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The Colonnade, Volume XXI Number 3, May 1958

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More modern Romances

MAY • 1958

*STOOD
UP in the
STACKS*

Linda
Longwood College
Fairfax, Va.

JAMES MADISON INN

House o' Good Eats

“Specializing in Home Cooked Food”

AIR CONDITIONED FOR YOUR COMFORT

{ FARMVILLE
2004-W }

PROSPECT ROAD • FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

“Where Good People Find Good Food”

THE MAGAZINE THAT LIES FOR YOU

MOREDERN ROMANCES

MAY, 1958

TRUE BOOKLENGTHS

STOOD-UP IN THE STACKS!	3
I WAS AN ASPARAGUS ADDICT	
I was hopelessly sick—there was only one cure—money.....	7

TRUE TALL TALES

I MARRIED THE NIGHT WATCHMAN	
It was the uniform that did it to me . . . those shiny buttons	5
TRIALS OF A HOUSE MOTHER	
It was my secret, but I knew sometime, somehow, they would find out	11

SPECIAL SERVICE SECTION

OPPORTUNITIES	6
---------------------	---

YOUR BABY

MY BABY PUT ME THROUGH COLLEGE.....	13
-------------------------------------	----

ARTICLES AND FEATURES

SEND ME YOUR SORROWS—By Aunt Maggot	2
MOVIES YOU SHOULDn't MISS.....	10
PEN PALS	8
ARE YOU DESIRABLE?—RATE YOURSELF	12

Vol. XXI

COLONNADE PARODY ISSUE

No. 3

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The Camera Artist

Send me your sorrows

by Aunt Maggot

Three of this month's five prize-winning letters are from college students, which just goes to prove that education doesn't solve all your problems!

Weight troubles, of course, are not limited to college girls, but college life does offer some unique solutions to the problem . . .

"Dear Aunt Maggot,

Since coming to college, I have gained almost 30 pounds. I have tried all the diets, exercises, pills, etc., recommended by my friends, but to no avail. What can I do to lose weight? Tubby P."

Since it is common knowledge, Tubby, that the body uses up more energy while awake, I suggest that you try staying up all night to study. You may not lose weight, but I guarantee that your grades will improve tremendously!

NO PRIVACY? For an intelligent college girl, seemingly insoluble problems can often be turned to practical advantage. Let's see what you readers think of this one:

"Dear Aunt Maggot,

I am a student at a girls' college, and the parlor where we entertain our dates is situated on a very busy hall. I can't even kiss my date goodnight without benefit of a large audience. What would you suggest? Helen J. Old."

Obviously, Helen you put on a good show to deserve such an interested audience. I suggest that you charge admission. This will tend to discourage those who are merely curious, while encouraging those who are sincerely interested in learning your technique. Later on, you might even loan your boy friend to those who are anxious to get in a little practice. Please keep me posted on further developments, as I am interested in knowing how this suggestion turns out.

THE ROOMMATE PROBLEM: Some situations, I will admit, are not easy to handle. For example, take the case of this girl . . .

"Dear Aunt Maggot,

I am a boarding college student who has a roommate problem. I thought I had made a wise choice when I asked her to room with me, but it seems I was wrong. Aunt Maggot, I don't even know where to begin to name her faults. She cracks gum

constantly; she is noisy and slams doors when I'm trying to sleep; she gripes incessantly; she is the sloppiest girl I have ever seen—her clothes always look thrown together; she is continually borrowing my clothes, and I inevitably find them in a heap under her bed; she absolutely refuses to help me clean our room. Her practical jokes include rubbing wet cigarette butts and ashes in my bed clothes right after I've changed sheets, pouring a combination of oil and perfume on my underclothes, and turning the bed over on me at 4 a.m.

I really hesitate to mention this last and most repulsive habit, but I do want to try to give you a fairly clear picture of the situation. Her personal grooming habits are unbelievable. She has taken four baths in the past four months (all in the same week—because she 'felt dirty'). She has yet to wash her hair or change the sheets on her bed. I keep raising the window to air out the room, but nothing helps.

Aunt Maggot, there are no other vacant rooms in the whole school, so neither of us can move. I am nearly at the end of my rope. What should I do? Ima Neatsy."

As long as you have a little rope left, maybe you should try using it on your roommate—around her neck!

HOW TO HANDLE A WOLF: In case you ever run into this situation, perhaps this next letter will give you some ideas.

