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# The Colonnade, Volume XIV Number 2, February 1952

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# The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Vol. XIV

FEBRUARY, 1952

No. 2

## Featuring February...

This issue of The Colonnade features themes associated with February, perhaps the most eventful month of the entire year.

—N. A. G.

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*Illustrated by* MARY MOORE KARR

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# WE ADD

HAVE you ever considered George Washington as a rejected lover or as a failure? And did you know that the "Father of Our Country" had no children? Well, behind the hero portraits and statues is a Washington not very different from other men—except in the degree of his greatness.

In his young days, George sent gifts and wrote love poems to girls just as boys do today, but neither his gifts nor his verses were well received. For a time it seemed that no one was interested in becoming the "Mother of Her Country." Some writers say his lack of appeal for the fair sex was due to the fact that until he was quite mature, Washington was not able to catch up with the size of his large nose. But some say it was his direct and unromantic approach that frightened the girls away.

However, at twenty-six, he was married to the widow, Martha Custis. He had no children by this marriage, but he assumed the responsibility of managing the affairs of Martha's two children by a previous marriage. He assumed also this same type of responsibility for his nieces and nephews as well as for numerous other relatives, some of whom were related to him only by marriage. These many relatives often received stern letters of advice from him as well as generous gifts of money. However, not all of them behaved as decorously as Washington desired. Somehow they found it difficult to live up to his exalted reputation. His brother Samuel, who was married not less than five times, "transferred" a considerable sum of money from George's pockets to his own. Then there was his niece, Harriet, who adored fine clothes and luxuries of all kinds, too much perhaps. To her delight her Uncle George gave her rather large sums of money with which she immediately bought fine clothes.

For Washington there were still other disappointments. One of them has back of it a big laugh for many. For years he had deplored the fact that the American Indian



had not domesticated the buffalo, the only animal native to America suitable for draft work. At length, he set out to achieve what the Indian, in spite of his knowledge of the wild animals and their ways, had not. Washington had imported many mules and horses for use at Mount Vernon, but he thought it was a shame that Americans had not capitalized on their home resources. To leave the buffalo just to roam the plains was to him a mark of thriftlessness. Certainly buffaloes were as strong as mules, and they were already here in herds. So the "Father of Our Country" took upon himself the job of taming a young buffalo. But in this battle Washington was not the commander-in-chief; the buffalo outdid him and got social security at his expense. It was a great disappointment to the aspiring Washington. For years after his master's death, the tremendous animal roamed about the Mount Vernon stables. Not one single plow did he ever pull through a Mount Vernon field. It turned out that his only duty was to be on hand in order to satisfy the curiosity of sightseers.

It is true that no man in history ever had a higher sense of duty to his country than did George Washington. Though his unswerving allegiance to public duty made

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# WE ASK

CELESTE BISHOP, '53

ON the night of April 14, 1865, the President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln sat in his box in the semi-gloom of Ford's Theater in Washington. Suddenly a pistol shot rang out. Lincoln slumped, and someone limped across the stage and out of the theater. The question who assassinated Lincoln has brought out more rumors and conjectures than any other similar event in history. Even today, the minds of historians are clouded and troubled as to who did it. And why the mystery? you ask.

Virtually all the people in the theater that night of April 14, 1865 saw President Lincoln slump forward in his chair—caught by an assassin's bullet. And those who saw this, saw a man leap from President Lincoln's box to the stage, and stumble and fall; they saw him rise and mutter a few words, brandish something over his head, limp across the stage and vanish. Yet, down to the present time, no one knows *who* killed Abraham Lincoln.

Does this fact startle you? Are you one of those who are quick to reply that *you* know? Likely you are, for you learned in school that John Wilkes Booth did the nasty deed and was, justly punished. But do you know all the facts of the case? In case you don't here are some of them:

So-called facts gotten by weeks, even months of illogical and blundering questioning, and of true and false testimony, served to fill in the records, with data that fails to prove conclusively who the killer was and what happened to him.

Likely, you were taught that the Federal Government attributed the killing to a half-demented actor, John Wilkes Booth. That the Government did just that thing is true. It is also true that a trial was held for the alleged conspirators, and they were punished for the crime attributed to them. But again, do you know all the facts about the case? Let's look back to 1865, and then



you decide for yourselves.

The state of the Nation in 1865 was not good—the war had just ended. Inflation, dissention, and national fatigue were confusing the country. Even Lincoln's cabinet was divided as to policy. Vice-President Andrew Johnson's followers, the radical wing of the Republican party, were concentrating their efforts to keep the lately defeated South industrially dependent on the North and East. Lincoln, however, opposed this. He was in favor of restoring to the South her former status as a respected section of the nation.

Probing even deeper in the scene in Washington, we learn that Andrew Johnson wanted to be President. He made no secret of it. This was only possible, however, if Lincoln died, for he knew that he would never be elected to the office. Johnson lost his political chances and public favor when, smelling strongly of whiskey, he took the oath of office of the Vice-President of the United States.

Such was the situation in Washington. Soon after Lincoln's second inauguration, two shots made the presidential chair secure for Johnson. The shot in Ford's Theater that killed Lincoln, made Andrew Johnson President by the only possible

*Please Turn Page*

route! The shot that sounded in Garrett's barn near Fredericksburg, Virginia, closed forever the lips of the man who could have possibly explained the first shot and exonerated himself. Startling events followed:

Lincoln was moved to the house across the street and placed in bed. Cabinet members were called. Edwin Stanton, Secretary of War, usually in bed before nine and certainly before ten, was tonight fully clothed and nervously pacing the floor when the messenger arrived with the news that Lincoln had been shot. Although he was in charge of all official notifications on the matter, he issued no statement until 3:20 A. M. on the following day. By then, it was absolutely certain that Lincoln would not regain consciousness. Thus, after allowing five hours of escape time for the murderer, he declared Booth the assassin.

Except for one spot, an airtight net of infantry, cavalrymen, police, and other law officers surrounded Washington; somehow, the best known side road leading south was left unpatrolled. Undoubtedly this was the escape route used by the murderer. Booth and a companion were reported as the escapees, but no alarm was sounded until two hours later.

Abraham Lincoln died at 7:45 on the morning of April 15, 1865. At noon of that day, the head of the Secret Service, Lafayette Baker, had not been informed of the crime. Not until hours after Lincoln's death, and a half day after the shooting, did Stanton, who, as Secretary of War, was in charge of all official reports, wire Baker; "Come Here Immediately And See If You Can Find The Murderer Of The President." Baker took the next train.

