

Major Candidates Nominated

N. Proctor Captures 'Miss Madison' Title By Students' Choice

Our own Student Government president, Norma Proctor reacted with mixed emotions when informed that she had been elected "Miss Madison". "Oh, for pete's sake" was her only reply. Norma, who likes everything at Madison but fourth period classes, said, "I think it's a wonderful tribute. The point that means the most to me is that it came from the student body."

"Miss Madison" is a physical education major who wants to teach in the Arlington area next fall. She is well qualified for the position as she has been a contribution to the College athletic program. Norma has played extramural hockey and basketball; she enjoys hiking, camping and swimming.

However, that is only the beginning of Norma's many interests and achievements. She is a member of the Kappa Delta Pi honorary fraternity, Sigma Sigma Sigma social sorority, Mercury Club, German Dance Club and the Westminster Fellowship. Norma has served as Student Government representative, Freshman representative to the "Schoolma'am," and on the "Y" cabinet.

Last year Norma represented the college at the Southern Interscholastic Association of Student Government at Tallahassee, Florida. She was featured in the '54 "Schoolma'am" as one of the most outstanding juniors.

Climaxing her brilliant career at Madison was a threefold selection; President of S.G.A., "Miss Madison", and "Who's Who In American Colleges and Universities" for which she will be recognized through the annual national publication.

Another of her interests is reading. In fact about the only thing Norma doesn't like is complaining people.

The annual "Miss Madison" contest is sponsored by the Art Club, who announced the eleven candidates, Joyce Herrin, Joan Pease, Frances Aills, Lou Watson, Jean Hogge, Janet Neff, Janet Hefner, Betty Smith, Jo Guyton and Jean White.

Electoral Board Approves Major Office Nominees For Coming Year

On February 10 the nominating convention met and selected two candidates for each of the six major offices at Madison College for the 1955-56 term. Those chosen are: Presidency of the Student Government Association—Margaret Hartsel and Sarah Munday; Chairmanship of the Honor Council — Marcia Ann Maier and Charlene Myers; Presidency of Y.W.C.A.—Ann Lewis and Mary Sue Nelson; Presidency of the Athletic Association—Mary Lou Carroll and Myra Smith; Editorship of "The Breeze" — Ann Fosnight and Natalie Tiller; Editorship of the Schoolma'am—Mary Sue Missimer and Phyllis Sawyer. A brief summary of these candidates' qualifications and extra-curricular activities follows.

Student Government Association

MARGARET HARTSEL



As a nominee for president of the Student Government Association, Margaret Hartsel, a native of Roanoke, is a physical education major in curriculum III. Serving as the president of Sigma Phi Lambda, Margaret is also program chairman of the Mercury Club and a member of the Chapel committee of the Y.W.C.A. She holds membership in Kappa Delta Pi, participates on the extra-mural hockey team, and served as a representative on the Student Government council. In her freshman year Margaret was class reporter and became president of Johnston Dormitory her sophomore year.

SARAH MUNDAY



Competing for this top office is Sarah Munday, who comes from Alexandria and holds a major in English.

Enrolled in curriculum Y, Sarah is a transfer from American University. Presently she is a representative to S.G.A., treasurer of the Association of Childhood Education, and vice-president of the Canterbury Club. With memberships in Kappa Delta Pi and Alpha Chi Omega, Sarah has served as acting vice-president of S.G.A.

by Elizabeth Wayland

Honor Council

MARCIA ANN MAIER



For chairman of the Honor Council the convention has nominated Marcia Ann Maier, an elementary education major in curriculum I. Coming from Waynesboro, Marcia is president of Johnston Hall, vice-president of Sigma Phi Lambda, and junior class representative to the Honor Council. For three years she has belonged to the Glee Club of which she is now publicity manager, and for two years she has been a member of the fact-finding committee in S.G.A.

CHARLENE MYERS



Opposing Marcia for this chairmanship is Charlene Myers from East Liverpool, Ohio. A psychology major in curriculum VII, Charlene represents the junior class on the Honor Council, serves as president of Junior Hall, and assumes the presidency in the Lutheran Student Association. For eight weeks Charlene was acting secretary of the Honor Council. She was a junior representative to the nominating convention. Other activities include membership in the German Dance Club, Alpha Sigma Alpha sorority, Sigma Phi Lambda, Scribblers, and the Interfaith Council.

Young Women's Christian Association

ANN LEWIS



On the slate for presidency of the Y.W.C.A. appears Ann Lewis, who is a representative on the "Y" Cabinet.

Working in curriculum III, Ann is majoring in physical education and psychology. A representative to the Southern Regional Y.W.C.A. meeting and to the National Y.W.C.A.-Y.M.-C.A. convention. Ann also includes

among her "Y" activities her duties as the student in charge of Sunday vespers in her sophomore year and Friday chapel in her junior year.

Ann, a native of Roanoke, is a member of the Athletic Association, the extramural hockey and basketball teams, the German Dance Club, Sigma Sigma Sigma sorority, the Mercury Club, and Sigma Phi Lambda.

MARY SUE NELSON



On the ballot as the second candidate for the Y.W.C.A. presidency is Mary Sue Nelson from Newport News. Majoring in business in curriculum V, Mary Sue acts as publicity chairman of the Y.W.C.A., chairman of "Y" Membership Week, recreational chairman of the Wesley Foundation, and second vice-president of Sigma Sigma Sigma sorority. Having served as program chairman for the Junior "Y" in her freshman year and as vice-president of the Granddaughter's Club her sophomore year, Mary Sue is a member of the German Dance Club and the Glee Club.

Athletic Association

MARY LOU CARROLL

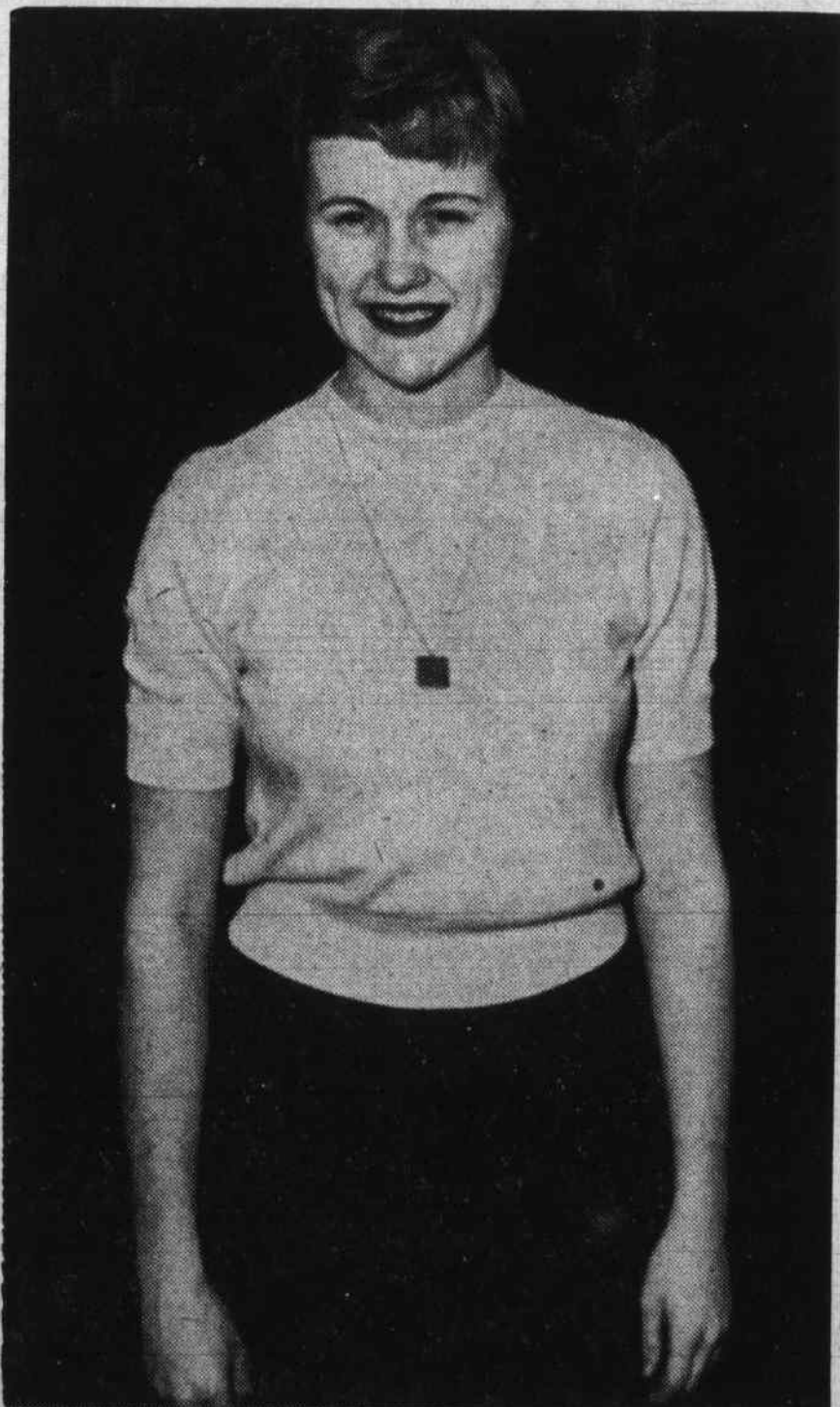


Campaigning for President of the Athletic Association will be Mary Lou Carroll, a physical education major from Herndon. Engaged in curriculum III, Mary Lou served her class as the sophomore representative to A.A. and as the freshman class vice president and president. This year she fulfills the responsibilities of acting president of A.A. She has played for three years each on the extra-mural hockey and basketball teams and served as intra-mural hockey manager, as well as being a representative to the V.A.F.C.W. Convention at R.P.I. Mary Lou is a member of the Cotillion Club, Mercury Club, and Sigma Phi Lambda.

MYRA ANN SMITH



Myra Ann Smith, another Roanoker, is the second student in the (Continued on Page 7)



"MISS MADISON"

Speak No Evil

Candidates for major offices have now been revealed and campaigns are just around the corner. Class representatives and the present major officers who make up the nominating convention have selected these girls for their outstanding capabilities. In most instances the major officers have worked with those girls who now are candidates and know their potentialities for holding down these offices.

