his lieutenants are in the air. The war is moving southward to the Albemarle; feeling is high against the Tories; British leaders try to bring about slave rebellions; riots abound in the streets of Queen Anne's Town.

Beneath the powerful drama of the struggle for independence runs the love story Angela Ferrier, the glamorous daughter of Spanish parents, and the two men who fight for her. One man is Anthony Allison, a British spy. The other is Captain Peter Huntley, an officer of the Continental Army, who is in the Albemarle on a secret mission for the Continental government. Angela's parents favor Peter, but Angela is not easily won.

Then, there is the dashing Cosmo de' Medici, handsome recruiting officer, who has come to America to help fight for the liberty he had searched for in other lands.

The background for these events is the matchless beauty of the Albemarle, and the gracious manner of life of the planters whose great houses line the river banks. We see plantation boats sailing leisurely down the Chowan. We see a group of slaves try a British spy by voodoo rites, and reject the troublemaker. We see the courage and the gallantry of these people to whom liberty and love of country is more than life itself. Truly, this is a novel well worth reading for its portrayal of fighters for liberty.

EVELYN HAIR

THE CHARIOTEER

By GERTRUDE EBERLE, *William B. Erdmans Publishing Company.* \$2.50.

IN recent years there have been written quite a number of novels with religious backgrounds. All of them are more or less alike. The Charioteer tells the story of Joseph from a new angle, based upon a background of Egyptian travel and Biblical research.

Raanah, a slave lad, becomes a staunch friend of Joseph, the Hebrew boy, who was sold into slavery by his jealous brothers. After Raanah's thrilling rescue from the cell of the condemned, he decides to forsake his useless heathen gods and try the way of the one God of the Hebrews.

The tender love story of Raanah and Bashia adds to the swiftly moving plot. Will the two still love each other after years of separation, is the absorbing question of the story. Bashia has risen from slavery, and Raanah is the Captain of the famed Basilish Guard, and a very prominent man in the court of the Pharaoh. Will Raanah or Hadar win the race, and thereby win the hand of the lovely Bashia? The excitement mounts as the two noted charioteers enter the arena. The people know that the contest lies only between Raanah and Hadar, and not among the other participants. The Charioteer reaches its climax in the race, whose outcome will mean happiness or sorrow to Raanah—life or death.

Much can be said in praise of this fine portrayal of life in ancient Egypt. The story of Joseph and Raanah is beautifully told. Through this work we are brought to a better understanding of the Egyptian gods, desert travelers, the famous Basilish Guards, Pharaoh, and Joseph.

LEE CARTER

"Loop de la Whirl"

Continued from Page 13

magic touchstone to being the most popular girl at any party.

With the regal manner of Queen Elizabeth mounting the Canterbury Steps, Betsy entered the dance that night. She instructed Tommy who slouched mournfully behind, "You may leave me just as soon as we get inside, but don't dare tell anyone who doesn't know us that you're my brother. And Tommy", she added beseechingly, "do try to be a gentleman about passing the punch and dancing with the wallflowers." She sighed regretfully for all the poor girls who couldn't be wearing a gorgeous pink-net creation. She didn't even mind that her last summer's Mary Jane shoes had begun to pinch a little. This feeling of being radiantly beautiful was so new and intoxicating!

Yet an hour later, as she sat sedately between her hostess's mother and a boy who had sunk down for a moment to mop his perspiring brow, the shoes had begun to pinch. Miss Simmon's effervescent questions kept returning like a troublesome swarm of flies. "And how is your busy mother, Elizabeth?"

Betsy's reply sounded loud and rude in her own ears—"She's probably very tired tonight. She worked all day on this dress."

"Why, it's stunning, my dear!" murmured Mrs. Simmons blandly.

"When she knows good and well it isn't and I look like a freak in it. She's probably wondering if she should drag one of those awful boys over here to dance," thought Betsy, and finding it intolerable to sit there any longer, crept out into the dark hallway in search of Tommy. "I'll make him go home with me right now," she thought miserably.

From the bedroom where the boys' overcoats were installed, she heard noisy, boyish laughter. With cheeks burning with embarrassment, she rapped frantically at the door. A gangly youth, whom she hadn't met, answered her knock.

"Well, if it isn't a girl!" she heard someone say mockingly. But there was no hint of mockery in this boy's serious dark eyes.

"Is Tommy Greystone in there?" she stammered out.