"Dear Aunt Maggot,

I have been dating a boy whom I like very much. Unfortunately, though, this boy has one bad habit which annoys me very much. Whenever we are alone together, he insists on biting my ear. What can I do to break him of this? Prudence Q."

In this case, Pru, a good offense is the best defense. I suggest that you try biting him back. This could either lead to a broken romance or an early marriage. Good luck!

PRIDE vs. MODESTY: Our last letter this month comes from a California girl, who, like so many of us, doesn't know when she's well off!

(continued on page 14)

STOOD UP IN THE STACKS



Time—will it ever pass?—Why can't it go faster?—8:26—how many minutes until 8:30? Count the revolutions of the second hand—make it go faster—1 . . . 2 . . . 3. What do I have to do for tomorrow in history?—Count the pages—37. Won't he ever get here?—

Kim opened her compact, touched up her lipstick and replaced several stray platinum blond hairs that fell lazily to her shoulders. Her blue eyes stared back at her in the mirror. She ran her hand over her too-tight dress and admired her overly trim figure.

Eight-thirty-three—three minutes late. Why can't he be on time just this once?—Kim glanced around the walls of the reference room, repeating mentally the names of the encyclopedias—World Book, Britannica, Collier's . . . John! a boy in her Psychology class. He was always staring at her . . . oh, well, a lot of people did that.

Hearing steps on the walk she jerked her head in the direction of the front door of the library, thinking—surely this must be him!

The door opened and a figure somewhat resembling a boy appeared in a black rain coat, carrying a black umbrella. He was 6'3", excruciatingly thin with large feet, unruly black hair and wearing thick black horn-rimmed glasses. Under his arm he carried a brief case and five thick books. He looked neither from one side to the other but went directly from the door to the stairway leading to the stacks and disappeared down the stairs.

Kim watched the clock intently, anxiously waiting for the usual lapse of three minutes before she, too would casually stroll to the stacks—"2 seconds, 4, 5, 6 . . ."

Suddenly books were dropped, heads started, and the attention of everyone in the library was drawn toward the dark passage leading to the stacks. A shattering noise was heard which sounded very similar to that of a person falling down the stairs. Without hesitating, Kim dashed in that direction, ran down two flights of stairs, and found him in a heap at the bottom of the second flight.

"Herbert!" she cried, staring at him anxiously, "are you hurt?"

"Well, I don't believe so," replied Herbert after a moment. "Would you mind helping me find my glasses? I can't seem to locate them."

"No, no—here they are," she said as she handed them to him. "Here—let me help you" and she began picking up the scattered books.

"I must have been thinking about something else and forgotten to watch my step," Herbert said as he got to his feet.

"Let's go back to a carrel," whispered Kim, sensing that there were still several pairs of eyes staring down at them through the stairway. Without a word Herbert followed, glancing at the book shelves along the way.

"Well," he began once they were both seated in a carrel, "you certainly managed to let everyone in the library know that you and I" . . . Kim's mouth

kept him from finishing. Pressing her body tightly against his she kissed him until they were both breathless. "Herbert, darling, I thought you'd never get here. It seems like a year since last night. I've missed you so very much—you can't imagine how much. I've thought of nothing else but you ever since we parted. I see your handsome face everywhere I look. I love you. . . . I love you. . . . I love you. You're so handsome and strong . . . and so very wonderful . . . I love you. . . . Oh, darling, I love you so much. . . ." She paused between each phrase to kiss him and was soon embracing him passionately. Moving closer she began to rub his neck with slow, easy strokes, gradually becoming more intense until he finally responded to her kisses. "Oh, Herbert, dearest, I do love you so very, very much," she whispered in his ear. "Promise me you'll never leave me."

Squirming out of her arms and moving away from her, Herbert replied, "People might be watching. Don't you have some studying to do? I have a Greek test tomorrow that's really going to be hard. I'd better be starting on it."

"Herbert! How can you think of studying at a time like this? Don't you realize that it's only nine weeks until June and then we won't see each other for over three months? We musn't waste one precious moment that we're together. I miss you so much when we're away from each other. Please put your arms around me."

"Kim, we must be sensible about this thing. We can't let our social life interfere with education. Certainly you must agree that that comes first. We have our whole lives before us when we graduate, so let's not get involved right now." Dropping the

conversation, he opened one of his books and began to read.

Fearing that to pursue their talk might make him angry, Kim followed his example, but after a few minutes became restless and began to twist in her seat. Moving closer to him she put her leg beside his and began to move it up and down rhythmically. Herbert moved his chair several inches away and all action stopped for several minutes except for the turning of pages. Soon Kim could restrain herself no longer and moved over beside him. After several minutes Herbert got up from the table and walked over to the philosophy books, seemingly oblivious to Kim's actions.

