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THE COLONN/AIDIE

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MAY

1948

IT TAKES EXPERIENCE TO SKIM THE SURF AT

40 miles an hour on one foot!

...and Champion
NANCE STILLEY
agrees that
in water skiing—and
in cigarettes too...

**"EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!"**



In twisting slaloms
... in tricky jumps
... this petite young
Cypress Gardens
aquamaid is in a
class by herself ...
a champion many
times over.



You watch her and
you *know* Nance
Stilley has plenty
of experience. Her
cigarette? That's a
"choice of experi-
ence" too...Camel!



I NOTICE MORE
AND MORE PEOPLE
SMOKING CAMELS.
THEY'RE GREAT!

I LEARNED
BY EXPERIENCE...
BY COMPARING...
THAT CAMELS SUIT
MY 'T-ZONE'
BEST!



THE "T-ZONE"

**T for Taste...
T for Throat...**

your final
proving ground
for any
cigarette

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Let your  -Zone tell you why

**More people are smoking
Camels than ever before!**

● Now that people can get all the cigarettes they want
... any brand ... now that they once again can choose
their cigarette on a basis of personal preference ... more
people are smoking Camels than ever before.

Why? The answer is in your "T-Zone" (T for Taste
and T for Throat). Let your taste ... your throat ...
tell you why, with smokers who have tried and com-
pared, Camels are the "choice of experience"!



According to a
Nationwide survey:

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

When 113,597 doctors from coast
to coast were asked by three
independent research organiza-
tions to name the cigarette they
smoked, more doctors named
Camel than any other brand!

CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE!

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. X

MAY, 1948

NO. 3

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CORINNE HINES BAKER

We dedicate this issue

To

Corinne Hines Baker

March 20, 1927

April 14, 1948

"Kind Nature first doth cause all things to love,
Love makes them dance and in just order move.
Learn then to dance, you that are princes born,
And lawful words of earthly creatures all;
Imitate them, and therefore take no scorn,
For this new art to them is natural,
And imitate the stars celestial:
For when pale Death your vital twist shall sever,
Your better part must dance with them forever."

SIR JOHN DAVIES.



OUR years ago the 1948 Graduating Class entered S. T. C. as Freshmen, and at this time they chose as their faculty adviser one, who like themselves, was also a "Freshman"—Miss Mary B. Dabney. Having come from nearby Lynchburg, where she was supervisor of Physical Education in the public schools, she soon found her place in the hearts of all the students. Especially to "her" class did she become endeared. As an adviser she was indispensable; her sincerity and frankness in regard to all situations made our problems easy to solve, and her cheery greeting brightened all with whom she came in contact. The other day one Senior said this: "We have been as one big family that has always managed to work things out satisfactorily. That's what Miss Dabney wanted."

This year we suddenly realize that there will be two holes that won't be easily filled. Not only are the Seniors graduating, but Miss Dabney is leaving, also. She will be missed in so many places*, but we all look forward to her return when once again her

cheery voice will be heard throughout the college, and her friendly spirit will be felt in all the old familiar places. To her Seniors and to us all Miss Dabney says this: "For four eventful years I have enjoyed serving as class-man for you. I know that each one of you will continue to contribute as important a part to the various communities you are joining as you contributed to the college community you are leaving. It is my sincere wish that the joys, successes, the mistakes and sorrows we shared will enable you to be ever conscious of the virtues which endure. I can never hope that you, my advisees, have benefitted nearly as much as I have from my association with you."

*As adviser of the H2O Club

As adviser of Alpha Kappa Gamma

As adviser of Student Standards

As patroness of Pi Kappa Sigma

As a member of the Committee on scheduling Student Activities.

As director of the Pool and all swimming events.

HONEYMOON IS OVER

BY LOU ALYCE SHELOR

THE car moved swiftly along the darkened countryside. I rubbed the steam from the windshield on my side of the car and looked out into the darkness. The bright glow of the headlights flashed on the road sign—Morgantown, 25 miles. I slipped down in the seat and leaned my head on my husband's shoulder. I closed my eyes and heaved a sigh. Tim patted my shoulder and said softly, "We'll soon be home—only a few more miles to go."

I knew Tim thought I was tired, but my sigh expressed fear more than fatigue. My mind traveled back over the last glorious two weeks. I thought of our sudden elopement on Christmas Eve during the elaborate celebration of the holiday when my parents would least suspect our plans. I thought of the quickly scrawled note to my Mother, and finally of the hurried trip to the little winter resort in the mountains where we knew we'd be safe from discovery.

I thought of these things for the first time since Tim and I were married. The time had passed too happily and quickly for disturbing thoughts. The honeymoon was over now, and the reality of the situation was staring me in the face.

Father had made it quite plain to me that I would no longer be welcomed at home, if I married Tim and thereby became a member of the Douglas clan. It was in August that I told him I wanted to get married instead of going back to school. Our conversation of that time stands out vividly in my memory. He and mother were sitting in the living-room reading the evening paper when I approached him on the subject.

"Father," I said cautiously.

"What is it Pamela?" He said lowering his newspaper and looking up at me. Don't tell me you're broke again. Can't see to

save me how young people do away with so much money."

"No", I replied, "It isn't money this time." Something in the tone of my voice aroused Mother's interest. She put aside her paper and fastened her gaze on Father and me.

I didn't dress the truth up. I came directly to the point. "I don't want to go back to school. Tim and I want to get married next month."

A frightening silence fell among us. It was like the calm before the storm. Mother broke the spell.

"Why, I thought you were going back to get your degree this fall?"

"She is", Father said harshly to Mother and then turned to me. "I'll never give you my permission. I have told you time and again how I feel about Tim and his people. I don't like them, and I don't intend to let my daughter marry into the family."

"But Father", I began.

"That's final", he stormed as he got up from the chair and started to leave the room.

"Maybe it is final as far as you're concerned, but it is not final with me. You have never been able to find a thing wrong with Tim. Your excuses are pretty feeble. Just because you don't like his family isn't enough to keep two people apart when they love each other."

Mother got up and came to me. She took my arm and said, "Pamela don't!"