"No," he answered, "He said he was tired of the party and went on home. Are you his sister?"

Anger and humiliation nearly choked Betsy, and she turned to go back into the hall. But the boy followed her stubbornly, and since there was no escape, she sat down on the bottom step, grateful for the darkness that hid her fast-rising tears.

"My name's Dick," he announced abruptly, "and I'm not having a good time either."

"Well, why aren't you?" Betsy demanded indignantly. "You can dance and there are loads of girls in there for you to dance with!"

"Jumpin' Catfish!" he returned, "Who wants to walk around the floor with a bunch of sissy girls who don't even know anything about football or medicine."

"Girls do so know about medicine!" Betsy retorted hotly. "My Daddy is a doctor, and I know how to use a microscope and take temperatures and I'm not even afraid of the sight of blood."

Dick's tone assumed a new note of respect, yet he continued, "Bet you don't know anything about medical history."

"Well-I-I", Dick mused, "Who discovered the vaccination theory for hydrophobia?"

"Pasteur, Mr. Smarty, and he tried it the first time on a little boy who had been bitten fourteen times by a mad dog."

Dick was intensely interested. "Did it work? Did he get well?" he queried.

"I'll tell you," Betsy promised, "if you'll promise to play ping-pong with me until this dreadful dance is over."

"You play ping-pong, too!" Dick whistled with genuine appreciation.

Shortly after they were in the green tiled recreation room below, enthusiastically ping-ponging the little white ball back and forth across the table. "Your game by one small point, lady!" said Dick, pitching his mallet the length of the room.

From upstairs came barely audible strains of "Deep Purple", and Dick tucked one of Betsy's square brown hands in his and led her out into the center of the floor.

Please turn to page 26

CAMPUS



"Well, if you're SURE Mr. Holton didn't say
'Biz' Ed . . ."

Groom: "Our first dinner at home, darling. And roast chicken! How wonderfully you have stuffed it!"

Bride: "Stuffed it! But, dear, it wasn't hollow!"

There was a maiden of Siam
Who said to her lover, young Kiam
"If you kiss me, of course,
You will have to use force,
But gosh knows, You're stronger than
I am."

He kissed her in the garden;
It was a moonlight night.
She was a marble statue;
And he was a little tight.

Garnet

"Well, I guess I might as well put the motion before the house," thought the chorus girl as she danced out on the stage."

Heard in a fraternity house: "Hey, you fellows, cut out that swearing. I've got a lady in my room!"

You can tell the rugged sophomore,
'Cause she never comes to harm;
You can tell the greenest freshman
By her look of great alarm;
You can tell the stately senior
By her manner, dress, and such;
You can also tell a junior,
But you sure can't tell her much!

The Old Maid

He: "Please!"
She: "No!"
He: "Aw, come on!"
She: "Absolutely not!"
He: "But, Ma! All the rest of the kids
are going barefooted!"

First little moron: "My uncle has a wooden leg!"
Other little moron: "That's nothing. My mother has a cedar chest!"

Mark Anthony: "I have come to see Cleopatra".

Servant: "You can't. She's in bed with laryngitis".

Anthony: Damn those Greeks!

CAPEERS

Love hasn't changed in 2,000 years. Greek girls used to sit all evening and listen to a lyre.



Of all the girls I know
I like Susie Jones the best
Because she almost always says,
"Of course, why not, heck yes!"
Crust.



Then, there was the Frenchman who, coming to this country for the first time, saw the headline "Convention Pronounced Success", and left for home on the next boat.

Two little Negro boys were loitering on a corner when one said to the other:

"How old is you?"
"Ah's ten", was the reply. "How old is you?"
"Ah don' know if ah's nine or ten".
"You don' know how old you is?"
"Nope".
"Does wimin interes' you?"
"Nope."
"You's nine."



A young theologian named Fiddle Refused to accept his degree, "For" said he, "it's enough to be Fiddle, Without being Fiddle, D. D."



Any Monday

On Gls In a Girl's School

JOHN VAN HOY

HOW does it feel to be attending a girls' school you ask? Well, I might say that we experience a number of mixed emotions, among which these would be listed: bashfulness, embarrassment, anxiety, glee, wonderment, and a great deal of satisfaction.

When we enter a classroom where there are twenty or thirty girls, we naturally feel a little ashamed and out of place; but when we are called upon to answer a question we don't know, and a girl proceeds to give the correct answer, you can take it from us, that it is a little embarrassing.

