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THE COLONNADE



*"My
cigarette?
Camels
of course!"*



WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW... IT'S

CAMELS FOR MILDNESS!

Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!



The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Vol. XII

MARCH, 1950

No. 2



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From Across the Desk . . .

THE EXPANSION QUESTION:

A new science building; a new auditorium; a new dormitory — What does it all mean to Longwood College?

To a few individuals perhaps it merely means fine buildings in which to carry on routine work; to others it may mean better facilities for carrying on a higher type of work; to still others it may mean an increased enrollment because of modern equipment.

Essentially though, these new buildings are signs of change, of expansion, of progress. Yes, at the present, Longwood College is passing through a transition period that is so definite that it is almost visible. This change does not mean an abandoning of the old for the new; it means a merging of the old and the new — a raising of the standards of the college. As Perrault pointed out: "All knowledge is accumulative; each generation inherits the knowledge of its predecessors and adds further to the sum."

When this college was first founded, it was under church and private management. With the establishment of a public school system in 1870, educational leaders realized that some provision had to be made for the proper training of teachers. Meeting this need, this college became a State Female Normal School in 1881 by an act of Legislature. In the same year the school opened with an enrollment of 110 students.

At intervals, this college has met many challenges and each time has raised its standards in response to the needs of the Times. It has made available the opportunity for professional training, not only in the field of education, but also in the field of liberal arts. By experience we realize that evolutionary changes are slow, but accumulative — intangible, but far-reaching. Today the full significance of its present stage is vague. The future will find us looking back on this evolutionary period and realizing that we, as students, as faculty, and as administration of Longwood were a part of a great college — a college with its eyes ever open to the future, ever ready to accept the challenges of the world, always seeking to advance its standards so that its future graduates will be qualified to carry on their work, not only as teachers, but as citizens.

With these thoughts in mind, we of the *Colonnade* Staff devote this issue of the *Colonnade* to the future of Longwood College.

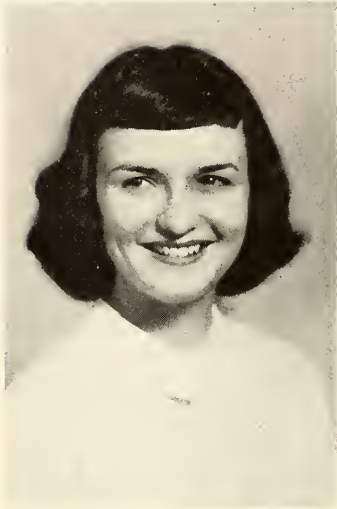
—ACL.

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Member

Associated College Press



EDITH DUMA



FRANCES HARPER

For 1950 and 1951

EDITH DUMA, a junior from Portsmouth, Virginia, will begin her duties as Editor-in-Chief of the *Colonnade* with the publishing of the May issue. Frances Harper, a junior from Danville, Virginia, will likewise take over as Business Manager. Both girls have been actively engaged in publication work since entering college and have proved worthy of the duties they are about to assume.

New positions on the Staff for the coming year will be filled by the following girls who have been capably chosen: Maria Jackson as Managing Editor, Nancy Garbee as Short Story Editor, Betsy Wilson as Essay Editor, Joan Prichett as Humor Editor, Flora Ballowe as Poetry Editor, and Sara Cregar as Review Editor. Peggy Perry will again hold the position of Staff Photographer, while Lucy Jane Morton will become Art Editor. In charge of Circulation will be Patty Walker, and Shirley Atkinson will assume her duties as Head Typist. A

position newly created on the Business Staff is that of Advertising Manager — June Raines will serve in this capacity.

The *Colonnade*, as the official magazine of the college, plays an integral part in the life of the school itself. Its chief aim is to foster creative writing among students. Strictly a student publication, it edits the results of the thinking and writing done in the college.

We of the old Staff feel that the new Staff will do a fine job in carrying forward the standards of the magazine. The task, though difficult, is enjoyable and inspiring, and so into capable hands we pass the torch. If the *Colonnade* benefits from such backing as the present student body has given it, and from the invaluable assistance as the advisers have shown, we know that success will be yours and that *The Colonnade* will forever play an intrinsic part in the lives of the students at Longwood College.

TO A ROW OF DAFFODILS

All winter 'neath the ground you've lain
Asleep till spring should come again,
And ere the snows had left the earth,
Your sunny blooms were given birth.

With gladness in each cup of gold —
And fringed cups a thousand fold —
You were a regiment of cheer;
A line of beauty growing there.

But some of you have slipped away
To stand upon my desk today,
And now each flaunting, golden bloom
Brings gladness to my quiet room.

GRACE O. BURTON



ALLEGORY OF THE SUNRISE

I arose and glimpsed the eastern sky
Where burst a glorious sunrise;
So beautiful it was, I held my breath in awe.
And then I went about some trivial thing, and thought:
"A little later I'll go out and view this gorgeous scene,
And feast my eyes upon its beauty".

But when at length I took the time to go
Where I could better see the panorama of flaming sky,
It was aflame no longer.
The colors had gone,
And there stretched across the heavens and earth
A cold, grey dawn!

GRACE O. BURTON

A Cocker Cupid

BY CHARLOTTE K. JONES

Second Prize Winner Short Story Contest

I am a cocker spaniel — and a very good-looking cocker spaniel, I might add. I always have thought so from the time I was a little pup and saw my reflection in the window of Gregory's Grocery Store. I was never quite sure until I heard people look at me and say, "Oh, what an adorable pup!" Naturally, I became very proud of myself, and I began at once to hold my head and my stub tail a little higher than usual.

I belong to Kitty Lynn, who lives in an apartment on a very respectable street in Scottstown. Kitty is an attractive young lady of twenty-two, and she has plenty of admirers, including me. She is always bringing someone home for supper, which she cooks herself, because she lives alone and likes to have company. Not that I'm not good company. As a matter of fact, I consider myself to be an extremely good companion. I listen to Kitty's every word, and I am always in complete sympathy with her every mood. Sometimes my mind wanders, however, and all I can think of is a nice, juicy piece of meat with a great, big bone in the middle. Hmmmm, what could be more delicious?

Speaking of nice, juicy steaks reminds me of what happened to Kitty and me not long ago. It was on a Tuesday afternoon, I think, and I saw Kitty walking briskly up the street a little later than her usual arrival at home. I immediately ignored my companion, Julie, who is a fair—but only fair — looking specimen of female dog. She doesn't appeal to me, and besides she flirts too much. I ran to Kitty wagging my stub harder than usual. She looked glad to see me, but then, she always does. I noticed an article under her arm that smelled suspiciously like a package from the butcher's. I bounded with all my might and used my most outstanding bark.

