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The Colonnade

State Teachers College

Farmville, Virginia



*May
1947*

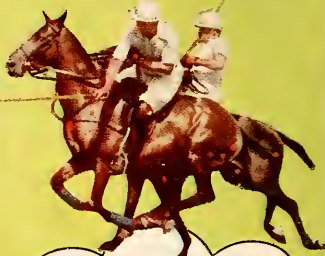
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IS THE BEST
TEACHER!**

Cecil Smith practically "grew up" with horses; and he's as sure-footed on a pony as he is a sure shot with his mallet.

He's one of America's polo "greats"—Texas-born Cecil Smith. Veteran of many a famous international match.



Cecil Smith
FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL POLO STAR



**EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER
IN POLO...AND
IN CIGARETTES!
CAMELS SUIT ME
BEST!**

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

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**YOUR 'T-ZONE'
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**T for Taste...
T for Throat...**

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**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. IX

MAY, 1947

NO. 4

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MISS OLIVE ILER

To My Class

MISS OLIVE ILER

SENIORS, this, they tell me, is to be a farewell message to you from me, but that just can not be. One does not say "farewell" to one's friends. And you have been my friends these four years past! Our good times and work together during productions, meetings, and everything else has meant a great deal to me—a great deal more than words can express.

You all (you see I'm using that, also) have had varied experiences and opportunities while here at Farmville. I hope you will go on being in things, not standing aloof, criticising, and disbelieving, and I hope that you will make the years ahead glorious ones. My hope for each and everyone of you is that you strengthen that courage and loyalty you have shown in the past. For as Johnson says of courage: "Unless a man has that virtue, he has no security for perserving any other." And as to loyalty, I think it is one of the finest qualities one can possess. You have shown that in victory and in defeat you could stand up under it and still keep smiling. Moreover you have been courageous in that you did your best and took the consequences. It's not so important to win; it's how you take the winning or losing that counts. I admire your sportsmanship—you always have had that—please keep it always.

As years go on, your happiness will be dependent upon your way of life. If you make others happy, as you have me in my many contacts with you, you will gain happiness for yourselves. In your friendships you will grow as you help others, for friendship, though priceless, must be given to be received.

With a line from an old Sargent song "striving ever, yielding never, seeking to do our best" I am wishing you all the finest things in life.

As ever,

Olive Iler

Oft Traveled Paths

Honorable Mention in Poetry Contest

ELEANOR BASS, '50

Our front steps are of smart design;
Their banisters are firm and fine.
They never squeak or crack or squeal;
They're anchored fast with nails of steel.
All painted and polished and spotlessly clean—
Only these steps have the strangers seen.

Our back steps are of other stuff.
Their wood is thin and coarse and rough.
The paint is gone, the railing cracked,
And notches show where children hacked.
A trifle warped, a trifle loose,
Yet, these are the steps forever in use.

Yes, the back steps are the important ones;
It's down these steps that our living is done.
These are the ones which our neighbors use,
On which we stand to exchange our views.
And they seem to know us through and through.
You see, the front steps are strangers too!

“PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW”

MARGARET ELLETT, '47



GOOD-BYE, good-bye, our paths lie far apart.
Good-bye, good-bye, there's sadness in each heart”.

Truly sadness prevails in our hearts as we, Seniors of '47, say farewell to Farmville. To us the name, *Farmville*, has a very special meaning, including many elements, both tangible and intangible.

We know changes in the college are proposed, but we shall always visualize it as it was when we were here. The people here and even the buildings have become a part of us, and we are grateful for the spirit which has been imparted to us—that friendly and devoted spirit which has long been characteristic of Farmville. We are thankful that we can take that spirit with us as we go away.

When we have spoken of leaving Farmville during the years behind us, sometimes we were none too serious. We often said that we should be glad when we were far away. Now that we are actually leaving, we find it difficult to face the reality. We realize what we shall lose and what the challenge before us is as we go out in the spirit which Farmville has imparted to us. In meeting this challenge, we must not fail our Alma Mater or ourselves.

When we were Sophomores, we bade farewell to the Seniors of '45, our sister class. They had become our closest friends and had readily given to us what we could never repay. Now we as Seniors bid farewell to our “little sister” class, the Sophomores, and to Mr. Raymond H. French, Faculty Adviser of the Sophomore Class. “Good-bye” is different now for we are the ones who are leaving Farmville this time. To the Sophomores, we say, “You are a wonderful class. Happy sailing!” We shall miss all the classes. College friends are life-long friends and we shall not forget them.

We have found friends in those who have guided, helped, and advised us throughout our four years. The members of the faculty have been more than teachers. At times we have been even frightened of them, but we have always appreciated their willingness to help us. We are proud to have been a class under the presidencies of two such distinguished gentlemen as Dr. Joseph L. Jarnar, and Dr. Dabney S. Lancaster. In our Senior year we became more aware of the college Administration, and we are deeply indebted to the members for their interest in us. In the Home Department there is one whom we shall especially miss, one who as House Mother in Cunningham Hall has been a true mother to us. Although Mrs. Caroline Eastham may have been busy when we needed her, she hasn't hesitated to stop what she was doing and to devote herself wholeheartedly to us.

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There's No Fool Like a Young Fool

ANNE LANGBEIN, '50

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Stevenson
request the honor of your presence
at a
Masquerade Ball
on Friday, May 30, 1947
at ten o'clock

UPON reading this astounding invitation, Richard Coleman felt a thrill of anticipation. At last he was to meet Laura, the Stevensons' beautiful daughter, who was making her debut on the forth coming night. No one knew much about Laura, except that she was very beautiful. She had just returned from a finishing school in Switzerland two weeks ago; and as yet the citizens of Wakeville had seen very little of her.

Since her arrival in the town, every tongue had whispered her name. Rumors had spread fast about her vivacious beauty and personality. Especially among the young eligible bachelors had there been talk of this mysterious girl with the lustrous brown eyes and the flaxen hair.

That afternoon when Richard joined the other men in the club-room, the conversation, once again, centered around Laura Stevenson. Though Richard was as anxious as the other fellows to see her, he still kept an air of indifference. After pouring himself a cup of coffee, he walked over to the fireplace where the boys had now gathered. As he neared the group, Bill Rennard, one of his closest friends, was telling the others about the costume he would wear. After a full description, he ended up by saying: "And I know that my costume will be the first one to catch her eye!"

At that the boys laughed; but now they, too, began to think about costumes and

what they should wear. Even shy Bob Shelly, the newest club member, joined in the conversation.