Each and every one of us have a responsibility in the days that follow. Those who are running for these offices have a responsibility in their campaigns. But perhaps even greater is the responsibility of we, the voters, who must make our decisions. These decisions should not be molded by such things as popularity, beauty, sorority affiliations, or heresay. Candidacy for major offices is based on sterner stuff.

Always at this time of the year a lot of talk seems to start about this girl or that one. True, this usually happens when a girl is put in the limelight. But the purpose of campaigning is to enable us to form our opinions without the use of this undemocratic practice commonly called "mud-slinging". People will talk, but let's not be victimized by "mud-slinging" and let's not perpetuate this type of pettiness.

Now is the time to hear no evil, see no evil, and SPEAK NO EVIL!

Resolve Or Dissolve

Here are a few timely suggestions to incorporate in your list, if you have one, which may help for brightening up dull conversations.

Resolve to.....refrain from scheduling any classes with professors who are consistently tardy or absent or both.....Spend one hour a day in the library, not necessarily studying, but rather getting acquainted with the setup in case you ever wish to take out a book for kicks.

Laugh at your instructor's jokes at least once a week to humor him, but not too often, for you may encourage him to go overboard.....Don't fall into heavy slumbers while the prof is lecturing because it gives him the idea that you are bored.....

See your adviser before you graduate, preferably the day before, so he can tell you what required courses you still have to take.....Either wear glasses or avoid blind dates.....Quit loaning out term papers to fellow students who end up with better grades than you.....

Miami Hurricane (University of Miami)

This And That

This one has them laughing at the University of Nebraska:

On the first day of second semester classes, a tardy professor walked into a room where 100 students had gathered for a political science class.

He walked briskly to the blackboard, erased what had been written there and announced, "If there's anyone not here for Political Science 4, now's the time to leave."

The students protested. This was Political Science 1, they said. Then it dawned on the bewildered professor, who grinned, apologized, said "I must be in the wrong room" and left.

A minute or so later the right professor came in.

THE BREEZE

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The Butler Did It . . .

by B. J. Butler

It seems to be a fad among sweet young college things to go on a diet. This drastic step is taken when you find that even your roommate's clothes no longer fit you. Once the decision is made there is a split second when every form of nice fattening food flashes before your eyes. But it's too late to turn back—it would show the world how weak you are.

Suddenly you are hungry!! That's funny, isn't it—you weren't hungry a minute ago, but now your stomach is growling — roaring — screaming for one little morsel. You throw yourself on the bed screaming in sheer agony. No one in all the world has ever been so hungry. You smoke a cigarette but it only serves to aggravate your hunger racked body.

Finally, the bell rings for dinner and you can just manage to pick yourself up off the bed. Off to din-

ner—you never knew that ham, sweet potatoes and cauliflower could look so good but you cannot give in because you're sure that the look on your face has betrayed to all that you alone are on a diet. You become shifty-eyed about every bite you take. You are looking to see who is watching and if you happen to catch someone's eye you grin sheepishly, shift uneasily in your seat, whistle softly to yourself and lay your fork down with what you are sure was a resounding crash. The little that you do eat at meals becomes sheer agony to get down.

After many weeks of this physical and mental torture you have finally lost that ten pounds, but I'll clue you, it wasn't the diet that did it, it was the hours of exercise you put in climbing on and off the scales to see how much you'd lost.



Skip's Skoop

by Skip Michael

Well, at last a Breeze is out. But you must remember that we have had exams also. Hope you all pulled some fine grades — Doesn't it feel good to get one more semester out of the way?

Good to see so many new men students at Madison this semester. We hope you will find many pleasant experiences here on our campus. However, we also lost three of our fellow men who went to pay Uncle Sam a visit. All the men wish Henry Carr, Dickie Dovel, and Tommy Sloop the best of luck in their new jobs, Chin up men!

Last week we lost another man student. Charles Emswiler broke his leg while playing basketball for our own Madison Dukes. Charlie is in Rockingham Memorial Hospital so why not drop him a card. Better yet, why not run over to see him. I'm sure he would get a kick out of seeing you. We all wish you a speedy recovery, Charlie!

Speaking of the Dukes, they were playing Hampden-Sydney as we went to press. The results will be in next week's Breeze.

Teacher: Did you reprimand your child for mocking me?

Parent: Yes, I told him to stop acting like a fool.

Free passes this week: Kevin Miller and Warren Earley at the State, Buck Long and Norman Miller at the Virginia.

Seen around Campus: Sophomores running around with last minute details — Plenty of Valentines and other presents — New parakeet in one of the sorority houses — "Old" students back after finishing their student teaching — Saturday night jilters — Until next week let's think of this — The one way a man likes a woman to dress for him is fast!



Flaming Flicks --

Starting Sunday at the State Theater is "The Far Country", starring James Stewart, Ruth Roman, Corinne Calvet and scores of other top stars. This new Technicolor adventure tells of the booming days in the Yukon gold rush. The movie was filmed in the Canadian mountains of the Far (Continued on Page 7)

My Word!

by Smitty



My word, here we go again. A brand new semester, a brand new pencil, a brand new book or two—but back to the same ol' editor. I'm glad to be back pushing this pencil again—but believe me, this student teaching block plan is here to stay. Those of you who expect to teach under this system have much to look forward to. Just ask any one of us!

For those of you who think we've got it rough, take note of this. Any student of Park College, Parkville, Missouri, who cut his last class or his first class after Christmas vacation was to be dropped from the college. His request for reinstatement would be considered by the Administrative Council and if approved, would be effective upon payment of a little ol' five dollar bill!

Don't forget Cotillion's big silver anniversary ball tomorrow night featuring Tony Pastor. All faculty members are cordially invited.

And here I am with faculty news. Mr. Charles Caldwell was in Newport News at the latter part of January as a Consultant to the Parent Education Workshop there. He and Miss Columbia Winn led a series of discussions in leadership training for the Religious Education Workers of the Muhlenburg Lutheran Church during the week of January 31-March 4. Miss Columbia Winn and Miss Ann Hardesty will attend a seminar on "The Implications of Disregregation for Family Life" to be held in Richmond today.

Dr. William Mengebier visited the Winchester and Front Royal high schools to observe science classes.

President G. Tyler Miller will attend the seventh annual conference of the American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education in Chicago, February 24-26. He will serve as resource specialist at the session on "College Organization for Teacher Education". Also, in Chicago at the time will be Dr. S. J. Turille, one of the principal participants on the program of the National Association of Business Teacher Education Institutions.

Dean Warren spoke Saturday to the Shenandoah Farm Credit Association in Winchester and on Wednesday to the Madison Alumni Association. Last night he was speaker at the Chatham Rotary Club and tonight is featured at the Staunton Women's Club.

Attention all U. Va. enthusiasts! A new Graduate School of Business Administration will be opened at the University of Virginia September 15, 1955. The school will offer a two-year course with tuition set at \$350 a year for state residents and \$650 for non-residents. You were expecting maybe Louis Armstrong?

So there you are!

LOST

Lost—The article that was to go in this space. If found please paste here. If it doesn't quite fit in send it to McClure Printing Company and have them squeeze or stretch it as the case may be.

Thank you,
The Breeze Staff

HOME ON THE RANGE

Cowboy: "Putting your saddle on backward, aren't you?"

Dude rancher: "That's all you know about it, smarty. You don't even know which way I'm going."

The clock ticked on. The dark fell once again,
But on the steps and thru the room there lay

The sil'ry track of long dead Mistress Ann.

Scribbler Janet Hefner

Scribblers' Nook

THE RETURN

The room was dark and damp and drear;
Wine curtains spilled from high imposing arcs,
And fell below in pools resembling blood.
The dust lay thick on tables, books and chairs,
And as the clock struck 12, there came from high
Above the sound of gentle whispering,
And down the winding staircase came the gray
And dusty figure of the Mistress Ann,
Whose death had been a legend many a year.
Her gown was made of mist and early dew.
It trailed the steps and seemed to leave a mark
Of silv'rnness
The clock ticked on. Her footsteps were precise.
Ev'n tho' it seemed she glided down the stairs.
She reached the foot and paused and raised her hand
As if to brush the veil of years from eyes
That had been closed to light so long. She moved
The tiny rocker by the empty hearth
And traced the crude design carved on its back.
She moved a book and dust fell to the floor.
She touched a note on harpsichord and heard
It fall and echo in the tall wide room.
The clock struck once. Was that a smile that crossed her face?
Or was it just the way she shook Her head to clear it of the things she saw?
For once that room had been the scene where she
Had danced and loved and laughed with friends
That now had turned to dust within the grove.
And once that room had gleamed with bright white light
From sparkling chandeliers that hung high up
In ceiling now so dark and bleak, it seems.
As far from floor as earth from sky at night.
On that dull hearth once burned a leaping fire
And 'round that table dined the powdered wigs,
Hooped skirts and nodding heads of by-gone ages.
She shook her head and scarcely turned before
She faded into darkness on the stair
And disappeared into the dark red drapes.

Sophomores Bring Humorist, Fallon To Help Us 'Wake Up And Laugh'

Featured as Sophomore Class day speaker on February 23 is Carlos Fallon, Latin-Irish advocate of love, laughter and leisure—the three L's of that South American Way. Carlos Fallon, who has established himself as one of the nation's choicest humorists, will speak to the student body on the subject, "Wake Up and Laugh."



CARLOS FALLON

A naturalized U. S. citizen, Fallon was born in Bogota, Colombia and got his first taste of North American life as a boy when his father was Colombian consul in New Orleans. There, young Carlos worked in a grocery store, sold newspapers and delivered telegrams. Years later, when the Colombian destroyer he was commanding drove a German cruiser out of Colombian waters, he was accused of being too pro-American.

Fallon enjoys admitting this. He claims as among his favorite objects in America, Louisiana grocery stores, Maryland Girl Scouts and the Brook-

lyn Dodgers. Fallon was Chief of Staff of the Colombian Navy when he resigned to lecture in the United States on Inter-American affairs. After Pearl Harbor, he volunteered as a private in the army, did his share of KP and guard duty, and was sent to OCS. When the war ended, he was a cap-

tain in Air Force Intelligence, teaching international relations at the Air Force Staff School. Since the war Carlos Fallon divides his time between traveling in the Americas, lecturing, and writing. His story of the misadventures of the fabulous Fallons, published in 1950 as A VARIETY OF FALLON, won nationwide critical acclaim.