By now Booth was gone. He was last seen thirty-six hours before Baker had been notified. The police and the Secret Service men worked without the aid of the Army, for Stanton would not issue the order for the Army to help. Friends had locked Johnson in his room, for he had been drinking that day. Baker, detected irregularities in the incident; therefore, he visited Stanton, and they discussed the murder for hours. Then Baker took action.

The Army knew that Booth's leg was

broken, and it held one of the conspirators under lock and key. Baker, however, knew nothing of either fact. He spent much of his time stalling the army and the press, and waiting for further developments. He published pictures of persons wanted for questioning, and Booth's picture was among them.

About midday on Monday morning, Lieutenant Luther Baker, nephew of Lafayette Baker, came to see his uncle. Later, the lieutenant visited Stanton, and then with twenty-five armed men he rode to the Maryland peninsula. His orders from Baker as heard by witnesses were: "You boys are going after Booth, you've got a sure thing." Orders by the Secretary of State were to bring Booth back alive, if at all possible. These orders were not issued by Stanton, the Secretary of War, although other searching parties received similar commands from him.

At the barn, the hiding place of the two suspects, Baker and his men resorted to brutality, they set fire to the barn. Booth's companion escaped through a hole in the wall, and Booth could be plainly seen inside the barn. He dropped his rifle and hobbled to the door. At this point, he was shot by a pistol held so close that powder burns were left on his face. He died a few minutes later. Blame for the shot was placed on a trooper named Corbett, who in reality was standing thirty feet away. Lieutenant Baker was the man who had run into the barn!

On the witness stand, Lieutenant Baker testified that his uncle told them exactly where they could find the man whom they murdered as John Wilkes Booth.

When Stanton was informed by Lafayette Baker, the Secret Service man, that Booth had been found, he sank on a couch and covered his face with his hands. When he was told Booth was dead, he took his hands away from his face and smiled for the first time in days.

A few hand-picked men received Stanton's permission to see the body of John Wilkes Booth. One of these, Dr. John Mays, who was called in to identify the body, stat-

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# Needed Desperately:

## An Agent of Mercy

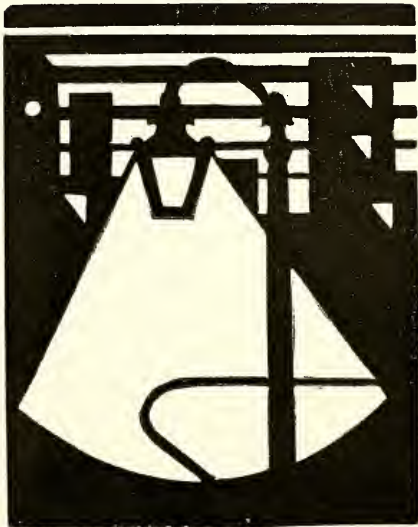
ELOISE MACON, '55

A cloud, dense and dismal appeared to hover over the streets on that New Year's Eve. Not even the twinkling light of one lonely little star graced the heavens. Scarcely could I distinguish the vague outlines of the gigantic skyscrapers towering around me. These buildings, which in daylight seemed to be all powerful in their massiveness, appeared as dwarfs, powerless to lift the vast darkness. So quiet

was the night that even the sound of my footsteps seemed magnified as if an army were marching with me.

I passed through the great factory district. The huge structures from which in daylight mightly screams of machinery issued and great clouds of smoke and ash shot into the air were deathly still. Even the railway cars had ceased their screeching. The mighty iron gate through which thousands of workers would tread at break of day was closed—padlocked. Where were the workers? Their homes to the right of me were dark. They must rest with the rest of the world, for factories cannot work without proper lighting. Dormant was the manufacturing world at night.

As I rambled on, I observed that the weary lamp-lighter with his lamp and ladder had covered that route before me. What a shame his tireless efforts were rewarded by such meager, weak sentinels.



Near one street light loomed the tell-tale remains of a dwelling. One single smutty chimney stood—a lonely mute narrator of the heartbreak and desolation that had haunted that place only a week before. The gayest season of the year had been halted by destruction and death. Why? Because man had failed to find in all his discoveries a means of lighting his Christmas tree without the treacherous threat of fire. The beauty of candle

glow on a tree was unsurpassed, but its lust for destruction could not be curbed.

Suddenly the sound of sirens pierced the air. There came over me a strange sensation—a premonition of evil. The street light ahead cast weird shadows that appeared to dance mysteriously all around me. I paused near the light as if I were groping for security. Uneasily I turned and peered into the darkness behind me. I was not alone. A dark figure hovering in the shadows was cautiously creeping forward. Warily he looked up. For a second his eyes gleamed in the reflection of light. In an instant he was gone. The sirens raged on, proclaiming a fruitless search. The thief had only the darkness to thank for his loot. How true was Ralph W. Emerson's, "Light is the best policeman."

Restlessly I trudged on. Noticing a limousine parked near the street curb, I turned and gazed up the walk leading to



## THE COLONNADE

a stately mansion. The front door was closing and I caught sight of a man carrying a small black bag. With his head bent low, the doctor came slowly down the walk. I heard him mutter faintly, "If only there had been light enough. I could have been able to . . ."

Suddenly I came upon Madison Square Garden tranquil, deadly calm. Where were the fighters that drew hundreds of spectators to every combat? Even they must halt when there is no light. Radio City, which in the waking hours of the day was swarmed with people and activity, was also motionless. Likewise, Times Square was quiet. The year 1952 was nearly born and the world's largest city seemed practically deserted.

Occasionally my ears caught the friendly sound of laughter and song as I passed through dim streams of light flickering out upon the streets. Here and there many New Yorkers were cheering the New Year in.

The echo of their shouts rang long in my ears as I wandered on—

Needed desperately: An agent of mercy to illuminate darkness.

\* \* \* \*

Such might have been the plight of the world had not Thomas Alva Edison on February 11, 1847 entered it with his incredible ability. From childhood he spent every spare minute in study and experimentation. Later with limitless energy and ambition he plunged into a world of invention. The phonograph, the storage battery, the motion picture, the electric motor, the telephone transmitter, the ticker-tape machine—all are products of his tireless efforts. The greatest, however, of these is the electric light. For this one gift alone the world could never pay its rightful debt. Thus we remain indebted for Thomas Edison's answer: Found: the electric light, an agent of mercy that has illuminated darkness.