Bill, who had noticed that Richard had so far remained silent, inquired, "And what will ye be wearing, my handsome friend?"

A smirk came over Richard's face: he answered—"That will remain a secret. However, I'll bet anyone of you that I'll have the first date with the mysterious Laura."

This was a challenge, but all remained quiet. The boys didn't doubt that he would get that date. Richard Coleman was very handsome and had long had the reputation of being a lady's man.

Friday arrived very quickly. Promptly at ten o'clock that night, Richard arrived in front of the Stevenson Manor. Stepping out of the taxi in the costume of a Spanish Cavalier, he really made a dashing figure. All eyes were upon him as he mounted the steps and entered the crowded hallway. Several of his fellow club members recognized him despite the disguise and spoke to him; but Richard never even glanced in their direction.

The butler, dressed as a circus Barker, met Richard in the hall and let him into the ballroom, where he announced him as, "Don Juan, from south of the border."

A murmur of voices arose, as Richard strode into the spacious room. Immediately he spotted Mr. Stevenson by his short dumpy figure. He spotted also the tall girl on Mr. Stevenson's right. He knew, of course, that this person must be Laura, although she was taller than he had anticipated.

Upon closer observation, he noticed that

Please turn page



Richard danced many dances with this mysterious creature

her hair, though well-veiled, was blonde. A few golden locks had escaped from beneath the heavy blue veil. The mask covering the face hid all except the eyes, which were large and brown. When they met his for the first time, they seemed to Richard to be laughing. Without a doubt, this person standing before him in the costume of a harem girl was Laura.

He inquired if she would like to dance. She remained silent to his question. Only a gesture of her hand showed that she had even heard him.

"What a girl," he thought. "She seems to me to be the type that likes to have people wondering about her. Well, I can soon fix that!"

With a nod to Mr. Stevenson, this strange harem girl joined Richard, and together they walked onto the dance floor. While they danced, he thought about his pals. How jealous they would be! How wonderful it was once again to be the victor in the battle of the sexes!

Richard danced many dances with this mysterious creature. He found that she was a person of very few words. However, toward the end of the evening he asked if he might see her again.

"Maybe tomorrow night around eight o'clock?"

She answered Richard in low, but slow tones. "My parents are very strict with me, but if you could come to this address, I could see you at that time."

As she said this, she gave a card to Richard bearing the address 114 North Boulevard Apartments. Of course he would be there. How happy he was! He had won the bet and had been the first to get a date with her! And yet, it was more than just this that made him feel supremely happy; this person was beginning to arouse a little more than merely his curiosity.

After handing him the card bearing the address, the harem girl immediately turned and walked away. Before Richard could even realize what had happened, she had disappeared. Well, he also could play in this mysterious game. With a toss of his head, he walked off the floor and out the front door. He was so provoked and

perplexed that he walked straight home.

The next afternoon, arriving late at the club, Richard found the air full of excitement. Everyone was talking about the dance and Laura.

"I never dreamed that anyone could be so beautiful!"

"She sure had me fooled in that costume."

A murmur of voices affirmed every statement made about Laura.

"Did you see her?" asked Bob, turning to Richard.

"Did I see her? Silly question! I not only had all the dances with her, but I won my bet, also."

A long silence followed.

"No kidding?" inquired Bill.

"What's wrong, fellows? You act as if I were lying. The date is set for tonight at eight o'clock. If you don't believe me, you can follow my car to 114 N. Boulevard Apartments and park across the street."

This was quite a challenge, but all the others kept quiet. Richard looked at them with scorn and then left the room abruptly.

That night at quarter to eight, Richard left for the Boulevard Apts. He noticed that behind him was a car with the headlights flashing. The boys were stalking him. Just to think that they doubted his word caused his pulse to beat faster. So they had to have proof, did they!

Stopping his car in front of a huge white brick building, he alighted and ran up the steps. Across the street, the other car stopped opposite his. By the dim light above the door Richard saw large brass letters, 114. With a satisfied laugh he rang the bell. There was silence. He rang it again, and immediately the door opened. There in the half-darkened hallway stood a tall young man dressed in a brown tweed suit.

"Why, Dick, what are you doing here?"

Richard recognized the voice. It was Bob Shelly. Somewhat abashed he asked, "Is Laura Stevenson here?"

"Laura who?"

"Laura Stevenson".

"Why, no. There's no one here by that

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What Will You Remember?

MISS EMILY M. KAUZLARICH

NOW that "ALL HAIL" has had *finis* written to its lines of yesterday, today, and tomorrow what has it meant to you? Is it just another May Day?

"ALL HAIL" far surpassed itself in that no other pageant has ever so caught the cooperative spirit which exemplifies S. T. C. students. Was it because of the theme, the chairman and her committee, the faculty concerned? Or was it an expression of loyalty for one man, a great personality, Dr. J. L. Jarman as he chose another, a pioneer, an adventurer, Dr. Dabney S. Lancaster for you to follow? Yes, that is it! I have thought and thought. I have watched groups at rehearsals from their first struggling with the idea as it was laid before them. Unless each girl had felt that she had a part to play she wouldn't have been interested in the beginning.

An idea, no matter how beautiful or well developed, must have a receptive group. Individuals are ready to grasp things they are eager for. This was the auspicious time to do a historical pageant. Enthusiasm and ardor for it was not dampened by repeated rehearsals of a seemingly unwieldy mass of voice, song, and dance groups. Even the rain, which was as a deluge was only temporary. Everyone was as willing to repeat the "rained out" portion of the pageant as they were eager for the premiere.

I watched the oldest graduates—grandmothers—at the performance who felt they had a part in it. One of them knew Miss Celeste Bush, the vice-principal who was a strong figure in the Ruffner episode.

I saw mothers laughing as their daughters re-kindled the memories of yester-

years. The Normal Light was both touching and sweet. And Field Day made many a mother convulse with laughter as her impish daughter wagged her wand and clicked her dumb-bells.

I have heard some say that the trees were a little too deep for them. Have you ever watched anything green grow? Have you ever thought that trees are sentinels of time whose uplifted arms bear winter's rains only to leaf and bear again in the spring?

Even I had eyes misting when the lone Senior approached the Joan figure. Why? Are members of the faculty sentimental? You, too, felt it. And will you ever forget Miss Wheeler's scurrying for a cigar and a straw hat? It was worth it. I wanted to sing too.