Before we entered, there were these questions in our minds: How will we be received, and just how well will we mix with the girls of S. T. C.? As to our answers to these ques-

tions, we have found S. T. C. cordial in its welcome, and both students and faculty have been most helpful and understanding in every way.

Frequently, many of us stop and ask ourselves, "Just what are we doing here in a girl's school, anyway?" The reasons are many and varied. But to say the least, each of us came of his own accord. From the viewpoint of fraternization, we have good reasons for being satisfied and happy. The girls are certainly congenial, and anything but hard to get along with.

We think that the easiest way to tell you how we, as individuals, feel is to ask you this question: If you were one of seventeen girls attending a college where there were nine hundred men—how would you feel?

Life within these happy hallowed halls
Is gay and bright and carefree.
What holds magic sway between these walls?
Life! Within these happy hallowed halls
The charm is youth, a spell like melody.
Life within these happy, hallowed halls
Is gay and bright and carefree.

BETTY SPINDLER

"Incident at Limerick"

Continued from Page 7

bath. As she came out of the bathroom, she saw the door to the room across from hers slowly close, and heard the grate of the key as it was turned in the lock. Phoebe's pleasant face, and her lips became set again in a grim line.

Several hours later, she was awakened from a dreamless sleep by a sharp thud. She sat up in bed, and cocked her white head to listen. What in heaven's name was going on in the room across the hall? She got out of bed, and opened the door. There was a quiet deathlike silence. She heard a cricket chirping somewhere; her hair tingled on the back of her neck, and her heart thumped like a parade drum. A low, mournful groaning had commenced. It rose and fell like the dirge of the Banshee. She thought, "What am I going to do now? What's wrong with that woman?" She blessed herself, and crossed to the door. The moaning ceased as suddenly as it had started. She tried the door. "Ella, Ella, are you all right? Shall I send for the doctor?" There was no answer. To be sure, there wasn't a sound in the house. Shrugging her shoulders, Aunt Phoebe went back to her room and settled again for the night.

As she could not sleep; she turned on the bed light, and started to read. Her head fell, and she dozed; she woke with a start. There was something wrong. Her sixth sense told her to wake up. With a blink of her sleep-ridden eyes, she looked toward the door, and froze.

The knob was slowly turning. It squeaked softly, and the door opened. Aunt Phoebe gasped, and almost died of shock.

Standing in the doorway was the most frightening thing she had ever seen. It was Ella Conley. Her coarse hair fell almost to her waist and was matted with blood from a cut on her head. Her black eyes were large, and the pupils were dilated. Her pock-marked face was flushed, and her mouth hung open, and she stared at Aunt Phoebe. Then she emitted a low giggle, and approached the bed. Aunt Phoebe didn't move.

Outside, a sudden summer storm began to spend its fury on the helpless earth. Then Ella Conley laughed, and fell to the floor with a slight moan. Aunt Phoebe remained transfixed in her bed for a few seconds. Then she threw back the covers, and ran downstairs. She reached the telephone. She started to pick it up, and two thoughts came into her head. "If Ella is sick, I should call the doctor" . . . "No, I'd better call the police". She thought of the empty black suitcase with the card, "Norristown, Pennsylvania" written on it, and the missing dresses, and Ella's strange actions.

She called the police; they said they would send over a squad car, and asked for Ella's description. Aunt Phoebe went back upstairs.

But Ella Conley was not in Aunt Phoebe's room. Squaring her shoulders, Aunt Phoebe closed the door to her room, and began to look for her. She was not in her own room across the hall, (which was in a mad shambles, the drapes torn, the bedding strewn on the floor), nor was she in Bessie's room. She stopped and listened. Ella was laughing, first a laugh of fiendish glee, and then a low giggle. Aunt Phoebe shivered. Where was she? She walked softly across the landing into the wing of the house where Mr. and Mrs. Snelling slept. Again she heard that low laugh. She pushed open the door to Mrs. Snelling's dressing room.

Ella Conley was standing in front of the full length mirror, laughing and talking to herself. She danced a little bit, and preened herself. With a gasp, Aunt Phoebe saw that she had one one of Mrs. Snelling's Paris gowns—a silver lame, cleverly made, and very expensive.

