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The Colonnade

Longwood
Farmville, Virginia



Longwood
College
May, 1955



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The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE
Farmville, Virginia

Vol. XVIII

May, 1955

No. 3

Change Is the By-Word:

The tradition of the **Colonnade** has been to present to our readers something worth reading—something to "chew upon", if possible. We strive to publish a high type of writing without too much loftiness, and humor without vulgarity. These standards will not be altered.

However, this Spring we have made several obvious changes. First, we have reduced the format so that the magazine will not suffer from so much white space. It should now appear more compact and readable.

Our second change is the publication of two twelve-page magazines this time instead of the usual one twenty-four page magazine. The result is that our Spring parody and literary magazine are completely separate. It is our hope that these changes will be considered improvements.

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The cover for this issue was designed by Virginia Lee Obenchain.

Life's Little Ironies

THE WRINKLE



I saw three rabbits.
One was with her four young.
They will be taken from her soon.
She knows.
For between her ruby eyes
There is the wrinkle.
It makes a furrow through her forehead;
Then wraps itself subtly
Around her eyes.

Another is alone.
Her children have been taken from her.
Soon there will be more.
She looks at me quietly through the wire,
And I touch her nose gently
With one finger.
Through her forehead
There is the wrinkle.

With the last are nine little ones
Crowding in a box of fur and straw
And peering fearfully through furry snow suits.
The mother looks at me proudly.
These are her first children.
Her soft forehead is smooth.
There is no wrinkle.

—Carolyn Waugaman

TELEPHONE WIRES

Suspended in the sky
Over all,
Cabled wires
Carrying power
And song and dreams.
The linking of a nation,
A sparrow's resting place.



—Carolyn Waugaman

SPOTTED DASH

by JACKIE ADAMS

SHERIFF, I ain't fixin' no hate in my mind 'bout them prohibitioners. This mornin' when I went to tend my still, them federal agents was alayin' in wait for me. When I run they shot me in the back with buckshot.

Sheriff, while we wait for that contraption to take me to the hospital, I want you to go down to see my pups—the purtiest durn things you ever saw. Nine o' them—out of old Spotted Dash. You'll like 'em Sheriff. Six weeks old day before yesterday.

I wish you'd knowed the mammy of them pups. Spotted Dash was the best dog I ever owned and my old fox-horn has called in many a hound in its day. I guess you're a good man and don't mind what I say. I'd like to live and raise them pups — one of 'em might be like Spotted Dash. I want to tell you about her.

Over there on that red knob lived the runningest red fox 'twixt here and tidewater. My pack and Spotted Dash had been chasing him for five years. 'Tother mornin' everything was jest right and I says to myself, now is the time to ketch him. It was jest after a rain, sorter cool, and you could hear the dogs bark from here to Culpeper.

We warn't long in jumpin' the fox and the whole pack had him sight race in the field beyond them woods. But that fox was long gone from here. Every time I saw 'em Spotted Dash

was in the lead. Maybe I ought not to let her run that day, but she was about to wean the pups and she was in good shape—she was always strong.

We jumped the fox early that mornin'. When dinner time came he was still goin' strong. Half of the pack had done give up, but Spotted Dash and the others was still pokin' him straight from behind. He tried tackin', but that didn't do no good. They kept at his heels. He tried every-thing—he must have walked two miles of chestnut rails, and he picked out every sheep parster and hog lot in this part of the country — trying to mess 'em up on the scent.

Finally when that didn't do no good, he tried what I ain't never seen a fox do before—he marched straight down the creek for about a mile—jest like a dog-gone coon. But Spotted Dash seemed to be sorter set on catch-

in' that old boy that day. Some more of the dogs came back long after dinner and the chase shifted to the northeast. I kept as close to the goings as I could, but these roads is rough.

Spotted Dash always did have a purty voice—ain't never heard one as clear. Jest like a good foxhorn when a man that knows how to, blows it. I could hear her voice every time she crossed the ridge carryin' that fox on and on into eternity, and warn't many dogs

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TURN-ABOUT

by PAT WALTON

WHY does trouble always pick on me? I never seem to do things without getting in a mess! All I did was fall in love. Anyone else can love anyone they want and whenever they want. But not me! No, sir! Whatever I do has to be strictly according to Emily Post and the Blue Book.

Before when I loved someone who didn't quite meet Daddy's standards, he merely sent me to a sunny resort such as Miami or Sun Valley. But this time he's gone to the other extreme.

I'd never heard of this frozen hole before; yet here I sit in this—this clammy cell! Salzburg—Salzburg, Austria—great tourist attraction. Hah! What attracts them? The snow?

And suppose I could find some entertainment. I don't know enough German to understand what would be going on. Besides, this money's so crazy I'd probably pay too much for everything.

But I simply can't stand this hotel room any longer; I have to get outside. The owner mentioned an opera matinee. Maybe if he would get the ticket, I could take a chance on that. I'll call the desk and ask him.

"Hello. May I speak with Herr Schmidt?" Thank goodness these employees understand English. "Oh, hello, Herr Schmidt. This is Miss Carter. I was wondering if it would be possible for you to get a ticket to that matinee for me?" . . . "Yes, I understand. Thank you very much, Herr Schmidt."

Let's see. It begins at 3:30, so I'll have just enough time to change my clothes. What does one wear to an Austrian opera? I guess the simple black one would be suitable . . .

Well, coat, gloves, purse. I'm ready, but my stomach's churning. It's so silly for me to be nervous. Now, lock the door.