I will hear the echoes of Green and White and Red and White ringing in my ears for many a day. It wasn't unusual to have the gym bursting in all its four sides as voices swelling in song guided the dancers while the piano just tinkled.

I will see May Court and the Queen as true Joan figures, doers of the impossible, standing in a blowing rain and only clutching their nosebags a little tighter.

I'll never forget the May-pole group because their little token, a gift from the heart, showed they enjoyed doing. Is effort expendable?

I will always remember the first time "Thru the Years" reached its artistic heights. Critics say an artist reaches the height of a performance long before an audience sees the actual work.

What will you remember?

THE PARASITE OF THE TRAIN

VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ

Translated from the Spanish by Mary Lou Feamster, '49

"YES," said the friendly Perez to all his fellow guests in the cafe, "in this paper I have just read the notice of the death of a friend. I saw him only one time; nevertheless, I have remembered him on many occasions. A friend gone!"

I met him one night coming to Madrid on the mail-train from Valencia. I was travelling in a first-class compartment. In Albacete the only traveler accompanying me got off. I had slept badly the night before, and I rejoiced in finding myself alone. All for me! What a fine sleep I was going to have from San Juan to Alcazar!

I drew the green shade of the lamp, and the compartment took on a pleasant half-light. I wrapped myself in my blanket from my shoulders to my feet, and lay down in the delightful certainty that there was no one to molest me.

The train was running across the dry and desolate plains of Mancha. The stations were long distances apart. The engine was running extremely fast, and my car groaned and trembled like an old coach. I swayed with each terrible jolt; the suitcases fell from the baggage racks; the panes trembled in the frames of the windows, and a terrible creaking of old iron came from below.

I closed my eyes. Soon I heard new noises, and it seemed to me that I was rocking on the waves; now I imagined that I had returned to my childhood and that the hoarse voice of my nurse was lulling me to sleep. Thinking such foolish things I slept, always hearing the same noise.

A feeling of coldness awoke me. I felt a cold dash of air on my face. Upon opening my eyes I saw only the compartment; the door was closed. But again I felt the

cold breeze as though a hurricane were lifting the train in its rapid pace. Upon sitting up, I saw another door nearby, wide open. A man was seated on the edge of the narrow platform. His head was turned toward me, and his eyes shone bright in his dark face.

My surprise did not allow me to think. My thoughts were somewhat muddled from sleep. In the first moment I felt a certain superstitious terror. That man who appeared on the running train resembled the fantasies in the stories of my childhood.

Immediately I remembered the assaults on the railways, the robberies, the assassinations—all the crimes of this kind that I had read about. That man was surely a thief!

The instinct of defense, or perhaps the instinct of fear, gave me a certain fierceness. I jumped on the stranger, pushing with my elbows and knees. Losing his balance, he grasped desperately at the edge of the door, and I followed, pushing and fighting to tear his clinched hands from their hold in order to throw him to the rails below. All the advantages were on my side. "By the gods, sir!" he groaned with a choking voice. "Sir, let me go. I am an honest man."

He had such an expression of humility and anguish in his words that I felt ashamed of my brutality; so I let him go. He pulled himself up again panting and trembling and sat in the opening of the door. I drew back the shade of the lamp.

Then I could see him. He was a farmer, a small and thin peasant—a poor devil in a dirty sheepskin coat. He had gentle eyes—eyes that stood out in his dark, tanned face. A large yellow tooth was uncovered as his lips drew back in a smile of grateful

stupidity.

As a dog whose life had been saved, he looked at me and meanwhile his dark hands searched in his pockets. This almost made me regret my generosity. If he thought to catch me off-guard! . . . He took something from his belt, and I was ready. But what he had in his hand was a ticket, dirty and full of holes, this he extended to me with satisfaction.

"I, too, have a ticket, sir."

I looked at it and could not keep from smiling.

"But it is an old ticket!" I said. "It has been years since it was used. And do you think that authorizes you to jump on the train and frighten the passengers?"

Upon seeing his stupid deceit uncovered, he looked sad as though he feared that I intended to throw him again from the train. I felt compassion and wished to show kindness in order to hide the surprise that still had its effect upon me.

"Come, get in once and for all. Sit down in here and close the door."

"No, senor," he said with honesty. "I do not have the right to come within as a gentleman. Thanks for that, but I have no money."

And with the determination of a stubborn person he maintained his position.

The train was running now at full speed. The desolate and barren land slipped by—the red and slanting plain on which my shadow leaned as well as that of the stranger. The telegraph posts passed as yellow brush strokes on the black background of the night. And on the sloping banks, burning pieces of carbon that the engine threw off fell and shone an instant like enormous fireflies.

The poor man was uneasy, as though he were astonished that I had let him remain there.

Every Saturday he had made the trip the same way. He waited for the train as it left Albacete. He would jump aboard apparently unconscious of the death that the swiftly moving wheels were grinding out. By changing compartments often, he hoped to avoid the watchfulness of the employees. Hard hearted persons, they

were enemies of the poor.

"But, where are you going?" I asked him. "Why do you make this trip, and run the risk of being cut to pieces?"

He was going to spend Sunday with his family. Such is the life of the poor! He worked in Albacete, and his wife served in a neighboring town. Hunger had separated them. At first he had made the trip by foot, walking all night. When he arrived in the morning, he was so exhausted that he had no desire to talk with his wife or play with his children. But he had become clever; now he made the trip luxuriously on the train. Seeing his sons gave him strength to work all week. He had three; the smallest was not even two spans high.

"But," I said, "don't you think that after one of these trips your sons are going to be without a father?"

He smiled with confidence; he understood this. He was not afraid of the train that arrived as a run-away horse, snorting and throwing sparks; he was agile and serene. The only important thing was that he did not fall under the wheels.

He looked for first-class cars, because on these he encountered vacant compartments. How many adventures! One time he got in a compartment reserved for ladies. Two nuns within the compartment shouted, "Thief!" Frightened, he jumped from the train and made the rest of the way on foot. Finding on another occasion a dark compartment, he had stumbled over a traveler who, without saying a word, struck him and threw him from the train. That night he thought he was going to die. Upon saying this, he pointed to a scar across his face.

He had been treated badly, but he did not complain. Those men had the right to defend themselves. He understood that he deserved that and more. But how could it be helped if he had no money and wished to see his sons?

The train was slowing down as though we were nearing a station. Alarmed, he started to get up.