Kim waited for him to return, trying to control the impulse to follow him. She waited for what seemed a full half hour before she could stand it no longer. She stood up and walked slowly through the stacks, pretending to be looking for a book. Herbert was nowhere to be found. Kim went upstairs and down to the two lower floors, trying to appear casual but anxious at not finding him. Thinking he must have wandered into the biography room she headed for there. On entering the room she noticed that several books had fallen off the shelf in the corner. Stooping to pick them up she heard someone switch out the lights. She started to her feet. "Oh, Herbert," she whispered, "You're so romantic!" Hearing nothing, she called his name again. "Herbert, darling, I'm over here. . . . Herbert . . . Herbert . . . Herbert, where are you?" Still hearing nothing she groped her way to the light switch and turned it on. Looking around the room she found no one. "Herbert, Herbert," she called, but no one answered.

She walked out into the adjoining room and found that all the lights had been turned off there also. Going into the next room and again finding no light she became frightened and ran up the stairs to the main floor of the library. All the lights had been turned out but, she saw him standing there, dark and mysterious, outlined against the light shining through the windows. She rushed into his arms and started kissing him frantically. For once Herbert responded and Kim was reassured that here was the man she had always dreamed of. Then he gently pushed her away and walked over to a light switch. When she looked at him, Kim couldn't believe her eyes—it wasn't Herbert—it was John—bashful John who followed her around the campus and to whom she had given the cold shoulder. What a situation to be in!

(continued in next issue)



I Married the Night Watchman



*It was
the
uniform
that did
it
to me...
those
shiny
buttons*

I was sixteen when I entered college that September in 1955, and Al was employed there as a night watchman. I'd known him all my life because his father owned the pool parlor in our home town. I'd never really noticed him before until I saw him in that handsome blue and gray uniform. All the silver buttons and the gun and holster sent cold chills up and down my spine.

I'd had a lot of crushes in my life, but never anything like this. I did everything to make him notice me. Every night I paraded by his office in my nightgown and bobby pins or crawled out on the catwalk, but all to no avail. He was so friendly to everyone, but paid no more attention to me than any of the other 300 freshmen.

For a whole semester, I tried to get him interested, and then he started dating Betty Hex. I wanted to die. Everything—all my plans had gone awry. What could I do?

I was tortured. At night I lay awake thinking of his deep, gruff voice, the clanking of his keys and worried about his treacherous nightly rounds

and the dangers he might encounter. Who knows, maybe someone was waiting under the laundry steps to attack him?

Finally my chance came. Galda Nu Chi, the honorary Greek fraternity, of which I was a member, voted to have a Twirp dance (the woman is requested to pay). Now I could ask him to the dance if I could just beat that sly Betty Hex to the draw.

I ran from the meeting to his office, but he was gone on his rounds. Where could he be? As I ran out of the back of Freshman, my eye caught his figure in its flashing suit enter the music building. I hurriedly ran to Asher Hall: and, as I entered, the organ began to rise and there sat Josephine playing "Tenderly." At that moment I saw him coming up the aisle. I rushed forward and asked him the question, hoping against hope that his answer would be "yes." He accepted under the conditions that he could find someone to take his rounds for him that night. I felt so relieved.

The next day when I saw Al he told me that Mrs. Clover was taking the post since she had the shoes for the job. Now everything was set. Things were beginning to look up.

We decorated all day Saturday for the dance at Cedarbook and the combo party at O'Neills. The dance went off perfectly. There were a lot of boys from Hampty-Dampty there and they gave me a big rush for dances. I could tell that Al was getting jealous. Perhaps my scheme to trap him would work.

After that first date we saw each other quite a lot. If we didn't have a date I would casually walk under the Colonnade or to the Biology building with him on his rounds.

This was true love. It thrilled me so to look into his big blue eyes, to touch his hand or to feel his lips pressing on mine. Each day was a dream and I waited anxiously for him to arrive on duty at 5 p.m. Sometimes I felt that the hours would never pass quickly enough and that five o'clock would never arrive. My grades dropped, but I walked around on a big white cloud.

Then one night when we were all alone in the greenhouse, he proposed. Nothing could have been more romantic. The stars peered through the glassy roof and the flowers gave the air a scent of April fragrance. A fine spray from the sprinklers brushed our cheeks. This was bliss!

