

COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG NEWS

Volume 9, Number 3

Williamsburg, Virginia

August, 1956

More Stories Than Space, Says Editor; Calls 'Do-It-Yourself' Issue A Success

Employee participation in the "do-it-yourself" issue of the *Colonial Williamsburg News*, published this month, was termed "Very gratifying, and a definite success" by Managing Editor Hugh De-Samper.

Within the pages of this issue are the selected best of the articles turned in by CWers, whose day-to-day jobs are concerned with situations far afield from writing.

The articles published were written by persons from four different divisions, and a fifth, Visitor Accommodations, was actively represented as a source of one of the articles.

Frances Filler Dayton, CW's staff artist, turned out the fine study in front of the Governor's Palace. Much of her work may be seen around the restored area in posters, illustrations for publications and pamphlets. Art Smith, whose domain includes CW's films, filmstrips and photography, developed the interesting and hypothetical glimpse into the restored area of 28 years from now.

Shakespeare For A Day

Gladys Perry, a saleslady at Craft House, turned Shakespeare for a day and recorded the fictional Pyramus and Thisbe browsing among the fine items carried in Craft House through the Reproductions Program. The humorous jab at the goldfish and their king-sized palace was done by Dave Ferriday, also a member of the sales staff at Craft House. He is an August graduate of William and Mary, and was cartoonist for the *Flat Hat*.

Norman Goodson, assistant to Resident Mechanical Engineer Tom Drewry, wrote the Christmas poem when he was away from Williamsburg, and realized the beauty of our city as compared

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Williamsburg Living Is Subject Of Poll By 'News' Reporter

By Carolyn Hume

"What is your impression of Williamsburg?" I have been popping that question to everyone in sight during the last couple of weeks. I received various and sundry answers — serious ones, humorous ones, critical ones, and helpful ones.

Along the serious vein, one friend pondered for a brief time and then came forth with—"The project (Colonial Williamsburg) is a justification for capitalism. It is an antidote to the mess the rest of the world is in"

I haven't classified this next answer. I'll leave it to you — "I love it! I love it! I love it!"

Another was, "Don't ask me!" and then she put this question to me, "Why do they roll up the streets at 10:00 at night?" I just suggested that she probably traveled the wrong streets.

This answer was amusing but true—"Full of under-dressed tourists!" A follow-up opinion to that was voiced by an observing young man—"I like the brief attire." We can't please everyone, can we?

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ANY SUNNY DAY will find a typical cross-section of American life gathered near the gates of the Governor's Palace. There will be servicemen learning more of their country's history, families taking the carriage ride, newlyweds recording their visit for the future, a bus-load of school children on a field trip, an occasional artist doing the scenic Palace view, continental flags, cyclists, pretty girls and eye-catching outfits.

Profile Of Tomorrow's CW

Futuristic Williamsburg Generates Visions Of Colonial Townspeople

(The following profile is reprinted from the *NEW NEW YORKER* of July, 1984½)

[Editor's note: The reporter, Symington Prentiss Swainburton, was chosen from our staff to write this profile on Williamsburg, Virginia, inasmuch as he alone, and through a strange series of circumstances, had never before seen the restored city].

This was to be my first visit to Colonial Williamsburg, Virginia, Earth. As a child I was reared in an isolation chamber as a "control" in a psychological experiment. Later I was sent to Mars on my first writing assignment and remained there until just a few months ago.

Leaving our interplanetary space building at the 200 mile level (15,000,000 N. Pleides Street) I took a local rocket to Atmosphere. There I had inoculations against earth diseases and took a down-degravitator crowded with tourists also on their way to Earth. Many were planning to visit Williamsburg and had just finished the "jiffy" brain wave transference on American history. Although most of the available subject transfers are in specialized fields, there are a few general courses, including the one on American history. I had taken this myself from an IBM coin machine at the home office. The transference requires less than a minute and is well worth it, being the equivalent of 1.7CH (1 CH is the equivalent of 1,000 former and archaic "class hours.") American history was quite vague until about 1962 when the Showman audio-magnifier was perfected, permitting the recovery of

sound strata laid down over a period of hundreds of years. With information gained, every aspect of the past could be re-heard. Engineers still hope to recover visual rays but have not yet been able satisfactorily to separate layers because of the speed of light.