I'm glad my room is on the second floor, and I don't have to take that story-book elevator. When I'm in it, I feel like a "bird in

the gilded cage". Silliest thing I ever saw. A golden elevator with windows and a velvet seat is something you'd find only in Austria!

"I believe Herr Schmidt left an envelope for Miss Carter. May I have it, please?" . . . "Thank you."

Br-r-r; I bet the North Pole isn't as cold as this place. I'm glad I only have to cross the street . . .

I didn't expect such a crowd. It's a good thing I already have my ticket. I'll follow these people and do what they do. Looks like they're checking their coats, so I will too . . . Now to find my seat. I'll show my ticket to the usher at that door . . .

Oh, no! I must have made a faux pas. And it must be terrible 'cause the usher keeps waving his arm and spewing words at a machine-gun rate.

"I'm sorry, I don't speak German." And obviously you don't speak English. Heck! How am I going to—? . . . Huh? . . . Oh, a young man who says he'll straighten things out . . . It seems I'm on the wrong side.

"Thank you so much. I don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't come along." M-m-m. Certainly is good-looking . . .

"Yes, I think I'll be all right now. Thank you again." I wish your seat were next to mine. You look interesting.

This place—what's it called? Oh yes, the Landesteatre, that's it. Fascinating. Look at that chandelier! And gold filigree on the draperies! It's just like a palace.

The orchestra's beginning the overture. Curtains's going up . . . Everyone certainly is enjoying himself. I wish I knew what's so funny so I could laugh too.

I wonder where that young man is sitting? Where could he be from? He certainly isn't German—or American either. His accent is different, and he's tall and dark—the typical Latin-lover type . . .

TURN-ABOUT

Well, intermission time. I'll see if I can't find him. Besides being very attractive he's someone to talk to . . . Oh, there he stands.

"Hello. Would you mind if I talk with you? I can't seem to reach these other people." . . . He has a very nice laugh.

"I'm Vickie Carter from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. And you?" . . . Rudolfo Nunez from Madrid.

"Are you studying here in Salzburg, or are you just a fellow tourist?" . . . Just touring. Must be wealthy. We should get along very well. "Go out for a drink after the performance? Yes, I'd love to! You see, I don't know anything about the city, and I haven't any friends here." Not yet, anyway. Vicki, old girl, you're making progress. What a joke on Daddy! Out of the frying pan into the fire . . .

I wish this thing were over. It's a waste of good time. I wonder where we'll go? . . .

At last, the final curtain. I was getting numb from sitting. Now to get my coat and meet Rudolfo. . .

"There you are Rudolfo. I'm all ready to go." . . . I'll never get used to this cold. I don't see why these Austrians don't turn into statues . . .

"Do we really need a taxi? I like to walk." Liar . . . "I've never seen the part of Salzburg on the other side of the river. What did you say the name of the place was?" . . .

The Augustinians. "That's unusual; I've never heard of a beer garden run by monks." And they make the beer in the monastery. I knew these Austrians were nuts, but this is the limit.

"Is this it?" Doesn't look like much and smells like a lot of things." A marble staircase! And statues! This is fascinating. But what's that odor?" . . . A delicatessen. That



beats everything. My heavens, what are those messes they've got for sale? . . . "No thanks. I'm not hungry." Even if I were starving, I wouldn't eat their version of egg salad. . . .

"No, I don't believe I can drink one of those liter-mugs full of beer. I'll take a half-liter mug." . . .

"What are those verses written on the walls?" . . . Dirty stories?! Boy! Monks who run a beer garden with dirty stories

on the wall. No one would believe me if I told them about this. They'd have to see it to believe it.

"Tell me more about yourself, Rudolfo. I want to know everything." . . . Nineteen years old, and I'm eighteen. Pretty good . . . No particular ambition—we have a lot in common . . . Hey, this boy works fast. Well, I can keep up with him.

"I don't know, Rudolfo. We only met a few hours ago. But since you're such a gentleman, I think it would be permissible for me to go to your hotel room. But! Only for a little while." Well, I can't say I wasn't expecting it, but so soon? . . .

"This is a nice hotel. How long have you been here?" . . . Two weeks.

"How long do you plan to stay?" Probably two more weeks. Good! Now, who in this world could he want me to meet? Certainly, not a wife!

"I'm very happy to meet you, Senora Nunez. Your son was very helpful this afternoon. I don't know what I would've done without him." I know what I could do without you, though! Parents certainly are a nuisance . . . "No, I really mustn't stay. I'm expecting a call from my father. But you must come to see me, please." . . . Yeah, I bet you will.

Continued on Page 10



Semantics

BONE

The bone is a part of the body,
Biology has taught us it's true.
It also means to study,
Something I can't find time to do.

CHISEL

The artist takes his tools
And chisels a statue of stone
The student may chisel with pencil,
A test grade that isn't his own.

CORN

Our forefathers first planted corn,
And corn today we still use,
But Uncle Will creates in his still,
That liquid we also called booze.
—Liz Blackman

Romantics


LONELINESS

An unrelenting emptiness creeps in
With feet of ice and breath of frosty dew;
And wraps around my solitary soul,
And makes my lonely heart an aching void.
—Anne Thomas

LOVE

Elusive
Nymph, builder of my dreams and
Tyrant of my
Sorrow.

—Lois Ann Childers



The Goldfish Bowl

by ANNE THOMAS

HUNNY thing about goldfish—they never seem to get tired of just swimming around in circles. Just swim around and around all day in a little glass bowl, and never seem to mind.