From that day forward we made plans for our
(continued on page 14)

DRAW ME

You may win a \$50,000 Scholarship in Professional Art to the Podunk Art Institute.

You are taught individually by the professionals:

Roman Noekwell
Amy McFlop
Alfred E. Neuman

Mail to: Podunk Art Institute,
Picasso, Ill.

Draw This head 5 ft. high on 16 x 24 inch paper with Arabian pencil. Drawing must be received by July, 1954. None will be returned.



OPPORTUNITIES

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

One good raincoat—25; one Longwood sweat-shirt—20; one Longwood jacket—25; one Longwood ring—10. Address inquiries to: Shipped, General Delivery.

Earn sparetime cash—be a bubble dancer or pop out of cakes at fraternity parties. Easy money. No expenses, as no elaborate costumes are needed—just the barest of necessities.

Cash money at your fingertips when you sell suntan lotion on 3rd floor Rotunda.

Shoes can bring you money when you repair them. Shoes often need resoling badly as the result of much shuffling. Contact History Department, Longwood College.

Educational Opportunities

Educate yourself at home. Broaden yourself as you sit. Babysitting!

Learn modern dancing at home in 10 easy lessons. Technique will be stressed.

Business and Money Making Opportunities

Make your typewriter Earn Money. Sell it!

For Rent

Seat at Assembly. Very nominal fee; excellent view of the stage. Must be able to remember numbers and must be able to go every Tuesday.

Presidency of Chi. Owner desires a rest. One stipulation: the renter must be able to sing.

One suite in senior dormitory. Furniture provided. A little worn. Will be vacated in June.

Bookstore and Post Office. New proprietor must be able to "Speak softly and carry a big stick."

Foreign Job Listings

Earn Big Money while a broad. Work in French cafe. Morals not necessary.

Do you have experience as a marriage counselor? If so, contact Princess Margaret, England.

Have a colossal figure? Italy needs you for statues. Must not mind being covered with plaster of Paris.

The Coal Mines of Siberia offer you an escape from the hustle and bustle of the big city. Short working hours. High pay and a cause.

Pull a ricksha through the streets of beautiful Hong Kong. Lose weight while you work.

Dog-sled drivers wanted in Alaska. Bring family; shortage of dogs.

I Was An Asparagus Addict

"Money, money, money! I want money!" How well I remember screaming those words at my father and rushing out of the room in a rage that cool night in September, the night before I left for college. I suppose those were the most miserable days of my life at home. My family and I argued constantly. They could not understand me, their only child, and my basic desire in life—money. It was not as if my father did not have money to give me, because he did; he had lots and lots of money and I wanted it all! But my parents just would not listen to reason. They were obsessed with the idea that love was more important than money, but they lived to regret their mistake, and so did I. I am proud that I won my battle for money with help from no one, and my story can now be told.

My first few weeks at Runtbush College, an exclusive girls' school, were not too successful socially. I was anxious to make friends, but none of the girls seemed to enjoy listening to me tell about how much money I had, and I could never think of anything else worth talking about. At first, the fact that most of the girls avoided me did not bother me at all, because my father was sending me huge packages of money, and that was all that mattered. Every night, while everybody else was playing bridge, or studying, I would sit in my room, door barred, and count the money. Then I would arrange it very neatly in a large, square lucite box that sat directly in front of the door for everyone to admire. I was very, very happy those days.

But then the blow fell. The Dean of Women happened to pass my room one day and she became very upset—jealous no doubt—when she saw my lucite box staring at her. I explained the situation but, like everyone else, she did not understand. The next thing I knew, the Dean took my precious money from me and locked it in the school safe; and to make things even worse, my father wrote that I had sufficient money to last the rest of the school term, so I was not to receive any more from home. I was terrified! What would my life be without my money to show off?

I entered a severe state of depression, and for several days I could not eat, sleep, or study. I racked my brain trying to discover a means to get some more money, but finally I gave up. Life ceased to have any meaning for me then; I became a recluse. After staying in my room for a few

weeks, however, I began to get hungry. I refused to eat in the dining room, so I went shopping for some type of food that I could fix in my room that would keep others away from my door, and above all, a food that was cheap—because my greatest fear was losing any portion of the money that was stored in the bank.

After several days of testing various canned foods, I discovered asparagus! It was long and green, like money, and at the time, the horrible smell seemed to be a gift from heaven, but little did I know what disaster would result from that discovery. I began eating asparagus and only asparagus. For a while I ate it only to console my grief, but I soon discovered that I actually enjoyed the taste of it, and it slowly overpowered all my other desires. It became a tremendous obsession—I had to have asparagus with me all the time. I took it to class and everywhere I went. I ate and ate and ate.