Father became angrier with every word I spoke. "Have you finished?"

"No", I replied. "Why don't you admit the truth? You're still mad because Tim's father beat you in the election for District Attorney. You said he won only because he hired the Negro population to vote for him. All right, so what, you're still jealous

because you didn't think of it first."

I looked at Father, and I knew I had gone too far. His face was very red, but he had no reply to my accusations. I turned and walked out of the room. I heard Mother say, "George, do you think you're handling her wisely? She will marry Tim in spite of what you're said."

Father answered in a loud voice so I could hear him. "If she does marry him, she will no longer be welcomed here. When she leaves, I don't want her to come back."

I awakened from my reverie when I realized that the car had stopped. I opened my eyes to find Tim looking at me. He put his arms around me, drawing me close in the circle of his arms. He put his mouth close to my ear and whispered softly, "Darling, don't worry. Everything will work out in time. As long as we have each other, we'll see it through."

I clung to him, and I felt a surge of relief flow through my body. I was thankful for having an understanding husband. I should have known that I couldn't hide my feelings from him. He always knew when I was worried, and usually he knew why.

A light flashed on. For the first time, I realized that we were parked in front of Tim's home. A deep bass voice boomed out in the still night, "Son, is that you?"

Tim opened the door and stepped out of the car answering, "Yes Pop, we're home."

"Well don't sit out there all night. Bring Pam on in. Are you trying to freeze her to death?"

We gathered up our baggage and walked to the house. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas met us at the door. Tim's father kissed me and said "Welcome home, Pam." Mrs. Douglas kissed and embraced us both shedding a few happy tears.

I was grateful that Tim's parents took the attitude they did. I knew they were trying to do everything they could to make up for the lack of affection of my own parents at this time.

The time passed happily. Tim worked during the day. I spent my time assisting Mrs. Douglas around the house becoming better acquainted with her and my surroundings.

One afternoon I suddenly decided to go home. The desire to see and talk with my Mother became over-powering. I slipped quietly out of the house. I drove Tim's Ford out of the driveway and headed up the old familiar street. I drove past the house to make certain that Father wasn't there. The garage door was open, and his car was gone. I turned the car around and pulled up beside the curb in front of the house.

I walked up the sidewalk to the front stoop. Automatically, I took hold of the brass door knob and started to turn it. Then I happened to think that it might be better to knock. I lifted the knocker, and it fell back with a dull thud. I leaned back against the iron railing of the stoop steps and waited.

Lila, the housekeeper, opened the door. I noticed the surprised look on her face that vanished as soon as it appeared.

"Hello Lila", is Mother here?" I asked as she led me into the house.

"Yes Miss Pam. She's upstairs. I'll go get her."

"Never mind, I'll go on up there."

I went up the steps and turned toward Mother's room. As I opened the door, she looked up from the chair by the window where she sat knitting.

"Pamela child!" She dropped her knitting and ran to me. She clung to me as if she would never let me go.

"Mother, Mother, I've missed you so much", I cried softly.

"I know", she comforted. "It has been unbearable for me ever since you and Tim came back. The only news I've had of you was through your friends who saw you in town or out at the club with Tim."

"I'm sorry, but this is the first chance I've had to come. No, that isn't true! I was afraid to come—afraid that you wouldn't want to see me after the way I ran away."

"Oh, Pamela", she said shaking me gently. "There will never come a time when I won't want to see you. I was expecting you and Tim to pull that trick, but not at the time you did. I must say you timed it well. There was never a more

Please turn page

unsuspecting soul in the world than I of your plans." She lowered her head and added, "unless it was your father." She quickly changed the subject. "Tell me Pamela, how is Tim? Are you happy? Are the Douglasses good to you?"

"Mother please, one question at a time. Tim is fine, we're extremely happy, and his parents go out of their way to be nice to me."

We talked on of inconsequential things. Finally I got around to the subject that had carefully been avoided.

"I don't suppose Father has changed his mind about me?" I questioned.

"No", Mother replied. "If there is any change at all, it is for the worse. Some of the men at the office teased him about Mr. Douglas pulling another fast one on him by marrying Tim off to you. He didn't take it very well."

There was nothing more either of us could say on the subject. I looked at my watch and noticed that it would soon be time for Father to come home. I left at once promising Mother to come back the first chance I had.

My visits to see Mother became very frequent. Not once, however, did I ever encounter Father.

I discovered a few months later that I was going to have a baby. Tim and I were driving back from the movie one night by the River Road when I decided to tell him.

"Tim", I faltered.

"Yes?"

"Tim let's stop the car and park here for awhile like we used to do before we were married."

He pulled the car over on the side of the road under an old oak tree. "Ah-hh", he said as he slid across the seat to my side and put his arm around me, "Is my little Pam in a romantic mood tonight?"

"Silly", I giggled and pushed him away from me. I changed my mind and pulled him back. "If you'll kiss me, I'll tell you a little secret I know."

He obliged. "Now, what have you done? I don't care what it is. Right now I'll forgive you for anything."

"What would you say if I told you we

are going to be parents?" I questioned him teasingly.

"Pam!" he exclaimed, "Did you say - -"

"Yes, I'm going to have ababy."

"Darling", he said as he held me next to his heart. That was all he needed to say. I could tell by the tone of his voice that he was happy as I.

We lay awake at nights making plans for our son or daughter. We sometimes argued as to which sex it would be. We became so thoroughly occupied with our plans for the future that the months soon slipped by, and my time grew nearer and nearer.

A year had passed since Tim and I were married and still my Father would not relent or consent to see me. I still paid my Mother visits, but they were not so frequent now.

One day about three weeks before the time for my baby, Mother called and asked me to come over. She had finished some things she was knitting for the baby and wanted me to get them.

It was an extremely bad January day. The wind was blowing, and a little snow was falling. Tim wouldn't let me drive the car now, so I had Mrs. Douglas drive me over. She promised to come after me at four-thirty, a half an hour before Father would come home.

Mother and I spent the afternoon talking about the baby and planning for its future. The time slipped quickly by. Suddenly I glanced out of the window and saw that it was beginning to get dark and realized that it must be getting very late.