Helen stared at the shiny little fish, darting back and forth in the bowl like hunks of sunlight. She shook her head and smiled a little and kept on dusting the table. She moved busily about the room, dusting the chair that squeaked every time she touched it, dusting the piano that was always out of tune. Half-way through her task she paused, put her hands on her hips, and stared distastefully about her. She exhaled an exasperated little sigh, cast a contemptuous look at the dust-cloth in her hand and turned to her work again.

There was the sound of a car turning in the driveway, rubber tires grinding on the gravel, a motor groaning to a stop by the back door. Helen ran to the door and greeted her husband.

"Right on time, darling. Six o'clock on the dot, as usual. Don't think you've missed it by a minute a single day since we've been married."

"Pretty good record, I'd say. Eight years—that's pretty good."

"Yes, eight years is a long time. Go wash your hands while I put supper on the table."

She set the table in the living room, by the big picture window. Joe would like that. It would be a change. A change from the same old routine.

Joe came down-

stairs, stopping on the bottom step to stare at his wife, who was busily arranging the silver on the table.

"What the devil are we eating in here for? We got company coming or something?"

"No. I just thought it would be a nice change. You know, something different."

"Well I don't get it. Seems to me the kitchen is the place to eat."

She clenched her fists and drew a deep breath. "Well, we won't eat in here any more then, if that's the way you feel, dear." Sarcasm rang in her voice. "No sir, you won't have to eat in the living room ever again if you don't want to."

"Mmm. Fed the fish today? He sprinkled some dried food into the water and watched the fish as they rose lazily to the surface, ate, and returned to the bottom to continue their aimless circling.

Helen turned away impatiently. "Stupid creatures! How could anything alive have so little ambition? How could anything be content to spend its life going around in circles?"

"Don't have much choice, I guess, all closed up in a bowl like that."

She shrugged indifferently. Suddenly her face brightened and her voice became soft and pleading. "Joe, let's go to a movie tonight. There's a good one playing at the Center. I could get dressed in a hurry and . . ."

"Now, Helen, you know how tired I am when I get home from work. I just don't feel like going out."

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The Light Is Dark Enough



LONELY CANDLE

Lonely candle, burning bright,
Cast your radiant ray;
Kill the gloom of somber night,
Bury it with day.

Flicker softly as you glow,
Cry your waxy tear;
Like the love I used to know,
Die and disappear.

—Suzanne Faison

THE WAITING HOURS

The night came in; I watched it move
About the room with careful tread
And cat-like creep on noiseless feet
Till it was standing by my bed.

I saw it gather up the room
And tuck it carefully away
Beneath a blanket cool and dark
Till empty blackness around me lay.

But soon two elfin whisps of light
Peeked wide-eyed from beneath the door;
Stealthily they squeezed inside, and
Tried to tiptoe 'cross the floor.

First they crept; then growing more bold,
Ran to the walls, the bed, the chair,
And, folding up the blanket dark,
Revealed to me the morning there.

—Roberta Scott Williams

CAMPUS REVIEWS

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA—

ON Wednesday, March 16, audiences in Farmville were privileged to see the film adaptation of **The Beggar's Opera**, under the auspices of the Better Film Series. This "opera," which holds a unique position in the history of music, was changed somewhat to suit the tastes of modern audiences but retained all of its original charm.

"If poverty be a title to poetry, I am sure nobody can dispute mine." These words, spoken by the beggar in John Gay's original creation, help to explain the significance that this delightful bit of theatre had for drama and opera patrons in the early 18th century. As it was originally conceived, **The Beggar's Opera** was a satire on the heavily stylized Italian opera that was enjoying such a vogue in London at this time. Gay merely transformed the artificial characters of Italian opera into a pack of rogues and thieves, and gave them for a setting the notorious Newgate Prison and the sin-infested dens of the nether-world. In this work, Gay mercilessly satirized the court circles and especially Robert Walpole, who was then Prime Minister.

As usual, Sir Lawrence Olivier took the leading role—in this case that of the amorous highwayman, Captain Macheath. He performed brilliantly and deftly, and raised the comedy to a high plane by the lightness and buoyancy that he brought to the role. An added touch in the characterization of Macheath was Olivier's pleasant singing voice, which was heard here for the first time by film-goers. Whether he was carousing in an ale-house, pining away in chains in Newgate, or riding triumphantly through the streets in the mock-procession, Sir Lawrence was unforgettable as Macheath.

Dorothy Tutin was equally as convincing in her role as Polly Peachum. Though she was definitely not the wise strumpet that Gay conceived, Miss Tutin spoke and sang her lines beautifully and impeccably and brought to

the role a grace and charm that were typically English. Other unforgettable characters were Stanley Holloway as the roguish jail-keeper, Lockitt, and Daphne Anderson as his daughter Lucy.

Mention should be made too of Sir Arthur Bliss's musical score. Though the melodies of the 69 songs were those of old English ballads or lifted from works of well-known English composers—notably Handel and Purcell—Bliss shaped and transplanted them for the purpose of the film. He handled this difficult job admirably.

—Barbara Southern

MCCURDY AND GREENWOOD—

THE final lyceum program, presented on April 26, gave us a rare opportunity to hear an organ and harp ensemble. Mr. Alexander McCurdy, the organist, opened the program with a group of organ works by J. S. Bach. Playing entirely from memory, he showed great proficiency in using the instrument. He had carefully planned the registration so that the combination changes went smoothly. His interpretation was romantic rather than baroque. In the "Chorale Prelude" he showed a fondness for very soft string accompaniments. The "A Minor Prelude and Fugue" reached an exciting tempo and demonstrated superb technique, especially on the pedals.