Arrives At UNICA

At ten thousand feet, we arrived at the terminal over New Washington. Instead of taking an air limousine, I decided to zoom down to Williamsburg since I needed exercise. It was a nice day and the clouds were soft and fleecy. After a brisk five minutes' zoom I touched ground at the UNICA (Ultra New Information Center Area.) This was my first contact with earth since 1969. I was so intrigued that I picked up a handful of dirt — for the moment quite forgetting my mission. Sometimes it is difficult to believe and remember that less than 20 years ago earth was used to grow food. All vegetable matter is now, of course, raised by water culture and all animal materials by tissue culture — for condensation to pellet form.

Regaining my sense of purpose, I looked about me. Funnel-shaped entrances into a plastic shelter were alive with visitors scurrying in and out. This was the way to Restored Williamsburg. As a member of the telepress, I entered a passage so designed and set my transmitter at communication frequency. Immediately I contacted the stereographer of the UNICA Director, a likeable chap named Wilder. One of the older members of the staff, Wilder has been with this project since

the early days of crude devices such as VistaVision and TODD-AO. After making myself known, I received permission to activate my dictonictator so that I would

have a complete record of my visit.

Wilder, now better known as AXE321, briefed me on the Colonial Williamsburg project. The

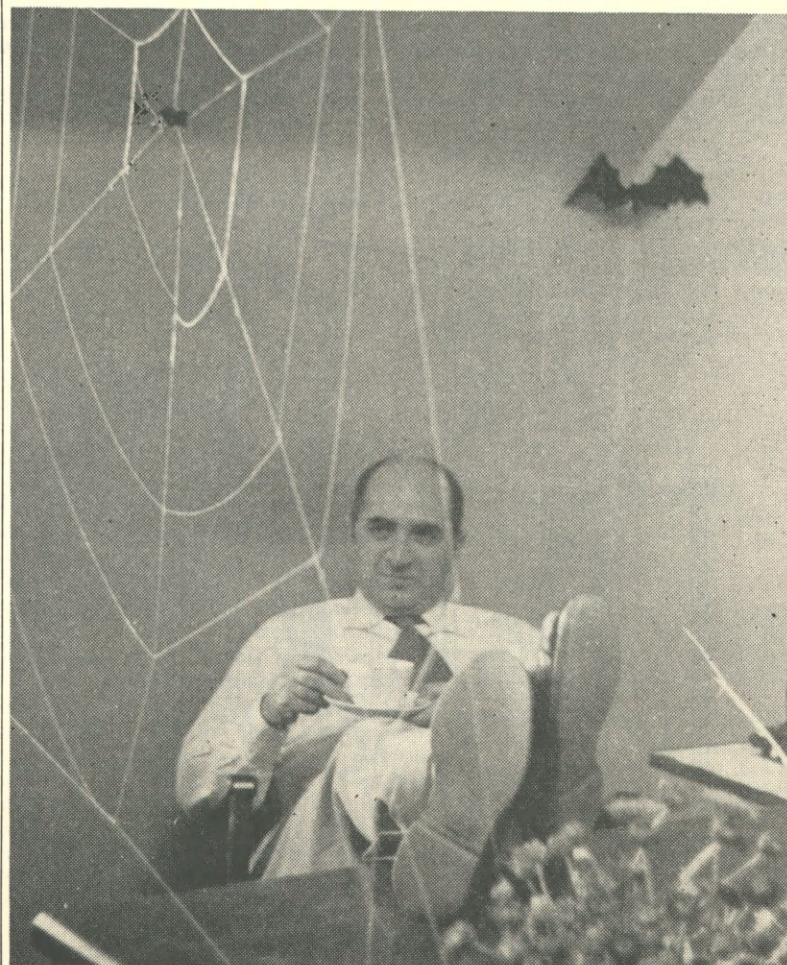
original restoration of the city, once the capital of the British Colony of Virginia, was commenced in 1926 and completed in 1961. During this period, materials the same as those employed in the 18th century were again used and the appearance was quaint but very good. They did not survive the H-blast of '62, however, so the rebuilding was done in leaded plastic and is, of course, a superior job, impervious to all destruction.