"You stay here," I said to him. "There is still another station before you arrive where you are going. I will pay for your

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Mistaken Identity

BARBARA ANDREWS, '50

ROB, won't you please ride Sunny Day over to the old Hathoway home? Miss Carver, who has moved into the old place, has bought him." Kenneth Robertson, III, straightened up from rubbing the bay filly. The speaker was a handsome gentleman in his fifties. His white hair waved away from his face, and his steel gray eyes twinkled.

"Dad, why did you sell Sunny? He's the only sorrel we have, and he'll be a show horse in a year or two."

"I can't help it, son, the stable is overcrowded, and Sunny is the only one she wants."

Rob gave a resigned sigh and came out of the box stall, giving the filly an affectionate pat. She nuzzled him for apples and nickered softly. Rob didn't look like the son of an aristocratic horse breeder; his dungarees were stained and ripped in two places, and his blue shirt was faded. He ran his fingers through his already tousled hair and walked down the corridor between the stalls. As he passed each stall, a horse put his head out of the opening and nickered as he recognized an old friend. Reaching Sunny's stall, Rob opened the door and stepped inside. Sunny Day was a light sorrel with still lighter mane and tail.

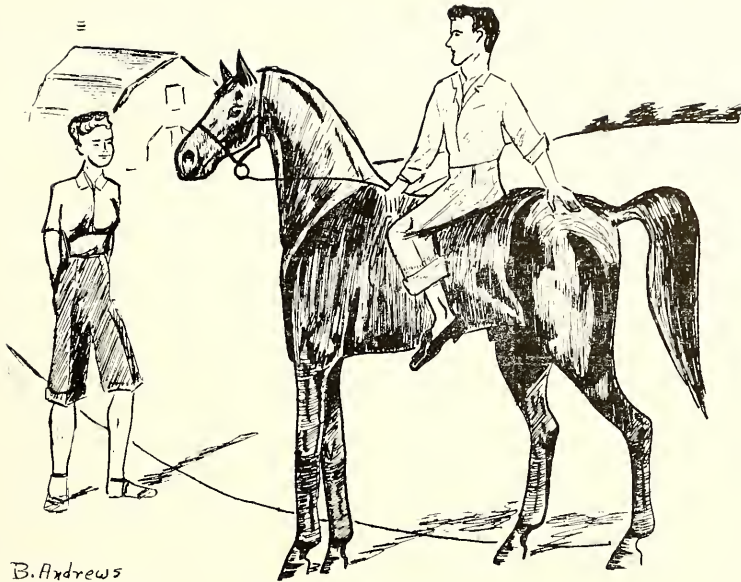
"You'd be a palomino if we would peroxide your mane and tail, Sugar Thief," Rob said as he pushed Sunny's nose out of his pocket. The tall young horse, flattered by the attention, snuffled in approval and shoved his forehead against Rob's chest. The young man staggered slightly, and scratched Sunny's neck. "I'm sorry to see you leaving us, young fellow," he remarked as he reached for the currycomb and brush.

Half an hour later Sunny emerged sleek and shining as a statue carved in maple. What the horse had gained in appearance, Rob had lost. Blond hairs from the horse

were mixed with his own dark locks, and there was a green smear where Sunny had wiped his mouth on Rob's shirt. Rob slipped a halter over the horse's golden ears and vaulted onto his back. He ducked the crossbar of the stall and kicked the door shut behind Sunny's heels. Then he trotted out of the stable and was away down the road. The October day was a perfect one for riding. The sun was bright; the air was cool, and the trees colorful with the hues of autumn. Rob whistled in appreciation of the day, even though his errand displeased him.

As he turned into the lane leading to Hathoway Hollow, he noticed that the old worm-eaten wooden sign had been replaced by a shining copper one; the hedge had been trimmed and the fence had been painted. When he neared the house, he saw that it had acquired bright green shutters and a new coat of white paint. An entirely new barn had been built, and there was a roomy pasture encircled by a spic-and-span white plank fence. Rob gave an exclamation of approval when he saw how the old place had been transformed.

At the soft thudding of hoofs on the sand driveway, a girl appeared in the doorway. Her blond hair was plaited and wound into a crown around her head, and her snappy look was made more real by the sky-blue pedal-pushers and the crisp white shirt. Instantly, she recognized her newly acquired mount and came running down the walk. Rob sat relaxed on Sunny's back, thinking how perfectly the slender blond horse and the slender blonde girl would match. He could imagine them either cantering over the fields together or prancing in the show ring. Miss Carver had reached them by this time and was standing looking at Sunny, glowing with pride and happiness.



Rob sat relaxed on Sunny's back, thinking how perfectly the slender blond horse and the slender blonde girl would match.

"Where shall I put him?" Rob's voice jerked her back into reality; she flushed to the roots of her hair and looked up in apology. Rob's hazel eyes caught her brown ones and for a few moments they were as still as statues.

"Uh . . . er—I'm really sorry that you bought Sunny. He is my favorite in the stable. I don't suppose I shall see him again except in shows." The spell was broken now and she could speak. "Why, I suppose you may come over here and see him if it makes that much difference to you. If you have time, you might teach me something of the care of horses. That is, if Mr. Robertson can spare you."

"Oh, I'm pretty sure that I can be spared sometime. Thanks very much, Miss Carver".

Rob slipped off Sunny's back and turned him into the grassy pasture slapping his rump as he went past.

"I'll be back soon, Miss Carver. I'd better be getting back to the stable."

"Cathy", she corrected, "Thank you, Mr.—"

"Just Rob", he called over his shoulder

as he jumped the fence and set off cross country toward his father's estate.

In the weeks that followed, Rob spent a great deal of time at Hathaway Hollow, now called Carver's Cottage. He would sit for hours instructing Cathy in the care of horses—how to feed them, how to ride them, how to show them. He told her all the tales that he could remember of the great horses of their time, and Cathy, entranced, sat beside him in the stable, drinking in every word.

One morning the telephone in the Robertson stall rang violently. Rob answered it and heard a frantic, feminine voice on the other end. "Rob! Oh, Rob! Please come over at once. Something awful has happened to Sunny!" Rob said something soothing and hung up the phone. On his way out, he picked up his vet case. In a moment he was in the station wagon, speeding down the lane, and taking the turns on two wheels. When he reached Carver's Cottage, he found Cathy in tears. She paced back and forth as he examined Sunny, who was lying in his stall, gasping for every

Please turn to page 27

The Road Is Marked

ELINOR LAWLESS, '50

I'M a newspaper reporter. There have always been questions arising, at one time or another, as to whether I'm a good one. But I manage to get a by-line once in a while, and my pay checks come in regularly, so I get along pretty well. Belle, my wife, says that she thinks I'm wonderful, and I rather thought so myself until I heard a story one day. It actually happened, and I want to tell you about it.