The harpist, Flora Greenwood, stole the show, for her performance on a comparatively little known instrument held the audience in fascination. Her playing, phrased clearly and musically, deserved more attention than that given to an interesting curiosity. The Ravel "Introduction and Allegro," in particular, was executed with verve and sparkle.

Mr. McCurdy's musical activities are not limited to performance. His adaptations of works by Mozart, Debussy, and Ravel exhibit his skill as transcriber.

—Mary Ellen Hawthorne

Spotted Dash

Continued from Page 3

helping her out. One by one they come back with their tails 'twixt their legs.

I'll finish this, jest gimme time. I started to say, along about the middle of the evening the dogs went plumb out of hearing. They was the dogs went plumb out of hearing. Then I heard something. It was Spotted Dash comin' out of the east. I come up with her about five miles from here over at Will Justice's place. When I drove up in the yard at his house he was feeding out of his corncrib. The door was open. Out of the woods on 'tother side of some wheat stubble, that old fox come limp'in' straight toward us. Pretty soon Spotted Dash come out behind him.

I guess that fox and that hound was two good matches. Neither one didn't know how to give up. They was both tired and makin' no more speed than a man could walk. The fox was headed straight for that corncrib as I said, and when he got thar he jumped right through the door on the corn pile. Will kicked at him when he passed right by his feet.

We shet the door on the fox jest about the time Spotted Dash got thar. I picked her up and put her in my automobile. She was hardly able to move. When we went back to the crib to see if we could put that fox in a sack, he was stone dead, layin' on the corn pile. He'd dane run hisself to death. When I picked him up his legs stuck out stiff like he done froze.

I started back home with the fox and Spotted Dash in the car. She didn't move, jest mooned now and then. When she got here she wouldn't eat no supper. I put her to bed. She had run that fox from sun to sun. A man told me he seed her runnin' way down next to Culpeper. That's eighteen miles from here. Why there's no telling how many mountoins that pair climbed up and down between here and thar. And knowin' that big red I'll bet he went over the top of every one of 'em.

Next morning I went down to feed Spotted Dash. Her bobies was crawlin' over her, a nudgin' at her, but the best hound that ever hit these woods was gone forever. She was stone dead. She run her heart out. I buried

her and that red fox in the same grave. I guess they both had spunk a-plenty—more'n was good for 'em. She was a great foxhound, but so was the red fox she chased all over kingdom come. I ain't fergittin' neither one, and if I git back safe from the hospital, all I hope is I'll have a chance to see what Spotted Dash's pups amount to.

Turn-About

Continued from Page 5

"Oh, you needn't bother, Rudolfo. It's so cold, and I can take a taxi. Goodnight, senora. Goodnight, Rudolfo."

Whew! Life has a lot of surprises, but that was most unexpected. A mother! Well, I'll just have to charm her too. I'll call her in the morning and invite her to come and see me.

Morning already. I'd like to lie in bed all day. Oops! Mustn't forget to call Senora Nunez.

"Hello, would you call Senora Nunez at the Hotel Pitter, please?" I'll have to be very sweet and innocent. Daddy's stress on etiquette is finally coming in handy.

"What! She and her son have checked out of the hotel?!! Well-er-thank you."

Can you imagine a mother dragging her son off like that? Just like Daddy! Well, turn-about's fair play.

The Goldfish Bowl

Continued from Page 7

"Oh, all right! I wouldn't think of making you do anything you don't want to do!" Joe did not see the contempt in her face. He was gazing into the bowl, where the fish were both tugging at the same bit of food.

"I'm sorry, Honey. Maybe some other time when . . ."

"Can't you leave those fish alone!" With one violent sweep of her arm she dashed the bowl to the floor. It shattered, sending bits of glass flying to all parts of the room. Water everywhere—glass and water. And the goldfish flopped and fluttered helplessly on the floor.

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Along The Bridal Path

This is an entirely new publication dedicated to the "blushing bride of '55" and published by the Longwood Spinsters Society, Joan of Arc Chapter. We claim either to inspire you at this decisive moment of your life or to startle you into complete isolation from society. This is our purpose—no more, no less.

Our list of bridal consultants includes (in order of their contributions) the Mademoiselles Carolyn Waugaman, Georgia Jackson, Jeanne Saunders, Jacquelin Marshall, Molly Ann Harvey, Jane Adams, Margaret Miller, and Judy Billett.

Our professional bridal photographic consultants are Agee's Studio and Dolores Winder. Our own lovely model-bride is Miss (but not for long) Emily Jane Bake.



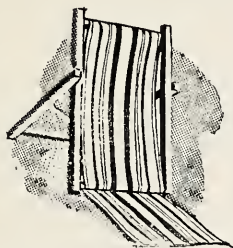
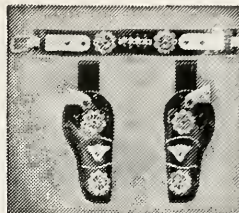
LIFETIME GIFTS FOR THE BRIDE (and groom)



Why not make your gift the original one?—something useful that the young couple will appreciate as a cherished addition to their new home. Here is a list of suggestions to help you choose the right gift.

Oh, and do they enjoy sports? What could be a more thrilling gift to any sports-minded young couple than a pair of duelling pistols? This is our specialty.

Here's an article that will be greatly appreciated—the very thing for those unexpected week-end guests—a trigger-touch, smash-together collapsible sofa bed—designed especially for the mother-in-law's room.



Any bride will be thrilled to receive a good old-fashioned self-rinsing, non-drying, non-automatic dishpan for those after-dinner blues. It has no moving parts and will last forever. In case your budget won't allow such a luxury, the young couple will be just as pleased with a set of beautiful Chinese-silk aprons fashionably embossed HIS and HERS.