My life before today was fraught with care  
And sadness filled my days with darkest gloom.  
But lo, today the sunshine entered in,  
And brightened every corner of my heart.  
For 'twas today I first gazed on your face  
And learned to love—and live.

NANCY LAWRENCE

# Every Groundhog Has His Day

BY MARGARET FERROW, '55

IT used to be one of the nicest places in the woods, but that was before the more socially-conscious animals moved over to the ridge across the creek. Now only a few shiftless rabbits, some poor squirrels, and Gilbert Groundhog lived there. It was rather swampy where they lived, because a few seasons ago some beavers dammed the stream below them. But nobody seemed to mind it much except Gilbert; he disliked to get his feet wet.

Gilbert lived with his mother in a dwelling dug out on the side of a small knoll. They took in boarders. There were frogs in the part of the cellar where the swamp water had made considerable progress, a rheumatic old rabbit in the front bedroom, and two woodrats in the garret. Daytimes, Gilbert worked in a processing factory—but he capped wild strawberries—but at night when he didn't have to help his mother, he loafed; for Gilbert, you see, was rather lazy.

It was late January—slack season at the factory; they were just doing pine needles now, and since Gilbert was no good at anything except capping berries, he got laid off for awhile. The woods were cold and silent. Few animals were out, and Gilbert, after peering out his window at the hoarfrost decided that it was a good thing he didn't have to go to work. With that, he went into the kitchen and walked over to the fire, rubbing his paws briskly.

"My! but it's cold-looking outside this morning. What do we have for breakfast, Mama?"

Mrs. Groundhog bustled in from the pantry with a bundle of roots in her apron. She dumped them onto the table and hastily smoothed back her fur.

"Nothing, if I don't get these roots on. Go wake up the boarders, Gilbert, and come right back here and set the table."

"Yes, Mama," he said, turning from the fire.

"Be careful with Mr. Rabbit. He's odd sometimes in the morning."

Gilbert ambled off down the burrow leading to the cellar. It was rather dark, but he felt around and found the door, opened it, and yelled down the cellar stairs: "Time to get up!"

"Thank you, we're coming," came a polite voice from the depths. Gilbert heard a faint splash and a muttered, "Good land, my bedroom slipper's full of mud." He softly closed the door and went back up the burrow.

The next door at which Gilbert stopped was Mr. Rabbit's. He knocked timidly, and upon receiving no answer, warily opened the door and peeked in. The shade was pulled, but he could dimly see Mr. Rabbit snoozing in his bed. Gilbert tiptoed across the room and gently shook the old gentleman by the shoulder.

*Please Turn Page*



"Wake up, Sir! It's time to get up."

Mr. Rabbit opened one eye, and then jumped up suddenly with a shriek. "Take to the hills, men! I hear the hounds! Here they come — oh — OH — It's *you*, Gilbert. You startled me."

"Yes, I think I did," murmured Gilbert as he loosened Boarder Rabbit's grasp from his necktie and wiped his eye. "I'm sorry, sir."

"I thought I was back at the Hunt Club," quavered Mr. Rabbit. "It *does* give me a start to think about that! Now when I was—" He began a mumbly narrative, waving his long ears and holding a slipper in one paw.

"My, how ghastly!" interrupted Gilbert, eyeing the door. Ten minutes later he shut the door behind himself, and followed the still reminiscing Mr. Rabbit down the corridor to the kitchen.

"Well, Mr. Rabbit you finally made it, didn't you?," remarked Mrs. Groundhog as they entered the room. She poured something into two bowls. "Sit down and eat before it gets colder."

Mr. Rabbit gently seated himself at the table, and twitching his pink nose, peered nearsightedly at the food. Ignoring his mother's glare of disapproval, Gilbert straddled a bench—quite an accomplishment for a plumpish groundhog — and humped it up to the table. The two woodrats were already there. They ate silently and hurriedly, only pausing now and then to nudge each other for the salt and butter, or to lick their fingers. The frogs had already finished and had drawn their chairs up to the fire, stretching their fingers and toes before the warm blaze.

Mrs. Groundhog began to talk in a loud voice to Mr. Rabbit about the weather. She was rather patronizing, for, as she had said, "I may live in a poor location and take in boarders, but I'm still genteel." Mr. Rabbit mumbled appropriate answers, all the while crumbling breakfast cakes into his coffee which he had poured into a saucer to cool.

Gilbert finished his meal, and humped his bench back from the table. Then he

stood up, stretched, and inquired, "Any mail today, Mama?"

"I declare, Gilbert, I haven't had time to see," she said and passed the cream to Mr. Rabbit who was stirring his saucer of soggy cake and coffee with a long scrawny finger. "Go see, will you?"

Gilbert sighed — he was really quite lazy—and ambled up the burrow to the front entrance. There he slid the bolt, lifted two hooks, cracked the door, stuck a paw outside, and groped around on the doorstep for the mail. There was a letter and a packet. Gilbert pulled them in and kicked the door shut. He opened the letter. It began:

Dear Sir:

We wish to remind you that payments on your correspondence course, **How to Process Pine Needles**, is overdue. If these payments—

"Oh pshaw," said Gilbert. With that, he put the letter into his pocket, and opened the packet. It was a catalogue, and on the cover was the picture of a squirrel in a suit saying, "You, too, can wear the latest in Woodlande Garbb." He tucked the catalogue under his arm and went back down the burrow into the kitchen.

"Gilbert," said his mother, "I wonder if you can pack some dry dirt into the cellar today. It's really getting so I won't be able to put boarders down there. This morning one of them complained that his bedroom slippers floated across the floor."

"Oh, Mama," exclaimed Gilbert, "it's impossible to fix that cellar. Sooner or later, the swamp water will flood it out." With that, he flopped down into a chair and took out his catalogue.

"Gilbert," Mrs. Groundhog said suggestively, "If you want anything cooked for dinner, the shovel is behind the door, and your galoshes are under the table."

"Ah shucks!" Gilbert put down his catalogue, slowly arose from his chair, and shuffled out the kitchen door. He felt dejected.