Despite his fondness for Latin leisure, Carlos Fallon averages 100 lectures a season. But Fallon protests that he doesn't consider lecturing work, for to quote Mr. Carlos Fallon, "My lectures are fun. The audience and I get together to see how humor and laughter can make life happier and more successful. Why, I always walk out of the gathering refreshed, relaxed, and with my arms full of abandoend North American inhibitions."

And the Sophomore Class cordially invites everyone to their Class Night program Wednesday night at 8:00 p.m.

Cotillion Dance Club Celebrates Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Ball With Tony Pastor's Orchestra



America's greatest vocal stylist
TONY PASTOR
And his Orchestra

"America's foremost vocal stylist," Tony Pastor and his orchestra, will appear at Madison College February 19, for the Cotillion Dance Club's twenty fifth anniversary celebrations. Included are a formal dance Saturday night from eight until twelve midnight and a concert that afternoon in Wilson Auditorium at four.

The club's silver anniversary theme will be carried out at the dance by the decorations of blue and silver in Reed Gym.

Tickets for the concert will be sold at the door for one dollar to everyone with the exception of those who possess bids. The bid, which will be sold for five dollars, is inclusive of the concert admission.

The dance figure will be led by Miss Sylvia Payne, president of Cotillion, who will be escorted by Mr. Walter Flora. Other officers of the club are: vice president, Joan Holst; secretary, Jean Mitchell; treasurer, Virginia Wiltshire; reporter, Amy Young; sergeant-at-arms, Lola Jones; business manager, Carol Lynn Russel.

During the intermission, members of the figure, the faculty and the club officers will be entertained in Alumnae Hall.

CALENDAR

Saturday, February 19—

4:00 P.M.—Concert, Tony Pastor and his Orchestra, Wilson Auditorium

7:00 P.M.—Movie, "Desert Song"

9:00 P.M.—Cotillion Club Silver Anniversary Ball, Reed Gym

Monday, February 21—

8:15 P.M.—Madison Film Society Movie

Tuesday, February 22—

7:00 P.M.—Mercury Club, Reed 8

Wednesday, February 23—

SOPHOMORE CLASS DAY

Friday, February 25—

12:00 noon—Chapel — The Choral Ensemble and the Modern Dance Club

Therapeutic Clinics Held In Johnston

Do your feet hurt? Do your muscles ache? Are you a victim of bad posture? Here is your chance to do something about it!

Senior physical education majors in their therapeutics course, supervised by Dr. Caroline Sinclair, are opening clinics for the student body. These will take place every Monday and Friday from 3:30 to 4:30 p.m. Special notices have been sent to many, but the clinics are open to everyone. So if your eighth period classes are free, step over to Johnston basement for some "remodeling".

Sophomore Mirror

- Best Leader Anne Warren
- Most Intellectual Jo Harvey
- Most Dignified Barbara Osbourne
- Most Artistic Kathie McKessor
- Most Original Marie Caton
- Most Businesslike Carol McCormick
- Most Literary Joan Alls
- Most Versatile Joan Van Saun
- Most Stylish Jane Chitwood
- Most Dramatic Patsy Wheeler
- Most Musical Judy Flora
- Most Athletic Anita Webb
- Best Looking Nancy Lee Gardner
- Wittiest Barbara Jean Brown
- Happiest Marie Caton
- Friendliest Betty Henderson
- Best All-round Anne Warren
- Most Likely to Succeed

Sophomore Class



Carper Emphasizes Individuals' Responsibilities To Democracy

Speaking at the second semester convocation, held Wednesday, February 9, Mr. Lester Carper, superintendent of the public schools of Martinsville, Virginia, expressed the belief that we, ourselves, are responsible for maintaining a democratic society in this land. He added, however, that free people have always been "at the crossroads". "If we are to retain a democracy we must always be solving problems," he said.

From the quotations of several authors, namely, Emerson, Elizabeth Browning, and Thomas Paine, Mr. Carper derived the summation that bad times have a scientific value. Moreover, he stated that people have found security in the traditions of the past and that many significant discoveries have been born out of the imperiousness of destruction.

The Powers of Man

Man, created in the image of God, has been given the potentialities to grow to be more like God, but realization of these potentialities is based on the individual's own desire and effort to grow. Likewise, man has been given the power to think, and to record accumulated experiences. These experiences we should value, for by them we may learn and we may profit; also we should use them for the purpose of projecting ourselves into the future.

In regard to the crucial problem of education, Mr. Carper commented that if we are to remain a free people we must arm ourselves with the necessary knowledge. Conversely,

why attain professional skills if we can't maintain a free society to exercise them in?

Taken for Granted

Often we don't appreciate the things which are common to everyone, having developed the concept that only the rarities are valuable. We don't appreciate our freedoms for we have become so accustomed to them that we take them for granted. People in other countries are aware of their value, however, for they are without those freedoms.

Of the three classes of people, those who demand power over everyone else and who know everything, those who think that they "don't count" and therefore, for instance, don't vote, and lastly, the great middle group, those who think for themselves, vote and accept and make decisions, it is that latter class which is responsible for the attainment of our democracy.

Know Yourself

For development of responsible citizenship, it is important to know yourself and your capabilities and to set a course toward that goal. Mr. Carper concluded that for a successful tomorrow, solve well your problems today.

President G. Tyler Miller presided at the second semester convocation and introduced the Rev. Ward McCabe who gave the invocation. Music for the processional and the recessional was played by the Madison College Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Clifford Marshall.

Goats! Goats! Here, There, And Everywhere!

"Glory, glory to Cotillion! Rah, rah for German!" Madison campus and the Blue Ridge Mountains are still echoing with the sounds of dance club goating. Songs, sounds of "Hey you, goat," and the grunts and groans of the goats laboring away at their assigned tasks marked the intake of sixty-four new members into the German and Bluestone Cotillion Dance Clubs, on February 14 and 15.

Bluestone Cotillion Club received thirty-one new members. Those girls include: Becky Balderson, Lynn Benton, Patty Bennett, Carol Breeden, Genis Crowder, Barbara Clarke, Nancy Cloud, Gussie Eubank, Ann Hartman, Jane Holister, Betty Hamlet, Patsy Kruse, Gladys Lewis, Ruthie Le Grand, Jenny Lewis, Mary Lytton, Grace Manley, Roberta Manning, Joan Matulartis, Lannie Pearson, Jackie Poe, Beverley Peirce, Betty Roberts, Gail Rinker, Barbara Ritch, Barbara Taylor, Nancy Turner, Bobbie Tate, Mary Anne Wertz, Ann Willard, Thelma Jones.

Thirty-three girls were received by German Club. Those girls are: Alice Pomeroy, Priscilla Shafer, Shirley Mowles, Barbara Banks, Betty Ball, Suzie Blankenship, Ann Bonnell, Frances Crockett, Caroline Evans, Jeanne Foster, Elizabeth Johnson, Patricia Lumpkin, Florence Broaddus, Alice Fay Cooper, Ann Cox, Mary Ellen Garber, Dixie Glass, Janice Harris, Betty Jo Loving, Hope McAlpin, Betty Mae Neal, Kim Weaver, Audrey White, Kay Ballagh.

(Continued on Page 6)



Author, John Metcalf Analyzes World Situation, Threat Of War

World famous author and journalist, John C. Metcalf was the principal speaker at Wednesday's assembly. Mr. Metcalf, recognized as a keen analyst on world affairs, spoke on the subject entitled, "Where Are We Going In World Affairs?" Mr. Metcalf discussed current Washington and international affairs stressing his belief that the United States is

not in danger of a global war. He brought to mind several world incidents of the past decade which helped give an overall perspective of the Formosa and China situation, today. In several of these past situations such as the Communist blockade of Berlin, an all our rage occurred and yet no war resulted. Mr. Metcalf (Continued on Page 6)

'Rettie' Warren Spends Yule Vacation

We, the staff, feel that those of you who know "Rettie" Warren, our exchange student, as well as those who must have heard of her, will be interested in the events of "Rettie's" four week tour on the continent over her Christmas vacation. To cut any of this story would be to ruin it. Although this is a "second-hand" picture of these places and events, the descriptions and happenings, told as only "Rettie" can, are really "gems".

"CHEERIO — PIP PIP"

"from Rettie"

London
January 15, 1955

Dear Folks,

By now I imagine that all of Madison is facing exams after a happy, hectic holiday. Sure hope everyone had a grand vacation at home and if all my wishing did any good, you were bound to have had. As for me, with the many glad tidings you all sent, my Christmas was indeed a merry one.

While my classmates were at home "Swatting" lecture notes of the past three months, my "Xmas Vac." was spent on the continent. The four weeks I was traveling were just packed with thrills and excitement. It was a continuous series of museums, art galleries, monuments, shrines, cathedrals and ruins—and never would I trade this experience for any other.

And She's Off

On the morning of December 15 my College Hall room-mate, Eleanor, and I set out for Victoria Station with the highest spirits ever. We hadn't even made it to the end of Malet Street before our suitcases proved too much of a task and we hired a cab. I must confess that a good part of our load was food. We had twenty-four hours of traveling ahead of us so we had filled a shopping bag with enough to feed an army.

We found our train easily enough and in less than two hours were at Newhaven. The immigration officials approved my departure from England and I boarded the ship for the channel crossing. My family had given me a camera for Christmas and I was wild with anxiety to take a picture and so the beautiful English white cliffs began the pictorial account of my trip.

El and I nibbled out of our shopping bag all during the crossing. At Dieppe we encountered more customs before we continued on to Paris. Not knowing for certain when our train left for Geneva we tore across Paris from Gar St. Lazare to Gar de Lyon. When we got there, El's French got us a few laughs if nothing else. It took us no less than an hour to find out that our train didn't leave until 11:35 p.m. which meant we had four hours to wait. We chose a spot across from the station to have some "cafe", but El forgot to mention "au lait" and downing the brew was misery. We pulled out our sandwiches and carrot sticks and had a picnic—and if you could have seen the pained expression on the waiter's face. Anyhow, it was lucky for us that looks can't kill.