"Mother, what time do you have?" I asked excitedly glancing at her watch.

"It couldn't be very late. Let me see. Why I have fifteen minutes of five."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Where can Mrs. Douglas be? She promised to pick me up at four-thirty." I drew the curtains apart from the living room window and looked out. The snow was coming down furiously.

Ten more minutes passed. I became restless and impatient. The thought of running into Father at home drove me to distraction. I peered out once more. The

(Continued on page 18)

Moon Fisher

He fishes in a sea of dreams
And draws out tiny gem-like stars.
He fishes for the moon's bright beams
And catches more than golden bars.
Then when his night of work is done
Home he brings his Midas gold,
Whereof his star-catch songs are spun
And stories of enchantment told.
He, the dreamer, he the poet,
Sails a dream-boat all night long;
Thru the dark sky salt winds blow it
On its white wake floats a song.



BETTY SPINDLER, '49



The Tattletale

★ The robin's a rogue and a rascal bold.
I told him my secret and then he told.
I saw him swinging high in a tree
And I called to him—"Robin, listen to me:
I'll tell you my secret, if you won't tell."
So he cocked his bright eye as if to say—"Well?"
I told him my secret. He threw back his head
And you can well guess what that robin said:
Yes, he told my secret far and near—
"Cheer up, cheer up, for spring is here."

BETTY SPINDLER, '49

Now Is the Hour

THE time has come for the seniors of the class of 1948 to say "good-bye".

How much easier it is for us to bid our last "good-bye" with a cheery "Adios muchachas", or a flipant "Au revoir", instead of exposing that touch of lonely insecurity we feel deep inside.

Good-bye? But to what—, or is it really "goodbye"? Yes, it will be "goodbye" for us, the seniors, to the physical surroundings of S. T. C., but is that what has come to be our true Alma Mater? We as seniors—looking back upon four years of college life, think not. Of course, we love the "dorms", the "campus", "Joan". "Colonade", "Rotunda", "field house", "A. A. Field", "Longwood", "Shannons". All these hold a special meaning for us, for it is in these very surroundings that we have grown from adolescence to young adulthood, for we were little more than sensitive, changing adolescence when we came. Thus, it is these things of S. T. C. which have

contributed to the development of what we are as adult seniors of 1948, that have really come to mean the college to us. Yes, we have learned to do assignments "on our own", learned to wash and iron clothes, learned to grasp for true friendship, learned "iron out" difficulties without "mother", and learned the even balance of work, play, and sleep, the hard way, learned to face and live through "room-mate troubles", learned the meaning of a "small cog in a big wheel". And finally, we were proud to step into shoes those before us had filled so admirably, as student leaders, and we have relinquished these honors with the earnest hope that we have left a job well-done.

Our future?! Each senior has plans, of marriage, teaching, trips, office jobs, or Masters Degree, and into each of these plans will consciously or sub-consciously go all the things we have come to know and to love at STC.



June Grad

I saw a senior pass today
Her face was bright and glad,
But underneath the happiness
Her heavy heart was sad;
A melancholy mist of tears
With sighs so lightly strewn
That with the joy a sorrow came
That she must leave so soon.

I saw a senior pass today
She held her head erect
And with a sad determined air
She kept her tears in check.
It would not do to shed those tears
In Alma Mater's hall
For she, a senior, must ever be
An example for them all.

BARBARA ANDREWS, '50



Fateful Obsession

BY JANICE SLAVIN

IT all happened on a Saturday night at college. Almost everyone had gone to the movies; only four people were left on our hall. I had been in the pressing room most of the evening, but had just returned to my room to get some studying done before the girls got back. Bedlam always reigned on Saturday night after the girls returned from the movies.

Almost an hour had elapsed before I heard the footsteps of the returning girls. A door opened, and a blood-curdling scream pierced the air. I dropped my books and dashed into the hall. By now girls were running from all directions to Betty Brockley's room. Oh, I gasped as I entered the room, for there on the floor lay the lovely form of Betty Brockley—dead! I ran from the room to escape the horror that death always instills in me. By this time the police had been summoned. Everything had happened so quickly. I was confused. My mind tried to grasp the significance of the situation, but to no avail. I was sure I was dreaming. "Things like this only happen in stories," I murmured to myself.

Detectives and police arrived. Questions were being asked thick and fast. We three girls who were on the hall at the time of the murder were the likely suspects. It had leaked out that of us three girls, I was the one who had disliked Betty. It was true that we had had several misunderstandings, but I'm not in the habit of murdering people with whom I don't agree. Trying to convince the police of this, however, was another story. I was the No. 1 suspect. My room was ransacked! For reasons known only to the eagle eye of the police, several articles were taken from each of our rooms. After several minutes of searching, for heavens knows what, in my room, a detective scooped up some tobacco from a cigarette that was lying on the floor near the trash

can. -I was amazed at such a seemingly stupid thing, but having read murder mysteries all my life, I figured it must prove something—they thought.

After the police had gone, I tried to collect my wits. I couldn't sleep. The fact that I was the No. 1 suspect didn't bother me for some reason or other. The thing that did bother me was that there was a murderer in our midst. The other two suspects were my best friends! What a situation! I had known both of the other girls since the first day that I had come to college. They were fine outstanding girls in every way. "This whole affair is fantastic", I told myself. "I must still be dreaming." Doris Lind was a very sweet girl. She didn't have a temper. In fact she seemed to be a person without any emotions whatsoever. No matter what happened she always remained calm. She was outstanding in her classwork and greatly loved by her classmates. No, Doris was definitely not capable of such a thing.

Anne Monroe was also outstanding in everything. She didn't know what it was to make below an "A" on any subject or to be defeated in any athletic contest. She was, perhaps, the best all-round person I had ever known. She could not only do anything, but she could do it better than anyone else could. Anne was a deep thinker. Many times, we had sat and discussed together our philosophies of life.

During one of our long talks about a year ago, Anne had told me that the only way that she felt inferior to anyone else was in "looks". Although Anne was far from homely, I could tell that this one thing weighed heavily on her mind. Yes, it was possible for Anne to commit a murder, but not probable.