"Hi, Shoo!" she said. "Shoo" is short for "Shoo-Shoo", my name, which was given to me mainly because I had an extraordinary appetite for chewing shoes when I was small. "My, my, aren't you energetic this afternoon?" she continued, lifting the package just out of my reach. The fragrant smell drifted out and settled on my nose. "You might as well calm down. These steaks are for supper and not for you. Mr. Blandon is coming to eat with us tonight."

That man again, I thought. Lately he had been taking up too much of Kitty's time. It seemed we never had a moment alone anymore. I missed curling up on the sofa at night with Kitty and having her scratch my head while she read. Mr. Blandon was the man Kitty worked for; therefore I figured I would have to bear having him around.

That evening I watched Kitty prepare the meal. It was amazing how pretty she looked bustling about in the kitchen. I considered myself to be very lucky sitting there on my haunches, looking at her. I liked the way her red hair curled over her shoulders. It looked something like mine except that it was much longer. Julie didn't have half so pretty an owner.

I listened halfway to what she was saying about Mr. Blandon. My mind was centered more on the steak she was beginning to broil. It seemed to me she was a little overenthusiastic about his coming. I couldn't imagine why, because he'd been there three or four times before . . .

And he came three or four times more. Every night — Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday they went out for dinner. Now, I noticed, it was no longer Mr. Blandon, but Dick. I resented him tremendously. I didn't like him. I took every opportunity to growl at him. I used to dream he would sneak up some day when I was

THE COLONNADE

playing with Julie, dig up my bones and hide them. I would look for hours and never find them. It was awful! Everyday I disliked him more. Finally one night I could stand it no more. This Dick had been playing up to me all night, as usual, and I was sick of him. He knew I didn't like him, and so did Kitty. I could tell it distressed her, but I had made up my mind that he wasn't for her.

I decided to take action. While Kitty was in the kitchen getting some glasses, I slinked to the leg of this creature, aimed, and sank my canines into his outstretched limb. Such a yell I have never heard! It reminded me of the fire whistle in town. It gave me extreme pleasure. Mr. Blandon's trousers didn't taste good, but I was too pleased with myself to let that bother me. Things worked out beautifully. Mr. Blandon reacted exactly according to plan. He seized the nearest vase (while uttering some very peculiar words), and was in the act of throwing it at me when Kitty came bursting into the room to see what the commotion was.

"Dick Blandon! What are you doing? Put that vase down!" she cried as she snatched me from the range of fire. I snuggled down in her arms and tried to give a small shiver of fright. It worked very well, for Kitty said, "Poor thing. He's frightened to death." I decided I was a very good actor.

"I guess you think I frightened him? Why, do you know what that animal did?" Dick bellowed.

Before he could give the details, Kitty had gone into a violent rage. There followed an explosion of words from each of them for about five minutes. I cocked my ear to catch a little of the battle. It was no use — they both talked at the same time. The slamming of the door behind him abruptly ended the quarrel.

This could be the end of a perfect story for me. It seemed to be at first. Kitty and I had our nights together just as we used to. It was really wonderful. But as the days went on, I began to notice how tired and unhappy Kitty was beginning to look. She was negligent about stopping by the butcher's to get my bones. I suffered no end of

misery. I couldn't imagine what had happened. Surely Kitty wasn't angry with me for doing her such a favor. Who in his his right mind would want someone hanging around every night for supper and devouring all the steaks in the house? Finally, I found out what it was all about. One night I heard Kitty talking on the phone to her best friend.

"And, Sue," she was saying, "he hasn't spoken to me since that night except at the office when he says 'good morning' or 'come into my office for dictation'. I'm about to go crazy. If he doesn't give in soon, I don't know what I'll do."

It hit me like a ton of bricks. No wonder she looked as if she never slept a wink. No wonder she forgot to go by the butcher's every afternoon. No wonder no one ever came for supper anymore. It was a preposterous situation, but all the facts added up. She was in love with the guy! Then I realized what I had done. I had made Kitty, my dearest, my only Kitty, very unhappy just for a little pleasure of my own. I was ashamed of myself. I had to do something to make her understand I was sorry. If I could only get him to speak to her things might be better.

I sat down and scratched behind my ear. I thought and thought and thought. I thought as no dog had ever thought before. No idea came to me. I was desperate. As a last resort, I decided to pay a visit to Julie.

Julie was munching a large T-Bone. I was glad I had come. Sauntering up to her, I said, "Hi, Gorgeous".

She batted her eyes. "Hi, yourself. Where have you been lately? I've missed you awfully."

I blushed a deep bronze. I wished Julie wouldn't say things like that.

"Oh, around. I've been pretty busy, I guess. Like to take a walk?" I hated to suggest that at a time when Julie had a bone, because I knew she would let me help her chew on it if I wanted to. But I gave up my pleasure for once. I had to help Kitty.

After running and playing for a few blocks, I explained my problem to her. I told her I had to find a way to get Mr. Blandon to pay more attention to Kitty.

Continued on page 23

A COCKER CUPID



"That evening I watched Kitty prepare the meal."

AND HAIRS TURN GREY

BY JANICE SLAVIN

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This article is a satire on the trials and tribulations faced by many student teachers during their first few weeks of teaching. Without meaning to be disparaging to anyone, the article shows that we Americans have a sense of humor and can laugh at ourselves.

MANY of us have completed our practice teaching, and we can't express in words just how eager we are to start full time teaching next year.

Before going up to the high school, we had a dread of what was coming. When the day arrived for us to trek up there, we donned hose and crepe sole shoes (teaching shoes). The moment we arrived at the classroom, our fears materialized. The children were angels! Chalk was sailing through the air, numerous wise cracks were floating around, and wolf calls were coming from tall, awkward boys.

One girl in particular had a pretty rough time the first day that she taught. Just a wee bit nervous, she walked to the front of the class amidst all sorts of remarks such as: "What's your first name?" "What's your telephone number?" "At least she's good-looking."

Finally she got her class settled down enough to begin the lesson. But most certainly, the little darlings did not take in anything that day, unless it was by the process of osmosis. They just sat, looking a wee bit spellbound and probably scheming their next move. It came! "You can start working on your homework now," the student teacher announced. That did it! Bedlam turned loose! Books sailed through the air, boys and girls chased each other around the room, and pushed chairs hither and yon. The noise was terrifying **EVEN** to the student teacher who at college was quite capable of creating plenty of chaos herself.

The student teacher was standing in

the front of the room wringing her hands in agony; her face was turning blue; her hair was turning white. "Where, oh, where is the supervisor?" she thought. "Oh, if she would only come in now!"

Suddenly, her thoughts were interrupted by one of the football players calling, "Hey, teachie, come here, please, and show me how to do this problem." She went over to the desk, and looked at the grinning boy. "How about taking in a movie with me tonight, teachie?" he said.