Untying her apron, Mrs. Groundhog hung it over a chair and cast a glare at Mr. Rabbit who was still absent-mindedly stir-

## EVERY GROUNDHOG HAS HIS DAY

ring his coffee and cake. "When you finish," she said emphatically. "you may put your cup and saucer in the sink, Mr. Rabbit."

One of Mr. Rabbit's ears twitched, and he turned his head. "Uh? Huh? What was that?—Oh, yes. Yes, indeed. Certainly, I will." He returned to his meditations and said no more to his landlady.

Mr. Rabbit had just finished his coffee and cake when there came several quick knocks at the back door. He slowly got up and slowly crossed the room. Equally slowly he cracked the door and peeked out.

"'Scuse me," came a voice, "but might I come in a minute? It's sort of cold out."

"Yes, yes, why of course." Mr. Rabbit's ears flopped feebly, and he backed away from the door.

Into the room stepped a small, grey squirrel muffled in an overcoat with only his nose and two white teeth protruding.

"It ain't so bad carrying messages on a day like this, but when folks let me freeze outside their doors, it's too—" He pulled out a red handkerchief, blew a long blast on it, and rubbed his nose vigorously.

Mr. Rabbit blinked his eyes rapidly a time or two and then stared at the visitor. The squirrel's grey upper lip jerked up and down over his two long incisors, and he stared back.

"Just in case you're wondering," he said, "I'm from across the creek with a message for Gilbert Groundhog, see? Is he here?"

Mr. Rabbit looked around the room uncertainly and cleared his throat. Then he bent forward and asked, "Have you—uh—seen him, young fellows?"

The squirrel's lip jerked exasperatedly: "Mister, I don't know him; and if I did, I wouldn't know where he was, see? But will you give him a message, so that I can get back across the creek and get to work, see?"

Mr. Rabbit smiled. "Why yes! Yes, of course, I will." He felt benign.

"Well, tell him that Mrs. Randolph Woodchuck, III, from across the creek wants him at her daughter's coming-out party, see? It's gonna be held on Feb. 2, see, and he's to help with the eats, see?"

Mr. Rabbit smiled and nodded. The squirrel opened the door and paused long

enough to say, "Remember, now, she said she's *got* to have him there. See?" He left, slamming the door.

Mr. Rabbit went at once to the window, and stooping forward squinted through the hoarfrost at the retreating overcoat. When it turned a bend, the old rabbit sighed and straightened up. "Wonder where Gilbert is."

He walked slowly down a burrow till he reached some doors. He opened one at random and called, "Gilbert!"

"Ain't here," answered a voice, and one of the woodrats stuck his head out. He was puffing on a big brown cigar. "I think he's in the cellar." He turned his head, and addressed somebody in the room, "Deal me in, Willie." Then he looked back at Mr. Rabbit. Taking his cigar out of his mouth, he said, "Yep, you might try the cellar." Exhaling a puff of smoke, he withdrew his head and slammed the door.

For a minute or two, Mr. Rabbit's ears beat furiously until the smoke cleared away. Then he resumed his hunt. Opening the cellar door, he looked down the stairway and saw the object of his search sitting on a pile of dirt with a lantern by his side, turning the pages of a catalogue.

"Gilbert!"

"Huh?"

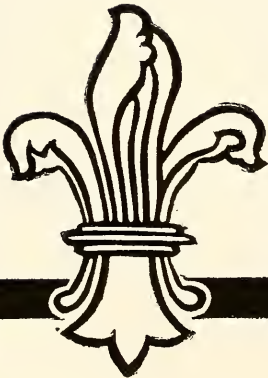
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## Fortunio's Song

Here is a poem written a hundred years ago by a French poet, ALFRED DE MUSSET, better known as the poet "of love." It is a lyric poem expressing the deep feelings of Fortunio's heart for the Lady of his love. This poem is often called a song in France, "une chanson." OFFENBACH has set it to music, and it is now, a very popular song in France.

If you believe I am going to tell you  
Whom I dare love,  
I would not for a kingdom  
Tell you her name.  
If you wish, we shall sing  
All around,  
I adore her and she is blonde.  
I do what her fancy  
Orders me.  
And then, if my life she wants,  
I give it to her!  
How the pain of a secret love  
Makes us suffer!  
My soul is wounded  
Until death .  
But I love too much to tell  
Whom I dare love;  
And I would die for my Lady,  
Without naming her.



CATHERINE OLLIVARY

# BROTHER, BEWARE!

Dear Bud,

Every four years there rolls around a time fraught with grave dangers for a particular segment of the male population. By a particular segment I mean that portion of the male population referred to as free, white, and twenty-one. This four year cycle brings with it a peculiar malady or madness, sometimes known as marriage fever. At this time there are numerous strange forces working to deprive the male of his happy state of celibacy.

What's my angle, you ask. Well, my only purpose is to offer a few pointers to you young men who wish to escape the long walk down that aisle, which is so often on the minds of the young Dianas who have been smitten by this strange malady. I will concern myself with only a few pointers by which you can, if you desire, escape altogether the danger of being asked the all important question.

Remember those slick-slick, smooth-smooth, shaves you get with that special shave cream? Forget about it. Nothing can discourage that close contact so necessary for the spread of that dread delerium more than a good stand of stubble. Remember that bottle that guarantees to make you a Wildroot Cream Oil Charley? Heave it out the window. Let that tube of paste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth follow it. Oh! Yes, toss out that soap that makes you safe on all thirteen. You'd better get a cake of that old-fashioned pine tar soap, the kind that smells like an old pipe that hasn't been cleaned for a long time.

Now let's consider those clothes of yours. Great Caesar's ghost, put that thing away! Never, under any condition wear that tux this year. The tailor made those shoulders much too appealing to women. Hide it quick! Better put those new Cordivan shoes away, also. On dates you can wear that old jersey from high school days and the sneakers you use when you clean out the cellar. Now, get out that old sport coat that's grown a little tight. Be careful! The moths maybe have been using it for a supply base. Guess you had better get some black thread and darn those elbows. By all means put away your Adams Executive and get out that old, water-proof, fishing hat. Boy, it would seem you're safe now. But I don't know. These gals will jump at almost any man during this strange season.