This delightful existence continued for almost five months until the morning I discovered that my skin had taken on a pale green cast. I was worried, and to pacify myself, I ate more asparagus that day than ever before—seventeen cans. The next morning I discovered with horror that my pale green skin had turned to a deep chlorophyll color, and suddenly I realized the cause. My body had absorbed so much asparagus that my entire system was coated with it! Something had to be done! That night I had a very deep and serious discussion with myself, for I realized that I could not retain my beauty and keep eating my beloved asparagus at the same time. Finally I decided that although I loved the asparagus, I loved myself even more, and I could not allow my once lovely skin to be transformed into this ghastly green color.

Once I had made the decision, I was determined to stick by it. I took my whole closetful of asparagus and delivered it to my English professor, Dr. Sneaker, who used to drool when I ate it in class. At first I was worried that Dr. Sneaker would turn green, too, but then I remembered that he was not a very excitable man and would probably not be aroused by anything so mild as asparagus.

That night I began the "cure." For three whole weeks I would not allow myself to go near any asparagus, although I was tempted many times.

(continued on page 10)

PEN



1.
Hello, friends. We a friendly young couple who would like to be friends with you. So brothers and sisters, if you'd like to be friends with us, just drop a friendly line to Sister Witty and Brother Calvinoat, First Holiness Council, Rolling Isles, Canada.

2.
Dig this: I'm a big fan of Charlie Brown and am interested in others who dig him. I'm 19 years old, interested in collecting butterflies (moths, too) and crocheting doilies. I have a fan club for "Fabulous Charlie," and would like new members. Please enclose money. Address: Merry Jean Helper, 333 World St., Violet, Mass.

3.
I'm a *Colonnade* fan, 19 years old. I am learning to read very slowly and your letters would help make this less of a task. I will answer all letters as

soon as I learn how to write. Address: Fancy Bluepeck, 356 East Rotunda Drive, Cunningham, S. D.

4.
Real Charmer would like to correspond with someone who also raises pet snakes. That South American Black Viper I'm holding is my favorite. She laid 732 eggs yesterday. I'll send free eggs to everyone who writes me. Address: Dash Boozewell, Cobra Place, Squirmy, India.

5.
Prospective Pen Pals, I just think this Pen Pal idea is really peachy keen. I mean to say, it's nothing but fabulous. I just love to write people, you know, humans! Please, everyone, send me lots and lots of post-cards. I collect them. (I have four, already!) Address: Fran Grover, Happy Daze Sanitorium, Worsham, Va.



PALS



6.

Men: I want your opinions of the "Sack" dress. Note how the one I am wearing emphasizes my figure! Please write me all your pro's and con's on the subject. Address: Frances Brick, Lumpwood College, Frameville, Va.

9.

Wanted: Lots of nice male correspondents, especially you matrimonially-minded ones. Address all letters to: The Girls, Miss Sadie's Home for Wayward Girls, Sadly, Ohio.

7.

Calling all real Hep Cats: This little girl is strictly from Doll Land and would like for all you cool wheels to grab a quill and scribble a line this way. Plant your peepers on my pic and if you don't write then, you must be a girl! Address: Yvonne Weird, 310 Tomcat Grove, Chicago, Illinois.

10.

Look you "Tough Kats": We want you to write us. This picture was taken just as we were about to pull our biggest job—"The Shortstick Dorm Caper." We don't want no cops writing us, just you real tough kats. Address: Ruby "The Moll" Binkly and Dot "The Shot" Washbell.



8.

Calling all Kute Kittens: Here's a real gone cat who would like to meet you. I have quite a voice and really love to wail. Several record companies are after me. Address: Sudsy.

11.

Attention all boys between the ages of 13 and 16: We're five bored girls who would like to write some boys in our age-group. We like wild parties, as you can see. Address: The J. D.'s, Detention Home, Richmond, Virginia.

(continued on page 12)



Asparagus Addict (continued from page 7)

I found that I could do nothing all day but pace the floor and occasionally throw things about. I didn't really have the desire to throw anything, but I had heard that all addicts did this while taking the "cure," so I paced and I threw and I paced and I threw. Sometimes the longing for asparagus would sweep over me like a giant wave and I would have to try very hard to keep myself from rushing to Dr. Sneaker's house and grabbing my asparagus. But I survived.