Ornamental as well as useful, nothing could please them more than a quaint, wrought-iron garbage can for the front yard. This chic container also comes in brass and tin.



Here's that perfect suggestion to add real charm to the front room!—a full-sized reproduction of Cactus Jim Smith's famous painting, "Stampede in the Salt Lake City Stockyard."

World Series time is getting closer, so why not stock their Lazy Daisy with a good supply of Cheery Beery Bo to add real flavor to those afternoons of pleasure?



And last, but not least, a set of books for the wee-hour-of-the-morning reading which no young couple should do without. *Sexual Behavior of the Human Child*, by J. P. When.

Bookies for You



Your Wedding—from Ring to Reception

“Peach Blossoms”—Every engaged girl feels the need for their prenuptial record booklet printed delicately on pink paper for bridal party, guests, and gifts. You will treasure it for years. 25c.

The Hotel Prince Edward invites you to look in on its facilities for your wedding reception. Remember, Lee slept there!

How to preserve that Wedding Day loveliness of your bridal gown: the new deep freezing process guarantees safety from the ravages of time and insects. For added security and a few pennies more, you may have it preserved in bronze to match your baby shoes.

“Popping with Enthusiasm”—a new champagne punch recipe designed to match the color of the bride’s eyes while toasting the festivities. The brew is an eye-popping pink.



Your Honeymoon

Hungry Mother Resort will send you their full-color booklet telling you about the fun, excitement, and lazy living afforded for your honeymoon. Send for your booklets c/o The Hungry Mother, Starvation, Va.

Take a low-cost pre-planned trip by

Greyhound to all the scenic spots of nearby Virginia. Be sure to check the union—they may still be on strike.

Stay at the Hidden Cave Inn overlooking the Caribbean, where you can take a daily swim. Bathing caps furnished free. Your honeymoon free too if you find the cave.

Silver Beach offers all the excitement of clam digging and climbing in the nearby mountains. You are completely alone—except for the clams.

Paradise Island—A newlywed’s heaven that offers you a private cabin uniquely built among or in the palm trees or on rafts in the surrounding waters. The latter has cheaper rates.

Don’t risk boredom with your husband. Let our fashionable newlywed department arrange for you to meet just the right people with pre-arranged cocktail parties, afternoons at the golf course—something to do every minute—The Sans Dormir Hotel.

After

How to use an Electric Cleaner—Our booklet will show you the in’s and out’s of a cleaner with a powerful suction that is guaranteed to remove all annoying disturbances about the house.

Start with four, then add more. Every newly furnished house will be lighted to perfection by our new grey and pink TV lamps that blend in with any arrangement. They bend in all directions—and remember—no one will ever know you’re wearing one.



Marriage Etiquette

Something old . . . something new . . . something borrowed . . . customs . . . traditions . . . all derived from ancient civilizations . . . all important. But the most important, the one that keeps our modern wedding guests from dancing barefoot around bongo - bongo drums is ETIQUETTE.

The procession begins as strains of Mendelssohn's March begin to waft invitingly through the flower-scented air. The bride and groom do *not* enter first. This is *very* important. There *will* be ushers, friends of the bride, stationed near the church entrance when her husband-to-be stands on the church steps casting wistful glances over his shoulders. (These ushers are usually chosen for their physical strength and persuasive ability.) This fact may enlighten many people who wonder at the scuffles and thuds which are often heard from the vestibule of the church. As the best man leads the groom aside, the ushers enter, followed by the bridesmaids, the honor attendants and the flower girl. It is very wise to examine carefully the contents of the flower girl's petal basket, especially if the lass is young and the wedding is in the Spring. Easter baskets are nice, but chocolate bunnies and boiled eggs make the aisles horribly messy.

Finally the bride's father looses her from a half-nelson and the two proceed up the aisle; the groom with the best man enters from the vestry to meet the bride at the altar rail.

Now we are ready for the most important part, which is the altar procedure. The ushers make a left hand signal and step back four paces; the bridesmaids change

hats, allemand left and do-si-do to the inside arm of the ushers. The flower girl in the meantime flits rapidly about to avoid being totally crushed by the honor attendant who is caught up in the bride's train. The best man has misplaced the ring and is scrambling wildly about in pursuit of it. In the midst of this mass confusion the minister sticks his head through the fanning fern pot and yells fruit basket exchange. The bride is released from her father's arm and steps forward to the groom's left. The groom's *left!* Oh, the groom's left side! The bride's mother breathes a sigh of relief and the service is officially underway.

On the whole, it can truly be said that



the responsibility of maintaining the dignity of the occasion rests almost entirely on the bride's shoulders. The bride must refrain from wig-wagging signals and pointing, even though her father is seeing most of the people for the first time. (It is always a sweet gesture if, when the groom and the best man meet the bride and her father at the chancel steps, the bride will lean over and whisper: "Father, this is

(Continued on page seven)



A BRIDE FOR REAL

He proposed. You said yes. Together you drove to San Quentin to tell his parents. Your parents would like to know his family, but there is a wall between them.

He gives you your ring. This is the symbol of your engagement. You will never remove this token of love because one day as you were holding hands by the oil stove, the plastic around the stone melted and dried on your finger.

Your parents announce your engagement. You will always remember the ecstasy of seeing your name scrawled across the sky by Skeeter the Skywriter's plane. For a month you run madly around to parties, showers and loan companies. Your trousseau grows, and so does Daddy's charge account. It's a good thing he's Daddy Sawbucks.