The next day there were no classes.

(Continued on page 21)

OUR MAY DAYS

JACKIE EAGLE, '50

FOR over a quarter of a century S. T. C. has been bringing in the May, and now this gay old custom is an integral part of our College tradition.

But why May Day? Do we really know what's behind this yearly ritual of pageantry, gathering flowers, and crowning the most popular girl as Queen of the May? Most of us have some vague idea about greeting the spring or something equally poetical, but largely we celebrate the first of May as a matter of course, just as we do April Fool's Day. Few can give a good reason why.

The significance of May Day changes with the clime and time. In our day, school children and college girls skip out their diligently rehearsed May Pole dance and fete their May Queen; simultaneously European Communists are parading and demonstrating wildly, for this is their Labor Day.

Picking our way farther back through the maze of May Day tradition, we find quite a lot of dissension as to just what group or nation is responsible for originating May Day. Some say that May Day goes as far back as the ancient Greeks, while some maintain that the Romans started the ball rolling with their Florida, a festival honoring Flora, the goddess of flowers and springtime. Others hold that May Day custom harks back to Hungary where long ago a legend was built up around the May Pole. Still others insist that the tree worshipping Druids were the real founders of May Day. But the people who are most steeped in the May tradition are the "merrye" English to whom May Day has been one of the gayest holidays on the calendar since medieval times. May Day in a medieval English country village began before dawn when all the citizens, young and old, went to the woods "a

Maying" that is to gather the white hawthorne for the celebration. Later in the day came the May Pole dance and the May Day procession in which everyone from chimney sweeps to milkmaids participated. May Day in medieval England was a day when the village let her hair down, a day filled with flowers, dancing, laughter, and as much fun as could be crammed into 24 hours.

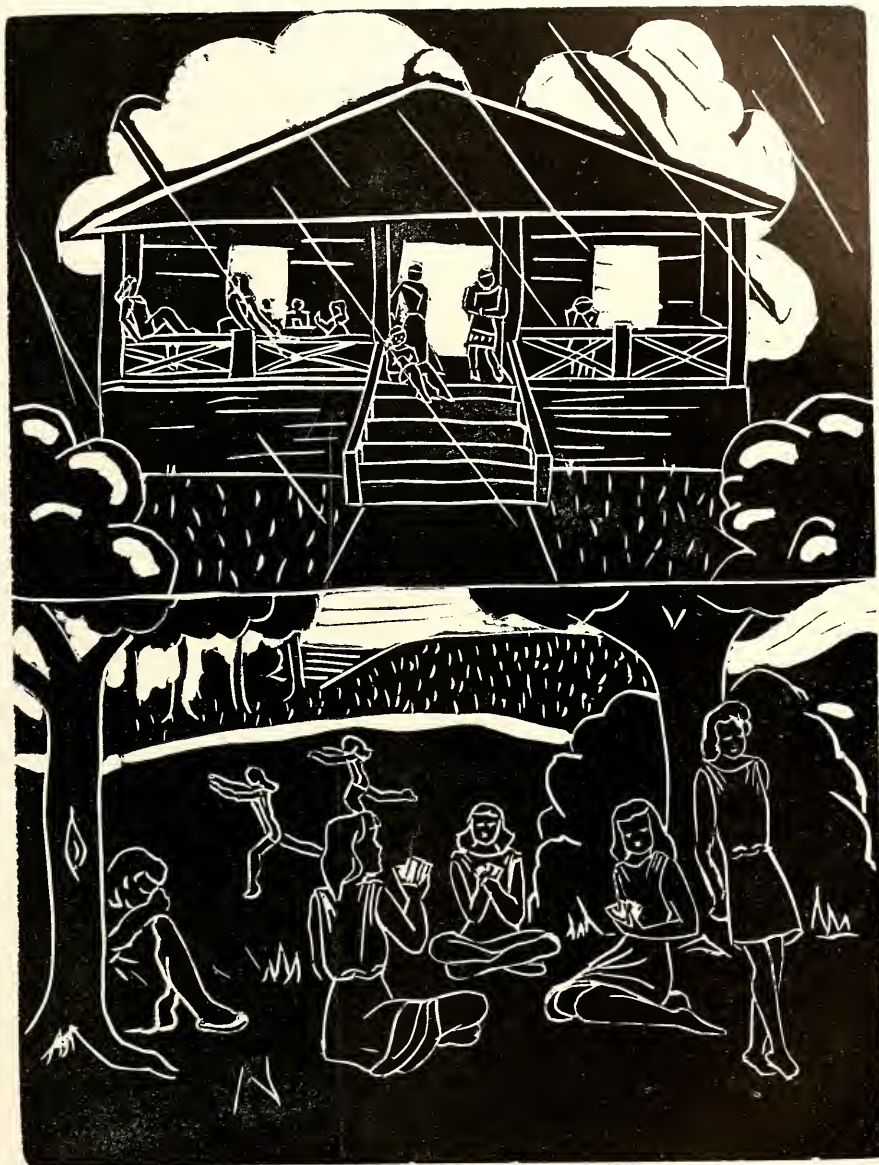
In 1921 State Normal School together with the Training School gave birth to her first real May Day, patterned that year along medieval English lines as it was to be for some years following. Prior to that time, May Day had been purely a training school affair. This first S. N. S. May coronation took place in front of the rotunda, and from this station the queen and her court witnessed the pageant which was produced on the front lawn of the College. In those days a College Orchestra provided the musical background. Another phase of S. T. C. May Day tradition, the curse of inevitable rain on May first was also begun in that same year. For several years following, the athletic field, though it seems to us today to be rather lacking in holiday atmosphere was the setting for the annual spring festival.

1924 is an interesting date in S. T. C. May Day history, for it was that year that the *Rotunda* carried an editorial protesting against the participation of the Training School children in the pageant. The Training School, however, wasn't finally eliminated from the production until several years later. It was that same year, too, that three attempts were made to produce May Day before the sun deigned to shine on the appointed day. It seems that Old Man Weather has been plotting against us all along.