Many years ago, in a little town called Johnsville, in the upper part of New York state, there lived a family named Coulton. It consisted of Mrs. Coulton, her daughter Grace and three sons, Edward, Richard, and William, Jr. Mr. Coulton had died several years before, but fortunately he had provided for his family with a sizable insurance and a nice bookstore business in Johnsville.

Grace was sixteen when she first met Johnny Higgins. The Higgins family had just moved there from New York. They fell in love, as kids often do, but there was one obstacle to their happiness. Grace's mother did not approve of Johnny; his family lived on Basic Street, and the Coulton family lived on Walnut Avenue. Grace's brothers liked Johnny—admired his prowess on the football field, and his good marks in school. But Johnny found that he could not go to college because of his family's uncertain finances, so, instead, he went to work at the local plant, where he did well. Grace, after a course at the town business college, took over the gift and book shop, and her mother took care of the household responsibilities. She and Johnny looked forward to the day when they could be married. Then one night, suddenly, Mrs. Coulton suffered a stroke that left her practically paralyzed. Grace was nurse and companion to her; the boys went to college, and one by one, they married and moved

away. Grace and Johnny decided to wait until Mrs. Coulton was well again.

First one year went by, then two years. Johnny was becoming impatient. He was doing well at the plant, and Grace could sell the book shop and be Johnny's wife, and still take care of her mother. But she wanted to wait. She felt that, under the circumstances, she could not be the kind of wife she wanted to be for Johnny.

The years went by. Johnny took Grace to the movies, they never missed a high-school play, and both were prominent in town activities. Then Grace noticed that her hair was beginning to gray, Johnny was beginning to grow bald, and he was developing a slight—oh, ever so slight—paunch. Grace was approaching thirty, and Johnny—they didn't call him Johnny anymore—was Mr. Higgins now. Both seemed resigned to the fact that they must wait.

Five more years passed. Grace was thirty-five. She was a comely, mature woman, very efficient and very successful. She had made the bookstore into a thriving business. Johnny was assistant manager at the plant. They took each other for granted and they seemed happy. Mrs. Coulton knew that Grace was not happy—that her life was drab and empty—but she was powerless to do anything. She could not imagine a life without Grace—without her care, her love, and her lavish attention.

Then, one cold January night, Mrs. Coulton died of a sudden heart attack. Grace's grief for the old lady was real, and her mother's death left her broken. As she closed the door to her mother's room, the maid handed her a telegram. She laid it on the table beside the telephone, and dialed 466-M. "Hello", she said, "Is Johnny—I mean Mr. Higgins—there? He isn't? Will you have him call Miss Coulton when he

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Constant Solace

Honorable mention in Poetry Contest

VERNA LOUISE DALTON, '47

When all about you seems drear and desolate,
And the world appears doomed to a cruel fate;
 Fix your eye on a star,
 It isn't too far.
And you'll be guided to God.

When the sun is darkened and fails to shine,
And cold sheets of rain beat on mankind;
 Keep your chin up,
 Tho' 'tis a bitter cup,
And you'll be guided to God.

When your efforts meet failure and cause despair,
And help cannot be found anywhere;
 Remember—persevere!
 While you are here.
You will be guided to God.

When the days just drag and the road seems long,
And your soul needs guiding by a hand that's strong;
 Put aside care,
 And say a prayer.
You will be guided to God.

SENIOR H

Sketches



MARGARET ELLETT

*Margaret Ellett, known as Pete,
Holds the class president's seat.
She's danced her way through four year's rule
In Farmville's Normal Training School.*

BETTY BIBB

*Always writing what is done,
Betty Bibb has so much fun.
Senorita is always merry—
She's a laughing secretary.*



WHEELS

ess, '50

GRACE LOYD

*When Pete's away, Grace Loyd's around
To hold the vice-presidency down.
With humor, wit, and firm control
She plays this all dramatic role.*



ANNA HEADLEE

*Money, money is her cry;
She won't let you pass her by.
Pay her now, if it's your pleasure.
Anna Headlee holds the treasure.*



Have You Read These?

PAVILION OF WOMEN

BUCK, PEARL S., *The John Day Company, New York.*

PAVILION OF WOMEN by Pearl Buck is different from her previous novels. It does not deal with the peasants or the plain, simple people of China, but with a great family of the landed gentry—the well-to-do, cultivated people who have faith in the family itself as the center of humanity. This faith Pearl Buck points out is the foundation of their success.

The scene of the story is laid in a great house with many court yards, in which three generations live separately, yet closely together. Each son is expected to live at the old home, and his wife must take her place there with his family. This family exemplifies that degree of family unity such as is found only in China.

The central character is an extraordinary one. Madame Wu, as head of her household, has as her main purpose in life the success and happiness of her family. She has given her husband sons—the duty of every good wife in China. The change in Madame Wu's attitude toward life is the climax of the book. At first, she was opposed to any type of change as to the traditions and the customs of the family. Of noble character as well as of noble birth, she spends her life trying to make others happy, but she finds her life incomplete until she meets the foreign priest. From his teaching she discovers that the soul is stronger than the body—that love is stronger than duty. Through this discovery a strange enrichment fills her being and makes her free.

As the story continues, it is easy to realize that this is not just the story of

women and families in China but of the varied relationships of men and women. The characters might be of any race or nationality. The author has produced a book of universal meaning.

MILDRED DAVIS, '48

REPORT TO ST. PETER

VAN LOON, HENDRIK, *Simon and Schuster, 1947.*

HENDRIK VAN LOON'S style of writing history and biography has always been a little shocking to the more conservative, but most people have liked his books. Now his last book, REPORT TO ST. PETER, has been published posthumously. Because of its real worth it has met an enthusiastic reading audience. Instead of telling us about other people, Van Loon informs us about himself, so he says. But REPORT TO ST. PETER is much more than that. Incidentally, Van Loon wrote the book in order to have a record of his life to present to St. Peter at the gate of the Eternal City. Although he begins his report with a sentence about where and when he was born, he promptly digresses into the events of the times, and gives us not an account of his life, but an account of his opinions about an immense number of things. In fact, he runs the gamut all the way from the relative importance of himself in the world as compared with other people, to what was wrong with the current situation in 1943; from the modern writers to Voltaire; and from John Steinbeck to ordinary biographers. Moreover, he gives us the benefit of his years of thought and study on various items including religion. Although he, himself, definitely does not

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Picturesque Pennings

Nicoti, my tall palomino, and I took the jump beautifully—but separately. Nothing specific was wrong with my form; I just missed the horse completely on the way down, and sat on the ground entirely too hard for my comfort.