The day arrives at last! You awake to the roll of thunder and the slosh of rain on the roof. You sigh with relief. Thank goodness there will be no outdoor pictures. You jump out of bed and begin making yourself beautiful. Now for something new, something borrowed, and something blue. You put on your new Beltone, you zip up your dress which you borrowed from the Garter Players, and finally adjust your

blue glass eye.

Before you know it, you're walking down the aisle on the strong arm of your father. Your man is at the altar awaiting his blushing bride-to-be. Shyly, you look up into his eyes through your veil. Is that a questioning look on his face? You can't tell for sure through the veil.

Now the preacher is asking those fateful words. Of course you do. And so does he. Then after a snuffling blur of faces, you're off to the Prince Edward for your honeymoon.

But your husband is behaving strangely. He insists on reading the newspaper before taking you to the bridal suite. Frantically, he ruffles the pages—Steve Canyon, Mary Worth — horoscope — crossword puzzle — births, deaths, marriages—aha! He wants to read about your wedding.

GOE-SAWBUCKS VOWS EXCHANGED

A wedding of no great interest took place this afternoon at the sweet little old brick church just down the road a piece. Miss Annie Sawbucks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Sawbucks, became the bride of Mr. Joe Goe, son of Mr. George Goe and the late Mrs. Gone . . .

(Continued on page 7)

The Bride's Calendar of Events



Wedding & Album

THE ENGAGEMENT:

- In the privacy of the family circle, announce that you have decided to become engaged. (You should have persuaded the groom-to-be by this time.) There will be the usual questions, "Are you sure? Is this really it?" But if you have a groom handy, you have nothing to worry about.
- This first obstacle hurdled, you must decide with the family how and when the engagement will be announced. Then inform your fiance.
Date of engagement announced
- It is best to have your fiance accompany you when making the final selection of the engagement and wedding rings (on which you already have had the jeweler inscribe the date and initials.) In the event the precious jewel is a complete surprise, do make sure to have it appraised before wearing it in public.
- Select a new dress for the engagement party. A strong hint to your fiance on the color and type of corsage to best compliment it, is advisable too. He is still too stunned to take his own initiative.
- Schedule a facial, manicure, massage, and hair dressing appointment for the day before the announcement party. This way, you will seem fresh, natural, and appealing.
Beauty salon date
- Be sure to acknowledge all engagement gifts immediately. Don't type them. Use your best quality vellum stationery, white or off-white. Mimeographed or dittoed thank-you notes are not presently in good form.

(Please turn page)

TWELVE WEEKS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- A family pow-wow should now take place to decide on the date, hour and place for the wedding ceremony. And, above all, the budget; not above the budget.
- Before plans are made concrete, it is a good idea to go over the story with the groom's family to show you are considering them, too.
- This is also a good time to start cementing happy relationships with your future mother-in-law. Drop by for cocktails some afternoon.

ELEVEN WEEKS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- Start your hunt for a house. It is customary for both you and your fiance to look together. Please, no fights in front of the agent.
- Once you have found your love-nest, you should now visit your Home Planning Consultant. You must go armed with all the facts: A floor plan, showing measurements and location of windows, doors, radiators, and by all means your budget. You might as well take your fiance along on this trip too; there may be checks to sign.
- Cement some more good relationships with your mother-in-law. More cocktails.

TEN WEEKS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- Invite whomever you wish to be your attendants. Today, bridesmaids furnish their own costumes. As the majority are either working or in college, it is not fair to impose a great financial burden upon them, especially if they are school-teachers.

NINE WEEKS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- A honeymoon destination should now be discussed—with the groom. Be original; don't go to Niagra Falls or Dismal Swamp.
- Cement firmer relations with the mother-in-law. More cocktails.

EIGHT WEEKS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- Have the first fitting for your wedding dress and make appointment for the second fitting.
Appointment for second fitting

SEVEN WEEKS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- Have second fitting for your wedding gown. If additional fitting is needed, write in date.
- Make an appointment to shop for the rest of your trousseau.

SIX WEEKS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- Keep that appointment for trousseau shopping.
- Urge your fiance to consider his own wardrobe needs.
- By visiting your mother-in-law again you can not only do more cementing of relationships, but also check on your fiance's wardrobe. Watch those cocktails.

FIVE WEEKS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- Make a date with the photographer—your fiance excluded—to have your formal picture taken, of course.
- Set date and begin plans with your mother for bridesmaids' party—luncheon, tea or dinner—(or you could go to your mother-in-laws for cocktails.)

FOUR WEEKS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- Send out wedding invitations. There is no need to send one to your parents—keep that one for your scrapbook.
- Paste the invitation in your scrapbook.
- Had your blood test yet?

THREE WEEKS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- Make final purchases:
 1. One blue garter to wrap around leg.
 2. Correct color and size hose for your gown.
 3. Rose petal confetti—or you can be different and use rice.
 4. Travel medicines, first-aid kit.
 5. Dark glasses.
 6. Spare tire.
- Why aren't you keeping up with gift acknowledgements?

TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- Go with groom for license—wedding license, that is.
- Check with Father to see if the funds are holding out.
- Check with groom to see if he is still willing. Threaten if necessary.

SEVEN DAYS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- Gift-wrap your groom's and bridesmaids' gifts. Don't get them confused.
- Remind everybody about rehearsal dinner—mother-in-law too—cocktails, remember.
- Keep up those thank-you notes.

(Please turn page)

SIX DAYS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- Memorize gifts and donors for the thank-you's in receiving line.
- Check with groom about film for camera.
- Check with groom about camera.
- Keep on checking with groom—and mother-in-law.