Although this article was intended to be concerned primarily with May Day tradition
(Continued on page 20)



May Day



Rain and Shine

JOE

BY MARY LEIGH MEREDITH

THE moonlight had turned the beach to silver, and in the quiet of the night the pines seemed like great court ladies, daintly rustling their silks and satins. The waves, tipped with fingers of the fiery phosphorus, broke almost silently upon the white sands of the beach. I sat on the seawall, scarce daring to breathe for lest I break the almost cathedral-like silence. Out across the waves a star fell and met a watery grave.

"That sho nuff a sign of trubbles fer some 'un," a voice behind me remarked. I jumped, and on turning, I saw only Joe, the young Negro who lived down the road.

Joe didn't frighten me. Some of the beach children were afraid of Negroes—but not I. Maybe I had met too many Negroes who could be trusted, and too many white people who could not, to worry about the color of his skin. Joe lived in a small but cheerful-looking cottage a good half mile from the beach. There were seven children in the family, and Joe was the eldest. I wondered why none of his younger brothers or sister were tagging along with him tonight as they usually did. I glanced about him. He seemed to be able to read my thoughts, for abruptly he spoke again, "Got dem younguns in bed and hustled right down here." He added rather plaintively, "But do wisht I hadn't seen dat star."

"Why, Joe, a falling star doesn't mean anything," I reproved.

"Means trubble fer some 'un, maybe me, maybe you. When star fall tis bad luck till crack of lighthning cross de sky," he muttered determinedly.

Hoping to change the subject, which had somehow seemed to turn the stillness of the night to an eerie calm, I spoke again. "What are you doing down here on the beach

tonight, Joe? You don't expect anyone to be rowed out in the bay at this time of night, do you?"

"No'm, don't spect dey do." Joe smiled, his white teeth flashing in the dark of his face. "But spect I better get myself along," he added as he started to move off.

"Where are you going, Joe?" I called after him. Suddenly it seemed very important that I know where he was going and why.

"Going where I'm needed, Miss," was his only answer as he suddenly seemed to vanish among the dark forms of the trees.

I sat there awhile, thinking about Joe. His father had been killed in a waterfront race riot, and Joe had had to stop school, first to help his mother, and then to support her after she could work no more. He had been laid off at the papermills, after there was trouble about the way he didn't take the unwarranted insults of a white foreman. He had just been able to pick up odd jobs. That was bad, with his mother so crippled, and the kids just getting to the age when they were always hungry and wore out clothes faster than you could buy them. Joe had a girl, too, a pretty dark-skinned girl with flashing white teeth like his own. Must be hard for them to plan any sort of future, I surmised, with Joe's family and his lack of a job.

I thought about what Joe had said about the star, "Trubble, maybe fer you; maybe fer me." Involuntarily I shivered. I didn't want anymore trouble for Joe; he had already had more than his share.

As I sat there, the moon seemed to dim for an instant, and suddenly the echo of a shot rang out far down the beach. At the same instant a crack of lightning split the sky. Now the star's evil power had van-

(Continued on page 18)

Just For Laughs

LOVE BENTLEY, '49

One H. S. Student to another:

"Do you armire women who walk gracefully?"

"Yes, it saves carfare."

"How is your boy getting adong at the University?"

"Very well, especially in languages. I just got a bill got three courses—\$25 for Latin, \$50 for Greek and \$100 for Scotch."

Third Grade Teacher: "Is the clock running, Johnny?"

Johnny: "No, it just standing still and wagging its tail."

Small boy to student teacher: "The season for green apples has Come."

Teacher: "How do you know?"

Boy with pained expression: "Insire infirmation."

Rives: "How do you like my new dress?"

He: "Is it too short or are you in too far?"

H. S. Wolf: "Can you play 'Down by the Old Mill Stheam'?"

S. T. C. Freshman: "Sorry but I'm all dated up for tonight."

Prospective employer interviewing S. T. C. bridge Shark:

"So you go to college, eh?"

"Yeah"

"How high can you count?"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, Jack, Queen, King."

Jane Burchett (over telephone:): "Doctor, come uiqck! Betty has swallowed my fountain pen!"

Dr. Moore: "I'll come at once. What are you doing now?"

Jane: "I'm using my pencil."

Jeanne Bentley: "What's that you wrote on my paper,"

Miss Jennings: "I told you to write plainer."

Miss Morgan: "If this lecture has gone overtime today, it's only because I haven't my watch and I can't see the library clock."

Anne Galloway: "There's a calendar in back of you."

W. F. L. O. Weather Forecast: "Thunder showers Friday, probablyb followed by Saturday."

"Why did the cow get a divorce?"

"She got a bum steer."

Judge: "Officer, what makes you think the gentleman's intoxicated?"

Officer: "Well Judge, I didn't bother him when he staggered down the street, or when he fell flat on his face, but when he put a nickel in the mailbox, looked up at the clock on the Presbyterian Church and said, 'Great Schott, I've lost fourteen pounds!' I brought him in."

Tow H. S. Wits:

"What's the rifference between spiritualism and a skinny girls?"

"One is humbug—the other a bumhug."

A Sonnet to the Storm

Tumultuous winds roar through the summer sky
And snowy cloudlets flee before the wrath
That sends them terrified and hastening by
To warn those creatures covering in the path.

The heavy clouds a rumbling, smothering shroud
That covers all life in a black embrace
The lightnings rip with fiery knife the cloud
When rain and thunder pour in a mad race.

The trees are quaking, bowing low and frail
And small plants huddle close to the safe ground.
The rain floods down and pounding is the hail
The storm a king supreme with lightnings crowned.
Wind, sun, and rainbow cleave the cloud in twain
And calm, blue skies are visible again.

BARBARA ANDREWS, '50.



ALL MY SONS, a gripping screen drama of character analysis, is one of the very few films that has tackled fearlessly one of the most unsavory aspects of the recent war—the selfishness and greed of those who profited by the manufacture of inferior military equipment. Such a probing of character is unusual in the movie world.