BARBARA ANDREWS



I begin the day by racing madly to get dressed before the provoking tolling of the breakfast bell . . . As I retire for the night, the restful striking of the bell on the library clock tells me that soon I shall be where bells cannot command me.

GRACE LOYD



Next I pry open Betsy's mouth (I affectionately call our furnace Betsy) and force a few shovelfuls of anthracite down her lusty throat. She likes that.

BETTY LEWIS SHANK



The king stood proud and erect, with the weight of the country on his shoulders, as the archbishop placed the diamond studded crown on his head.

MURIEL MCKEEVER



The peasant women calmly knitted—counting the dropping of stitches along with the dropping of heads.

HARRIETT RATCHFORD



There were only two hundred-sixty trained soldiers struggling against seemingly millions of shrieking, howling, feathered madmen.

MARTHA JEAN LEAVITT



As these two man-made iron monsters bellowed at each other, the sea about them began to roll and toss its white caps.

MARJORIE BOSWICK



Groaning and straining the sleeping volcano awoke. It spit ashes and boiling water down on the city. It hurled chunks of granite from its side. Lava spewed over the top of its crater and rolled sluggishly down the sides eating away and burying the fertile vineyards and orchards.

BARBARA ANDREWS



Gradually the water became thick with tea and its strong odor penetrated the still air.

MARTHA HYLTON

Just For



*All I wanted was to bring my roommate her
tooth brush.*

S.T.C. Theme

The saddest words of tongue or pen
Perhaps may be, "It might have been."
The sweetest words we know, by heck,
Are simply these: "Enclosed find check."

I think I'll put the motion before the
house said the Chorus girl as she danced on
to the stage.

Seems there's a cat up on third floor
Library hall who eats cheese and breathes
down the rat hole with baited breath.

On her deathbed, the beautiful star
burst into tears and whispered weakly to
her husband, "Oh, Hector, you've been so
good to me. I've been such a bad girl. I've
kissed a hundred other men."

"Don't excite yourself, dear," said her
husband calmly. "Who do you think put the
cyanide in your coffee?"

Swiped

A tender love scene:

She stood on the balcony
A rose in her teeth,
She threw him the rose,
He threw her the teeth!

She: Am I the first girl you ever kissed?
He: Now that you mention it, you do
look familiar.

Coming home from Sunday School two
little girls were discussing the morning's
lesson. "Do you believe there's a devil?"
asked one.

"Of course not," said the other. "It's
just like Santa Claus, it's only your father."

Aunt Eliza

In the drinking well
Which the plumber built her
Aunt Eliza fell.
We must buy a filter.

Harry Graham

Laughs

es, '48

She wore her stockings inside out
All through the summer's heat;
She said it cooled her off to turn
The hose upon her feet.

Mac Pherson bought only one spur. He
figured that if one side of the horse went,
the other was sure to follow.

There was a young lady from Guam
Who observed, "The Pacific's so calm
That there can't be a shark.
I'll just swim for a lark."
Let us now sing the Twenty-third Psalm.

Wanted: A folding table by a woman
with detachable legs.

Definitions

An octopus is a person who hopes for
the best.

A Senator is half horse and half man.

A yokel is the way people talk to each
other in the Alps.

Ibid was a famous Latin poet.

Young woman to department store
executive: "I want to complain about the
perfume. Your ad said my boyfriend would
fall for me. He didn't. Instead I wound up
making a pass at him because of his shaving
lotion."

"Shoe shine, Mister?"
"No."
"Shine 'em so you can see your face in
'em."
"No."
"Coward!"

Last nite I slew my roommate:
Stretched her on the flooring.
I was loath to take her life—
But I had to stop her snoring.

Did you hear about the woman who
married four times? Her first husband was
a millionaire, her second an actor, her third
was a well known minister, and her fourth
an undertaker.

"I see. One for the money: two for the
show: three to make ready: and four to go."



Something terribly interesting must be going on.
That plane has been circling for an hour.

Spring

ANNE MOTLEY, '48

When you come to the end of a long, hot day,
And the classes have been a bore;
And you've dreamed so loud of a nice cool dip
That you waked yourself with a snore.

Then it's time to put your books aside,
Your cares and studies, too.
It's time to relax and enjoy the spring;
It's time for being you!

You can run through the grass in your unshod feet,
Or climb in the apple tree.
You can wade in the brook or loll in the shade
On the side of the bank with me.

You can look at the sky as the clouds roll by
And dream of your fair young knight—
Building castles in air as you linger there.
Whatever you do is all right.

But can you forget that tomorrow morn
You have a class at eight,
And there's werk to be done which you've only begun?
But such is life—and such is your fate!

The Parasite of the Train

Continued from Page 11

ticket."

"No! No, señor," he replied with malicious frankness. "When I give the man the ticket, he will fix me in his mind. They have chased me many times without ever coming close enough to see me, and I don't want them to have a description of me. A happy trip to you, sir! You are the best man that I have met on the train."

He got out on the running board and grasped the rail of the coaches. He was lost in the blackness of the night; no doubt he would find another place where he could continue his journey undiscovered.

We stopped at a small, lonely station. I was ready to stretch out and sleep when I heard loud voices from the station platform. They were employes, station boys, and several civil guards who were running in definite directions as though circling someone.

"Here! . . . Head him off! By heavens, the other side . . . don't let him escape! He's on top of the train . . . follow him!"

And in a few minutes the roofs of the cars trembled under the foot-falls of the pursuers.

It was, without a doubt, "my friend", whom they had surprised, and seeing himself encircled, had taken refuge on top of the train.

I was at the opposite window, and I saw him leap from the roof of the next car with the lightness of a shadow. He fell face downward on the ground, crawled on all fours as though the violence of the blow did not permit him to get up, and at last raised himself and fled at full speed, losing himself in the darkness of the plains.

"What is this?" I asked the conductor.

"A rascal that has the habit of traveling without a ticket," he answered with emphasis. "We have known him for some time. He is a parasite of the train, but we'll catch him and send him to jail if it's the last thing we do."