Sudden, Aunt Phoebe had an idea! She said to Ella in a gushing voice, "Why, Ella how nice you look." The woman turned and like a cornered coyote snarled, "Sure I look nice, I'm beautiful ain't I? I only wish that Jim and the boys were here to see me now." With that, she turned back to the mirror and smiled. Aunt Phoebe shuddered. The demented laundress made an awful picture with the blood matted on her hair, and in the silver lame dress.

"That's a beautiful dress, but why

Please turn page

“Incident at Limerick”

Continued from page 23

don't you let me see you in some of the others. Why don't you try them on?" Her heart thumping, Aunt Phoebe crossed the room, and pushed back the panel to reveal a rack of beautiful dresses. Ella's large eyes lighted, and with a hysterical giggle she came over and pulled several Paris creations off the rack. "Gee, Phoebe, these sure are pretty", (another giggle from Ella), "Why when I was in Paris with Jim and the boys, I used to wear dresses like these. If only they were here today, to see me as I used to be." She turned back to the mirror, and laughed with huge tears pouring down her face. She went on, in a breathless voice, "They was killed in a train wreck in Scranton, and I guess I ain't never got over oh. . . ." She sat down in a chair, and began to sob. They were deep, racking sobs which shook her whole body. A wave of pity swept over Aunt Phoebe, as she got another idea. She turned to Ella who was lying back on the chaise lounge and sobbing as if her heart would break. "Ella", Aunt Phoebe said gently, "how would you like some tea, and a cherry tart?" Ella looked up at her, and the expression on her poor face was one of a child being told that Santa Claus was coming. The tears vanished, but suddenly, a crafty look came across her face. "Oh, no you don't fool me, fine lady, you ain't going no where. How come you're so nice to me all of a sudden? You ain't going no where. You sit down, and I'll go get the tea, and we'll be a couple of fine ladies having our tea. Now, don't move until I come back. I mean it". And she turned and walked unsteadily out of the room. For a moment, Aunt Phoebe didn't move.

Then, suddenly, she jumped out of her chair as a scream pierced the silence. She ran to the landing, and saw two handsome young police officers struggling with Ella. She was screaming, "You won't take me back. I'll kill all of you, you won't, you . . . kill . . .", and the words died as she went out of the hall, out of the front door, and out of Limerick forever.

Much, much later, that night, Aunt

Phoebe Penelope settled into bed. As sleep slowly came, she reflected, "Thank you, Lord, for giving me the courage to face that woman! The Norristown Asylum won't welcome Ella back, but thank God she's gone from here. I KNEW something was wrong when I found that card, and only the clothes she wore here. My, I'm so lucky. Goodness, what I'll have to tell Bessie when she gets back tomorrow!"

Aunt Phoebe's eyes closed, and the novel slid to the floor. The summer storm outside had spent itself, peace had returned. The incident at Limerick was over.

The Army Marches On

Continued from page 8

someone high-up decided there were too many men in cadet training; so the powers that be proceeded to make plans to reduce the number. It was decided that the men who had been in some other branch of service, and who had transferred into the Air Forces to enter aviation cadet training should be transferred back into their original branch of service. About three-fourths of us had been in some other branch before entering cadet training, and none of us wanted to go back. We wanted to be pilots, navigators, bombardiers! Luckily my name was not on the list for transfer back to the original branch. But for those whose names were posted, it was a tough break.

By this time, spring had begun, and were we glad! The ground had been covered with snow from November until April, and not till then did the ice break up on Lake Champlain. The winter had been Vermont's coldest for several years.

About the last of April, our training in Vermont was finished, but no one knew just where we would go from there. By this time we didn't want to leave. Somehow, Vermont had got a hold on us. But on May 4, we received orders to leave Burlington, May 7, for Columbus, Mississippi. In a few days we would be anchored in another place for training. Time marches on, and so does the Army!

"You're In the Army Now"

Continued from page 5

now John was on the main street of the town whistling at all the girls who passed. After tiring of this, he would take in a show or drop by the U.S.O. before going back to camp.

Soon the rumor was going around that they were going to be shipped overseas. Sure enough, in three days after the rumor began, they were restricted to the Battery Area. This meant they couldn't even go to the P.X.

Excitement was high all over the camp. Would it be China—the Pacific—Alaska - Europe? If Europe, where? England? France? Certainly they would invade directly from America; so they soon stopped thinking about landing in France.