The story is of a man who shipped faulty parts destined for combat aircraft, and of the eventful results of his act, as they affected him, his family and their friends. Although ALL MY SONS is a drama of ideas, the intensity of the acting and the smoothness of the direction, make it an extremely compelling movie. At no point does interest drag, and frequently it is keyed to a high pitch.

The part of the hero, a strong, self-made business man who would let nothing stand in the way of his economic survival, (a man who thought only of his immediate family), and who was unable to realize that his small family was a living part of all families—of all peoples, is admirably portrayed by Edward G. Robinson. And Mady Christians, as his wife plays her part magnificently. As the son who breaks his father's guilt, Burt Lancaster tries to hold his own with the other more accomplished performers. In another kind of role, he'll likely be more successful. Then there are Louisa Horton and Howard Duff, who as the daughter and son of Robinson's jailed partner, (Frank Conray), are warm and convincing.

Don't miss ALL MY SONS, a Universal-International presentation. All in all, it is excellent in the directing, photographing, writing and acting.

JANICE SLAVIN, '50

SITTING PRETTY, a 20th Century-Fox production, is a comedy satirizing life in the suburbs and revolving around the famed practice of baby-sitting—a twentieth-century pastime with which you may be very familiar!

Frivolous and charming, it clips along at a delightful pace almost all the way. The antics of both baby-sitter and baby are something that is guaranteed to bring laughs.

Under Walter Lang's direction, F. Hugh Herbert's screenplay, presents Harry and Tacey King (Robert Young and Maureen O'Hara), an extremely likable couple with three adorable youngsters and a huge great Dane.

No baby-sitter worth her salt dares venture into this latter lion's den Lynn Belvedere (Clifton Webb), a self-proclaimed genius, as the King's baby-sitter, who despises children, is a scream! He stands on his head to relax, mashes a bowl of oatmeal into the baby's hair with cool dispatch, and makes the most of a slim plot with his wry, sardonic humor. He has an admirable foil in the local gossip (Richard Haydn).

For a grand evening of laughs, be sure to see SITTING PRETTY.

JANICE SLAVIN, '50

HONEYMOON IS OVER

(Continued from page 6)

Douglas car came slowly up the street.

"Here she comes", I called to Mother as I hastened to the front door as fast as my heaviness would allow me.

A gust of wind and snow cut me across the face as I opened the door. I stepped out on the stoop and started down the steps.

"Be careful", Mother warned, "The steps might be slick."

Her warning came too late. In my haste my foot slipped on the second step, and I lost my balance. I clutched for the iron railing on the stoop as I fell, but it was out of reach. I felt myself pitching forward into space, and I heard Mother scream. A pain shot through my stomach as I landed on the wet snow. Then I heard no more nor felt no more. Darkness enveloped me.

I opened my eyes to find myself lying in a darkened room. I stirred and raised my head from the pillow. I looked about and saw that I was in my own room at home. I was puzzled. Why was I in bed? Why did I hurt so when I moved? What would Father say when he found me here? Then I knew—the snow, the slippery steps—"My baby!"

I must have spoken aloud. A figure from the far corner of the room rushed toward me.

"Pamela". It was Mother.

"Mother, my baby! Where is my baby? I want Tim!" I cried.

"Hush child! You'll awaken your son. He's sleeping in the crib beside your bed."

I turned my head and saw my own blue baby crib. I tried to see the sleeping child, but the darkness blotted my vision.

Mother turned the small table lamp on. There sleeping peacefully was a tiny red object with a mass of gold fuzz shining on a round little head. I gazed through tears at my son.

The door opened and Tim quietly entered the room. As he came to my bed, I noticed his ruffled appearance. His blonde hair was tousled, he was badly in need of a shave, and his clothes were a mass of wrinkles. He looked for all the world, the typical stereotype of a prospective father. He came to the bed and silently leaned down and kissed me tenderly. I clung tightly to his hand. Mother quietly slipped out of the room.

I smiled up at him. "How do you like your son?"

He ran his hand through his tousled hair. "He's the finest boy in the world, but so tiny. I'm afraid to touch him. Why I can hold him in one hand."

I laughed and gazed lovingly from first one to the other of my men.

A soft knock sounded at the door and Father came into the room. He came to the bed and looked down at me and then looked at his new grandson. He knelt down beside my bed and took my hands gently in his.

"Daughter, I've been a damnable old fool! Can you ever forgive me?"

Tears of thankfulness filled my eyes.

"Father", I softly whispered. I saw that his eyes were wet too.

"JOE"

(Continued from page 14)

ished. I was thankful, for Joe's sake.

It wasn't until the next day when I glanced at the paper that I realized the significance of the shot I had heard the night before. The headlines sprang out at me, "Negro Boy Slain On Beach." I read on, the man who had shot thought that Joe was trying to steal his boat. But later

investigation showed that Joe had not been near the boat. He had merely been walking by as many others had done on that particular strip of beach. One out of many, I thought. But why did it have to be Joe? I wondered, was it Joe's star that was against him or the color of his skin?



THE PEARL

BY JOHN STEINBECK

IT is the realism back of this parable that makes it one of the best tales Steinbeck has ever told. *The Pearl* is an old Mexican folk tale based on Dr. Atl's short story *La Perla*. It is the story of a great pearly and how it was found by Kino, a poor fisherman, in his moment of greatest need. The beauty of the pearl, sparkling and glimmering in the light of the candle, bewitched Kino's brain with its beauty. It was a lovely pearl which aroused everybody's jealousy to such a point that it became a curse to the fisherman. It was so soft that music came from it—music of hope and promise. That music seemed to guarantee the future of that poor family and to secure comfort for them. This deep moving tale tells of the solidarity of a family as shown by Juana, the loyal wife, and Kino, the devoted father and husband, and the misfortunes they endure. We find in it intense human passions: jealousy, love, hate, and fear. It is a simple story about simple people who have a dream that never comes true. The parable teaches us the lesson of mankind—unwilling and unable to appreciate the beauty and worth of valuable things.

DALILA AGOSTINI, '49.