The lines of agony in the student teacher's face deepened. "And to think I have attended college all these years to go into a profession like this!" she moaned. She then began to seethe!

One boy (six feet tall or more) got up and headed toward the door. The student teacher ran behind him and said through gritted teeth, "Where are you going?"

"To see what time it is," was the calm reply.

"Oh, no you aren't!" the student teacher stated firmly, and she took him back into the classroom by the shirt sleeve. While getting this particular boy back to his place, she luckily shoved another boy into his seat, also.

The student teacher had now decided that she had the class fairly well under control. But alas! Just about this time a little angel in the front seat looked up with her big, innocent, brown eyes and shrieked: "The bell has rung!"

The entire class leaped up and headed for the door. In reality, the period had five minutes to run. Wearily and weakly, the student teacher crawled to the door and tried to hold back the rapidly vanishing gnomes. In passing, one of the boys looked down and grinned merrily, "We really gave you a rough time, didn't we?" The student teacher shrugged, but murder was in her eyes!

AND HAIRS TURN GREY

She left the high school building vowing never to set foot in it again. Oh, that first day of student teaching! But set foot in it again she did! Before she did, however, she had mentally made a nice long list of ways in which to combat the disciplinary problems. Furthermore, she felt that by wearing a suit of armor, taking vitamin pills and nerve medicine, and carrying a ball bat, she would get along much better. At least, at the end of the day, she wouldn't feel as though she had just been in a prize fight.

After reading the above episodes, if anyone thinks ours is an ideal teaching situation, please see your nearest psychiatrist at once.

Many other student teachers have had their trials and tribulations, especially during their first week of student teaching. They can recall some amusing incidents: Take the case of Mr. S. M. and one of his freshmen who asked of him, "Say, Mr. S. M., have you heard the muddy water boogie?"

"No," replied Mr. S. M. cautiously.

"Well, shake your head, and listen to it," the youngster replied facetiously.

And one day while Miss D. L. was telling the class a story about little Lulu, she paused to ask Johnny a question. "Johnny," she asked, "Why did they name the little girl in the story Lulu?"

"Because she was a girl, and because she *was* a lulu," Johnny replied quickly.

Miss L. E. had been sick and out of school for sometime. Upon her return she was greeted by one of her students with: "Gosh, Miss L. E., we are glad to see you back."

Preening with pride, Miss L. E. said with much dignity: "Thank you, but why are you so glad?"

"Because," he stammered, "We were scared that you had died, and we would be stuck with Mr. — (regular teacher) for the rest of the year!"

One day there was quite a disturbance in the class room, and so to bring things to order again, Miss C. A. reprimanded one of the girls by saying: "Sally, I want this noise stopped right now! I don't think you're very cute."

With a toss of her head Sally answered: "That's all right, Miss C. A., the boys do!"

Then there was Miss B. A.'s Science Class where a young genius asked seriously, "Miss B. A., are there a man and a woman in the moon?"

"No, Barry," she replied, "Those are just mountains and valleys."

"Then where did we get the sun?" our young scientist queried.

Now to bring the amusing closer home, we note the following here at the college: "Dot, you aren't supposed to be wearing crepe sole shoes. You'd better take them off before the Dean sees you."

With astonishment the meek Freshman asked, "But . . . but why?"

"Because crepe shoes are teaching shoes and can *only* be worn by student teachers unless you obtain special permission from the administration," came the calm reply. The freshman immediately ran upstairs to change her shoes . . . How cruel seniors can be!

Now, if all of you underclassmen (especially juniors) are apprehensive about practice teaching, let us seniors leave you with a word of advice: Keep your chins up and remember: Smile and the world smiles with you: cry and you streak your rouge.

In spite of it all, believe it or not, we still want to teach!



"Frankly, what do you think?"

Baby and Me

BY POLLY NASSER

I awoke to the sound of footsteps in the night. I was sleeping downstairs because of adjustments to make room for "Baby". The continual tread of feet walking upstairs seemed rather unusual.

When I was fully awake, I heard that other sound — the spasmodic screaming of a young infant. You could hardly call it crying. Patricia Lynne Byrd was proclaiming to the world that she was dissatisfied with her present state of being. And oh, the "befuddled" aunts, uncles, and grandparents that night!

Moma wanted to keep from spoiling Baby, her first, so she left her in the crib, hoping she would eventually get tired and go back to sleep. This solution was short-lived. Grandma, having reared five of her own, announced that "the poor child" should be carried. Of course, this was contrary to the wishes of Moma, but anything for peace! Also, in case she was hungry, since it wasn't feeding time yet, Grandma suggested hot water.

Auntie was the next to voice her opinion on the subject. The blood clot on the baby's head was probably worrying her. After debating as to whether to call the doctor, someone finally realized that if the child were in pain she wouldn't be pacified when picked up.

Uncle's comment was merely a grunt and a groan as he turned over, to fall asleep again immediately.

To complete the picture, Grandpa appeared on the scene. Why, it was plain as could be — the baby was suffering from the colic! How dumb can we be! So, Grandpa sat down by Baby's crib to keep vigil. An hour later, after keeping both Moma and Baby awake with the light burning, he decided to go to bed. That was the wisest decision of the night. Of course, by this time, Baby had become so nervous that she was crying worse than ever.

When I finally went back to sleep, Baby was still exercising her lungs. Who knows — maybe she was practicing for grand opera!



SPRING NIGHT

Second Place in Poetry Contest

There is no moon tonight; the earth and sky
Are one — an endless black monotony.
The breeze is whispering, but no reply
Comes from the dark to her soliloquy.
Her soft warm breath bears fragrance of a rose
Or scented blossoms of the unseen trees.
From whence she gets her perfume no one knows —
'Tis one of this night's untold mysteries.
Yet with this warmth there comes a shiv'ring chill
That brings desire the soundlessness to flee.
Nay, move not; tarry, for your footstep will
Destroy the velvet-like serenity.
Disturb not this sweet peace, for such a night
May ne'er return, driven once to flight.

PATRICIA TAYLOR



Patsy Kimbrough wears a one-piece slim crepe V-neck dress by Mary Muffet with bouffant detachable, coin-dotted organdy skirt. In navy only; sizes 9-15.

\$25

All styles modeled on this page are on sale at Baldwin's, Farmville, Virginia.

(Pictures courtesy Agee Studio)



Jan Peebles wears a Jonathan Logan in broadcloth, the low neck outlined with white laced collar. All pastel shades; sizes 9-15.