FIVE DAYS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- Stock your cupboard for your return from the wedding trip: spices, canned goods, bitters, TV frozen dinners, ripe olives, tea, gin, coffee, pretzels, AND a cook book!
- Learn how to cook.

THREE DAYS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- Check with groom to see if wedding rings have been picked up. Don't you dare let him forget them!
- Memorize those last minute gifts that have been pouring in. Then go to bed.

TWO DAYS BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- You're getting scared, aren't you?

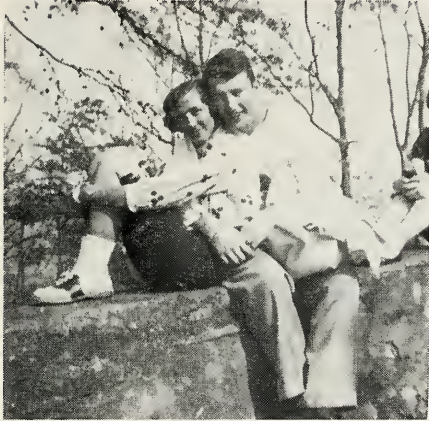
ONE DAY BEFORE THE WEDDING:

- Have your hair done.
- Buy an ice pack while in town.
- Pack for the wedding trip.
- Rest - rest - rest.
- Take a bath.
- Order champagne for rehearsal party.
- Don't forget the wedding rehearsal.
- No need to remind you of rehearsal party.
- Get to bed early.

THE DAY:

- The foundation having been laid and all relationships firmly cemented, you have concrete reasons for believing you're plastered—use ice pack if necessary.
- Rest.
- Take four aspirin, one Alka-Seltzer, and use ice pack again.
- Now, go directly to the church—the rest is up to you.
- Have a wonderful time!

Honeymoon Spots



desire for simple "togetherness" be truly fulfilled.

"We dreamed we were honeymooning on our private pink cloud." Such will be your reaction after you spend those first glorious days of married life at the Cedar Sky Brook Honeymoon Lodge. Moonlight dancing on your own private beach by a clear turquoise sea, breakfast on your own private flower-bedecked terrace, memorable hours in your own private motel of "cherry pink and apple blossom white," and hours of riding in the sunlight on your own thoroughbred Arabian stallion are only a few of the incomparable features of a honeymoon spot in this exotic atmosphere

Spend your honeymoon in the fairy-tale setting of the breath-takingly beautiful Willis Mountain. Just picture the two of you in a darling little white cottage, tucked beneath the delicate branches of a weeping willow tree. The lovely interior is enhanced by a multi-colored tile bathroom, flagstone patio, and spacious run-in-closets. This intimately charming little homestead, relaxed, informal, and appropriately secluded is sheer romantic paradise for happy honeymooners. Only here will your



Lovely, Lovely Lake of Goodwin's, characterized by that ligate tempo that does so appeal to honeymooners. Here is a perfect blend of the elements! Living accommodations are tremendous—private rooms with their own doors, barbaric spear-throwers, and that great get-acquainted swizzle party. For the best yet, the "time of your life," come to the Lovely Lake of Goodwin's.



HONEYMOON ALBUM



Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Al Fairbanks are caught by the candid camera as they play in the surf off the shoals of Holiday Lake, exclusive honeymoon resort. Mrs. Fairbanks is the former Miss R. Ora Borealis.



The links attracted Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Birdie. Mr. Birdie drawled, "She makes the best little caddy ah've evah had. Foah!!" They are pictured here at the first hole.



Mr. and Mrs. B. V. Deez chose the beach behind Kitchens for their honeymoon because of its convenient, central location. Mr. Deez, a past president of the Beach Bullies Club, is now a professional beach-comber.



Dr. and Mrs. Albert Einstone selected Craytor Lake for their honeymoon spot. They spent all their time making geological discoveries. Here they are examining a rare cephalopod.

Etiquette

(Continued from page 3)

Bill," and her father retaliates with: "Bill, my boy, put 'er there." So saying he extends his palm, and the groom has made his first loan.)

The service is not officially over until *after* the bridal party has left the church. When the minister cries, "I now pronounce you man and wife," the couple should proceed with caution up the aisle and through the shower of rice, confetti, rice, streamers, and rice to the car. This is an especially happy time for them both as they are eagerly anticipating . . . the reception. According to Mrs. Post, "the bride's car leaves first; next come those of the bridesmaids; next that of the bride's mother and father; next that of the groom's mother and father. Then follow the nearest members of both families, and finally all the other guests in the order of their being able to find their conveyances." (It was not mentioned but we *assume* that the groom *does* ride in that first car.) If some of the above-mentioned do not have cars, it is appropriate for them to walk—not run—in their proper order between the vehicles of those more fortunate than themselves. This slows up the procession considerably, but it keeps a beautiful convention alive.

The important thing about a reception is that everyone *should* have a good time. The receiving line is one of the happiest events—headed by the bride's mother, of course. The bride, grinning and beaming at the other guests, has that inner glow inspired by the thought that everyone in that room represents a gift.

The reception, other than providing an excellent opportunity for the bridesmaids to spill grape-punch down the fronts of their \$349.98 dresses, is also a perfect time for practicing the art of conversation. Several suggestive topics might be: How Can I Be Sure That I Am Getting the Most from My Dental Insurance? or Why My Gall Bladder Operation Was One of the Most Moving Experiences of My Life.

As the glasses are raised, the best man

starts a round of toasts by congratulating the newlyweds. By the time the caterer is roaring a toast to the mother-in-law's private maid, the bridal couple see their chance and head for their traveling clothes.