Toured On Foot

In the first, simple exhibition of Williamsburg, people were asked to go on foot and look at the empty buildings. Ridiculous as this may seem now, it was the best that could be done in those olden days.

It was in 1965 that the present multiplane exhibit was devised by an American inventor named Walter Hicks (now TSE181). This invention, in retrospect, rivals the great pyramids and the glass flowers of the Peabody Museum in its brilliance and mystery. For 19 years now, no other person has been able to understand or explain the workings of this system, though scholars with I. Q.'s of 328⁺ have tried valiantly. Hicks, working with an Interpretive team consisting of Alexander, Goodbody and Smith (all replaced by the early models of the IBM thought vender) devised the plan which was ultimately to re-populate the town. As mentioned previously, the Showman audio-magnifier was perfected late in 1962 and with exact information regained from history, all of the

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AUTHOR SMITH gazes off into the future as he visualizes the mythical Williamsburg of 1984½. The net in front of him serves to keep out intruders while he conjures up his lively visions.

COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG
NEWS

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Hugh DeSamper.

News & Comments

ARE YOU sure you can vote? Some people will go to the Polls in November only to learn that they can't vote — because they haven't registered.

Two opportunities remain for Williamsburg residents to register in time for the presidential and congressional elections on Nov. 6. City Registrar Chester S. Baker will be in his office over the old A&P building on Saturdays, Sept. 8 and Oct. 6 from 9 a. m. until 12 noon to register voters who reside in the city.

Residents of James City and York counties may call the registrars of their various precincts for such information. Generally speaking, county registrars will register voters at any time up until the time the books close on Oct. 6.

Voters who know that they will be out of town on Election Day may obtain absentee ballots from their registrars. Absentee ballots must be obtained at least six days before the election, but most registrars suggest applying two to three weeks ahead.

To be sure you can vote in November, "do-it-yourself" — register now; and vote Nov. 6.

Free Flu Shots Available To Employees Sept. 17-29

Free flu shots will be made available to all CW employees from Sept. 17-29. This service will also be available to members of employees' families, but employees must bear the expense of inoculations to other members of their families.

The shots will be given Monday through Saturday as follows:

Bell Hospital—9 a. m. - 11 a. m.; 2 p. m. - 3 p. m. (except Monday); and 7 p. m. - 8 p. m.

Tucker Clinic—9 a. m. - 11 a. m.; 2 p. m. - 4 p. m.; and 7 p. m. - 8 p. m. (except Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday).

Medical Center Clinic—8 a. m. - 3 p. m.; 6 p. m. - 8 p. m.

Milestones

During July 32 employees reached the following anniversaries:

FIVE YEARS

Division of Architecture, Construction and Maintenance — **Roy Brown, Thomas Brummer, BC&M; Charles H. Smith, MO&M.**

Division of Development—**Murray Oken, Promotion.**

Division of Presentation — **Ella Rhodes, Visitor Orientation.**

Division of Visitor Accommodations — **Morris Anderson, William F. Jones, Chowning's; Joseph Fennell, Williamsburg Inn; Daniel L. Roberts, Laundry.**

ONE YEAR

Division of Presentation — **Judith Taft, Barbara Wilbur, Visitor Orientation.**

Division of Interpretation — **Susan Armstrong, William G. Keener, Martha Soltow, Research.**

Division of Architecture, Construction and Maintenance — **Enoch Bassett, Thomas C. Green, Herman O. Hackney, Winifred Hogge, Samuel Holmes, Willie T. Moore, Heber L. Smith, Fred Snead, Troy A. Williams, BC&M.**

Division of Visitor Accommodations — **Robert J. Baker, Mack Burnett, Inn Kitchen; Dolores Ferguson, Lodge Housekeeping; Gertrude Green, Mary J. Redcross, Inn Housekeeping; Billie A. Lanehart, Hotel Services; Grover P. Meadows, Williamsburg Inn; Mildred Morris, Laundry; Lena R. Smith, Lodge Coffee Shop.**

Midsummer's Saturday Night

Pyramus And Thisbe Take A Trip To CW's Craft House

With apologies to Mr. Will Shakespeare

By Gladys V. Perry

(It must be borne in mind that even Shakespeare made prolific use of Anachronisms).