The first three weeks were pure torture, but one morning I discovered that my skin was not the color of chlorophyll any longer—it was pale green once again. I was overjoyed! I'll never forget the day when I discovered that my skin was no longer green—it was a glorious day, the sun was shining brightly and my pale yellow face was very becoming. In ecstasy I rushed from my room to tell the world my glorious news. And lo and behold, what should be lying at my feet just outside the door but a dime—the brightest, shiniest dime I had ever seen. Oh, that was a moment of joy supreme, for as I scooped the little dime into my hands, I realized that I had truly conquered my bout with asparagus and now I was once more a normal person—I had regained my ability to love money.



Phoni HOME PERMANENT

PHONI Guarantees hair control year-round. Put an end to your daily hair combing. Hair treated with PHONI need not—and can not—be combed. Ask now at your campus store for the new PHONI with the crank twist curlers.

**MOVIES
YOU
SHOULDn't
MISS**

- ✓✓✓✓ stupendous
- ✓✓✓ side splitter
- ✓✓ tear jerker
- ✓ same old story
- × bloody

✓PAL CHARLIE—A top notch, all-round performance by your friend and ours. A rough idealist whose fondness for the ladies keeps him in constant jams. But as usual he meets his match—a beautiful all-American chorus girl that any boy would want to take home to Mama.

✓✓THE WINDOW ACROSS THE STREET—A new and touching film. You will find yourself glued to the seat as you view this pitiful character who portrays a poor neurotic shut off from the world in a room by himself.

✓✓✓✓WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK BRINKLEY?—The setting of this movie takes place in the ruins of Troy where we find the noted archeologist and philosopher, Rock Brinkley, searching for valuable and important Roman or Greek documents—he knows not which. He plans to use these documents to better the people of his country, since their culture and civilization are collapsing.

✓✓✓FROM HERE TO BURKEVILLE—A heart-warming story of a group of young people who find it impossible to make their desired trip to Burkeville, "The vacation land of youth." You will be moved by their every intention, and you will rejoice with them when they find their dream come true.

×AROUND THE CAMPUS IN 80 SECONDS—Blood left by an innocent individual is seen on the cement in the shape of a head.

While exploring the grounds he comes upon a dark, dismal tunnel. Unaware of the meeting of the secret society or of the mutilation that follows, he ventures into a web of destruction.

The Trials of a College Housemother

I'll never forget the first day I came to Plowtown eight years ago. The sun was shining brightly. There were bands playing and flags waving in the late spring breeze. The next day I found out the cause of the celebration. It was because the sun was shining. It was the first time in ten years that the sun had shone in Plowtown, and since that magnificent day the years have continued to drizzle by.

Plowtown was the home of Shortbranch U. where were to begin the happiest days of my life as housemother. I'll never forget the joy that filled my heart as I saw my own—my very own—lovely room. It was larger than the rooms of the students and furnished with a lovely iron bed and a pine dresser all for me. I stood in the midst of this splendor and flung my arms wide in ecstasy. This was my first mistake. My knuckles were bruised for two weeks. Well, perhaps the room was just a bit small, but for me it was paradise compared with the cell in which I had spent the past twenty years.

My favorite job as housemother at Shortbranch U. was serving hostess duty in the Home Office. Many were the hours I spent sitting in the Rectangula staring at the lovely statue of every Shortbranch girl's ideal, Typhoid Mary, who had risen to fame from working in the kitchen at dear old S. U. How I loved to chat with the girls as they waded by (sometimes the rain got a bit out of hand) or talk with the Hamstrung-Smurdly boys, who sometimes gave me a swallow of lemonade from the little brown bottles they carried in their inside coat pockets. Night duty, though, was sometimes a bit tedious, for I had to stay up until two or three o'clock in the mornings to open the doors for the Stugoo Club after their Tuesday night beer parties.

There was but one thing which brought discord to my happy life at Shortbranch. That was the secret organization called Schmoos. Schmoos was composed of members unknown to all but fellow Schmoos. I'll never forget the first night I saw them. At the stroke of midnight they appeared from nowhere upon the Promenade. In their ghostly sheets, with slow steps they began their march down the Promenade, past the wrought-iron statue of Typhoid Mary bearing her pancake turner

on high. Suddenly from their throats burst their frightening theme song, "Schmoos's observing thee. Keep thy dress below the knee. Schmoos's observing thee. Hoo boy! The things we see." My heart froze in terror. I knew that someday—some way—Schmoos would destroy the little heaven I had found at Shortbranch U.