Now your personal appearance having been taken care of, let's consider your habits regarding the fair sex. First, this thing about opening doors for a gal. Let her do it; she has two arms. Never on any condition offer your seat to any female under sixty-five, unless she's your mother. Whenever you go out on a date, leave your cigarettes behind, and since you haven't any weeds, leave the lighter, too. Smoke O. P.'s. only. Always have an excuse for not stopping, unless you are on a well-lighted and heavily-travelled highway. Now comes a hard thing. When you take her home, always have a good reason to get home yourself. Linger just long enough to say a quick good-by or you may linger longer than you had planned. On those occasions when she invites you to spend the evening at home, be sure not to accept, unless you know her parents are there. Once you are settled in the living room start a protracted conversation with her father on world affairs. What's that? You don't know anything about world affairs. Who does? If the folks should go out, start talking about some of your old girl friends. Don't lose any time. This is a sure fire method if you wish to get started for home at an early hour.

Well, I've given you enough pointers to get you started formulating some schemes of your own. Best of luck! I hope you are able to enjoy your single blessedness as long as you desire.

Oh! I nearly forgot, there are two more possibilities if all the others fail. One is to prospect for ore in the wilds of Manitoba, and the other one is to see your local recruiting office. But be quick!

How did I find out about all this? Well brother, it has been nearly five years since that old knot was pulled tight for me. You can't live as Darby and Joan without finding out some of the female likes and dislikes, you know. I offer this in the spirit of a friend; but don't blame me if any or all of these ideas fail to do any good, because no man can ever fathom completely the inner workings of the female mind. There's no telling what they will do from one minute to the next.

So in closing I say, BEWARE, BROTHER, BEWARE. THE SEASON IS ON!

John W. Crafton



# February

3.

Bright red lipstick, slick new dress,  
To turn that handsome head;

4.

Perhaps the hairdo needs a  
change,  
And I'd best cut down on bread.

5.

All right then, since these don't  
work,  
I'll sit and read that book.

I'll drop my  
And use my

10.

At last, he smiles and says hello.  
How great the world can be!

11.

Alone at last (students all around)  
To study? No siree!

12.

"I hear the movie's simply great,"  
Oh, he saw it at the Lee.

Another day,  
A juke box

17.

I know he'll never call me,  
I must have been a bore.

18.

The phone! Please, do let it be—  
A date-to baby sit at four.

19.

Oh joy, he stopped me in the hall  
And asked me to a show.

What a date!  
He likes me

24.

I'll bet she's cute, oh darn,  
He'd best not stay too late.

25.

Washed my hair, manicured my  
nails,  
Today I'll look okay.

26.

It worked, I know, he spent class  
hour  
Glancing toward my way.

A date tonig  
He's got jus



		1.	2.
		Leap Year's here; I want a man. But find him first, I must.	Then to let him know that I'm alive Is only fair and just.
6.	7.	8.	9.
on the floor	What's he made of—iron and steel? Nothing phases him.	Maybe home-made beauty's not his style— The Vanity will make me trim.	I'll ask him 'bout his government; It's just too deep for me;
13.	14.	15.	16.
again— night.	The dance just wasn't any good, My hair was all a sight.	A hint I'll drop a party soon; Perhaps he'd like to go.	Now wouldn't you just know it, My conversation went too slow.
20.	21.	22.	23.
ow was great; know!	Today he met me after class, We held hands in the snack;	Tonight another date with him, This time I kissed him back.	Nothing for this Saturday, He's made some other date.
27.	28.	29.	
what a guy! thing.	He said that he could love just me; I'll treat him like a king.	I did it! I knew I'd win! Tonight I got his pin.	





## Valentine Sentiments

### *At the Age of Four*

This single day is full of joy  
For the adolescent boy,  
As he casts his wand'ring eye,  
He hopes his voice is not too high  
To challenge youthful ladies fair—  
Especially one with golden hair  
And soft blue eyes that shyly gaze,  
To make him feel he's in a daze.  
Why does he feel the way he does?  
Why is his heart all in a buzz?  
An envelope placed near his heart,  
From it he will never part;  
That Valentine all red and blue—  
The simple statement: "I Love You!"

BARBARA ASSAID

### *At the Age of Fourteen*

O pretty 'ittle fancy Valentine,  
You are the nicest one I've ever seen.  
I 'like the 'ittle words that say, "Be Mine,"  
The two wed woses, an' the heart between.  
I wish that I could take you home wif' me  
An' put you in your 'ittle envevope  
An' send you to a 'ittle girl. You see,  
She's gonna be my Va'entine—I hope.  
I have a shiny quarter in my hand;  
I'll te' you what was in my 'ittle mind:  
To buy you, Va'entine, was what I planned,  
But now I can't. I guess I gotta find  
Some other way to te' my sentiments,  
'Cause, shucks, that sign says you cost fifty cents.

PATRICIA TAYLOR



# Poor George

BY BETTY GOODSON, '53

GEORGE WASHINGTON entered his mother's room quietly, because he knew she would be hard at work. He slammed the door and stood in front of it, patiently patting his foot as he waited for his mother to finish planning the menu for the day. Finally she looked up and smiled. "Good morning, George," she said cheerily. "I am indeed glad you came in to see me before going out."

George responded to her greeting and then drew a chair up to her desk. "Mother, I have been thinking of my future and what I would like to do," he said seriously. "I have decided I would like to be a sailor and sail the seven seas."

His mother nodded and replied, "Well, my dear George, you have been cutting down quite a few cherry trees lately. The orchard can't stand much more. It sounds as if it would be a good idea. You are altogether too good, and a spell on the high seas might improve you. Yes, I think you should go. George was overjoyed at the prospects of the career he had in front of him, and he started packing his duffle bag at once.

It wasn't long before he was entered in the log of the Jolly ship "Hatchet" as "George Washington, common seaman." He liked the life on shipboard immensely. Scrubbing decks was the nicest job he had. And he thought beans three times a day was a meal fit for a king.

George fought in many battles, and it wasn't long before he was a captain. He had his own ship, and he was kept busy sailing up and down the river helping pirates remember where they had buried their gold.

One day George and his Irish gunner's mate, Shannon, were on the bridge discussing the fried octopus they had for dinner. (They were short on rations.) All of a sudden they saw a ship on the horizon.

It was flying the British flag at half-mast. "Quick, Shannon, get the men together! We are going to have a battle!" George shouted. Shannon ran below and soon both ships were hard at it.

In the thick of the battle George shouted: "Fire the cannon!" Shannon thought he said, "Liar, Shannon!" Angered by the insult, Shannon left his post and rushed up to the bridge. The other ship blasted them clear out of the water.