After a week of waiting that seemed like eternity, they received orders that they would be ready to leave at eight the following morning. Still they didn't know where they were to go.

Finally, John arrived at a point of embarkation. After sweating out a week there, he was put aboard a ship which later he found was taking him and eight thousand other boys to the far off land of Africa. After six hectic days aboard ship on the high seas, he arrived at Casablanca in French Morocco. So here he was in a land of strange people and strange customs! As they walked down the street to await trucks to take them to Camp Marshall Lyaughty, he saw a very funny sight: an Arab was passing by and instead of wearing a sheet or a pair of pants, he had on a barracks bag. As soon as his back was turned, the boys saw shining on the Arab's seat the large, white, letter "B", and below it the soldier's name and serial number.

The next day they started drilling again, but this time the sun was boiling hot—much hotter than it ever had been in the United States. His first night of guard duty in Africa was nothing short of a nightmare. For those two hours he could swear he saw rocks move, olive trees walk, and sometimes he thought he was surely going stark crazy. A small dog running past him very nearly

frightened him to death. When the two hours finally came to an end and his relief came, John greeted him with a deep sigh. "Boy, am I glad to see you! I thought those two hours would never pass!"

Two weeks of this and John, along with his buddies, was packed onto a truck headed toward Tunisia which lay across the high and beautiful mountains. Here, where he was to camp, he found the graves of several American and German soldiers, for this had once been a battleground, now known as Hill 609. He felt very close to the war now—and maybe to death; yet the fighting was still several hundred miles away and across the Mediterranean Sea.

The big day finally came, and he was off to Sicily. The first day at sea was very rough, but since the trying trip across the Atlantic Ocean, he no longer was troubled with sea-sickness. On the second day he arrived at Palermo again he had to pick up his pack and two barracks bags and carry them three miles to a bivouac area. There he realized that he was no longer a poor replacement with no outfit to call his own: he was a member of the First Division. From there, he was sent to the front, which was all very strange and frightening, yet exciting. Three weeks of steady fighting with bullets, artillery, and mortar shells going over his head and landing near him was enough to cause John's nerves to crack, but, miraculously, they didn't. After a very tough battle, the entire company was captured by the "Verdamte Nazis".

In a short time, John and his buddies were herded into trucks and hauled off to the rear of the German lines, and from there they were put into box cars and sent back into a prison camp near Prague, Czechoslovakia. Here they were again questioned; this time more minutely than when they had been captured.

The prison camp was an awful place. The prisoners were constantly watched and guarded and were given very little food to eat. Many of the boys went insane. So great was the mental strain that the ones that didn't go crazy became very nervous, and therefore had a horror of "going lunny". Finally, after twelve months of confine-

Please turn page

ment John got a box from the Red Cross, but all the things that were any good or edible had been taken by the Germans. Still it was good to see something that came from home.

Then the unbelievable and almost impossible happened—the war was over! The soldiers from other outfits marched in and freed them. It was a great moment! John was sent back to the hospital, and given a rest and good food to bring him back to health. From the hospital he was sent to his old outfit, the First Battalion of the Eighteenth Regiment of the "Fighting First" Division. His eyes filled with tears as he approached the old A Company, even

though it wasn't the same Company that he had remembered all this time. The Colonel gave them a very nice "welcome home" speech, which he closed with the announcement that they would be the first ones to go home, and that they were booked to leave the next morning. Home—what a wonderful word! No one can realize what home means, unless he has been taken away—so far away that he couldn't get back until a war was over.

The next month John was not only discharged, but at home with his mother, father, sister, and girl. He was no longer in the army. He was a civilian again.

"Loop de la Whirl"

Continued from page 19

"Any gal who can play ping-pong the way you do can dance circles around those upstairs," he said confidently.

"Oh, but we were having such fun!" wailed Betsy.

"This can be fun, too, if you just remember the rules," said the determined lad, and, carefully side stepping pink ruffles, began waltzing her around and around in time to the beautiful music. Betsy though tense and uneasy at first, finally forgot most of her fears and noticed joyfully that she hadn't stepped on Dick's toes even once.

Then he paused, grinned, and pinned one of Betsy's arms behind her back. "Try this one," he ordered. He swung her swiftly away from him and the pink ruffles swirled in a glorious arc about her as she went round and round, on fire with the discovery that at last she was actually dancing. Dick caught up with her at last, whirled her again and emitted a long whistle at the effect. "Well!" he said. "At last I've found a girl who can follow that step. That's my super-de-luxe Loop de la Whirl! And you can do it. Betsy, if you just stick to the rules."