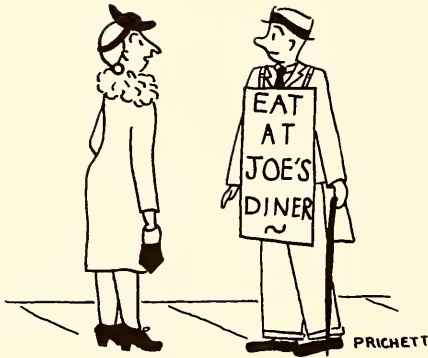
\$10.98



Betty Ferguson wears a smart suit of 100% all wool gabardine with slim skirt and box jacket by Park-Manor. In navy only; sizes 10-16.

\$35





"Where did you say you worked?"

A young man stared into a mirror one morning and noticing his bloodshot eyes, resolved never to go into a bar again:

Young man: That television is ruining my eyes.

—¶—

Dr. B. (taking his class on a field trip): "This is a tobacco plant in full bloom."

Innocent Freshman: "And how long will it be before the cigarettes are ripe?"

—¶—

Daughter: "Mother, may I keep a diary?"

Mother: "Why certainly, dear."

Daughter: "And may I do the things that I write in it?"

—¶—

Judy Hughes (to first grader): "Now, Freddy why do you suppose a polar bear wears a fur coat?"

Freddy: "Oh-er, well, I suppose he would look funny in a tweed one!"

—¶—

Pat P. "Jean, you are pinned to five boys at once. How do you explain such a situation?"

Turner: "I don't know unless Cupid shot me with a machine gun!"

Right from

A 10 year old at a progressive school returned home one afternoon with his report card:

Mother: "What are your marks?"

Son: "I got 12 in geography, 32 in arithmetic, and 35 in spelling but I got 95 in post war planning!"

—¶—

Safety Officer: "What is a pedestrian crossing?"

Little boy: "A pedestrian crossing is a place where you can cross and get killed with safety."

—¶—

Lois S.: "Bill is going with Jane a lot. They say him and her's getting married."

Peggy L.: "Your grammar is lousey. Don't say him and her. Say her and him. Always put ladies first!"

—¶—

Old Lady (meeting one-legged tramp on the street): "Poor man, you have lost a leg, haven't you?"

Tramp (looking down): "Well, darned if I haven't."

—¶—

Miss Foster (in Sr. English class): "I have went. That's wrong, isn't it?"

M. L. Alphin: "Yes, ma'am."

Miss Foster: "Why is it wrong?"

M. L. Alphin: "Because you ain't went yet."

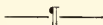
—¶—

The first time that a Scotchman used free air in a gas station he blew out four tires.

he Cobb

Lester: "Every time that I kiss you it makes me a better man."

Delores: "Well let's not try to be an angel in one night."



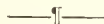
Little Jimmy's father found him in the barn. He was shaking his pet rabbit and saying: "Five and five. How much are five and five?"

The surprised father finally interrupted the proceedings. "What's the meaning of all this, Jimmy?"

"Oh", said Jimmy, "Teacher told us that rabbits multiply rapidly, but this fellow can't even add."

Lawyer: "What's to be different about this will?"

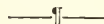
Henpecked: "I'm leaving everything to my wife, provided she marries again within a year. I want someone to be sorry I died."



Mr. Jones: "I went home last night a bit under the weather and my wife didn't suspect a thing."

Mr. White: "Couldn't she smell your breath?"

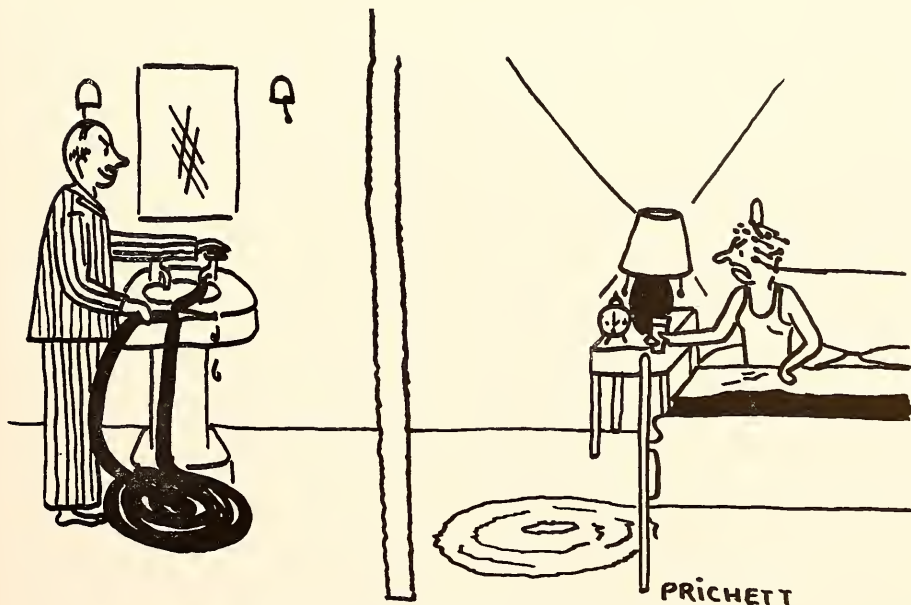
Mr. Jones: "That's just it. I ran the last block home, and when I got there I was all out of breath."



Little Daughter: "Mother dear, I want to whisper something."

Mother: "Darling, big girls that are nearly five years old never whisper before company."

Little Daughter: "All right then, but that gentleman over there took another cake when you weren't looking."



"This water isn't cold enough! Arnold, bring me some more."

Six Twenty - Nine

BY LESTER SMALLWOOD

THE second hand sweeps around the clock slowly, but relentlessly. The hands read twenty-nine minutes past six o'clock in the morning. The reddish rays of the sun creep over the window sill and install with awakening reality another bright spring day. Outside the peace and quiet of the morning are disturbed only by the cheerful chirping of the birds in the near-by trees; inside, by an occasional but blissful snore from a dead-like figure in bed.

Suddenly the alarm goes off !!! Startled by the sudden ungodly noise, the dead-like figure jumps up abruptly; then, as if realizing a harmless situation, he slumps again into peaceful solitude. Alas, that monotonous ringing is too persistent; an arm slides listlessly down to the floor, and slowly the head moves about on the pillow. Drunkenly, he glances up at the little clock and with astonishing accuracy slams a shoe against its face. With a cruel thud, it hits the floor, and peace is once again restored. But soon the clock in the library tower tolls a "never-ending" seven. Faithfully, the college bell insistently warns that the time for the opening of classes is close at hand — he decides to cut classes.

Dependable and observant neighbors from nearby rooms dutifully see that he "graciously" gets out of bed. Despite the torn sheets and pillow cases — a result of the process of opposition to their thoughtful maneuvers — he is forced out of the bed. In a short time, he crawls down the steps, stumbles into the wrong classroom, then staggers out of it and into the proper room, and falls to sleep in his chair. Damn! These ungodly hours of the morning!