When George regained consciousness, a man was bending over him and saying, "Wake up! Wake up!" Something warm was trickling down his face. He opened his eyes and looked around. It was the British sea captain crying and blowing his nose on a British flag. As George sat up, the man sobbed, "Oh how cruel you are! I wasn't going to fire on you. I was going to tell you that the war was over and that the colonies had won. That means I have to go back to England and go to work again." He sobbed louder: "I was having such a good time sailing around and being important."

George comforted him as best he could, promising to give him an easy job as a four-leaf clover finder in his garden. In appreciation the captain gave George his ship. George sailed homeward to greet his family and tell them of his adventures.

When he docked, his mother met him at the wharf and told him to hurry to Philadelphia for the presidential elections. But, when he arrived there, he found that someone else named George Washington had the presidency. How sad George was. He applied for the position of Secretary of the Navy, but someone named John Paul Jones already had it. Poor George! His political life was ruined. Undaunted, he went sadly home and settled down to figure out a way to get elected "Man of the Year."

Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you, this man's full name was George Washington Smith. Poor George!

## We Add

*Continued from Page 2*

him one of the most famous men in history, it deprived him, at various intervals, of the privilege of doing what he yearned to do—to stay at Mount Vernon and be the master of his own plantation. That he could not do this was just one more of Washington's disappointments. However, he did farm; and as a gentlemen farmer, he was more successful than he was at buffalo-training. On his many acres of well-tilled land, he produced large and profitable crops.

Like other plantation owners, Washington now and then found his slaves shirking their work, and like other plantation owners, he complained about them. But all in all he was very humane in his treatment of his many slaves. If one of them was sick while Washington was at home, he would frequently drop everything and tend to him himself; and Washington was a pretty good doctor, so they say. At any rate, he knew the therapeutic power of strong liquors in case of snake bite, and of the curative power of leach-bleeding in case of high blood pressure.

One reason that Washington got on rather well with his slaves was that he never showed partiality to any of them—except to one—his man servant, Billy Lee. Billy Lee had served him faithfully as body servant and friend during the Revolutionary War, and back at Mount Vernon, he was his valet and huntsman. For his services, Washington gave him money in addition to the shelter, food, and clothing and medical attention that he gave the others. On many occasions he showed him other special favors. One day, however, Billy imbibed too freely of his master's liquor. Intoxicated, he dressed up in his master's clothes; and for a time was Washington himself. He was making a pretty good job of imitating his master — dignity and all — when in stepped Washington himself. That put an abrupt end to all favor for Billy Lee. The Gentleman of Mount Vernon could not have his dignity tampered with, not even by Billy Lee.

Had Washington not gotten in a tight place about some of his slaves, perhaps our beloved cheery-tree legend would not have been upset. He may have told his father the truth about chopping down the cherry tree, but he certainly could tell a lie—and he did. On one occasion when he took some of his slaves North, he had to manufacture a tale in order to get them home again. In 1790 Attorney-General Randolph took some of his slaves to Philadelphia, which was then the capital of the United States. When the time came for them to return, the slaves refused to budge. They had learned of the Pennsylvania law which stated that slaves could not be compelled to leave the state. Washington, who was then in Philadelphia as the President of the United States, was upset by Randolph's predicament, for he, too, had slaves there. His problem now was how to get them out of Pennsylvania before they, also, learned of the state law. Only by a deliberate deception was he able to hustle them across the state line and back to Mount Vernon.

Though Washington was called to public duty over and over, his skillful management of his Mount Vernon plantation and his other properties made him the second richest man in America. In spite of his monetary success, he felt to the day of his death that he had not reached his height as a planter. In a way, he was a disappointed man!

The irony of his life was that a man who did so much for his country was never able to do what he wanted to do for himself.

---

The wind  
Sings a haunting  
Solo through the trees. They  
Listen and wave their branches in  
Applause.

NANCY LAWRENCE

## We Ask

*Continued from Page 4*

ed in court: "There was no resemblance to Booth, and I did not believe it was Booth." He swore to the court that he found freckles on the face of the dead man, and that Booth had no freckles; and he swore that that right leg of the corpse was broken, whereas the killer had broken his left leg. In spite of this testimony, Baker and Stanton decided the identity had been definitely established. Baker took the body away in a rowboat. What he did with it is still a mystery.

One of the biggest farces ever in an American courtroom was the trial of alleged conspirators. Prior to their trial, these men were kept in solitary confinement, and their heads were kept completely covered with black canvas bags. Four of these persons were hanged, and Dr. Mudd, who had tried to set the broken leg, was isolated and kept in exile on a small island for years. These were the results of the trial which featured such things as showing to the jury a picture of the man charged with murdering the President. The picture was labeled: "Photograph of Booth, State's Exhibit Number One." In reality it was a picture of John's famous brother, Edwin, who did not look at all like John.

"Justice" had been done, but other puzzling things took place: In the theater box with Lincoln, when he was shot, were his wife, his son, Tad, and Major Rathbone and his fiancée, Miss Harris. Mrs. Lincoln became insane; Tad died before he reached maturity. Rathbone married Miss Harris, but later he lost his mind and shot his wife and himself.

Corbett, the soldier accredited with shooting Booth, was made doorkeeper of the Virginia Legislature. One day, he walked into the Assembly Hall, locked the door behind him, and began shooting wildly at the Legislators. He, too, has gone crazy. He died in the asylum.

Mary Surret, the boarding-housekeeper charged with harboring Booth, was convicted on false evidence. Her friends, wish-

ing to save her from hanging, went to Washington to appeal to President Johnson in her behalf. They never saw Johnson, however, for two Senators, King of New York and Laine of Kansas, refused to let them pass. Such guard duty was not a job assigned to them, and to the end, they refused to explain why they assumed it. Just a few months after this, King filled his pockets with lead and leaped into New York harbor; Laine shot and killed himself in Kansas six months later.

Stanton, the Secretary of War, died under unexplained circumstances which lead one to believe that he, too, committed suicide. And, Lafayette Baker, the Secret Service Head, responsible for the search for Booth, died three years later at the age of forty-two. The press stated that he died of typhoid fever; his death certificate read "meningitis," but the doctor told friends that Baker had "mixed his own medicine."

Thus ended the lives of those who probably knew who assassinated Lincoln. It can be assumed that each of them took his own life, because he knew who did the dastardly deed, but nobody will ever know, for all of them are dead, and they left no confessions.