* * * * *

Wrenching her mind away from mem-

ories, Betsy returned to the present, to the Senior Dance, and heard her blind date saying smoothly, "Glad you aren't the type that cares about silly school rules, little girl, 'cause you and I are going places tonight!"

Betsy gave him a long, level glance. "Johnny", she said, "somewhere along the way I've learned that it's better to stick by the rules. Like in dancing and ping-pong. It may seem hard sometimes, but, believe me, it's better that way."

The words hardly seemed to be her own, and, once again, Dick was before her—the grown-up Dick. He was sticking to man-sized rules now, made by the U. S. Navy somewhere in the South Pacific. Playing the game fair for him meant not being here with her tonight; not wearing his well-earned discharge pin until the ship was safe in dry-dock and every man in Sick Bay was healthy enough to go home, too. Dick hadn't forgotten Louis Pasteur and his love for medicine; he hadn't forgotten how to play ping-pong, nor had he forgotten a tomboyish little girl in a pink net dress.

She looked up at Johnny impishly. "Do you do the super-de-luxe Loop de la Whirl, Mister?"

Almost Eighteen

CRAIG CUMBEY

THE tardy bell rang at exactly ninety-five. The students of Miss Turner's English Four classes always delayed their entrance into Room Two until the last possible moment. Miss Turner had taught English Four and Civics Four at Glendale High School for the past ten years. As both of these classes were required before any student could graduate, probably no other teacher had been responsible for so many seniors not graduating. All of her classes were notoriously hard.

Consequently, each spring, the students of the English Four classes, who had doubts about receiving their diplomas in June, wished desperately for a saviour in the form of a student teacher from State College. These young ladies were in their senior year at State and they spent three months of the school term doing practice teaching at Glendale High in whatever subject or subjects they were majoring in at College.

On this morning in early March the class was in an uproar of excitement. Miss Turner stood in the back of the room talking to a tall, slender, dark-haired young lady who apparently was going to observe her English class. The uproar died down to excited whispers as Miss Turner moved toward her desk at the front of the classroom.

"Class, she began, I would like to introduce Miss Carol Brent, who is going to be with us this quarter." All eyes turned to the back of the classroom where Miss Brent was sitting. The girls eyed her good-looking clothes and the assured way in which she wore them and were frankly envious. The boys' glances, however, were openly admiring. What a figure! Take a gander at those legs! Some chick! Gosh, but they were lucky to have such a peach of a Teacher! These were some of the thoughts that were running through their minds when Miss Turner brought them back to earth by telling them

to open their grammar books at today's assignment. Everyone got his mind back on verbs and adverbs, that is, with one exception.

Alan Martin sat in the last desk in the first row. He was staring at Miss Brent as if he were in a trance. He was a tall, nice-looking boy with blue eyes and brown hair. Alan was the quiet, studious and well-liked, senior class president. At this moment he seemed to be completely unaware of anything that was going on around him. Miss Turner, glancing towards the windows, noticed his pre-occupation. She then did what she always did when she noticed that someone wasn't paying attention to her. "Alan", she asked, "will you please give me a sentence illustrating the use of an adverb modifying another adverb?" He came back to consciousness with a start. He had no idea what her question was, though, he was vaguely aware that she had asked him something. His eyes were completely blank when he looked up at Miss Turner, who, in her best classroom manner, told him if he'd pay more attention to the grammar she was teaching and less to other attractions, he'd learn more. Alan was tongue-tied; he had never been so embarrassed in his life. He felt sure that everyone in the room must know why Miss Turner had made the remark. He was saved further embarrassment by the bell. Immediately the class was once again in an uproar; everyone trying to get out at the same time. They had already forgotten the incident.

Alan had never studied so hard as he did during the next few weeks. He prepared his homework every night, usually doing more than was required. He read extra parallel for English and did many outside reports. All of this, in his own mind, he was doing for Miss Brent.

His strenuous efforts did not go unnot-

Please turn page

iced by Miss Brent. One afternoon she asked him to stay after school. He thought to himself, "She knows!" Alan had never been so happy! He could hardly wait until school was over. However, she didn't say any of the things he thought she was going to say. Instead, she came directly to the point and told him that she thought he was working too hard and should slow up. His work was already above average and all of this extra wasn't necessary. Alan thought she must be blind. Couldn't she see that he wanted to do these things, so that he could be near her. He was almost eighteen and in love!