So Much For Customs

The four hours went quickly and we began the stretch to Geneva. We had a compartment completely to ourselves so we spread out and went sound to sleep. At eight in the morning we found ourselves in Geneva facing both the French and the Swiss customs. Through them, we got a cab to the Faya John Knox and Jane

met us at the door. Jane Dempsey and I came over together on the M. S. Seven Seas. Jane is from Wilmington, Delaware and a graduate of Syracuse University. She is the Presbyterian Fellow or student worker in Geneva for this year and is working closely with the World Council of Churches. The Faya John Knox was originally a Presbyterian student residence but has recently been taken over by the World Council of Churches, and it was here that we hung our hats while in Geneva. Living there, besides Jane, were the director and his family, The Tueveison's, Anna from Belgium, Reni from Germany, Pierre from France and Flora, the cook, from Liechtenstein; plus Pamela Patterson from LaFayette, Indiana, another junior year abroad gal, who went with us for the holiday.

Meet The Old And New

Geneva is one pretty city. The Rhone divides it completely in two and adds immensely to the beauty of the place. It is indeed a city of sharp contrasts—on one side of the ancient city wall are buildings as modern and new as 1955 while on the other side, the buildings are molding with age.

Everywhere you go in this international city are evidences of the Reformation. The inscription Post-Tennebras-Tux became a familiar sight and the imposing Reformation Wall on the University Campus was a constant reminder of the great religious reform. Of course, St. Pierre, Jean Calvin's preaching ground, is the highspot. Jeremiah weeping outside the Cathedral and the beautiful Gothic architecture of the church itself are both wonderful sights—but the thrill came from realizing that here was the heart of the Reformation.

Naturally we visited Jean Calvin's house, or rather the site of it, the original building having been replaced in 1702. On the same street is the building where George Elliot lived from 1849 'till '50. In the building which houses the Archives is a most interesting spiral ramp which goes up four stories, where in days gone by officials used to ride their horses



right up to their respective offices. Interesting sun dials adorn some of the older buildings—just carved into the stucco-cement.

On Friday evening, the 17th, Jane took us to a service at the University Chapel and once again I wished that I had some understanding of French. That night Faya John Knox was in the throes of decorations in preparation for a party the following night. Little though it was, our tree was a beauty. It had real, honest to goodness white candles, silver and blue balls and, of course, icicles. When the candles were lit it was a sight to behold. We stuck evergreens everywhere we could, hung a chunk of mistletoe in the hall and Pam made a gorgeous wreath with red tapers for the door.

The More The Merrier

On Saturday two more of our traveling group arrived, Ann Stewart and Pat Grunewalde. Ann came over with Jane and me on the Seven Seas, is from Denver, Colorado and is taking her junior year in Madrid under a program sponsored by Georgetown University. Pat is her room-mate in Madrid and is from Washington, D. C. studying this year under the same arrangement as Ann. That afternoon we were all put to work making open faced sandwiches Swiss style for the Xmas party—poppy seed cheese garnished with shrimp, tomatoes, pickles, olives and eggs. The party itself was quite an experience. Students from twenty countries and five continents—Christians, Catholics, Jews, Roman and Greek Orthodox, Moslems, and Hindus—all celebrating Christmas together. We sang carols in all languages and saw two films—"When the Littlest Camel Kneled" and "The Holy City". Everyone had placed a present under the tree so when the tree candles were lighted we each received a gift.

Sunday afternoon we went out to the Palais de Nations, the United Nations Headquarters in Europe. It is a gorgeous building and the largest one in Europe and a marked contrast to its counterpart in New York. The canvas wall paintings in the Counsel Chamber are a wonder. Spain's contribution, the ceiling, shows five giants grasping hands in space, representing the five continents seeking unity and it has an unbelievable impression of depth. In front of the building, in the centre of a pond, is a huge gold sign of Zodiac Globe just overlooking Lake Geneva and it is nothing less than beautiful.

Swiss Are "With It"

We splurged and ate out that night so we could have some fondue — and was it ever delicious! It took us no time to empty the large casserole that had been set before us over a flaming burner. We left Geneva at six a.m. the next morning — but first I must tell you about the telephone service there. There are certain numbers that you can dial for information concerning anything you could imagine, from the time or weather report to the latest news. There is actually a number you can dial and ask for an "A" for tuning a musical instrument. Swiss ingenuity is hard to excel!

The early hours of our trip from Geneva were like a dream. From six till eight a.m. it was fairly dark but as the dawn appeared the Swiss Alps majestically monopolized the scene. It was simply breathtaking — the towering icy peaks looking down on valley untouched by snow. As the rising sun progressed it added sparkle and brilliance to the already unbelievably beautiful landscape. I froze all the passengers in our coach to death opening windows to get pictures as we went along. When the train stopped at Brig I foolishly jumped off to get a picture of a certain peak and my heart was in my throat until I got back on the train for fear of being left behind. As the splendor of the Alps began to become a natural sight to us we pulled out all our Italian dictionaries and grammars and provided great amusement for the Italian passengers, even if we didn't learn much.

No Place To Sit

At Milan our group split in two different directions. El, Ann, Pat and I wanted to go to Florence and the others went straight on to Rome. We had only two hours in Milan but we saw what little we could. Never have I seen nor imagined such smog as covered this city that day. I could hardly breathe. No exaggeration, you

could feel it in your lungs. Through it all we found the Cathedral, El Duomo. It is as ornate as any I have seen and has two thousand two hundred and twenty statues adorning its outer structure. The surrounding court yard is a miniature Trafalgar Square—pigeons, pigeons and more pigeons. Inside, I encountered my first cathedral without any chairs or pews whatsoever. However, this became quite familiar to me as we traveled through Europe. To the right of the main altar in El Duomo is a most beautiful stained glass window. I liked it so much that I made it the subject of the first time exposure with my new camera. It was two days and a dozen pictures later that I realized the camera was still set for time exposures. Oh well, they should be interesting photographs to say the least. To the right as you leave El Duomo is the Victor Emmanuel II



arch, rather bulky but nice. This was only the first of many monuments to this King that I was to see in Italy. Through this arch to the left is the famed opera house, La Scala. From the outside it is just a dingy brown square building. We could hear evidences of a rehearsal for "David" and we were so hoping to get a peek inside. We spotted a policeman on the corner and thought perhaps he could help us. Combining all our knowledge of languages we asked, "Do you speak English?", "Habla usted el Espanol?", "Parlez vous Francais?" and "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" A negative head shake was our answer to each of these in turn and the fella beamed with pride when he said "Italiana solamente!" Now there's a loyal spirit for you!

Chivalry In Practice

Back at the train station there was such a crowd that we had reconciled ourselves to sitting on our suitcases from Milan to Florence when a pleasant Italian gentleman somehow got it across to us that he would find us seats—and he did. Folks were awfully nice to us like this all through our journey. The train conductors would never think of letting us stand or sit on our suitcases and upon several occasions they even had Italian soldiers give up their seats that we might not have to stand. We felt rather awkward about this but it's hard to refuse a kind gesture graciously when you can't speak the language.

Some Tub

At Florence our good luck held and a C. I. T. agent spotted us and in ten minutes time had us a place to stay just a block from the station. La Mia Casa, as our pensione is called, is run by a countess who had suffered great losses during the war and now finds it necessary to take in boarders. Pensiones, or residencias, are quite popular in Europe and because as a rule they are less expensive than hotels, we became dependent upon them for our room and board. Our room at La Mia Casa opened to a balcony overlooking the inner court. But our bathtub was the real Florentine masterpiece. It was perfectly square, about 3' x 3', and was in two layers so that you sat in it as you would a chair. Not too funny!

Our first sight seeing in Florence was a visit to the Baptistry of St. John, dedicated to the patron saint of the city. This church, famous for its three beautiful doors, was at one time the Cathedral of Florence. I was impressed most by the cast door executed by Ghiberti and called "The Door of Paradise" because it was thus referred to by Michelangelo on account of its beauty. All of these doors have panels portraying Biblical scenes, each carved in bronze. The Baptistry is supposedly the most beautiful example of Florentine romanesque architecture. Across from the Baptistry is the Cathedral of Santa Marie del Fiore. It was in a chapel here that I saw the "Paita" of Michelangelo which was never completed. The artist had intended this work for his own tomb.

Soaking Up Some Culture

Our time being limited we chose two of the many art galleries in Florence. Of these, we went first to the Pitti Palace. If you know more Italian history than I did before this trip, you probably remember what a tremendous political influence the Medici family had in Italy. Now Luca Pitti, who built Pitti Palace, was quite a leader in Florence in the 15th century until he was overpowered by the Medicis. At any rate, this Palace that he built is today an art gallery. You just can't imagine such a colossal collection all under one roof. Raphael, del Santo, Titian, Van Dyck, Rubens, Murillo, Velasquez—I was just lost in all their beauty. I couldn't begin to give you a just description of these works of art. If ever anyone was lacking in aesthetic sense it is I, yet these masterpieces absolutely thrilled me clean through. Raphael's "Madonna of the Grand Duke" has long been one of my favorites as has Titian's "Concert" and it was such a delight to see the real thing. The museum is divided into a number of rooms. I couldn't help but chuckle when I found myself in the Putta Room of the Palatine Gallery of the Pitti Palace. Now who do you imagine thought that one up?

We hurried on to the Uffizi Gallery—I couldn't ever guess where that name came from. "The Birth of Venus" by Botticelli was one of the first paintings we saw there and I was just carried away. I hate to admit that I didn't know it before, but it was a wonderful surprise for me. However, I do believe that of all the paintings I saw in Florence, Correggio's "Virgin Adoring her son" is my favorite. I can't explain why—maybe that it was so near to Christmas has something to do with it.

Of course we couldn't miss the Academy of Fine Arts because there it is that Michelangelo's "David" stands. What can I add to the many words that have been spoken in praise of this marble masterpiece?

The Thinker

At the Medici Chapel, after great anticipation, I saw "The Thinker" or "El Penseroso" alias Lorenzo de Medici. This statue adorns Lorenzo's tomb and is flanked by the

Touring French, Italian, Spanish Cities

statues of "Dawn" and "Dusk". Opposite is the tomb of Lorenzo's son decorated with the statues of "Night" and "Day," all by Michelangelo.

Ponte Vecchio (Old Bridge) is quite a landmark in Florence. This is the most ancient bridge in the city and is characteristic for the small goldsmith and jewelry shops that cover it.