Between classes he fumbles his way to the Snack Bar for a sandwich and a cup of Java to sustain him till lunch. After lunch he drifts into Chemistry Lab and hands in

his last month's psychology paper. Intuitively, he finds his way back to his room and flops down on the bed; he is asleep before he touches it.

The sun lazily dips over the western horizon and pulls behind it its last red rays. Darkness encloses all. Soon the sleeping figure stirs, glances at his watch and springs into life. Down he zips to the gymnasium, flashes on his gym clothes, and takes fifty laps as a "breather" before basketball practice. Two solid hours of gruelling exercise don't phase him. He goes to the showers, takes off his sweat-soaked clothes, and dashes to the pool for refreshment and relaxation in one of his usual four hundred yard crawls.

Out he dashes to his "late date". Miraculously they make the final show at the "State" without splitting a cylinder in his Super Electronic Model T Ford Convertible Delux. After the show, they dance at the "Waldorf's" Cedarbrook. Then comes a moonlight drive over the incomparable caps of Willis Mountain. This is finally followed by a climatic canoe cruise over the majestic waters of Holiday Lake.

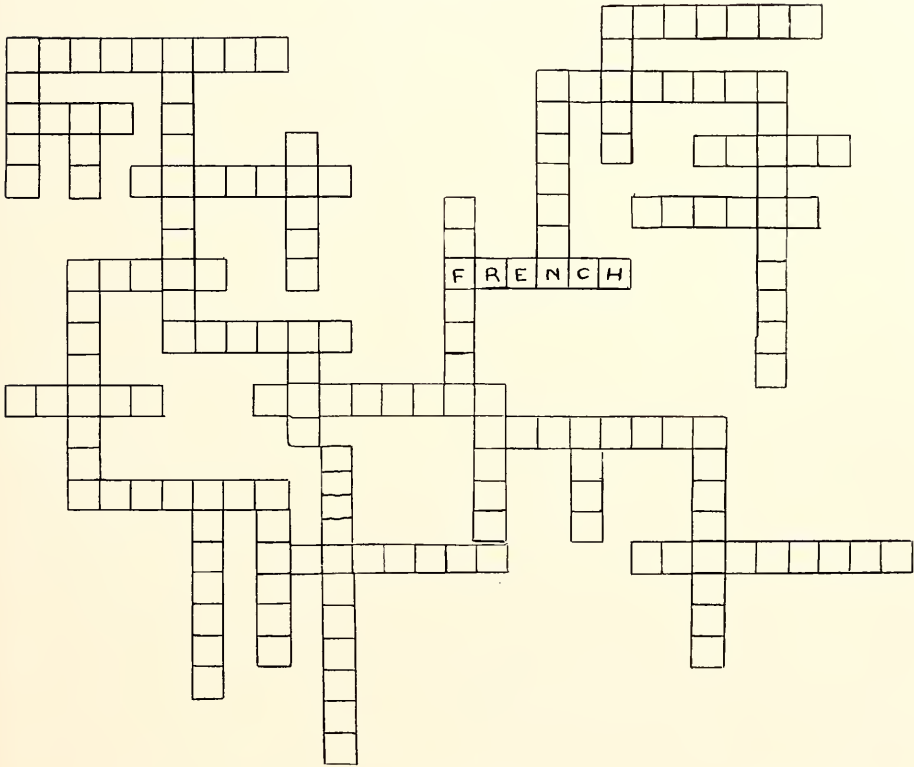
Back to school he zooms and madly dashes to his room to study. Suddenly he recalls the over-due education term paper, the cumulative thirty art sketches, the chemistry project, and the English novel to be completed by the oncoming day. But, into his room "buddies" pour from all directions. And before he knows what has happened, he is in another deep "bull session", which is followed by the usual Canasta game.

By five o'clock they have cleared out of his room. He glances toward his desk. There are his text books, their spotless pages dutifully open. Sudden weariness possesses every muscle of his body. To-

Continued on page 22

SCHOOL DAZE

BY SHIRLEY BLOXTON



3 letter word

STC

4 letter words

Moss

Hall

Iler

5 letter words

Stagg

Lemen

Cress

Jeter

Snead

Annex

Wynne

6 letter words

Malloy

Tupper

Ruffin

French

7 letter words

Jeffers

Ruffner

Watkins

Nichols

Student

Landrum

Johnson

Rotunda

8 letter words

Schlegel

Spindler

Longwood

Jennings

9 letter words

Lancaster

Red 'n White

10 letter words

Sutherland

Swertfeger

11 letter word

Green 'n White

Answer on page 21

BIRTHDAYS ARE A PROBLEM

BY BILLIE JANE BARBER

I don't believe in celebratin' birthdays anymore; no siree, not since yestiddy and the turkey problem. Turkeys aren't a problem, you say. Well, maybe they aren't fer some people, but since yestiddy, my birthday, they air fer me. Just let me tell you what happened yestiddy and you'll understand

It all began 'bout two weeks ago, and if I hadda had an inklin' of what were gonna happen, I would hev sent that live turkey in its coop right back to Cousin Homer. He always did hev a grudge agin me; I guess that's why he sent it to me fer my birthday. Of course, the wife got all excited when she saw it. Just think how much we'll save! She began figurin' how many relatives could be invited fer my birthday. A queer way of savin' I'm a-thinkin', and if I hadda been firm then and objected, I might not hev been a ruint man now.

Fer the next two weeks that turkey got more 'tention than a movie star that had just won an Oscar. It stayed in its coop down in the basement and gobbled down almost three times as much food as I did. In fact, I were beginnin' to look like a po' relation instidda like the lord and master of my home. One thought kept me from rebellin'. What a grand feast he would make! Every night I'd go down to the basement and sharpen my axe. Did that turkey look scairt? No, he just strutted 'round the coop with a smug look on his face. He knew right then and thar that nothin' or nobody were gonna harm him.

Finally the judgment day arrived. Right after breakfast, I rushed down to the basement and grabbed the axe. Triumphant I marched to the coop and leered at the bird. He looked so pitiful that I almost felt like cryin'. I became thoroughly disgusted wid myself for pickin' on a po' innocent turkey that hadn't done nothin' but eat what he were given. I crawled up-

stairs feelin' lower than a worm. Fer a moment I thought I heard a turkey laugh, if you can imagine such a noise, but in my low state of mind I must hev been hearin' things.