Time: Any Saturday night in midsummer.

Place: The Craft House — Williamsburg. Souvenir Room.

Persons of the play:

Pyramus and **Thisbe** of Greek fame.

Small crowd of souvenir seekers milling about and commenting from time to time.

Attendant Voice

* * * * *

Pyramus: Ah, my love, methinks we have stumbled into a veritable caravansary!

Thisbe: Truly an understatement, my dear Pyramus! Thou, indeed hast fallen — after stumbling — into this bazaar. Didst thou not see the corn shuck mat used here so that we may keep on our sandals? Come, rise, put thy foot over the threshold. We must see what has been displayed here and purchase a few souvenirs. (She helps him up).

Pyramus: Thou art so right, my own Thisbe — ever the efficient and observant one! Ha! Perchance I did tarry too long with thee in the shade of the mulberry trees near the Capitol, and, now cannot bring my eyes to see in this bright light. What sees thou that thou dost so eagerly reach?

Thisbe: Here, here, O look—a room full of gifts we may take to those we love! (Didst mutter "beware the Greeks bringing gifts?" For shame!) Mulberry? Ah, the blessed mulberry where soon we shall meet for the last time! Here in gleaming brass is the leaf of that symbolic tree which evermore shall I esteem!

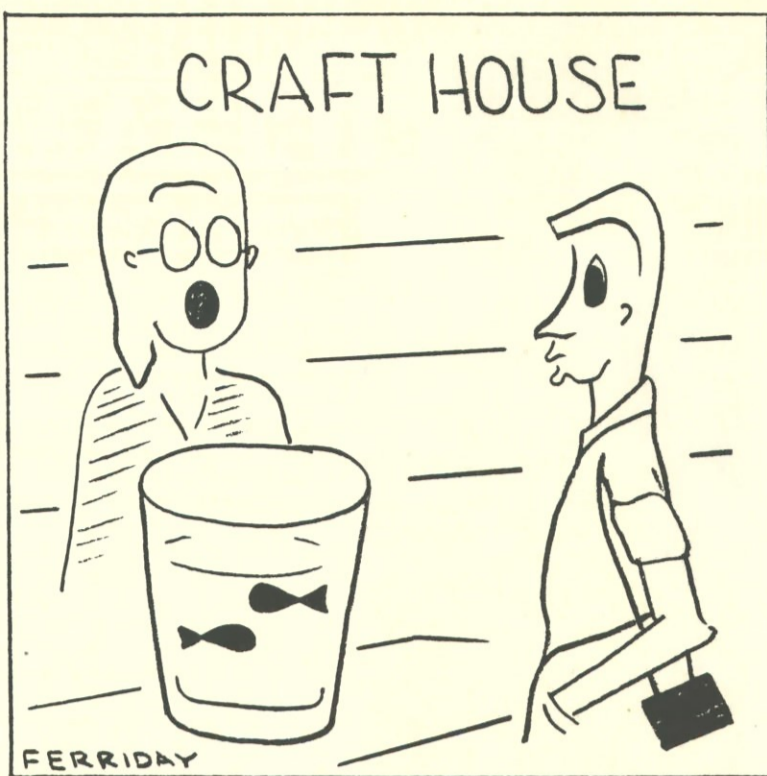
(Thisbe moves gracefully, but dramatically among the display counters, picking up various articles characteristic of the 18th century.)

Pyramus: Pray, let us do have one as a sign of our love and pleasure this day! Ho! Wait! Here, indeed, is the very fastener for the shoulder of my toga when to the Senate I shall go. See, Thisbe, it is an escutcheon of some old keyhole.