Things continued this way until the first of April when Miss Turner began work on the senior play. This year's play was a love story entitled "One More Spring." Miss Turner had given everyone who was interested a copy, and this afternoon she was having the tryouts.

Alan had his heart set on the part of "Paul Wayne", who was the hero of the story. However, Miss Turner had decided that she wanted Bill Davis to have that role. It was a great disappointment to him, but rather than show how much he wanted that part he took a lesser role—that of "Bruce Harris", the jilted suitor. He took the copy of the play that Miss Turner handed to him and looked up to find Miss Brent's eyes watching him. She smiled, and suddenly he knew that she knew how much he had wanted the other part. "Alan", she said, "I'm going to do the lighting arrangements, and I'll probably need some assistance. Can I count on you?" Suddenly he was happier than a moment ago he had thought possible. Count on him, he thought, and how! Aloud he said, "You sure can, Miss Brent."

The next five weeks were the busiest and happiest Alan had ever spent. They had play-practice every afternoon and every other night. In addition to this he had his duties as president of the senior class. Besides these extra activities the entire class was boning up on English and Civics—the two classes all of them had to pass in order to graduate.

Alan was in a seventh heaven. It was no longer "Miss Brent", except when they were with other students or teachers. She told him to call her "Carol". He also found out

that she wouldn't be twenty until the last of May. That made him especially happy. His own birthday came on the fourth of June. He would be eighteen! Just think almost eighteen!

They had parties after rehearsals. The food was furnished by mothers of cast members. And several of the mothers had supper parties for them. Each night after play practice Alan walked with Carol back to the College. Sometimes he wondered what she would say or do if he kissed her good-night. He never did though, not until the night of dress rehearsal.

It was a beautiful May night; the moon was full, and the stars were twinkling like millions of diamonds up in the sky. A night for romance, and Alan was almost eighteen! When they reached the steps leading up to her dormitory, they stopped just as they had on all the previous nights. She was standing very close to him, and he forgot all his fears; he even doubted that he ever had any. Carol didn't resist when he took her into his strong, young arms, and kissed her. She returned his kiss, and the whole world stood still for him—just an instant; then he released her.

Walking home under the stars that night, Alan forgot that Carol had ever been his teacher. He walked like a boy in a dream. He thought of her as being just his age and his girl. Somehow though, he felt older—older than any of his friends at school.

Friday night, the fourth of May, was the great night. The Senior Class of 1944, was presenting "One More Spring". Excitement ran high, and Alan had a terrific case of stage-fright. Carol talked and talked to him, but when the time came for him to go on the stage, he was so tense with excitement that he had visions of forgetting his lines or fainting or something equally catastrophic. Needless to say none of these things happened. The play was a success, and everyone said Alan's performance as the jilted suitor was terrific.

Ann Hunter was to give a party at her house for the cast after the play. Miss Turner wasn't going to be there, but Carol was. Ann's older brother, Stuart, was there also. Everybody was having a wonderful time. They danced, played games, and sang,

and the refreshments were delicious. Alan had never enjoyed himself so much. Eagerly he watched Carol. She was coming toward him from across the room. She came to where he was sitting, leaned over and whispered in his ear: "Stuart is going to walk with me home. Would you like to come too?" He hadn't ever been angry with her before, but suddenly he was. Tonight of all nights, she was going to show him up before all his friends by leaving the party with another boy, an older boy, at that! He could feel his heart slowly breaking, but he looked at her and replied: "No thank you, Miss Brent, I'll see you Monday." She looked at him for a moment; then she said, "You're a funny kid, know it?" He thought, maybe I am, but I'm not going to be made a fool if I can help it. He left soon after she did with every eye in the room on him. Everybody wondered what had happened. More than anything in the world he wished he was a little boy again, so that he could go home and tell his mother all about it. She would know what to do, but he couldn't do that ever again, for—he was almost eighteen!

Alan saw very little of Carol, except to say hello, during the following few weeks. Everyone was getting ready for graduation. Alan wasn't going to be one of the Commencement speakers, although he was an Honor Graduate. That meant that his average for four years of High School work had been above ninety. He was very proud of that.

During the week of examinations Alan felt very lonely and somewhat sad. He had always said that he would be glad when he graduated from high school, but now he wasn't sure.