I went into the livin' room and just set thinkin' 'bout the cruelty and hard heartedness of the human race. Then I had an inspiration that was the only bright spot in that dark, miserable day. A little drink would fix everything, I said. I poured a generous glass full. After the second one, I had regained my grudge. After the fourth one, I was Caesar and the turkey was the Roman Empire. This time I didn't hesitate. I took the bird out and tied him to a post. Only one thing were mighty peculiar 'bout that turkey. He had two heads! I wouldn't hev minded cuttin' off two heads instead of one, but they were a-pointin' in opposite directions! No turkey were gonna outsmart me by growin' two heads. So I shut my eyes and swung. I cut something all right, two inches of the best epidermis on my left hand.

Doc Green came and dressed my battle wound. 'Fore he left he gave his 'pinion of the accident. If more idiots like me would leave live turkeys alone, doctors like him, he said, would get a chance to tend to people who were really sick. That's not enough to ruin a man, you say? Well, just be patient; worse was a-comin'!

In the confusion we forget all 'bout that turkey, much to our regret, for then a powerful scream come from the kitchen. Stella, the colored cook, was standin' in the middle of the kitchen wavin' a knife at the turkey which were settin' on the top of the cabinet. When I come in, the turkey decided to retreat; I had the same idea, havin' tangled wid him afore. The bird swooped down and briefly lighted on a pie settin' on the table. Then we both made fer the door. Twenty-

BIRTHDAYS ARE A PROBLEM

five pounds of jet-propelled turkey in the small of the back is not a laughin' matter, as I soon learned.

Stella was furious over the destruction of her prize pie, and she tore after that bird a-wavin' the knife. I followed at a safer distance with the axe; the wife was right behind me frantically tellin' us not to hurt that there turkey. The turkey skidded onto the dinin' room table and onto the floor, draggin' the cloth and dishes wid it in one grand crash. Surrounded on all four sides, that turkey tried a surprize move; it dove-bombed at me, hitting its target on the

ankles. We went down, me on top and the bird a-clawin' to get free. Stella dove for that bird, but since the coward were hidin' under me, she landed on both of us knockin' me to one side. Well, the axe shot up in the air and landed on the spot where I had been, killin' the turkey at once.

Yes, we had turkey fer my birthday dinner instidda the beans I were beginnin' to expect. At least that's what they told me; I weren't thar. 'Fore you leave, please autograph my cast; either one will do. I'm keepin' a record of all my visitors here in the hospital.



A Chemist's description of the creature known as woman:

Symbol—Woman.

Accepted Atomic Weight—119.

Physical Properties — Boils at nothing and freezes any minute. Melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

Occurrence—Found wherever man exists.

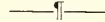
Chemical Properties—Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and precious stones. Violent reactions if left alone. Able to absorb great amount of food matter. Turns green when placed beside a better-looking specimen.

Uses—Highly ornamental, useful as a tonic in acceleration of low spirits and an equalizer of the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most effective income-reducing agent known.

CAUTION — Highly explosive in inexperienced hands.

—Gorton-Pew's *The Man At the Wheel*

An optimist is the 87 year old man who got married and immediately began looking for a nice place close to a school.



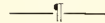
"Mother, may I go out and play?"

"Yes, darling, but don't play with any little boys."

"Why not, mommy?"

"Because little boys are too rough, dear."

"Mommy, can I play with a little boy if I take a rough one and smooth him up?"



The little boy's mother had permitted him to stay for the second showing of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Came the apple-eating scene and the little boy turned excitedly to his mother: "If she eats that apple again she's crazy!"



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Have You Read These?

THE KING'S CAVALIER

BY SAMUEL SHELLABARGER

Reviewed by Sara Creger

ONCE again Samuel Shellabarger takes us to Renaissance Europe. In *Captain From Castile* he conveyed the spirit of this period in Spain; the scene of *Prince of Foxes* was Italy at the time of Renaissance; and now in his latest best seller, *The King's Cavalier*, is reflected the same newly arrived spirit in France.

The story centers upon Ann Russell and Blaise de Lalliere. The two are desperately in love but are caught in the Bourbon Conspiracy against Francis I. The year is 1523 and Charles, Duke of Bourbon, in alliance with Henry VIII of England, has launched a rebellion against Francis I. Francis, who sees the unity of France crumbling, is trying to counteract this by gaining control of the Bourbon provinces and doing away with the remnants of feudalism.

Blaise de Lalliere is in the service of Francis I. Young and reckless, he is little fit for the diplomatic service which his godfather, the Marquis de Vaulx, places in his trust. He blunders many times, loses the favor of the king, almost ruins his counterplot, but finally redeems himself by saving the life of the king and breaking the whole Bourbon plot.

Anne Russell, a striking English lady, a favorite at the French Court, and a suspected English spy, is an obstacle in Blaise's diplomatic career. He loves her as a beautiful woman, but distrusts her as an English woman. The relationship between Blaise and Anne makes a suspenseful and difficult situation.

There is an array of unforgettable characters interwoven in the plot; Jean de Nor-

ville, the suave, unscrupulous agent of the Duke of Normandy; Pierre, the reckless companion of Blaise; Francis, the sorcerer, who saved Blaise's life; and many others.

The novel is basically romantic, since Shellabarger himself admits that historical data is secondary to his story; but he vividly portrays the customs and facts of the time, taking only small liberties with history. With his narrative ability, imagination in portraying characters, and an intriguing historical setting, Shellabarger has created a new novel that is a worthy best seller.

REST AND BE THANKFUL

BY HELEN MACINNES

Reviewed by Joanne Steck

HELEN MacINNES in *Rest and Be Thankful*, chose to be cosy, good-tempered, and affectionate in this, her first look at Americans on their native soil.

The title is the name of an attractive ranch house set on a small grassy island between the forks of Crazy Creek, high in the hills of Wyoming. It is here that two women, Margaret Peel, a wealthy widow, and Sarah Bly, unattached at the age of thirty-seven, get caught in a rainstorm. They are exploring their own country after years of European residence. Sarah and Margaret find, fall in love with, and impulsively buy the big, beautiful ranch house from the impoverished owner. They stock it with a group of would-be authors and unpublished writers from New York and other literary centers.

The effect of the West on the Easterners and their effect on the cowboys make a story of an eventful summer, which ends satisfactorily for some people. Margaret, after years of secrecy about her authorship

HAVE YOU READ THESE?

of a sentimental best seller of the 20's, finds that with her fortune gone she can write openly now. She can brave her literary friends' scorn and thus keep the ranch.

Sarah forgets the scar of an old love affair and settles for a companionable and beautiful future with the former ranch owner.


For Margaret the ranch means living a life of her own as she has never done before and writing as she desires without fear of betraying herself. For Sarah, *Rest and Be Thankful*, means freedom to love and live again. For Jim Brent, who had owned the island as well as the ranch, the coming of strangers means no rest for a cowboy, certainly, but great cause for thankfulness in the end.