THE MONEYMAN

BY THOMAS B. COSTAIN

THIS novel takes us to the times of Charles the VII of France, presenting a variety of romantic and historic incidents that took place during the famous One Hundred Years War. The characterization of Jacques Coeur, the moneyman, who uninterestedly gives all his money for the patriotic cause of the war is most interesting. Charles VII needs his support, and Coeur is always willing to give it through his intelligent control of the treasury, and his wise words of advice. Agnes Sorel, the beautiful and most renowned mistress of Charles VII, is his inspiration and guide, and in spite of her position as mistress, she is respected and loved by her fellow countrymen because of her greatness of heart. Charles VII is the ungrateful king who easily forgets all the good things the moneyman has done for the country and who does not hesitate to bring Coeur to one of the most deeply moving trials in history.

Valerie is the illegitimate child of noble parents brought up by a wandering actor. The later becomes the prospective heiress of Agnes Sorel's position in relation to Charles, because of her striking resemblance to the king's favorite. Fate plays its part when Sire D'Arlay and Valerie meet and fall in love with each other. It is this love which keeps her from losing her honor. This novel is full of adventure and romance, and above all of interesting historical incidents which keep the reader in suspense. *The Moneyman* is an excellent portrayal of the glorious France of the Middle Ages.

DALILA AGOSTINI, '49.

OUR MAY DAYS

(Continued from page 11)

tion at S. T. C., it seems heartless to pass by without at least a mention of the Hampden-Sydney May festival of 1926. The *Rotunda* writes glowingly of this red-letter occasion when Dutch Roberts reigned supreme as Queen of the May, and Bob Porterfield was a handsome Diana the Huntress. According to the *Rotunda*, "All day long the students, in a frenzy of excitement, skipped to and fro across the campus, clapping their hands." Nymphs garbed in track suits trimmed in bright bits of tulle with Grecian bands about their heads cavorted about, while flower girls "scattered buttercups and daisies carelessly around." The queen, who had to be hoisted to her, or his, throne, was regally robed in a gown of "palest red trimmed with royal purple." After the entire H.-S. student body had concluded their finale of "romping on the green, making daisy chains, and tossing dandelions", tea and ice cream cones were served the guests. What a pity that Hampden-Sydney didn't see fit to continue this gracious custom.

Not until 1929 was the S. T. C. May Day festival transplanted to Longwood, to the old orchard where the merry England theme was replaced by the fairy tale, "Sleeping Beauty". The pine grove was the setting the year following for a May Day interpretation of the German Legend of Rheingold and Freia. 1931 was the year that the "new amphitheatre" of Longwood became the home of the May pageant with the presentation that year of Spenser's "Fairie Queene". From then on it became a point of conjecture what would be the theme of the next May Day. Some of the varied and colorful themes that have been used since then are: the Indian legend of the Star Maiden, *Alice In Wonderland*, Hawthorne's tale of "The Maypole of Merry Mount", the Egyptian legend of The Golden Goddess, and "Hansel and Gretel".

May Day at State Teachers College seems to reflect the trend of the times. In the easy-going 20's and 30's the pageants reflected the carefree spirit of the era. But with the approach and advent of World War II, and a more serious national state

of mind, the tone of May Day changed. Spectators of the 1941 festival saw "America In The Making" with the Spirit of America replacing the May Queen and with the Spirit of Great Britain in former role of the maid of honor.

We delved into history again in 1942 and came up with a May Day woven about Governor Spotswood's historic visit to the Shenandoah Valley, the greater part of the pageant being laid in the imaginary setting of old Williamsburg. Longwood was temporarily forsaken the next year when the front of the College library became an old southern mansion. The thread which bound together this May Day festival was spun of the music and times of Stephen Foster, replete with plantation revival meeting, cotton pickers, levee workers, mammies, and pickaninnies. Latin America came into the May Day spotlight in 1944 when S. T. C. celebrated the Mexican fiesta, "Cinco de Mayo". In the two years following we hurdled the ocean to see "Russia—Yesterday and Today", and came back home to witness the settling of the West of the United States.

Last year's May Day was one of the most ambitious ever undertaken here. With the presentation of "All Hail" we saw reenacted the history of the State Teachers College from the first graduating class until the present day. Presented in four episodes, each representing the administration of one of the College's four former presidents, the evolution of the College from its beginning as a small normal school was shown, with especial emphasis upon the great contribution of President J. L. Jarman.

For "This Is Legend", our festival this year, we journeyed back to ancient Greece for a look at the Greek religious processions, the Olympics, and the legend of Demeter and Persephone.

Through the years our May Day themes have reached out to the four corners of the earth and far back into the centuries, leaving us with a melange of customs and traditions, the sum total of which is an S. T. C. May Day tradition that we may well be proud of.

(Continued from page 10)

There were more questions asked by the police. Anne acted strangely toward me, or was my imagination working overtime? Was she suspecting me? And I, her? I tried to put this thought out of my mind quickly. How could I feel this way toward a friend—but yet, look at the set up. Questions raced through my mind. I think I was more puzzled than the police. They seemed still to have me as their target. They ransacked my room again and again and again. Why I took their suspicions so calmly, I'll never know. I imagine it was because I was trying just as hard as they were to figure out the situation. There was a murderer on the loose. Who knew where she would strike next? I took no chances. Why I accepted food from no one and kept my eyes open, I'll never know. I think it was due to the fact that I had read so many mystery stories. I even kept my thoughts to myself for fear the particular person might figure that I knew too much.

I had not said a thing to Doris concerning my suspicions of Anne. I knew she would think me very foolish. I was too ashamed to face her with such comments.

About four o'clock on the day after the murder, Doris, Anne, and I were called into my room for more questions. Anne was sitting between Doris and me. The detective looked at me and asked, "whom do you think committed the murder?"

Before I could check myself, I replied, "Anne Monroe." Doris gave me a startled glance. I tried to communicate by lip movements, "Anne Monroe—chemistry lab". The idea I was trying to convey to Doris in this

uncomfortable moment was that Anne was a brilliant girl and could have prepared some poison in chemistry lab. After a few more questions, the police left apparently as puzzled as ever.