Thisbe: The very clasp to clip together the hole I shall not have time to mend! Yea, thou must indeed have that. Now, a pin for me! What's this? It is indeed like a scepter with a point!

(Takes up a display card; reads).

A mace! Just what I need. It will remind thee when I wear it upon my shoulder of my authority when thou wouldst ask for a night out with the boys!



"I'm sorry, sir, but the reproduction of the gold fish has not been approved by Colonial Williamsburg."

(Laughs delightedly).

Crowd: Here, I want this... What a strange couple!... Must have come from a foreign land! (Other such comments).

Pyramus: (Naturally unaware of curiosity of other curio seekers).

Indeed, this is an outlandish creature! At the end of this pole — Black face, hands, striped skirt! What could it be. (Raises voice)

What ho, my lady — tell us, prithee, what use for this?

Attendant: A broom, sirrah, decorated with a "Mummy doll" for sweeping the hearth.

Thisbe: O, Pyramus, my love, I must have it! So little dust it will raise!

Pyramus: Thou art right, Thisbe, my sweet — a mere toy! So little cleaning thou wilt use it for! What hast thou there?

Never Too Much

Unity, Friendliness Is Hallmark Of CW

By James B. Tabb

In the summer of 1942, I, then a teen-aged boy, wandered job-hunting and found myself employed in the C&M department of Colonial Williamsburg, where I worked cutting grass, trimming shrubbery and other jobs in Landscape.

Leaving Landscape, I was employed at the Lodge as a coffee shop bus boy for quite a while, including part-time while I was finishing up at Bruton Heights High School. Next, I moved on to the Lodge Dining Room, first as a bus boy, and eventually promoted to waiter, serving there until I left for college.

In 1949 I returned after completing three years at Virginia State College, Petersburg, and took up my old job in the Lodge Dining Room. Another transfer ticket was in the offing, however, and I now find myself in the Goodwin Building as a file clerk in the Architectural department.

I am most happy to have had

such experience and association with the various divisions and departments, and feel qualified to make the following statement: In my association with CW, I have found its personnel, supervisors and co-workers, in general, to be some of the finest in efficiency, and possessing and exemplifying the characteristics of respectfulness, politeness, courtesy and other qualities that make one's life worthwhile and happy.

In conclusion, I must say that in my observations at the Goodwin Building, where we often meet in the corridors, door-ways, etc., from the highest in position to the least, with few exceptions, only a few lips seem too tight to give the salutation of the day, thank you when appropriate, and few arms are too weak to hold the door a second for one close behind.

Let us strive to maintain, and, if necessary, elevate this atmosphere of friendliness and good will towards all in our employment, for by so doing, it may spread abroad. Can anyone say or do too much good?

Chorley Named By W&M To Endowment Board

Kenneth Chorley, president of Colonial Williamsburg, was named a new trustee of the Endowment Association of the College of William and Mary at the association's recent annual meeting. William L. Person, local businessman, was named to the group at the same time.

The election of the two men brings the Endowment Association's membership to 14. Others serving on the Board are Judge Robert T. Armistead, W&M President Alvin D. Chandler, and W&M Bursar H. H. Sisson, all of Williamsburg; J. D. Carneal, W. Brooks George, Robert E. Henley, and Dr. H. Hundnall Ware, Jr., all of Richmond; H. C. Hofheimer II and James M. Robertson of Norfolk; Mrs. A. I. duPont de Nemours of Wilmington, Del.; Elisha Hanson of Washington, D. C.; and Dr. John Garland Pollard, Jr., of Somers.

Mr. Chorley's association with William and Mary has been a long one, which was highlighted in 1934 when he was awarded the honorary Doctor of Laws degree.

Thisbe: A candle stick — just what we shall need to replace the torches that now are becoming so outmoded. See, it was unearthed at Jamestown and is of clay.

Pyramus: No doubt redolent of mold! O — tis really only a reproduction!

Attendant: But unique sir! Only full pottery candle stick found in excavations — reproduced truthfully here in Williamsburg!