Friday afternoon, June the first, he took his last examination, Civics Four, under Miss Turner. As he left the room, he met Carol. They walked down the corridor together and into Miss Glenn's room. Miss Glenn was the Latin teacher and the room was vacant as her examinations had already been given.

Alan would never forget that afternoon. Carol looked at him and said, "Alan, I'm sorry about the night of the play. I didn't mean to hurt you." He couldn't say a word,

his throat was so choked up.. But he smiled and told her somewhat feebly that it didn't matter. Carol continued, "Alan, I think you're a grand person, and I wish you all the luck in the world. I hope we'll meet again in about five years. Take this." With that she thrust a letter into his hand. "Good-bye, Alan".

"Good-bye Carol", he said looking down at the letter in his hand, while the tears ran unshamedly down his face. When one is eighteen, love can be a cruel thing.

Another redskin bit the dust . . . he must have been eating in the dining hall.



As one little skunk said to the other, "So do you!"



A davenport held the twain.
Fair damsel and her ardent swain:
Headshe.
But then, a step upon the stair !
And father finds them sitting there:
He . . . and . . . she.



INTERESTED BYSTANDER

If love is such a bitter brew,
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My Cross

Continued from page 15

over the Sabbath. I ran across the hill to Golgotha.

They were bringing Him to the cross now, He who was dying in my place that I might be free. (Didn't He once say, "And the son shall make you free; and if the son shall make you free, you shall be free, indeed.")? I looked. My God! How young He was! He wasn't over thirty. I looked into His face. Was there ever such a face? His eyes were looking far away. They were not seeing things of this world, but seemed to be seeing things of that other world that He so often spoke about. There was peace in them—peace that passeth all understanding.

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Peace in the face of death! Peace and calmness in the midst of His own crucifixion. Peace in His eyes, even when He looked at His crucifiers. His face was free of fear. He said "My Father" and seemed to gain superhuman strength. He was not afraid to die. Perhaps He really believed that He would be raised from the dead as He had said He would. His face showed compassion—He looked at His beloved disciples and encouraged them to "keep the Faith;" He looked at the ignorant multitude with deep love and longing; He looked at those who were the cause of His death and said, "Father, forgive them". His face showed compassion.

This man, into whose face I looked, was dying in my place. What had He done? The people accused Him of blasphemy, of saying that He would set up His own kingdom—yet He said that He did not want a kingdom in this world; the people accused Him of being a traitor to Caesar—yet He had said, "Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's". The people accused Him of blaspheming the Jewish religion; yet He lived a truly God-like life and tried to teach others to live it. What had He done?

What had He done? What had I done? I was a thief, and moreover, I was a murderer. I was to have been crucified. I was to have died. They were supposed to have killed me. I should have been on that cross. I should have been bleeding to death. I looked into His face again—but He was dead! He was dead, and He had died in my place.

This is my story. It is not finished yet, for I shall learn more of this man. I shall never rest until I find out why He died in my place. I shall not stop until I find out

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what made Him live as He did. I do not know where I shall find out, for James, John, Andrew, and the others are hidden somewhere in Jerusalem. Peter is somewhere in the city. They say he is exceeding sorrowful, for three times he denied knowing Jesus. I know of no one who can tell me. Didn't He say, "Seek, and ye shall find?" and again, "Whosoever willeth to know the will of my father, whether it be of me or Him, he shall know."? Master, I shall seek until I find. I will to know. You said, "Come unto me," and I come—for:

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes are we healed. All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned everyone to his own way; and Jehovah hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all."

The Destiny

Continued from page 14

But one morning, when she awoke, he was gone. The dotted Swiss curtains waved and billowed in response to the fresh spring breeze. The sun shone warm upon the earth. Despite mischievous little rays that had flitted through the window and danced for a moment across her bed, there was a cold death-like stillness in the room. She knew

he would never return. To end her loneliness and bewilderment, she had sought the dark waters of the marsh. But some mysterious force, stronger than her own cowardice, had thwarted her.

"Put the past behind you, Kathy! Only cowards look back" it kept saying.

Although there was a slight breeze, a stifling humidity clung to the atmosphere. Turning her back upon the marsh, Kathy stumbled toward the path, leaving behind her the shadows and many memories. A cloud passed over the moon and there was a single star in the sky . . . Something had saved her from herself!

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