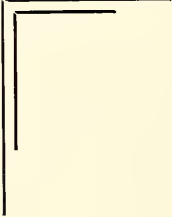
I was in a dither. What had I done? How would Anne accept what I had just said? Certainly if Anne was the murderer, I wouldn't be "long for this world" after the comment I had just made to the police. No one spoke until I turned to look at Anne. She didn't seem to be affected at all by what I had said. On the contrary she smiled and replied, "Have a cigarette?"

"No, thank you," I answered. I was certainly in no mood to smoke.

It wasn't until the next day that the story broke. The news spread like wild fire around the school. Anne Monroe had been arrested for the murder of Betty Brockley! As tales that are spread are usually a bit confusing, I heard that the murder had something to do with a cigarette. Then the whole picture became clear in my mind—the tobacco on the floor, the cigarette Anne had offered me after I had made that accusation to the police, the fact that Anne was a brilliant chemistry student, the beauty of the girl she had murdered. I shuttered as I summed it all up.

Doris came in at this moment to announce that the police were submitting her to a renowned doctor for a psychoanalysis. As Doris and I talked the matter over, the picture became even clearer. Anne's desire for beauty had become an obsession—so great had this obsession become that she no longer possessed it, but it had possessed her.






Four Years Old

The chubby face
Gave way to
Dark-blue eyes—
Tear-streaked.

Thick fat hands
Revealed a
Flaccid robin—
motionless.

Convulsive sobs
Burst forth at
Nature's law—
Mortality.

Then tiny feet
in dark-red mud
Dissolved all grief—
God's gift.



MARGARET DILLON, '49.

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THE COLONNADE

A New England epitaph reads: "Here lies an atheist. All dressed up and no place to go."

A man told a candidate: "I wouldn't vote for you if you were St. Peter himself."

"Of course not," replied the candidate. "You wouldn't be in my district."

S. T. C'er: "I want a pair of bloomers to wear around my gymnasium."

Baldwin clerk (absently:) "How large is your gymnasium?"

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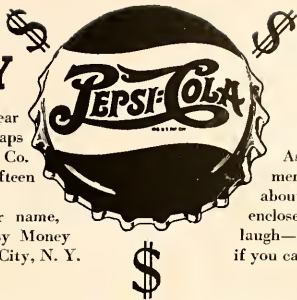
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If your letters home read like this: "Dear Folks, Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t?" then perhaps we can ease the parental burden. Pepsi-Cola Co. will cheerfully send you a dollar... or even fifteen for gags you send in and we print.

Merely mark your attempts with your name, address, school and class and mail to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y.

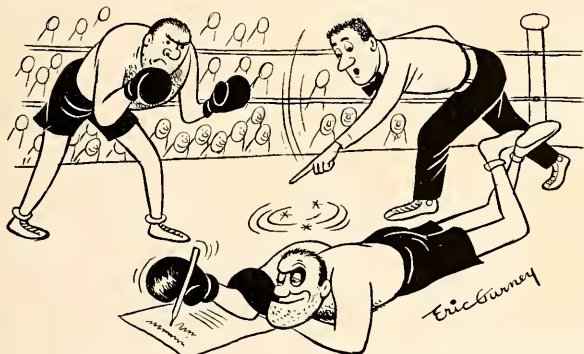


DEPARTMENT

All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print.

As you might imagine, we'll be quite mad if you mention Pepsi-Cola in your gags. (Simply mad about it.) Remember, though, you don't have to enclose a feather to tickle our risibilities. Just make us laugh—if you can. We'll send you a rejection slip... if you can't.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



"... well, as long as I'm down here I'll fill out my entry blank for the Pepsi-Cola 'Treasure Top' Contests."

Got a good line for this gag? Send it in! \$5 each for any we buy (Don't worry about the caption that's already there—that's just our subtle way of reminding you about Pepsi's terrific \$203,725 "Treasure Top" Contests. Latch onto entry blanks at your Pepsi-Cola dealer's today!) Or send in your own cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea—\$15 if you draw it... if we buy it.

January winners: \$15.00 to Philip Gips of the Bronx, N. Y., and to Rosemary Miller of Mary Washington College. \$5 each to Jerry H. O'Neil of Washington University, Jack Marks of Columbus, Ohio, and C. A. Schneyer of New York City.

HE-SHE GAGS

You, too, can write jokes about people. These guys did and we sent them three bucks each for their wit. To wit: Joe Murray of Univ. of Iowa, Bob Prado of the Univ. of Texas, King MacLellan of Rutgers Univ., and Roy Lauer of Cicero, Illinois.

She: Thanks for the kiss.
He: The pressure was all mine.

He: Yoo-hoo!
She: Shut up, you wolf!
He: Pepsi-Cola?
She: Yoo-hoo!!

She: What's the best type of investment?
He: Air mail stamps.
She: Why air mail stamps?
He: They're bound to go up.

She: If you kiss me, I'll call a member of my family.
He: (Kisses her).
She: (sighing) Brother!

Can you do better? We hope so. And we're ready to pay for it. \$3 is waiting. Try and get it!

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra \$100.00

DAFFY DEFINITIONS



\$1 apiece is shamefully sent to C. R. Meissner, Jr. of Lehigh Univ., Bernard H. Hymel of Stanford Univ., T. M. Guy of Davidson College, and Irving B. Spielman of C. C. N. Y. In fact we're almost sorry we did it.

Atlas—a geography book with muscle.
Spot—what Pepsi-Cola hits the.
Paradox—two ducks.
Laugh—a smile that burst.

* * *

Hurry and coin a phrase... you might face some coin. If that isn't easy money, we don't know what is.

LITTLE MORON CORNER



"Yuk, yuk, yuk!" we said when we read this. And promptly peeled off two crisp leaves of cabbage (\$2) for June Armstrong, of the University of Illinois:

"How do you like my new dress?" asked the little moron's girl friend on the night of the Junior prom. "See, it has that new look—with six flounces on the skirt."

"Duuuuh," replied our little hero, "that ain't so great. Pepsi-Cola's got twelve flounces!"

Do you know any little morons? If so, follow them, send us their funny utterances and we'll send you \$2, too. Nothing personal, of course.

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