Florence is indeed a difficult city to describe. If you stood at the top of one of the many narrow stoned windy streets lined with dingy brown stucco buildings you would never imagine that within these walls are the modern exclusive shops that there are. True, these are no doubt for benefit of tourists, still they are in marked contrast to the crowded, disheveled far from clean street stalls that are so much a part of Florence. As close to Christmas as it was the Straw Market was just laden with tree ornaments of all sorts, adding bright splotches of color to the scene. Of course everywhere you turn can be found English speaking shop proprietors which sort of takes the sport out of being in a foreign country. I only wish that I had been able to see more of Florence but as it is, I'm thankful for the three days that I had in this remarkable city on the banks of the Arno.

Christmas Eve Abroad

On Christmas Eve we were up at six a.m. preparing for four more hours of travel. But the reward was Rome and what more could we want! The three girls in our group who had gone to Rome ahead of us were to have left a message for us at the American Express telling us where they were, and we were to join them. It had been agreed that they would leave the message in my name so, as is the system for claiming mail at the American Express, I gave the clerk my passport and she went through the "W's" looking for a name to correspond with the one on my credentials. I was completely shook when she told me there was nothing. Selfishly enough, my first thought was—"Here we are in Rome on Christmas Eve without a place to stay!"—but on second thought I was worried sick wondering what had happened to Jane and Pam and Carol. We spent all of Christmas week-end imagining all sorts of weird things and on Monday morning headed to American Express the first thing hoping for word from them but there was none. While we were pondering over what to do—whether to notify their next of kin, or what—who should walk into American Express but Jane, Pam and Carol. To make a long story short—they had left a message and they had been as worried about us as we had been about them. The difficulty was that whereas my passport identifies me as Alberta Moran Warren, they had left the message for Rettie Warren! What anxiety we all suffered over a silly nickname.

Roman Holiday

Christmas morning I was amidst the throng at St. Peter's Square to see and hear the Pope deliver his blessing. The square is dominated by the immense suggestive dome of Michelangelo. Inside the Cathedral under the dome, the high altar rises over the tomb of St. Peter. Ninety-five candles burn day and night before it. Over the altar is the famous and beautiful canopy by Bernini, upheld by four spiral columns, made with bronze taken from the Pantheon. But the glorification of the tomb of the humble fisherman of Galilee is the majestic dome launched up to the sky with the multiple choirs of angels and blessed souls around the throne of the Most High in a glory of light, harmony and immensity.

In the Vatican Art Gallery I was most impressed by Raphael's "Trans-

figuration", partly because of its interesting history. The picture was unfinished at Raphael's death and was carried behind his coffin at his funeral. As for the Vatican Museum, there are endless wonders. Outstanding to me was the group of Laocoon. The Laocoon group was inspired by a narrative of Virgil, "Laocoon, one of the priests of Apollo, had warned the Trojans not to let the wooden horse enter the city. Minerva made two immense serpents come out of the sea and they wound themselves around Laocoon and his two sons." This statue, carved from one solid block of marble, portrays just this story and was found in a subterranean room.

But my greatest thrill in the Vatican City was my visit to the Sixtine Chapel. Michelangelo outdid himself here. My favorite of the ceiling scenes is the "Creation of Man," who lies on the ground. The creator is about to touch him with his finger to infuse life and soul. But where Michelangelo reveals his legendary ability is in the "Last Judgement." This artist must have been among the truest of believers to have conveyed such conviction with paint and brush.

Into The Catacombs

The Pantheon simply fascinated me—can you imagine the rain not coming in through that huge hole in the ceiling? I was surprised to see that Raphael is buried there. I wore myself out climbing to the top of the colosseum but the view from there made it worth while. We splurged and took a buggy ride along the Appian way to the Catacombs of St. Callixtus, the first Christian cemetery in Rome. We clutched tightly to the candles that lighted our way as we faltered through the damp moldy passage ways.

My first sight of the Roman Forum was the Arch of Titus framing the Palatine Hill. The remarkable thing about these ruins is that there is anything left of them at all. They show us how Empires rose and fell and how Rome was present at the greatest periods of the world, periods of art, history, religion and humanity.

I went to the basilica of St. Pietro in Kincali especially to see Michelangelo's "Moses" and what a statue it is! Quite interesting also was the Church of the Quo Vadis on the Appian Way. At Piazza Venezia, the centre of Rome, and therefore of Italy, is the Palazzo Venezia. It was from the balcony of this palace that Mussolini so often appeared to the Italian people. Nearby is the Monument to Victor Emmanuel II, erected as the apotheosis of Italian independence.

Roman Beauty Spot

The Borghesa Gardens are the beauty spot of Rome and the Borghesa Museum is nestled in their midst. The statue of Pauline Bonaparte by Canova which is housed there is just too real for words. I had to touch the cushion of the couch to satisfy myself that it was marble and not as soft as it appears. They have a fabulous collection of Bernini there and also one of my Titian favorites, "Sacred and Profane Love."

It took me four days in Rome to muster up courage to tempt fate at the Mouth of Truth. The "Bocca della verita", as it is called, is a marble mark within the portico of the church, St. Mary's in cosmedin. Brave soul that I am, I know that no one has ever gotten his hand in and out of his mouth as quickly as I did! Naturally I couldn't leave Rome without tossing a coin into the Fountain of Trevi, which is only one of many beautiful fountains in Rome. The weather was grand the entire

time we were there and it was so delightful to stroll along the Tiber—the clear blue sky so superbly framed the buildings along the river bank. The Pallazio St. Marco, the Palace of Justice, St. Peters—all were at their best in the bright sunlight. The President's Palace on the Quirinal Hill is quite a sight, dutifully surrounded as it is by Italian soldiers.

Hepburn Was Here

Those of you who saw "Roman Holiday" remember the scene where Audrey Hepburn strolled up and down those countless number of steps in front of a church munching on an ice cream cone? This scene was Plassa di Spagna and our pensione was right on this square. Talk about feeling important!

Leaving Rome was really an effort but on the morning of the 29th we boarded the train for Naples, I trusting in Trevi to ensure my return to the Eternal City.

We were more than pleased when we arrived at Naples to find a half dozen University of Naples students waiting for us. A friend of Janes, who works with her in Geneva through the World Council of Churches, had met these fellas at an International Work Camp at Stromboli two years ago and had written to them of our arrival. They had arranged for us a place to stay as well as eat. Our first night in Naples our Italian friends took us to a special meeting of their fraternal organization, Corda Fratres after which we feasted on Neapolitan pizza pie.

Isle of Capri

The next day we went to none other than the Isle of Capri. It was all and more than I had ever imagined. As we crossed the Bay of Naples the beauty of this island became more and more distinct. It was a beautiful sunny day and the masses of orange and lemon laden trees seemed to sparkle. Our first adventure was to hire a row boat to the Blue Grotto. The two Neapolitan fishermen who were rowing were perfect jewels. They pointed out all the



rock formations as we went along, even rowed us through the "Dardanelles" into the "Black Sea". But most enjoyable was when they ran out of things to say and began to sing "O Sol a Mia"—just perfect to insure the solemnity of that special Isle of Capri atmosphere. The tide was high when we got to the Blue Grotto and it was a struggle getting through that itsy-bitsy entrance. We all had to lie flat on the bottom of the row boat to make the clearance and it was quite a scramble. When it comes to describing the Blue Grotto, I'll pass and leave that for the poets. The grotto is a cave, fairly circular—just brimming with the most beautiful silver blue sea water you could ever imagine.

Warm Inside; Cold Outside

Back on the Island we took a horse

and buggy ride up to the city of Capri and then to Ava Capri. The view all along the way was a series of the kind we ordinarily see once in a blue moon and even then can hardly believe our eyes. The Garden of Augustus is just fabulous—it's from here that you get the best view of that familiar scene with the two huge boulders hugging the coast. We walked down the elongated spiral path to



the shore where the scenery was no less breath-taking. It was a cold windy crossing back to Naples but with the warmth of Capri still in my bones I was the picture of contentment.

On New Year's Eve we saw quite a bit of the peninsula. We turned pure tourist and took a travel agency tour to Pompeii, Vesuvius, along the Amalfi Drive to Ravello, Amalfi and Sorrento. Our guide was supposedly English speaking but before the day was over I was a nervous wreck trying to decipher his explanations. At Pompeii it was really a thrill to stand in the midst of such revealing remnants of ancient times—but seeing those petrified humans sure gave me a creepy feeling. Imagine what these people must have experienced when Samo put an end to them and all they knew.

The ride along the Amalfi Drive, beautiful as it was, was a wee bit damaging to my constitution. I know there can't possibly be a windier road than this one and the only means of a vehicle to announce his approach is by blowing the horn—and did I ever develop an acute case of "horn blowing nerves"!

The coastline is absolutely gorgeous—but, to me, the coast itself is none less than ugly, pure and simple. How tourists can enjoy themselves in swank hotels gazing at the beautiful blue when all around them are conditions of filth and hunger is beyond me, which apparently no effort is being made to rectify.

Some Male Ratio

We really celebrated New Year's Eve. The fiance of one of the girls in our group was in port in Naples and they would hear of nothing but that we see the new year in with them. If you're ever in need of a morale booster try being one of seven American girls among several thousand American sailors, most of whom haven't been to the states in eighteen months. It really does things to your ego! But the evening held something special for me—Surely your Harrisonburg High graduates remember Carol Ray—he won the talent show in 1950 with his electric guitar. Well who should I meet New Year's Eve in Naples but this very same boy from home. He's been stationed there for a year and a half and it made me feel like I had left home only yesterday to be able to tell him all the news. At any rate, he went back to his ship and returned with his guitar and did we ever have a Hillbilly Jamboree. As you can imagine, we were well taken care of during our stay in Naples.

Now we come to the prettiest land I saw—Sicily. My visit being confined to Palermo and vicinity, I can hardly speak for the entire country. But what I saw was fabulous. We

docked at Palermo at 8:15 on a Sunday morning without an idea of where we were going or what we intended to see. Our bewilderment must have been obvious because before we had time to scold ourselves for being so silly, four policemen had gathered around us. Making use of all the bits and pieces of Italian we had picked up by then, we eventually revealed our plight to them and things

began to "look up". They took us to a fine hotel and arranged for us to really see things in style—with a car and a chauffeur, no less. We really lived that day. Our first stop was at the Cathedral and the tomb of St. Rosalie, the patron saint of Palermo. At the Benedictine Monastery of St. John I saw one of the most gorgeous sights I've ever seen. Orange and lemon trees laden with fruit midst masses of flowering poinsettia. At the Palais Royal we visited the rooms of the Sicilian Parliament and also outstanding, the Capella Palatine—the first Chapel in Palermo and a masterpiece of architecture and art.