Eight happy years passed. Then it happened. It seems a night-mare as I recall it now—a horrible nightmare, and it is hard to believe now that it was only yesterday that Schmoos struck!

It was my week-end off and I traveled eastward to spend a few days shopping in the bustling metropolis of Crewe. I returned late Saturday night and opened the door to my room. There they stood in a semicircle about my bed. Schmoos! The leader gestured with a pink-sheeted arm. "Enter!" she said. "Eight years ago Shortbranch U. hired you on the strength of your excellent record. Twenty years in the pen is nothing to sneeze at—pardon me," she corrected, "at which to sneeze; but Schmoos—" she sneered audibly beneath her sheet, "Schmoos knows!" I could stand it no longer. "So I was framed!" I shouted. "I didn't really murder my mother. I was framed!" At this confession I broke down.

The pink-sheeted leader spoke once again in all her splendor. "Whether you murdered your mother is not the issue." Her voice grew low, but as she spoke her words crackled through the room. "The fact is—you lied! You only signed out for Burkeville!" I knew then that I could no longer stay at my beloved S. U. Never again could I in my disgrace guide the young women of Shortbranch U.

Tearfully I packed my suitcase, removing from my room my few cherished, personal possessions, mementos of my life at S. U.—my treasured reproductions of the beautiful paintings that hang in the Freshman Parlor, my own framed copy of page forty-four from the Handbook that had hung on my wall so many years.

Now I stand gazing tearfully about the Rectangula, knowing that I must linger no longer. Methodically I pull my galoshes over my wedge-heeled walking shoes, I raise my big, black umbrella and pick up my one suitcase; and wrapping the folds of my plaid-lined trenchcoat about me, I leave behind forever—dear Shortbranch U.

Are You Desirable?

Rate Yourself

- Yes---- 1. Are you always sure that your eyelashes are on straight? There is nothing so disgusting to a man as to look into his sweetheart's eyes and see diagonal eyelashes.
- No----
- Yes---- 2. Are you always sure to use swim-proof, smearproof, and tearproof mascara? Tears are your best chance of getting what you want. Don't spoil your most touching sob scene by looking as if you had run into a post.
- No----
- Yes---- 3. Do you protect your skin from the air with at least two inches of Devil Face? Never let any man see your real complexion.
- No----
- Yes---- 4. Do you have one of those elastic mouths that will stretch from ear to ear? If so, beware! You may swallow someone.
- No----
- Yes---- 5. Are your nails at least two inches long? If not, do you wear Stick-'em-on-quick? They could come in handy if you get in a fight.
- No----
- Yes---- 6. Do you have toothpick legs, turnip legs, or piano legs? Beautiful legs are a must unless you wear extra long bermudas.
- No----
- Yes---- 8. Do your knees face each other? If so, I would say you have a problem. Not only will you be undesirable, but you may have trouble walking!
- No----
- Yes---- 9. Do you have long, stretchy arms? Long, stretchy arms are a must unless you go with a beanpole.
- No----
- Yes---- 10. Is your hair at least two feet long? Remember, real he-men do not like screwed-up, chopped-off African shocks.
- No----

RATING SCALE

- 7 yes 3 no — Ravishing!
5 yes 5 no — Plain
3 yes 7 no — Ugh! Give up.

Pen Pals

(continued from page 9)

12.

Are you bashful too? Look at me. I couldn't face the camera without blushing, so here I am in a typical pose. Don't be backward with me, especially if you like farming. I'm the champion plowman in our county. Address: Ruby Rube, Amelia, Virginia.

13.

Well, Men—Here I am—your dream come true! I won't tell you my vital statistics because they're pretty obvious. But, if you write, please be sincere, because I lose my head very easily. Address: Blanche La Flame, Box 6400, Paris, Ky.

14.

Men: We need You! We are fourteen (count us) lovely girls who are tired of the same old men. Please include a picture of yourself and tell your marital status, income, etc. in your letter. The girl that replies (and will she ever) promises to make it enticing. Address: The Chorus Line, Fancy Free Burlesque, Detroit, Michigan.

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MY BABY PUT ME THROUGH COLLEGE

I want all of you young mothers to know of my experience and to benefit by it. I don't often give advice, but what has happened to me should happen to every mother who is anxious to get her formal education. I brought my baby to college.

At first, like you, I felt college was no place for an infant; but my husband was trapping mosquitoes in Alaska for his research work on *The Effect of Traps on Alaskan Mosquitoes*, and I felt my baby should not be exposed to that environment. My parents lived in Australia and my in-laws in Japan. I knew that if they were to keep the child I would be unable to see it on weekends. I just had to bring my baby to Longwood.