Thisbe and Pyramus: Wrap it up, Miss!

Crowd: More comments from the children.

Thisbe: (Discovers array of colored glass). Stop, Pyramus! I do believe Marco Polo himself has been here. Such quaint little jugs of amethyst, blue and green crystal!

Pyramus: Nay, Thisbe, he is out of fashion! His cheap wares would not catch the eye of such people as these! (snaps a finger against a case) Ping! Hear the tone! No less than mouth blown glass fashioned with the hands! Which bauble wilt thou choose!

Thisbe: A jug! It says here CW 36 L 4 dot 90! That one shall be mine. For the cream for thy breakfast coffee, dear Pyramus.

Pyramus: Nay, sweet, thou art the cream for me! The jug for our syrup. (Lights begin to flicker. Buyers scurry for last minute purchases).

Voice: Closin' time. Be open Monday mawnin' 9 o'clock. This way out, sir! This way out, Madam.

Pyramus: Come, Thisbe, my love, our cue to end this sojourn. We must hurry to keep our tryst under the mulberry tree, by the wall. Art thou ready?

Thisbe: Indeed, my sweet Pyramus! (She takes his arm).

Curtain

'Do-It-Yourself'

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with many others. A Joe Jenkins cartoon is re-printed this month. Joe, Architectural Liaison Officer, did it several years ago.

Chris Gillespie, a native of England, tells her whimsical story of her life in Britain's naval reserve corps for women. Currently secretary in the film distribution section, Chris spends much of her vacation time traveling about the United States, and has just returned from a journey to the wide, wide West. Howard Dearstyne, Architectural Records Editor, set aside his histories of the buildings in the restored area long enough to tap out the clever poem on a writer's dilemma.

Suzie Joerndt, who has sold many a ticket and answered many a question at the Reception Center, did the profile on Charles Speight, headwaiter at the Lodge. Suzie, like many of us, takes an occasional meal at the Lodge, and has an opportunity to see Charles in action and appreciate his finesse. Jim Tabb, a clerk for Architecture, has, as he happily observes, been around CW in several departments and jobs. His observations of the "esprit de corps" of CWers and their friendliness to one another reminds us, truly, that we cannot do too much good.

Fannie Lou Stryker, first lady of Williamsburg and one of our gracious hostesses in the exhibition buildings, submitted a favorite summer dessert recipe, and suggested that other ladies in the organization might send in recipes for future issues.

Of the additional articles submitted which were not published, DeSamper said, "I want to thank everyone for sending them in, and I will make every effort to work them into subsequent issues of the News as special features." On the general tone of the issue, he concluded, "I hope all employees enjoy reading the News this month as much as I have enjoyed it. There are several outstanding articles that should be of interest to all"



"Oh — this must be the telephone office"

An Old Saltine

CW'er Recalls War Years In British Navy

By Chris Gillespie

Once I was a Wren and lived in a Wrennery. Let me hasten to add that this does not mean that in another life I was a bird. Rather that I was a member of the Women's Royal Naval Service, commonly called The Wrens.

For the first six months or so of my service I was unclothed—insofar as a uniform went, that is. This will date me I know, but I joined up before the days of training programs or conscription, and in those days Britain was somewhat unprepared and a little disorganized as regards preparations for war. By the time I arrived at a Fleet Air Arm Station, the available women's uniforms had run out so, along with about half a dozen other poor souls, I wore "civvies" with an armband, much to my humiliation and the joy of the tough old salts who were my fellow shipmates. They thought it was a disgrace to have women in the Royal Navy anyway and said so in no uncertain terms, mainly to make us young things blush, I fancy. A poor Yeoman of Signals coming to take over the Signals Office in which I worked was horrified to find that all his "seamen" were women, and for the whole time he was with us, I think he used to pour out his troubles to the Captain every morning when took him the Log. Poor man. We won him over in the end, though, and he was madly keen on one of his "seamen" by the time he was sent to sea again.