I never saw the poor parasite again. Many times in the winter I have recalled

this man. I have seen him on the outskirts of a station, drenched with rain and snow, waiting for the train that passed as a whirlwind in the night.

Now I read that on the railway near Albacete, the body of a man has been found cut to pieces by the train . . . It is he, the poor parasite! I do not need to read more information to know it is he; my heart tells me.

Perhaps he suddenly lost his skill; perhaps some traveler frightened by such an apparition was less compassionate than I, and threw him under the wheels. Go ask the night what happened!

Perez ended: "It has been four years since I met him. In this time I have traveled in and out of Spain often; as a whim or to combat boredom, I have thought of the poor farm laborer more than once. He, who had been separated from his family by poverty—he who had been pursued and accosted as a ferocious animal, had defied death with the serenity of a valiant."

Report to St. Peter

Continued from Page 18

accept any particular denomination or creed.

REPORT TO ST. PETER is a thoroughly enjoyable book for many reasons, not the least of which is the keen humor that sparkles on every page. The only thing the reader won't like about it is, it covers only the first twelve years of the author's life. The work was cut short by his fatal heart attack. And so, perhaps, Hendrik Van Loon went in person to present his report to St. Peter. Surely the good saint accepted it—probably with a smile. You will also.

EVELYN HAIR, '47

"Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow"

Continued from Page 5

The saddest good-bye we have to say is the good-bye to Miss Olive Iler. She has been our adviser for four years, and we don't know what we could have done without her. Not only has she been our friend, but also she has been our true friend. She has been not only a friend to the class, but also a friend to each of us individually. Her interest, understanding, helpfulness, and guidance have made our life at Farmville a richer and more meaningful one. To Miss Iler, we say, "We thank you for remaining our adviser for four years and for being our friend. You have overlooked many faults in us, even though at times we have been a disappointment to you. We have enjoyed working and playing with you. In all sincerity, Miss Iler, we love you and shall miss you."

An important phase of our life is ending; another is beginning, a new and entirely different one. We shall never forget Farmville, and we hope that Farmville will not entirely forget us. Would we might say good-bye "till it be morrow"!

There's No Fool Like A Young Fool

Continued from Page 8

name."

"Well, she told me to come here," Richard answered much chagrined. He showed Bob the card bearing the address. Richard was beginning to lose his temper, and the hushed voices across the street didn't help him any.

After reading the card, Bob leaned forward and whispered, "Oh! Wait just one moment."

Richard actually sighed with relief.

Leaning against a porch column, he had an urge to sneer at the boys across the street, "Ha, Ha. I guess I'll show you!"

In a couple of minutes he heard a noise behind him. What a moment! There standing in the darkened hallway, he saw the harem girl. Once again the big brown eyes laughed at him from beneath the golden locks. But the harem costume, except for the mask, had been replaced by a brown tweed suit. And the brown tweed suit belonged to Bob Shelly.

DEATH

Tell me
For I must know
Why we must pass away
Unto a world for better still
Than this.

Jackie Hancock

ENGLISH

Why fear
That simple change
Called death by some
A last gracious gift of the Lord
To Us?

Dot Bowne

Behind the Scenes of May Day



May Day all wrapped in one neat package—Miss Kay



Bettie P. gives a tooth paste smile for the camera fiends.



Lohr and B. Lee—Pleased as can be.

Book Review

THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS

JANNEY, RUSSELL, *Prentice-Hall, N. Y., N.Y.*;
\$3.00.

THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS is a story of a modern miracle that leaves one glowing inside and happy with the conviction that this old world isn't as bad a place as the all too numerous pessimists would have us believe.

Coaltown, Pennsylvania, a backward little mining community, composed mainly of Polish stock, is the scene of this miracle. For four days and nights the church bells of Coaltown ring—a spectacular event in itself—but while the bells are ringing, something happens that changes this ringing from a mere publicity stunt into a miracle wrought through the “simple faith and goodness” of the young actress, Olga Treskovna, who dies prematurely, but not before she had had time to kindle the spark which fires the hearts of so many people. Her friend, Bill Dunnigan, a press agent,

whose earnest enthusiasm becomes contagious to everyone he meets, is the instrument through whom the miracle is effected. Dunnigan introduces us to Father Paul, a quiet sincere priest who until then has met with nothing but defeat in spite of his burning desire to help his fellowman; to the avaricious undertaker, Orloff; to the hotel clerk who can always state the hour with quarter-of-a-minute precision; and to many other varied types, each of whom is touched by this miracle of the bells.

The many different races, creeds, and personalities that rub elbows between the covers of this heart-warming novel are interpreted to us by the sympathetic Mr. Janney, who manages to transfer to the reader his own faith in the inherent good of each individual; and so, in *The Miracle of the Bells* the author draws us a small scale plan for the bringing to pass of the miracle of unity and brotherhood among men. His wholesome, optimistic outlook is truly refreshing.

JACKY EAGLE, '50

Tricet

BETTY SPINDLER, '49

The sky is low now
 The grey clouds smother me,
 And sullen the winds blow.
 The sky is low now
 Beneath the weight the willows bow:
 Gloom and despair would cover me
 For the sky is low now,
 The grey clouds smother me.

Mistaken Identity

Continued from Page 13

breath.

"I'm afraid it's all my fault. I worked him rather hard last night; and when we returned, he was lathered up. The night was warm for November; so, I turned him into the pasture. About one this morning that frightful rain fell, and it turned cold. And now look at my Sunny!" Cathy sobbed.

"That's about what's wrong—pneumonia. Now go and get me a couple of gallons of boiling water and some hot bran mash."

Rob carefully measured some brown liquid in a pail, and then he stroked and talked to Sunny while he waited for Cathy to return. Cathy soon appeared, the full buckets bumping and banging as she struggled along. The hot water was sloshing into her shoes, but she was unaware of it. Rob leaped to her aid.

"If he gets through this hour, he'll be all right," Rob remarked as he added hot water to the brown liquid. Fumes rose and Rob quickly made a hood out of a blanket and put it over Sunny's head to make him breathe the fumes. Then he rubbed Sunny down with liniment and covered him with two blankets. Rob and Cathy sat down to await results. Half an hour later Sunny was breathing more easily, and by the time forty-five minutes had passed, he had lurched to his feet. His eyes were dull, but he nosed about for the bran that he smelled. Rob set it under his groping muzzle, and he ate almost a third of it before he lay down and went to sleep.

"Is he dead? Rob, IS HE DEAD?"

"No, Cathy, he'll be well on the way to recovery as soon as he has had a nap."