Eyes And Ears Of Monreal

It was a wonderfully clear day and as we drove up to Monreal we could see for miles around. The Byzantine columns in the cloisters there are exquisite. We visited the Convieta Guglielma and the Cathedral before continuing our tour. One of the most interesting sights I saw the entire four weeks was the mountain church of St. Rosalie. Inside it is a mountain spring whose waters reportedly have healing powers due to the blessing of St. Rosalie. Even today people come from far and near to benefit from it. For centuries persons who have believed themselves cured by this water have presented a symbol of the miracle performed on them. Thus the walls are covered with wax and plastic arms, legs, eyes, ears—just hanging there—to represent the parts of persons that were cured.

From higher up on this mountain the view was a picture—there's just nothing that combines as beautifully as mountains and seashore. At the Tido of Palermo—Mondello—we had the time of our lives wading on the first day of January. That's where it has Virginia Beach beat! We went to the most really with it Chinese Chalet and Museum—just vaguely out of place in Sicily—before strolling through the Gardins Favonta. The last place we went before leaving Palermo was to the Church of San Jose and it was the perfect ending to a happy story. There was a Greek Orthodox baptism going on and it was lovely. The smiles on the faces of the seven brothers and sisters of the baptised baby were such as I'd never seen.

On The Riviera

A night crossing on the Tyrrhenian Sea saw us back in Naples where we spent a day in the museums we had missed previously. On January 5th we began back up the coast of Italy, to Pisa and the Leaning Tower, to Genoa and the statue of Columbus and finally along the Riviera to Monte Carlo. Aside from it being as expensive as all get out—I just loved it. Remember all the descriptions you've

(Continued on Page 6)

Registrar Announces One Hundred Forty Students Awarded Unlimited Cuts Second Semester For Making Dean's List Room For One More

Alls, Frances Arlene
 Alls, Mary Joan
 Allston, Vivian Marie
 Anderson, Adrienne Christine
 Anderson, Margaret Sue
 Artz, Carolyn Douglass

Baker, Willie Lois
 Berger, Ida Jo
 Berger, Peggy Sue
 Bolen, Janet Elaine
 Bond, Pamela Naudain
 Bowman, Miriam Allen
 Boyd, Helen Elizabeth
 Brady, Elizabeth Thrash
 Brewer, Mary Elizabeth
 Brickey, Mary Frances
 Brown, Barbara Jean
 Brown, Mary Alice
 Brown, Virginia Garland
 Bundy, Sara Louise
 Burkholder, Lucy Clare
 Butler, Betty Jane

Callis, Leone Page
 Caricofe, Carolyn Fay
 Carpenter, Theresa Jane
 Cloud, Nancy Lee
 Covey, Margaret Jordan
 Cromer, Martha Kathleen
 Curtis, Marilyn Rose

Darcey, Joan Virginia
 Davis, Margaret Ann
 DeLauder, Yvonne Louise
 Devier, Nancy Bowman
 DeWitt, Betty Wray
 Dinwiddie, Frances Louise
 Divers, Shirley Jean

Emswiler, Virginia Mae

Fisher, Jane Marie
 Freeman, Julia Lee

Garber, Mary Ellen
 Garman, Jean Aker
 Gilbert, Shirley Olivia
 Goewey, Ruth Elsa
 Gouldin, Eleanor White
 Guyton, Mary Jane

Hanson, Shirley Phyllis
 Hawkins, Barbara Ann
 Harrison, Shirlee Arlene
 Hartsel, Margaret Houston
 Harvey, Kathryn Joan
 Hefner, Janet Belle
 Henderson, Ann Olivia
 Herrin, Joyce Lee
 Humphries, Carol Taylor
 Hunter, Beverly Diane

Isom, Emily Anne

Jarrelle, Jean Hollis
 Jefferson, Ina Elizabeth
 Jenkins, Kathryn Virginia
 Jennings, Fern Elizabeth
 Jeter, Loretta Leigh
 Justice, Jeanne Marie

Kelley, Kate Elizabeth
 Kinzie, Elizabeth Ritchie
 Kinney, Ada Rosemary
 Kirkpatrick, Betty Ruth
 Kiser, Nancy Rowan
 Klingelhoefer, Jane Ellen

Lehman, Eleanor Irene
 Lineburg, Marjorie Ethel

Lohr, Mary Ann
 Loving, Betty Jo
 Lukin, Frances Harwood
 Lutz, Ashley Adeline
 Lutz, Virginia Carroll

Mackey, Avis Elaine
 Marlowe, Emeline Hobart
 Mason, Francis Saint Clair
 McCormick, Carol Lynn
 Meyerhoeffer, Phyllis Anne
 Messersmith, Elizabeth Irene
 Michael, Edward Austin
 Mills, Doris Louise
 Moffett, Florence Greenwood
 Monger, Betty Jean
 Moore, Madeleine Pamela
 Morris, Berryman Richard, Jr.
 Munday, Sarah Elaine
 Mumford, Joyce Elaine

Newton, Sarah Wilson

O'Neil, Audrey Marie

Pankey, Marie Byers
 Patterson, Elizabeth Anne
 Pease, Joan vonHofsten
 Peters, Eva Sue
 Phlegar, Mary Catherine
 Platt, Jean Ann
 Pleasants, Beverly Anne
 Powers, Betty Cavanaugh
 Price, Joyce Jean

Ralph, Jeannette Barbara
 Remley, Anne Louise
 Ritchie, Rita Albert
 Ritenour, Shirley Louise
 Rogers, Nancy Roberta
 Russell, Carol Lyn

Rust, Esther Ann

Schulz, Paul Arnold
 Shafer, Irene Priscilla
 Shuler, Nancy Ann
 Simpson, Betty Lou
 Skapars, Antonina Lidija
 Smith, Barbara Lou
 Smith, Betty Lou
 Smith, Linda Yvonne
 Smith, Shirley Joan
 Sprague, Kathryn Virginia
 Stephenson, Agnes Reed
 Stuckert, Lois Hester

Tagliaferre, Rosalene Dettra
 Thacker, Anne Gail
 Thompson, Ann E.
 Thompson, Roxanne Rogers
 Townes, Anne Colston
 Turner, Anne Marie

Watkins, Mary Emily
 Wayland, Elizabeth Rose
 Weaver, Young Sook Kim
 Webb, Mary Lucille
 Wheatley, Nancy Ellen
 Williams, Carol Marian
 Wilson, Virginia Aiken
 Wine, Jane Harriott
 Winkelmann, Hilda Elaine
 Wolfe, Barbara Mae
 Wood, Joyce Marlene
 Wood, Marian Faye

Yost, Charlotte Ann

Zirk, Marilyn Ann

Helen M. Frank
 Registrar

No doubt about it, it's one of the most thickly coated places around with laughter, seriousness, songs, moans, smoke, groans, and the potent smell of oniony hamburgers and standing coffee. That's Doc's, the hang out for campus "intellects", where every booth, no matter how stuffed, always has room for one more.

It's really as interesting as a crowded New York restaurant, only more so, for at Doc's everyone is interested in knowing who's who; just let a person pop in some time who has never been there before and you'll see what I mean. There is no general trend of conversation at Doc's (of course with the exception of males discussing females and females discussing males, but that's conversation anywhere.)

In one small cubicle we may find drifting through the air (air?) two mad geologists arguing over the hardness of stones or more likely who of the two is the biggest fossil. In another booth, or likely the same one, we find the brilliant philosophers and psychiatrists busily analyzing each other.

Of course there's the booth of just dreamers listening to the latest song holding "so" many memories" for them who stare blankly into their half eaten platter of french fries and slowly growing colder and more insipid cups of coffee, while usually nearby there are some of the lucky few with dates creating their own memories.

Some nights fleets land from surrounding male colleges and stares are pleasantly exchanged by all.

All in all Doc's really helps to make the freshman feel less like freshmen, the adventurous bookworm feel like maybe there is something to this crazy life after all, the depressed feel gay, the gay feel depressed, the dumb feel smarter, the smarter feel dumb, and above all it makes a great place to get away from the printed pages of books to the unprinted pages of life.

CHEERIO PIP PIP

(Continued from Page 5)

heard of the Riviera and you thought it couldn't possibly be that pretty? Well believe me, it is. The day of a storm and the waves rose high and beat fiercely against the wall, ever rising over it, and further back from the shore cycleman were blooming all over the place, especially in the Casino Gardens. Speaking of the Casino, I really went wild. Gambled one hundred francs in the one armed bandits. Just for the records, 100 francs is about 29c! Actually, I was more than lucky to have gotten into the Casino. Our first night in Monte-Carlo a Mr. and Mrs. Tindall from Atlanta, Georgia were having dinner at a table next to ours and taking note of the southern accent which I apparently have, introduced themselves. They were so motherly and fatherly to us and when they learned that we hadn't been to the Casino, insisted that we let them take us. The big drawback was my not being twenty-one but the Tindalls took us under their wing and by chance, mine was the only passport the cashier didn't ask to see. Not too lucky! I spent the entire evening walking around with my mouth hanging open and my eyes bulging. Sparkling chandeliers, tuxedoed croupiers, jeweled ladies—it was just as I had pictured it but even more so. Scenes from the movie "Red Shores" kept flashing back to me as I wandered about.

The twenty hour train ride to Barcelona was consumed mostly in sleep. Once in this Spanish city I saw my first honest to goodness bull-fighting Arena. We were only there for an hour or so before we left for Madrid. Before El and I had left London we had bought all of our train tickets at the American Express. In England and on the continent you have your choice of traveling either first, second or third class. Our budget being such as it is, we naturally traveled third. But when we checked train schedules in Rome the gentleman refused to even tell us what time we could catch a third class train in Spain on the grounds that it was highly unsuitable

for young ladies to travel that class on Spanish trains. To give you some idea, it would have taken us 18 hours to travel less than 300 miles, riding all the way on plain wooden benches. This being the case, we ended up flying to Madrid in an hour and fifty minutes at a cost of only \$3 above a first class train ticket. It was my first flight—and I was so disappointed. I didn't even get scared or sick or anything.