I'm not advocating a baby in college for baby's sake, but for mother's sake. You probably think I was at a disadvantage, don't you? Well, you're 100% incorrect. I immediately made a hit. All the girls flocked to my room and I made friends, or I might say Elihu, that's baby's name, made friends for me. Everytime I wanted to "flick in," I always could find a baby sitter on the hall.

In addition to this, I did not have to take those long, dull afternoon classes because of Hu, that's short for Elihu. It had to have a nap and I had to be near by in case it needed me for all those little things for which babies need mothers. I usually got in a little "sack time" myself, or in the Spring I took Hu and its little fuzzy blue beach blanket to the roof.

Academically I had advantages also. The professors admired my endeavors to become an educated woman, and my grades were given for my determination to let nothing stand in the way of my glorious education.

However, one professor was not generous with the high marks. I had done horribly in his class on *Contemporary African History*. He said my exam would decide whether I passed or failed the course, which in turn would decide whether or not I graduated, which in turn would decide whether or not I would get a job teaching school in Alaska near my husband. My, that was a crucial point in my life.

(continued on next page)

Send me your sorrows
(continued from page 2)

"Dear Aunt Maggot,

I have a rather outstanding problem which is situated about four inches above my waist. I am really miserable because my friends are always teasing me about it. Moreover, I work as a riveter in a boiler factory, and this problem is interfering with my duties. Please help me. B. J. Bardot."

Just what *are* your duties, B. J.? It seems to me that this is a problem which many girls would be happy to have. I suggest that you just relax and enjoy the bounties of nature.

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Evening in Burkeville



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I took Hu to the exam with me, as I took it to all classes. Little did I suspect how advantageous this would be to me. The exam was oral because I could not write holding a wiggly little bundle of joy. I had answered all but the last question on the exam, but I had not done as well as I had expected. The very last question would decide my fate. I waited tensely while Professor Sinful read the questions. "What is the name of the secret society of natives in Kenya, British East Africa, organized in 1951, that is written about in the novel, *Something of Value*?"

I had no idea. I thought and thought, growing more tense each moment. After I had thought a long time, the professor shook his head sadly and turned to walk away. In my nervousness, I was holding poor Hu so tight I squeezed it and it yelled out, "Ma-ma." With this I forgot about the exam, the graduation, the job in Alaska. My child had spoken his first word, and it had been his word for me, "Mama!"

Suddenly, the professor turned and smiled at me. "Congratulations," he said, "the answer is correct: Mau Mau. You've passed the course."

So, all you mothers of small babies, bring them to college. They'll help you every time.

Night Watchman (continued from page 5)
wedding in June. By the end of May, I had made practically all of the arrangements, but we still were having trouble finding an apartment. Then Al told me that the administration had relinquished the field house to us and the P.E. majors had re-decorated it and made frilly little curtains for the windows. Everything was perfect then.

We were married that June and, after a honeymoon to Willis Mt., moved into our new apartment. Since our marriage, things have been different though. I, of course, have the apartment to keep clean plus my college work to keep up with. It's the nights that torture me. I live in constant fear while he is on his rounds, wondering what might happen to him. Will the Hampty-Dampty boys raid? Will a dog bite him as he crosses the library field? Will a brick from the new dormitory fall on his head? Will there be others who think of him as I did? I hold my breath, waiting to hear his keys jingling as he passes our small home.

This is my plea. Be kind to the night watchman. Help him on his way and try to avoid causing trouble. Remember—someone behind the infirmary in that small little house loves him and is waiting and praying each night for his safe return.

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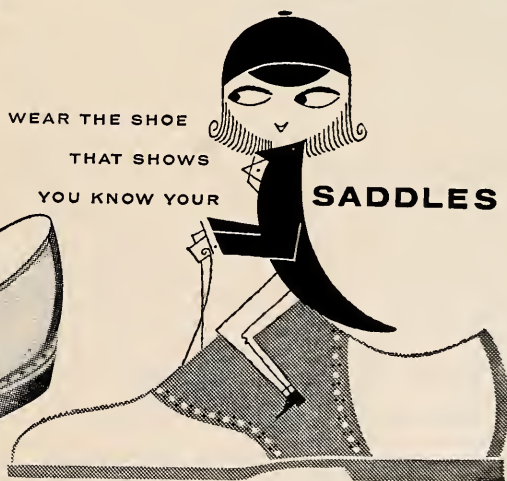


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