Booth's own diary, which Baker said was complete to the day of Booth's death when he turned it over to Stanton, was minus the vital pages when it appeared in court. The Court, however, at Stanton's insistence decided that no pages were missing. Now who killed Abraham Lincoln? Do you think *you know*?

*(Facts through courtesy of Frank Edwards and the files of THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL of Danville, Virginia.)*

---

Winter  
Retreats over  
The mountains, clinging to  
The last snow-covered peaks as a  
White flag.

PAT TAYLOR

## Every Groundhog Has His Day

*Continued from Page 9*

"Come here!"

"I'm busy. I've got to spread this dirt." Gilbert got up, stuffed the catalogue in his pocket and picked up a shovel.

Mr. Rabbit came wearily down the stairs and stood on the bottom step, his long feet just out of reach of the mud.

"You had somebody here asking for you awhile ago."

Gilbert idly scraped some mud off his galosh with the shovel. "What'd he want?"

Mr. Rabbit hesitated and frowned. "He told me—uh—to—tell you something about a party, I think."

"A party?" Gilbert came alive. "Where?"

"Across the creek, I believe." Mr. Rabbit pondered. "At Mrs. Randolph Woodchuck, III's—a coming-out party—on Feb. 2." He beamed.

"Wow!" Gilbert did a little dance step and almost pulled his galoshes off in the sticky mud. "A party! Whoopee!" He vigorously began to shovel the pile of dirt.

"It'll be high society, Gilbert—regular debutante's ball," Mr. Rabbit said and smiled reminiscently.

Gilbert sobered. "High society."

"Yes," sighed Mr. Rabbit. "The cream of the woods. Handsome fellows, beautiful girls, good food, rich clothes—"

Mr. Rabbit sat down upon the lowest step, his feet dangling in the mud. A sentimental smile was on his face as he murmured to himself, "Marvelous—wonderful."

"Yes," agreed Gilbert, and took a little mirror out of his pocket. He slicked back the fur on his head. "Not bad at all." He pruned a whisker and smiled at his reflection.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gilbert sprinkled some pine needle cologne on his handkerchief, and put it in the breast pocket of his green coat. He ran a whisk broom over it, slipped it on, and fastened the silver buttons. It was a little tight through the waist. He held in his stomach and looked in the mirror. What

he saw was a plumpish groundhog, stiff as a ramrod, in a green coat and pair of striped pants.

The door opened, and in came Mrs. Groundhog. She had a worried look on her face. "Gilbert, when you get up there, be sure to act polite and don't eat too much, and—"

"Aw, Mama," remonstrated Gilbert, "I know how to act."

"But, son, you've never been to a coming-out party before. I still don't see why Mrs. Randolph Woodchuck, III, bothered to send an invitation over here. I always thought she looked down on us."

"Don't see why she should," Gilbert retorted as he straightened his bow tie.

"And they've got so much money!" Mrs. Groundhog continued. "Made it all speculating in red clover. Bought it when the market was down, I believe."

"I could do that," grumbled Gilbert, brushing the lint off his hat.

"I guess just about everybody of any consequence will be at the party tonight," mused Mrs. Groundhog.

"Of course," replied her son, and he picked up a pair of white gloves.

"What's Miss Woodchuck's name? The one who's coming out?" Mrs. Groundhog's brow wrinkled. "Dorothy? Daisy?"

"Don't know. Don't even care," Gilbert replied as he took one last turn before the mirror.

"Daphne!" Mrs. Groundhog said triumphantly. "That's it, Miss Daphne Woodchuck!"

Gilbert stood before his mother. "How do I look?" he asked.

"Just fine." Mrs. Groundhog bent over suddenly and pecked Gilbert on the cheek. "Be good, now, and be nice to Miss Woodchuck, Gilbert."

"Aw, shucks, mamma!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Gilbert was puffing when he reached Mrs. Randolph Woodchuck, III's, burrow. He leaned against a tree and unbuttoned his tight coat.

Strains of music mingled with laughter and talk. Gilbert eyed the animals near the door. There were pretty rabbits in evening

dresses, handsome groundhogs and squirrels in striped coats. Gilbert buttoned his own coat and smoothed back the fur on the top of his head. He advanced to the door.

A small squirrel muffled in an overcoat stepped in front of him and shrilled, "Card, please."

"Beg pardon?" inquired Gilbert.

"Listen, I ain't in a mood to joke. My feet hurt, see? I been standing here collecting cards all night." The squirrel's upper lip jerked up and down over his two front incisors.

Gilbert was fascinated. "Oh, I see."

The squirrel warmed. "Anyhow, I don't see the use of a day-bute party. Miss Woodchuck has been coming out on Feb. 2 for the past three years, see. Now what's the use of doing it up big when there ain't no use, see, but to spend a lot of dough for nothing?"

"Oh," said Gilbert. His feet were cold.

"Look," chattered the squirrel, "I don't want your old card, see? Just go on in with the rest of the filthy rich."

"Thank you," replied Gilbert vaguely, and he entered the burrow.

The huge room was filled — rabbits, squirrels, groundhogs, rats, chipmunks, raccoons, and possums — all laughing, squealing, and chattering at the top of their lungs. In one corner was the orchestra, in another the refreshment table, and near the door was the receiving line. Gilbert turned pale, but there was nothing he could do. He was going down the line before he knew it. A matronly form swooped down upon him, and Mrs. Randolph Woodchuck, grasped his paw warmly. "Why it's so nice to see you, Mr.—un—Mr.—"

"Gilbert Groundhog," he said politely.

"Oh." A puzzled look crossed Mrs. Woodchuck's face, then a sudden dawn of recognition which was quickly followed by one of her toothy smirks.

"My dear Sir," she said patronizingly, "Your place is over there." She pointed towards the corner where the refreshment table stood.

"Thank you," Gilbert replied, both pleased and surprised. Aided by a slight push from Mrs. Woodchuck, he wound

through the crowd to the refreshment table, relieved to be delivered from the receiving line.

Gilbert's little eyes beamed when he saw the delicacies all spread out on the table. There were platters and platters of red clover sandwiches, a huge bowl of bite-size wild celery, two punch bowls of skunk cabbage juice, and many other delicacies.

A small figure in an overcoat came forward. "Just help yourself, Sir. There's plenty more where this came from."