Meet Don Quixote

Just El and I went to Madrid with Ann and Pat and our other three traveling companions headed back to Geneva. In the Spanish capitol we stayed in the residencia where Pat and Ann live. We took our meals there too and if everything we ate hadn't been saturated with olive oil I would have been a wee bit happier about the food. We were staying



just around the corner from the Plaza Espana where is seen that familiar statue of Don Quixote and Sancho Panzo. Just down the street from here is the Royal Palace which Franco uses upon occasions when he wishes to appear officially. However he lives on an estate outside the city. El and I took a tour of the Palace and were fearful the entire while of never getting out. There were enough of the Spanish Militia watching us to form a regiment and we fairly flew

from room to room just to get out of there. It is really beautiful and quite livable, as palaces go. Naturally we couldn't miss the Prado and the day we spent there was far to short. Any of you who are special fans of Goya, Murillo, Velazquez, Rubens or Van Dyck would be in your glory in the Prado.

We took a look around in the Castellana Hilton Hotel just so we could say we had been there and is it ever plush. So that we might see Spain as the Spaniards see it, some friends of Ann and Pat took us all on a toscos tour. Now, toscos are dingy little wine drinking places and the idea is to just wander from one to another downing your wine as if it were lemon-ade. I'm afraid El and I proved a disappointment to the wine-drinking natives but we did take our share of the shrimp, squid and tripe that accompanied the drinks. Included in this tour were "Las Cuevas de Louis Condelas". Louis Condelas was the Robin Hood of Spain and the caves that he supposedly used as his hideout have been made into a toscos.

Insulted

We took one of our few days in Spain to visit Toledo. The place is ruled by memories of El Greco. We visited El Greco's house, El Greco's Museum, St. Thomas's to see El Greco's famous burial picture—even drove outside the city to get the view that is seen in his "Storm over Toledo". Visiting the Alcazan really brought the Spanish Civil War to life. The Alcazan was a military school and throngs of women and children took refuge there during the fighting and to hear of the brave deeds of those young chaps in that military institute put me to shame. We saw two beautiful examples of the stucco such as is so outstanding in Granada, one in the Toledo Synagogue and the other in a Toledo church. But I do believe that the pride and joy of Toledo is their Cathedral. Its sole claim to fame is its beauty of which it can justly be proud. El Greco's "Apostles" are there and the Treasury is a goldmine. There's just ever so much

to be said of this small city—but if you're still with me at all, I know you must be weary.

So quick as a flash I'll take you on the 36 hour train ride, plus a 3 hour channel crossing back to London where we were greeted by rapidly falling snow. After four weeks of sun and blue sky I now find myself in the midst of the worst winter London has had since 1947.

And There's More

There are so many just little things that I wanted to tell you—like about all the people you see in Geneva just strolling down the street with their skis slung over their shoulders—about the Italian Bars, where you go for everything from a postage stamp to a doughnut—about living off of spaghetti for 3 weeks because it was the only thing we could read on the menu—about all the charming painted donkey carts in Palermo—about the only time on our trip when we had hot water and how we used the tie-backs from the curtains as clothes lines—about the Spanish women doing their laundry at roadside wells, and laying the wet clothes out on the muddy ground to dry—and about the wonderful, wonderful people we met everywhere we went. But come next fall and I'll corner each of you and tell you everything.

I do hope that you've enjoyed my Christmas Vac. 'cause half of the thrill of it for me is sharing it with you.

Best love to all,
 Rettie

AUTHOR

(Continued from Page 3)

believes there is no cause for a great fear of a shooting war with China occurring at any moment. In answering a current question, "Why should we defend Formosa?", Mr. Metcalfe gave three reasons: 1—Moral obligation to Chiang Tai-Shek. 2—A factor of investment is involved since the United States has spent thousands of dollars equipping armies which are continually growing both in size and efficiency. 3—A strategic

GOATS, GOATS

(Continued from Page 3)

Carolyn Evans, Margaret Tucker, Jacqueline Albrecht, Peggy Boyd, Patricia Easen, Betty Powers, Betty Pattersen, Rita O'Flynn, Phyllis Moulden.

military reason for defending Formosa is that if we withdraw from Formosa, it will be easy for the Communists to invade a new place in South East Asia.

Mr. Metcalfe said that there was no commitment for us to defend the islands off the Chinese Coast. According to Mr. Metcalfe Communist China will probably make an effort to avoid war with us because, although her army is large, she lacks factories to build tanks, planes, and guns. Fuel for planes is also scarce. There are many indications of future changes in the Kremlin. Russian officials would not start war unless they were sure it could be ultimately and quickly. However, if we get in a major war the H. Bomb will be used by the enemy or us. There is room for optimism because both sides of the iron curtain know this. In closing, Mr. Metcalfe reminded us that if we try to understand the problems, support the U. N. and stand at the side of God in justice and in peace, a great effort to prevent an all out war will be made.

Mr. Metcalfe is a holder of a number of awards including the National Headlines Plaque, Norways Saint Olav Medal and the Chilean Legion of Merit, all given him for distinguished journalistic achievement. He is the former Washington Diplomatic Correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune and for Time Magazine.

CANDIDATES

(Continued from Page 1)

race for Athletic Association President. With a major in physical education, Myra Ann at the present time is the acting treasurer of A.A. Not only is she a participant in intramural badminton, the manager of the table tennis team, a member of the extra-mural hockey and basketball teams and a representative of the V.A.F.C.W. convention at R.P.I., but also she is a member of the Mercury Club, German Club and Sigma Sigma sorority.

Breeze

ANN FOSNIGHT



Running as a candidate for the editorship of the Breeze is Ann Fosnight, an English major in curriculum III. Ann, who comes from Front Royal, holds the office as news editor of the Breeze and membership in the Stratford Players, as well as in Sigma Sigma sorority.

NAT TILLER



An English and history major, Nat Tiller is the other nominee scrambling for the position of editor of the

There Was an old Lady
Who lived in a shoe
She had so many Children
But Knew What to do
She'd go down to LOEWNER'S
And records she'd buy
It kept the kids happy
And she very spry.

VISIT DOC'S TEAROOM

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FINE ENGRAVING
WHILE YOU WAIT

Hershey's Soda and Gift Shop

COLLEGE STATIONERY
Madison Seal Costume
Jewelry and
Sweatshirts

college newspaper. Acting as the Chief Scribe of the Scribblers and as Headline Editor of the Breeze constitute Nat's newspaper experience this year. A student in curriculum II, Nat has served as a representative to the recreation council; a native of Richmond she belongs to the Cotillion Club and to Zeta Tau Alpha sorority.

Schoolma'am

MARY SUE MISSIMER



For the editorship of the Schoolma'am, Mary Sue Missimer, an elementary education major in curriculum I is first on the slate. Her present position on the Schoolma'am staff is feature editor. Besides being the publicity chairman of the Stratford Players and acting as a Junior Marshall, Mary Sue is also a member of the German Club and Alpha Sigma Tau sorority.

Life—A span of time, of which the first half is ruined by our parents and the second half by our children. **The Phoenix Flame.**

PHYLLIS RAE SAWYER



Phyllis Sawyers appears on the list as the second candidate for the editorship of the Schoolma'am. Hailing from Norfolk. Phyllis is majoring in social science and history in curriculum Y. She holds membership in the Cotillion Club, Association of Childhood Education and Pi Kappa Sigma sorority, of which she is scrapbook chairman. This year Phyllis was organization editor of the Schoolma'am. She is also vice-president of Shenandoah apartments.

Free Passes to State

- Mary Sue Missimer
- Phyllis Sawyers
- Margaret Hartsel
- Charlene Myers
- Ann Lewis

Free Passes to Virginia

- Mary Lou Carroll
- Myra Ann Smith
- Ann Fosnight
- Nat Tiller
- Marica Maier
- Mary Sue Nelson

FLICKS

(Continued from Page 2)

North, which provide the story with a spectacular background.

James Stewart, playing Jeff Webster, is a hard, cold, and ambitious prospector. He is cold enough to leave his companions when they fail to take his warning of a coming avalanche; hard enough to kill for a herd of cattle; and ambitious enough to think only in terms of gold. But when this harshness of character costs him the things he loves most, Stewart emerges as a man of warmth and understanding.

The avalanche and the cattle trek across the mountain peaks are breathtaking sights. Lust for gold and claim jumping present a raw struggle between the forces of good and evil.

Particular note should be made of the outstanding acting and the superb photography.

"The Far Country" runs for the entire week of February 20th at the State. Coming next Sunday is the all Negro musical, "Carmen Jones".

Grace Kelly has chalked up another hit in "The Bridges at Toko-Ri", which will be playing at the Virginia

Theater Saturday through Wednesday of next week. This is an action story filmed in Technicolor.

Navy pilot William Holden has a striking role as a husband torn from his family to fight for his country. His wife, portrayed by Miss Kelly, surprises him by joining him in Japan for a short vacation before he is sent out on a deadly mission.

Mickey Rooney comes to Holden's rescue several times in his helicopter and stays in the midst of the fight throughout the movie. As the Admiral concerned over the safety of one of his best pilots, Frederic March tries to brace Holden's wife for the jolt she may get some day if her husband were killed in action. He advises her to prepare herself for the worst, for he himself suffered the loss of two sons in the war.

This is an interesting movie made from the best seller, "The Bridges at Toko-Ri". It will be shown at the Virginia February 19th through the 23rd, so watch for this unforgettable movie.

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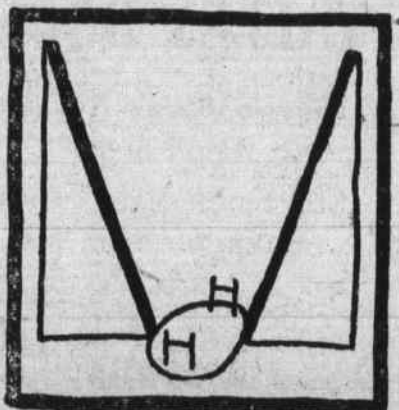
DAINTY PASTERIES FOR THOSE MIDNIGHT SNACKS At Our BAKERY DEPT.

MICK OR MACK

MORE LUCKY DROODLES! MORE LAUGHS!