The book is full of humor, and the diversity of the guests makes *Rest and Be Thankful* a mine for character depiction, which the author does very cleverly. The whole point of the story is how the peaceful way of life in the West benefits even the most sophisticated of Easterners. The author's pen keeps the story entertaining from beginning to end. She brings her characters to life and makes them good companions to the reader. In discovering America in the lively book, *Rest and Be Thankful*, Miss MacInnes uncovers humor, but with a chuckle, not a snort. This book is a must on everyone's reading list.

WEEP FOR MY BROTHER

BY CLIFFORD DOWDEY

Reviewed by Patricia Taylor

 CLIFFORD DOWDEY takes us to his own home city, Richmond, Virginia, for this suspenseful novel about two brothers. Chris Mathers probably would have had a very normal life had it not been for his younger brother, Lacy. No one understood exactly why Lacy was so different from other people; city authorities, psychiatrists and his own family all knew that he had a good mind and normal intelligence. Edith Mathers considered her son a very sweet boy until, in his teens, he seemed to become different from other boys.

Lacy always blamed his failures not upon his own shiftlessness and irrespon-

sibility, but upon his failure to get along with girls, or upon the fact that other people did not think in the realms of poetry and romance as he did. To escape from the society to which he was so unadapted, he turned to alcohol. His family, too proud to let this go on, but lacking the money to send him to a private sanitarium, had him committed to one state institution after another. It is just after his escape from Kingsborough that the main portion of the story begins.

Chris Mathers, learning from his mother that Lacy is "off again," hunts for his brother in a race against time, for Lacy is in the company of Clyde Candleless, a paroled criminal, and may get into trouble. Chris's only motive in looking for his brother is to spare his aged mother from worry, for he blames his brother for the death of his father, for his own divorce from his first wife, Jacqueline, and for his mother's poor health. Lacy's brotherly affection for Chris had long ago turned first into harsh resentment for all Chris' attempts to help him, then into a bitter hatred.

The chase goes all over the city and ends in the Mathers' own home, where Lacy finally returns after being rejected even by the criminals who were his only friends. Chris is aided in the search by Harriet Coles, sophisticated daughter of a prominent psychiatrist; Floyd Henry of the parole board, who loses his job because of politics, and his girl because she is afraid his connection with the criminals will endanger her job; and by Joan Candleless, the only girl who ever really understood and loved Lacy Mathers.

"*Weep for My Brother*" is well worth reading for its suspense, not to mention its interesting character analysis of a typical "borderline", also, for its grave criticism of the incompetence of state institutions in dealing successfully with these cases, and for its vivid descriptions of the sections of Richmond where the shadow of past grandeur still hangs over the decaying mansions and the people who live in them. If you enjoy any one of these things, it alone will hold your interest throughout the reading of the book.

ON THE BALL



Guard that girl!

Girl's Basketball

THE girls' Longwood varsity basketball team scheduled five games this year. Out of these, they won three and lost two.

The first game was held in the Longwood gym with Bridgewater. Our girls took their first win with flying colors, the final score standing at 67-30.

In the second game Longwood was again hostess, this time to Roanoke. Another victory for Longwood resulted and the final score was 56-24.

Lynchburg was next on the agenda. Our team traveled to their campus and found the going a little bit tougher. The Longwood six were again victorious, 39-35.

On February 25, the team went to Harrisonburg amidst a flurry of snow. Somewhere along the way "Lady Luck" was lost, and despite a hard fought game, Longwood lost to Madison College 41-33.

The last game of the season was held in the Westhampton gym. The result was another defeat, and this one the worst of all: 52-24. However, that "never-say-die" spirit of our girls continued throughout the game.

A pat on the back is certainly due the team and their coach, Miss Iler. In forward position for the season were: P. Ritter, captain, W. Beard, S. Brubaker, N. Bradshaw, N. Roady, F. Allen, A. Lynch, B.

Tyler, C. Borum, and S. Livesay. In defense position as guards were: A. Langbein, R. Kelsey, M. Beckner, S. Webb, J. Ridenour, B. Ricks, E. Kennon, E. Weddle, H. Egerton, and A. Famulette.

Opponent	They	We	Date
Bridgewater	30	—67	Jan. 24, 1950
Roanoke	24	—56	Feb. 10
Lynchburg	35	—39	Feb. 17
Madison	41	—33	Feb. 25
Westhampton	52	—24	Feb. 27

Boy's Basketball

THIS fall the men at Longwood formed for the first time a completely organized basketball squad. Fifteen games were scheduled beginning on December 1, 1949, with RPI in Richmond and ending on February 25, 1950, with the Crewe Town Team at home.

Mr. Thomas A. Malloy consented to become the team's faculty advisor. Buddy Gentry was elected manager of men's athletics, with Jack Huegel and Madison McClinic as assistants. Huegel also developed into a tight referee for all home games.

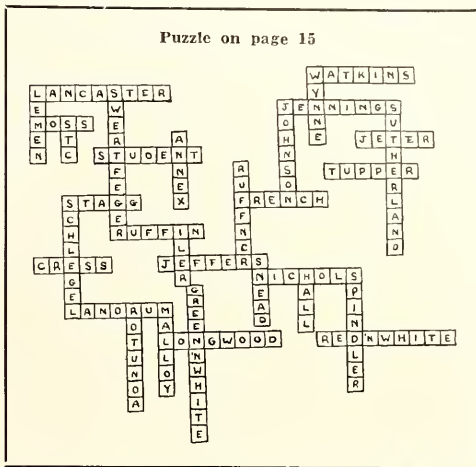
The men then elected Lester Smallwood as their player-coach, and later they fortunately received Dr. A. C. Fraser, a renowned sportsman of Farmville, as assisting head coach. The men's division of the Athletic Association decided from a poll of suggestions that the name PIONEERS would be the official sports nickname for the Longwood team.

After a few weeks of fundamental drills the twelve court strangers finally pieced together a working combination. Orange started at center, Benedict and Beamer started at forward, and Thompson and Smallwood started at guard. Their first game was a disastrous licking at the hands of RPI 96-27. Angered by this humiliating defeat, the Pioneers came back home to upset the highly favored Farmville Town Team 37-31 in their opening home appear-

ance — the game they most desired to win.

The team was hot and cold throughout the season. Other than taking two victories from Mary Washington, the Pioneers never saw victory again, but the times when they came close were numerous. Hotly contested performances were given each team. The RPI quintet came to Farmville to win only by a comparatively slim 55-28 verdict, the last half of which revealed the Pioneers, the master.

Throughout the season the Pioneers were handicapped by two major things (1) lack of reserves and (2) poor foul tossing. But with a full season of experience under their belts and with the fact that they will lose only one man, Smallwood, next year, and that not until February — the Pioneers seem to have a brighter future ahead of them. In this their first year, what the Pioneers have done is something of which to be very proud.