"Oh, Rob!" Cathy took one stumbling step in his direction and flung her arms about him. Rob's arms automatically held her close; he cupped his hand under her chin and kissed her softly.—At least, he had meant it to be softly.—When their lips touched, they could feel their hearts beating as one, and they held each other close.

Suddenly Cathy turned scarlet. She gave Rob a violent shove and shouted: "How dare you?! You—you stable wolf!!" With this she ran out of the stable, sobbing loudly.

In the days following, Rob went often to Carver's Cottage to take care of Sunny in his convalescence, but he never saw Cathy. Sometimes he would get a glimpse of her from a distance, but by the time he reached the farm, she would be gone. After Sunny was completely well, Rob stopped going to the Carver stable altogether. He just stayed on his father's estate, and for the most part, stayed in the stable caring for the horses.

Two weeks before Christmas the Robertson's neighbor, Cal Hunter, gave a ball for his daughter's coming out. All the important people in the county were invited. Cathy went, resplendent in a Kelly-green taffeta trimmed in silver. Kenneth Robertson and his son, Rob, were there also. After general introductions and cocktails, the band began to play. Every girl except Cathy had a partner, and they danced until the room began to resemble a highly excited rainbow.

Rob sat morosely on the sidelines until his father took him by the arm and piloted him to where Cathy was sitting.

"Miss Carver, may I present my son, Rob?"

"Rob?" Cathy glanced up, "Rob—Your SON!!!" Cathy stuttered and grew scarlet. Mr. Robertson quietly faded into the background.

"Cathy, they're playing 'Two Silhouettes', would you care to dance?" Rob helped her to her feet, but her averted face told him that she was not ready for conversation. They drifted onto the floor, and after a while she murmured, "Rob, I'm so ashamed! There's so much to explain, and I can't explain it."

"That's all right, dear. Look at the moonlight on the snow. Shall we step out

on the terrace where we can see it better?"

They stepped out on the terrace. Cathy shivered and said that she was cold. Rob's arms drew her close; nothing else was said for a long time.

Kenneth Robertson, Senior, stepped to the French windows, gazed at the couple, and chuckled in approval. "Sunny seems to be a match-maker as well as a show horse," he remarked with his eyes twinkling.

The Road Is Marked

Continued from Page 14

comes in? Thank you." She hung up. Her eyes fell on the telegram. Listlessly she picked it up, thinking how strange it was that Johnny was not in, as it was very late. She tore the envelope away from the message, and she stood up. Her face became

very pale, and she uttered a soft cry of frustration and of grief. The yellow paper fluttered underneath the table, bearing its simple message: "Margaret Eddins and I married in New York today Stop Wish us luck Stop Your old friend Johnny Higgins".

A girl in school wrote this note to her father and received the following reply:

Dearest Daddy,

Will you be a pal of mine
And send me a little Valentine?
I've been asked to join Pi Gamma Mu
And now my funds are very few.
It took me down seven bucks,
And now I am out of luck(s)
I really hang my head in shame,
Not because I just have seven cents to
my name
But because I have to ask for more
When I know we are so poor,
Please Pop.

Love, me

Dearest Daughter,

Seven Bucks for Gamma Mu!
Surely means a lot to you.
Just where your money goes
The Lord in heaven only knows
Perhaps you eat too much sweet
And try to look too coy for Pete.

Your appeal is very touching
But my money I am clutching.
Ten more bucks I am sending
But on you I am depending
To be more careful in your spending.
Love, Dad

DADDY

Daddy,
With smiling face.
To all his beloved ones
He gives love, faith, hope, joy,
and peace,
My Dad.

THE BROOK

The Brook
Runs on its way
Through meadow, hill, and vale,
Ending its play in the restless sea,
Beyond.

Jacqueline Bobbitt



Senior Song

BETTY SPINDLER, '49

Sing a song of Seniors;
Make it sad or gay.
Sing about the four years
They spent at work or play.

Add a note of sadness,
But make the parting sweet—
For at some future Founders Day
They'll be sure to meet.

Add a note of joy, too,
For those who will cry, "Free!"
And all join in the chorus
To the Seniors of STC.



THE COLONNADE

TIMELY

I like
Circuses;
With
Clowns and
Trapezes,
But
I'm not
Spozed
To go
On account of
Diseases.

—Elizabeth Borie



He is like the cock that thought the
sun had risen to hear him crow.



How cruelly sweet are echoes that start
when memory plays an old tune on the
heart.

Our Reputation Is Your Guarantee
JOAN BEAUTY SALON
At the Dorothy May
Phone 71

COLLINS FLORIST
"The Final Thought of Freshness"
Phone 181 Day Phone 4 Night

Lovely Orchids and a variety
of corsages are waiting for
you at
CHAS. E. BURG
FLORIST

G. F. BUTCHER COMPANY
"THE CONVENIENT STORE"
*Dealer in Fancy Groceries,
Confectioneries
Country Produce, Cigars and Tobacco*

Lie down with the dogs, get up with
the fleas.



Whiskey has killed more men than bul-
lets. I had rather be full of whiskey than
bullets.



The only thing you can count on around
here is your fingers.



THE CAMEL

The camel has a single hump,
The dromedary, two;
Or else the other way around,
I'm never sure. Are you?

—Ogden Nash

Compliments of . . .
COLLEGE SHOPPE
FARMVILLE VIRGINIA
"We Appreciate Your Patronage"

Martin the Jeweler
Will Appreciate Your Business

TAXI SERVICE
Call **FARMVILLE MOTOR CO.**—295

The only book my name ever got into
was a directory.

There was a young lady from Me.
Who suffered a lot with migre.
'Til she jumped out of bed
And sliced off her head
And was troubled no more with her Pe.

An intrepid old chief of the Sioux
Used to smoke rubber bands dipped in glioux
The effect seen in him
Was a feeling of vim,
But all his tribe died from the pioux.

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.

Farmville's Largest and Best
Dept. Store

DAVIDSON'S

"The House of Quality"

Gray's Drug Store

PURE MEDICINES

PERFUMES—TOILET ARTICLES

"Quality—Price—Service"

FARMVILLE --: --: VIRGINIA

**FARMVILLE CREAMERY,
INC.**

Manufacturer of Dairy Products

MILK a health food

BUTTER best spread for bread

ICE CREAM not only a food
but a dessert that is good cheap and healthy

PHONE 55

Eat At—

SHANNON'S

*WE SPECIALIZE IN
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