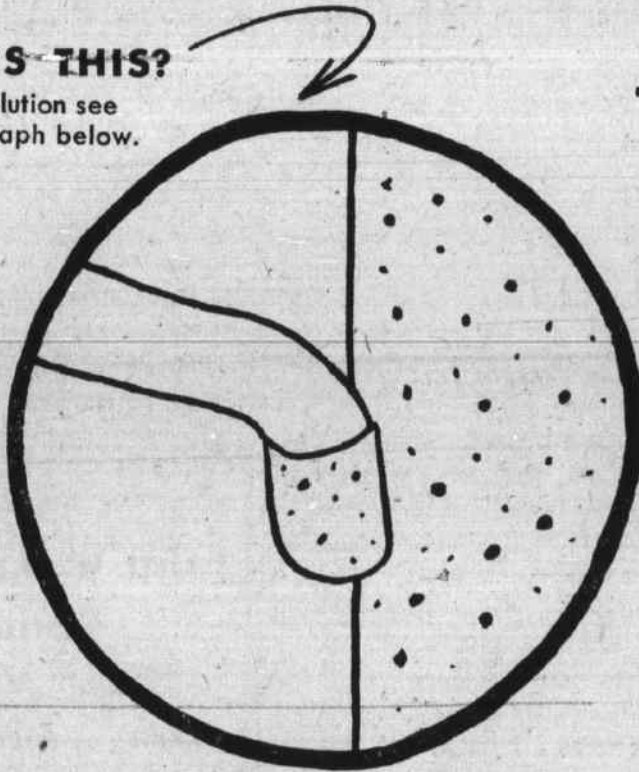
FIGURE EIGHT SKATED ON THIN ICE
Charles McGaha
Eastern New Mexico University



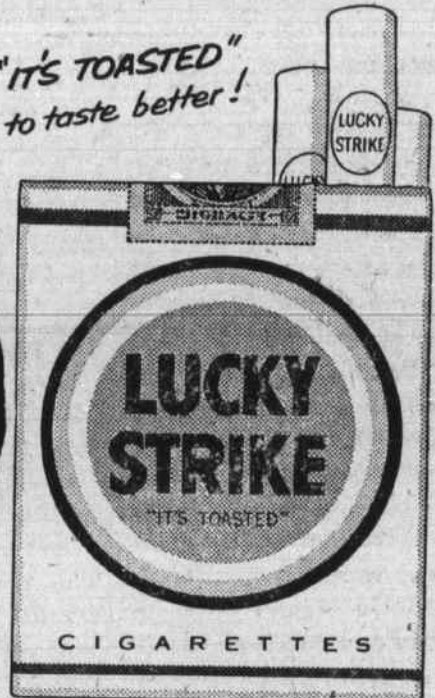
FOOTBALL STADIUM WITH ALL SEATS ON 50-YARD LINE
Herbert V. Wilkins
University of Alabama

WHAT'S THIS?

For solution see paragraph below.



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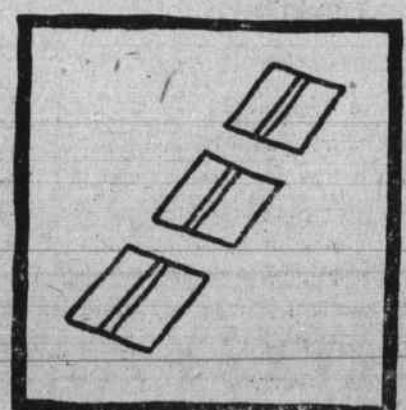
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Sport Specs

By 'Jan'



The Duchesses face Longwood College in basketball with a record of one win, one loss for the first team and two wins for the second. The games will be played on the Longwood courts with Miss Hartman doing the coaching in the absence of Miss Morrison.

Mrs. Hewitt and Miss Morrison left Thursday at noon with a group from the Modern Dance Club for the Arts Forum in Greensboro, North Carolina. Helene Sellner, Mary Manhardt, Joan Kafer, Bée Ellis, and Mary Ellen Choate will present their interpretation of a "Stellar Journey" to "A Horn" from Stan Kenton's "This Modern World". Jose Limon, guest critic, will review the dances and present a concert on Saturday night.

Tryouts for the Modern Dance Club were held Thursday of last week with eight new members being accepted. Congratulations to Bette Hunt, Lois Hall, Gloria Young, Bonnie DeLauder, Reisa Frank, Charlene Grimm, Barbara Taylor, and Beverly Pearce, the new members.

Intramural basketball has been completed except for the tournament. Game totals as of this past Wednesday find the Goald League ahead 34 to 18 in games won. The tournament will be played next week and the honorary team, chosen by nominations from the teams of the best forward and guard against whom they have played, will be chosen to play the extramural team on a date which is yet to be scheduled.

Volley ball sign up lists are still up—don't forget to put your name on for a lot of fun. Games will be played in the afternoon starting February 28.

Intramural badminton and table tennis lists are also up. Tournaments will be posted and the games will be played at the convenience of the players with a week's leeway. Tables in any of the recreation rooms or the gym may be used. Badminton equipment will be in Reed Gymnasium. The week of February 28 will be devoted to instruction and the tournament will begin March 7.

Applicants Needed

There have been several cancellations of the service scholarships both in the Dining Hall and in the Ten Hour jobs effective at the end of the first semester. There no doubt will be other vacancies between now and the end of the term on February 6. A few applications are on file to fill the vacancies which are occurring, but there is a shortage of applicants. Students who desire to assist their college budgets the second semester are urged to file an application with the Director of Student Personnel Services in Wilson Hall as soon as possible.

Students who desire to apply for the pro-rated 1955 summer school teaching scholarships should submit their applications to the Director of Student Personnel Services during the month of February.

Students who desire to apply for the 1955-56 regular term teaching scholarships should submit their applications to the Director of Student Personnel Services during the month of April.

Since new applications for admissions to the 1955-56 session are coming in much ahead of this time last year, all present scholarship students who desire a continuation of their scholarship should submit their re-applications early. Your cooperation with this program has been admirable.

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NORTH MAIN STREET

'Y' Activities Include Religious Discussion Led By Rev. McCabe

Acting officers for Y. W. C. A. until elections, to take the place of Roxanne Thompson, who has graduated, and Bethel Massie, who did not return to Madison this semester, are Elenor Lane taking Roxanne Thompson's place as vice-president and Jo Woodford taking Bethel Massie's place as secretary.

Next Monday, February 21, at 8:00 P.M. in Alumnae Hall's reception room the first of a number of discussions will be sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. The first discussion will be led by the Rev. Mr. McCabe. The topic will concern evolution and religion.

You'll be hearing more about Religious Emphasis Week which is February 28th through March 4th. Rev. James Bryden from Washington, D. C. will be a guest speaker.

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A BIG TOP HIT MOVIE

"Duchesses" Down Lynchburg In "Nip and Tuck" Game Here

One of Madison's hardest and fastest moving games was played Saturday, February 12, when they met Lynchburg College on the home court.

Lynchburg College played a "nip and tuck" game all the way but Madison held their own with the forwards using outstanding lay up shots to edge Madison ahead. Also the spirit of the Madison girls who had returned to the team after student teaching greatly added to Madison's performance.

Controlling of the back board was just one of the many skills Madison displayed. They used many beautiful set shots and lay ups yet Lynchburg College managed to tie the score and then move ahead.

Hard playing on the part of the Madison team helped move the score up until once again Madison maintained the lead. The undying spirit of the coach and the team members helped maintain the score at 31-29, Madison's favor.

On a long set shot Lynchburg College tied the score 31-31. The blowing of the whistle brought to an end a hard moving half in which both teams met their opponents on equal grounds.

With the whistle came a half in which the ability to work as a team was evident. This half exhibited a terrifically hard game between teams in which they matched skill for skill.

Capturing the ball, Madison raced forward only to have it captured from them. Yet Lynchburg, when trying to score, met with the same opposition. During the entire quarter a total of three points was scored thus proving what a spectacular game it was.

Madison, by means of some fast lay up shots, moved ahead but Lynchburg College came up rapidly, narrowed the gap, and then surged ahead. The fighting spirit of Madison was not to be taken lightly as they came ahead for pay dirt.

Madison capturing the ball from Lynchburg College and then controlling it, managed to tie the score;

and then began to move ahead to win 42-41.

The whistle ended a game both teams were proud to play and one in which the teams played a highly skilled game. Madison proved again they could not only win but exhibit the outstanding achievement of team sportsmanship and skill.

Lineups	Pts.
Guyton, Jo, f.	21
Myers, Betty, f.	15
Legard, Carolyn, f.	1
Stewart, Shirley, f.	5
Carroll, Mary Lou, g.	
Kiser, Jo, g.	
Webb, Anita, g.	
Smith, Myra, g.	
Talbot, Doris, g.	
Total	42

SECOND TEAM

Madison's second team exhibited the same skill and team achievements the first team displayed as they romped Lynchburg College's second team for the second win of the day.

Over head shots seemed to be the Madison team's favorite with Madison's forwards leading the scoring for the first half.

Madison's guards, as well as their forwards, controlled the back-board from the very beginning. Lynchburg tried to match Madison for skill, yet failed as Madison surged ahead. Fighting spirit and good sportsmanship added to the Madison team's move for supremacy.

The whistle ended the half with Madison still controlling the score and Lynchburg trailing.

The whistle, beginning the second half, began Madison's move for their second victory.

Fast lay up shots and beautiful set shots enabled Madison to hold their advantage over Lynchburg College. Then Madison broke loose, pouring their hearts and trained skills into racking a sure victory for Madison.

Though Lynchburg tried to even the score and cop a victory for themselves, Madison held their own. The guards enabled Madison to control much of the half with their rebounding abilities and the techniques of moving the ball down the court.

Madison's forwards burned the cords as they fired shot after shot into the rim. The team work exhibited gave Madison's second team the win they sought, 36-17.

Lineups	Pts.
Shultz, Pat, f.	19
McClanahan, Jean, f.	2
Stroter, Pat, f.	1
Bolen, Jan, f.	4
Slemp, Peggy, f.	4
Roberts, Betty, f.	2
Newman, Betty, f.	4
Lewis, Ann, g.	
Eubank, Gussie, g.	
Garman, Jean, g.	
Rinker, Gail, g.	
Painter, Sylvia, g.	
Total	36

Exhibit

The 600 members of the Rockingham County Historical Society are sponsoring their annual Washington Birthday HISTORICAL EXHIBIT AND SILVER TEA on Saturday afternoon from 2:30 to 5:30 on February 19th in the Conference Room of the Public Library on Newman Avenue. The Society cordially invites the students and faculty of Madison College to see the 18th and 19th century items featured in the Exhibit.

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STARTS SUNDAY Feb. 20th For Full Week



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