The wedding is nearing its end as the bride tosses her bouquet and then hurries to the car on the arm of the groom. It is never difficult to determine the car. Everything but the side-view mirror is covered with an excess of Wesson Oil cans, old garbage pails and do-it-yourself Toni boxes. The bride and groom pull away from the curb laughing gaily — their mahogany antique chest-of-drawers and their porcelain toilet basin bumping merrily behind them over the cobblestone street.

A Bride for Real

(Continued from page 4)

The bride was given in marriage by her faithful dog, Brandy. She wore a wedding gown of scorched gaslight calico with a receding neckline, accented by freckled shoulders. Her veil of heirloom chicken wire was held in place by a ring through her nose. She carried a bouquet of white chicken feathers. Her only ornaments were rhinestone earrings, a pearl choker, neon bracelets, and an anklet inscribed, "To Annie from Punjab."

"Annie!" He folds the paper neatly and gazes at you through the chicken wire. "Annie Sawbucks! But I was supposed to marry Gini McNinnie!"

"And I was supposed to marry John Doe!"

At last you have peace of mind; you know who you really are. And this would be a good time to leave you to your new-found happiness.

Advice to persons about to marry —
Don't.

—Punch's Almanack, 1845



Marriage is the one subject on which
all women agree and all men disagree.

—Wilde

DO IT YOURSELF



Did you ever stop to think that you could? Many of our readers have—why don't you try it?

Mr. Mayhem Louis of Sunnydale has some special advice for young newlyweds who plan to have big houses with cheery fire-places. Finding his chimney full of soot, Mayhem cut off a six foot length from the chicken yard wire fence, rolled it up into a ball, and tied a rope to each end. Then, with his small son stationed on the ground at the flue opening, Mayhem dropped the rope down the chimney and tugged with all his might while his son held onto the other end. Made a clean job, he tells us; however, he has not been able to locate his son since then. And incidentally, he reports, his chimney has been smoking quite a bit recently.

Like most busy young executives, Kickmore McGee was bothered by weeds in his garden, so he discovered a sure-fire method of killing them without labor. "Jist sprinkle rock salt all over after ya plow and then plant yer garden for three nights in the full moon," he says proudly. But Kickmore just can't understand why his garden doesn't grow. (We recommend this to city dwellers who want to keep their neighbors' tall grass from growing over to their side of the property line.

Mrs. Charles Upsnoot of West Caledonia says, "Charles and I were so tired of seeing our terrace in the same place.

Finally, we decided to have it broken up by a bulldozer. Now the bricks are loosely arranged in the sand, and the guests can move the terrace about as they wish, simply by picking up the bricks and rearranging them wherever they like.

Did you get a portable sewing machine for a wedding present? Betsy Lame Brain of Shivering Boulders knew just what to do with hers. She went to an auction sale and bought herself a small desk with a typewriter drop, sanded and enameled the legs and sides to a high lustre, and bolted the sewing machine into the drop. Then she nailed a heavy plastic mat to the top for easy-to-clean work space. The machine is out of sight, she says, and even better, she can't get it out to save her life.

Faced with the costly job of staining her pine kitchen cabinets, Mrs. Dopey Dowdy of Blustering Meadows simply bought some motor oil from a gasoline station and colored it. (You can use grey for a dull, ashen finish or automobile paint for a luminescent red.) As she was painting, the mixture fell on her face from the top shelf. Mrs. Dowdy reports that the color of her face, arms, and hair is incomparable, has lasted for years, and shows no appreciable signs of weathering.

The editors suggest that when you paint your new apartment, paint a long roll of wallpaper to match, and store it in the closet. Then when the walls begin to crack, you can paste a piece over the spot. Every time another crack comes in, just slap on another piece of paper. Gives your room a carefree, splotchy air. Very soon the whole wall will be papered. By then some of the paper will be starting to wear out. That's when you start painting again and—need we go on?

If you have a helpful hint, just send it in on a postcard to: Handy Mandy, Farmville, Va. You can do it!

This Time for Keeps...



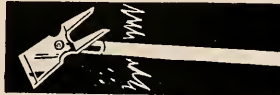
This month's bride admires her Willowed pattern by **Gorman**. Its distinctive, timeless beauty makes it a masterpiece of design. Every delicate, graceful detail blends with the romantic new idea in sterling.

You will welcome guests when you can present attractive place settings by Gorman.



"Salad-Shredder"

For the solution to that clumpy-salad misfortune.



"Le Pic"

Designed for delicate eaters.



"Shovelietta"

Suitable for hungry humans.



"Rakette"

Adds charm to your table.

Enjoy both sides
of smoking pleasure!



Feel that mildness

Taste that flavor—



that's a Cavalier!



Enjoy an extra measure of both sides of smoking pleasure — by switching to king-size Cavaliers. Try them! Find out for yourself that Cavaliers give you complete smoking enjoyment. What a pleasure smoking can be when the smoke *feels* so mild . . . *tastes* so good! No wonder Cavaliers are winning friends so fast!

Yes, join the thousands who are enjoying the extra mildness and superb flavor of king-size Cavaliers. Get some today!



CAVALIERS ARE KING-SIZE
yet priced no higher
than leading regular-size brands.

Try king-size Cavaliers! *Feel* that Cavalier mildness, so light, smooth and easy! See if you don't agree with thou-

sands of smokers everywhere who compared king-size Cavaliers with the cigarettes they had been smoking. Yes...

See why, among thousands of smokers interviewed...

**8 OUT OF 10 SAID
CAVALIERS ARE MILDER!**



Ask for the Cavalier "100" metal humidor. Keeps cigarettes fresh and flavorful.