Opponent	We	They	Date
RPI	27	-96	Dec. 1, 1949
Farmville Town	37	-31	Dec. 3
Mary Wash.	38	-24	Dec. 6
H-S JV	25	-50	Dec. 9
Lynchburg JV	54	-84	Dec. 16
Madison	38	-54	Jan. 6, 1950
Farmville Town	35	-69	Jan. 27
Mary Wash.	62	-41	Feb. 3
Lynchburg JV	37	-58	Feb. 9
H-S JV	42	-108	Feb. 11
Crewe Town	56	-69	Feb. 15
RPI	28	-55	Feb. 18
Madison	39	-57	Feb. 20
Farmville Town	43	-52	Feb. 24
Crewe Town	39	-65	Feb. 25

QUESTIONS

- A** If you locate me, you'll see this modern age, Add a furry friend who lurks upon the back page.
- B** Where the dogwood grows you'll find me too, Believe me, solver, I'm pale in hue.
- C** What's the smoke that satisfies? Simple as A B C, Look at the frame's initial lines; its slogan is in 1, 8, 3.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

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3. First ten correct answers from different situations win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A FILE** in the title "The File on Thelma Jordon."
- B CHESTERFIELD.** A form-fitting coat and a pleasure-giving cigarette.
- C CLAUD POPE.** A cirrus, nimbus or cumulus is a CLOUD. Change one letter and you have CLAUD. Sisa, manila and hemp is ROPE. Change one letter and you have POPE. WINNERS...

WINNERS: CHESTERFIELD CONTEST—Catherine Bondurant, Jane Smith, Charlotte Flaughter, Pat Davis. Mary Lee Meredith, Marjorie Boswick, Jean Smith, Jean Hobbs, Hazel Wilkins, Sonia Kile.



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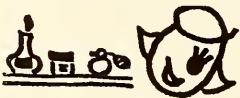
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FARMVILLE CREAMERY

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GRAY'S DRUG STORE



HAS ALL OF YOUR
COSMETIC NEEDS

Six Twenty-Nine

Continued from page 14

morrow, yes, Tomorrow! Thank God for Tomorrow, for Tomorrow shall be different! He will investigate his books; he will enjoy attending classes; he will hand in his projects on time; he will do such good work that he will make A's. Wonderful, beautiful, Tomorrow! But now, just a little rest to prepare for another Tomorrow, sleep — sleep — sleep.

Slowly the second hand approaches six twenty-nine, R-R-R-R-R-R-R-Ring-SLAM - THUD ! ! ! ZZZZZZZZZ. Yes, college is wonderful.

A man appeared in a newspaper office to place an ad offering one hundred dollars for the return of his wife's pet cat:

Clerk: "That's an awful high price for a cat."

Man: "Not for this one. I drowned it."

—||—

Lizzie—"When anything goes wrong around our suite, I get busy and fix it."

B. S.—"Yeah? Since you fixed the clock the cuckoo backs out and asks: "What time is it?"

—||—||—

"Did you borrow money on your farm?"

"Did I? I have so many government loans on the place that I have to milk the cows with political pull!"



PRICHETT

"Now, where did you say you were from?"

The Cocker Cupid

Continued from page 6

"If there were only some way to get his feeling aroused enough to make him admit he's in love with her," I explained. "You ought to know a few tricks since you're a female. Got any ideas?"

"Sure. All you have to do is to bite her hard enough to keep her in bed a couple of days. He'll come around if he really loves her, just like you and me today." She tossed a coy look in my direction. I ignored it.

"Sometimes I wonder about your I. Q., Julie," I said crossly. She hadn't helped at all. I began to think I'd never find a way. All of a sudden an idea popped into my head. "Thanks, old gal!" I muzzled her to show my gratitude, and raced off, leaving Julie with a bewildered expression on her face. The whole plan would depend on whether or not Mr. Blandon was in love with Kitty. I felt sure he was because I noticed the way he used to gaze at her when he didn't think she was looking. It was somewhat the way Julie looks at me. Very flattering. It was the only way to find out if he cared for her, and maybe a way to get them together again. I decided to attempt it the following day. Just as Kitty was about to leave for the office, I went into my act. I limped up to her and whimpered in a most pitiful way that would've aroused John L. Lewis' sympathy.

"What's the matter, Shoo? Did you hurt your leg?" She leaned down and said, "Can you walk on it?" At that I promptly collapsed. "I do believe something has happened to you. What is it?"

I looked as sad as I could, as if I were in terrible pain. It distressed Kitty terribly. She took off her coat and hat, put her bag on the table, and prepared to find out what the matter was. She began phoning numerous veterinarians, and luckily, all seemed to be busy. By this time it was 9:30, and she was quite late for work. It didn't seem to bother her in the least. The doorbell rang, and Kitty went to answer it. I opened one eye and saw, to my great relief, that it was Dick Blandon. He looked as if he didn't know exactly what to say.

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"You're late for work. I thought maybe you were sick. I called to see if you were, and the line was busy. Is anything wrong?"

"Yes", I heard Kitty say. "I'm awfully worried about Shoo-Shoo. He's been hurt by something, and I don't know what it is. He walks as if his leg is broken."

I was more than delighted. Here they were together, as if they had been friends all along, with no thought of their previous argument.

Kitty continued, "I can't find a veterinarian. Do you suppose you could look at him? I'm so worried."

"I could, I guess," he faltered. "I brought along a piece of steak just in case he decided he wants to bite me again." He laughed, as if the thought were pleasant to him. "And while I'm here," he went on. "I'd like to apologize for the way I acted that night. It was despicable of me, and I'll never forgive myself. Do you think you can forget it?"

"Of course, Dick. It was all my fault anyway," Kitty confessed. I barked, to say it was really all my fault, but of course they didn't understand.

"I'd forgotten about Shoo", Kitty began, but I was already out of my box, wagging my tail and looking lovingly at Dick, while he looked rather pleased himself. He handed me the steak. This guy wasn't bad at all.

"He looks O. K. to me," Dick said, viewing me.

Kitty caught on. "Why, Shoo-Shoo, how could you do such a thing to me?" She smiled, and didn't look angry at all. "I do believe you were playing a trick!"

I looked up and thought how pleasant it would be to have the three of us together at night with two hands scratching me instead of one. "Arf!" I said, and proceeded to devour my steak.

Son—"Dad, how many kinds of milk are there?"

Dad—"Well, there's condensed, and evaporated, and malted, but why do you ask, son?"

Son—"Oh, I've gotta draw a picture of a cow and I wanted to know how many spigots to put on it."

— R. W. MOTTLEY —

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