"Hey," said Gilbert, "I've seen you before. You're the squirrel who was collecting cards outside, weren't you?"

"Yeah," answered the overcoat. "All that's coming have come, see. Now I'm in charge of refreshments. I'm a sort of roving rodent, see?"

"Oh," Gilbert said, and looked intently at the animal, but all he could see besides his overcoat were the two big white incisors. "Don't you get sort of tired, Mr.—uh—"

"Friday. Come to think of it, I do. Fellow who was to help with the food didn't show up, see. So I've got it all to do, see. It ain't no lark, no siree."

"What a pity," Gilbert was fascinated by the squirrel's upper lip which was jerking up and down over his front teeth.

"I'd like to get my paws on him."

Just then the music stopped, and a roll of drums was heard.

"Oh," jerked Squirrel Friday. "'Scuse me please." He disappeared into the crowd.

Gilbert helped himself to a clover sandwich and turned to watch the proceedings. A space had been cleared before the bandstand, and Mrs. Randolph Woodchuck, III, stepped forward, clearing her throat as she did so.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she trilled, "because of some unfortunate circumstance, our planned entertainer for the evening won't be here. *But,*" she said, "I have here tonight someone who will be *just* as good, *just* as entertaining and *just* as wonderful. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to present that *great* comedian, Johannas Friday!" Stepping aside, she applauded vigorously, and the guests clapped also.

*Please Turn Page*

Gilbert blinked as a small figure in an overcoat stepped up to the bandstand and began to speak. All any body could see besides an overcoat was a pair of white incisors over which a grey upper lip jerked and quivered in a fascinating manner.

"How much wood could a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck—"

Gilbert slowly pushed another sandwich into his mouth. He felt odd.

Suddenly a soft voice beside him said, "Will you please hand me a sandwich, sir?"

Gilbert jumped as if he had been pinched. He turned and beheld the most beautiful groundhog he had ever seen. She was plump and silky, with huge brown eyes, and long grey whiskers. Her whiskers were now so close to him he felt tickly. He grinned foolishly.

"A s-sanwich?"

"Please." She smiled.

"H-here you are, right here." Gilbert thrust a platter of clover sandwiches at the lady. "Take all you want."

"My, how generous!" She selected one.

Gilbert stared entranced as he fumbled for another sandwich and put three into his mouth.

"I don't believe I've met you," said the lady sweetly.

Gilbert started to speak, but shook his head instead.

"Well, I'm Daphne Woodchuck, III. And you are—"

Down went sandwiches with a supreme effort.

"Gilbert Groundhog, Ma'm."

"Gilbert, would you care to get me some punch?"

"No, I mean yes! Certainly!" He jerked towards the punch cups.

Suddenly there was a disturbance at the door, and a horrible smell penetrated the room. Everybody turned and craned his neck.

"Skunks!" someone cried.

"Kick 'em out!"

"Are you crazy?"

Into the room strutted a black and white striped animal. He paused and looked around arrogantly. "A false move out of any of you," he snarled, "and I'll let you have it."

Nobody stirred.

The skunk caught a glimpse of the refreshment table and ambled across the room. The animals stepped apart and gave him a wide aisle.

Gilbert stood transfixed with fear as the skunk approached. The punch cup trembled in his paws, and the skunk cabbage juice spilled on his feet.

The skunk scooped up a handful of sandwiches. Then he caught sight of Daphne Woodchuck standing by the table. Walking up to her, he remarked, "My, ain't you a pretty groundhog!"

She lifted her dainty lip and snarled.

Gilbert carefully put down his punch cup, sucked in his stomach, and went up to the skunk.

"Sir, I demand—"

"Ha! Who are you?"

"Sir, I am Gilb—"

"Well, do say! You know, I think I'll make mincemeat—"

CLONK! The skunk staggered and collapsed onto the floor with Gilbert underneath him. A small figure in an overcoat jumped up and down, shrilling, "I did it! I did it! He's out cold!" He brandished a bag of nuts.

Daphne Woodchuck rushed to Gilbert, and knelt down beside him.

"Oh you poor thing! Are you hurt? Are you? Speak to me!" She kissed him on his little black nose.

Gilbert opened one eye and closed it again. He smiled and murmured, "Hope it's cloudy when we 'come out' tomorrow!"

The love  
Of pretty girls,  
Like black smoke from a train,  
First comes in violent puffs then goes  
Away.

All love  
Is like quicksand;  
It grabs its victim down  
With its grasping fingers; there's no  
Escape.

JOYCE WELCH, '55

JOYCE WELCH, '55

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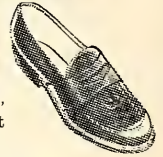
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# Some Fun for February

Ann Murphy: "Not only has he broken my heart and wrecked my whole life, but he has spoiled my entire evening."



Joanne Steck: "I heard a new one the other day. I wonder if I've told it to you?"

Ann Jones: "Is it funny?"

Steck: "Yes."

Jonsie: "Then you haven't."



Patty Derring: "I wonder who invented that superstition about Friday's being an unlucky day."

Dee Steger: "Oh, some poor fish."



Joan DeAlba: "Will you be a fourth for bridge?"

Nancy Tannley: "Okay!"

Joan: "That's great! Now all we need is a third."



Big John: "Are you fond of nuts?"

Ann Murphy: "Is this a proposal?"



Connie Rice: "Why do you think he's from the North?"

Lucyle Humpries: "He dances as if he had on snowshoes!"



The professor rapped on his desk and shouted: "Class—Order!"

The entire class yelled: "Beer!"



Nancy Norfleet: "Who is that letter from?"

Mary Hundley: "What do you want to know for?"

Nancy: "There you are! What do I want to know for? You're the most inquisitive person I ever met!"

Charlie Hop: "What can you tell me about nitrates?"

June Wilmouth: "Well-er-they're a lot cheaper than day rates."



Shirley Livesay: "What did Margie say when she found out that Gil's picture had been broken?"

Mary Brame: "Shall I leave out the swear-words?"

Shirley: "Certainly."

Mary Brame: "Then I don't think she said anything."



Marty Miller: "What is your worst sin?"

Frances Thomas: "My vanity. I spend hours before the mirror admiring my beauty."

Marty: "That isn't vanity, Frances—that's imagination."



Shep Ames: "There are two men I really admire."

Patty Derring: "Who's the other?"



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## No. 15...THE SWORDFISH



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