War-time Humor

War, of course, is a serious business, but fortunately has its hilarious moments. Luckily we all had pretty good senses of humor or I don't think we'd have ever won. I know that, young and flippant as I was, I had no idea how badly off we were after Dunkirk. In fact, I don't think I was at all sure what it was all about anyhow. To me it was rather like another girl's boarding school, only this time there were several hundred men about, which lived things up tremendously. We were stuck on the top of a cliff, exposed to the Atlantic gales, and five miles from the nearest town, which was a small fishing port about the size of Yorktown. The only form of entertainment, apart from the films and dances which took place in the canteen, was to walk two miles to the nearest pub. This was always jammed, but at least was fairly warm, though smelling somewhat of damp navy serge.

When finally I was issued with a uniform, I was let in for a lot of things I had been excused from in my undressed state. For instance, drilling on parade. To me, this was a cinch, as I had watched Royal Marines drilling all my life and I think they outdrill the



WREN Gillespie relaxes on off-duty time at Magdalen College, Oxford.

Guards, only don't tell the Guards I said so. To "form fours" and "form to deep", therefore, was an easy thing for me (this was before the days of marching in three columns). Not so the other women, who did not have my background in the art. We were the despair of the drill Petty Officers. Fortunately, on our cliff top, there was not much call for dress parades.

Then there was gas mask drill. Your gas mask, plus a tin helmet, was something you took with you everywhere, and I mean everywhere, and if you don't think they weren't a nuisance in some situations, you're wrong. They were, but we got canny about it after some time of carrying this dead weight around. Of

Gone To The Doggerel

By Howard Dearstyne

I meant to write a lyric bit About the town of Williamsburg, But nothing rhymes at all with it, Except Snerg, glurg and dilliamsburg. So, thinking I would try blank verse, I left the sheet entirely bare—Blankety-blank—but this was worse, For I got barely anywhere And so, at length, I turned to prose, To couch my thoughts in terms Mosaic, Again I failed, for goodness knows, My ideas were, indeed, prosaic.

course, if seen without these simple but necessary defenses of modern war, there was a strong penalty, but if the Petty Officers had looked behind the high Cornish hedges which surrounded the Station, they would have found what we were missing.

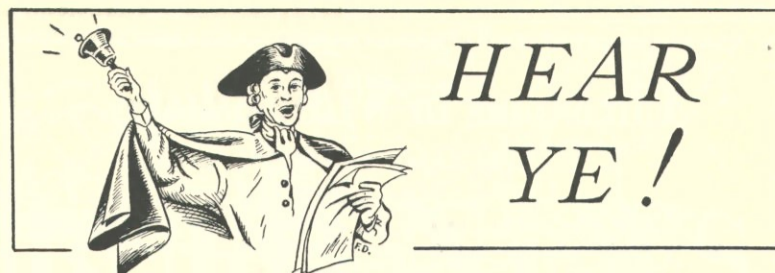
Came the day when we were to be instructed in the art of putting on a gas mask by numbers. Now it happens that these were also the days before the Wrens were issued with a sling bag in which to keep the various articles without which a woman's purse is incomplete. You can guess what we put in the sling bags, I am sure. This was also the time when we wore soft-crowned, floppy-brimmed hats instead of the round sailor hats which were issued to us in later years. The drill required one to pull the gas mask from its pouch on the Order One, lift one's hat with one hand and place the mask over one's face with the other at the count of Two, and replace the hat on the head by Three. At One the gas masks were removed and the parade ground was immediately strewn with all sorts of strange articles, causing much girlish giggling from us and a purple blush from the P. O. By the time we had gotten to the third order, we were in such a state of collapse that even if the hats hadn't folded up in our hands when lifted, they wouldn't have been on correctly anyway.

Rifle Training

It was suddenly decided one day that the Wrens should be taught how to fire a rifle. We might be needed to defend the Station, and since we were expecting an airborne invasion at any time, this seemed highly probable. However, at that time there were only about 40 rifles on the entire camp (though looking back on it I can't believe we were that hard up), and these were forthwith issued to the equivalent number of Wrens, of which I was one. I have forgotten how one was picked for this singular honor, because we were a motley crew. Most of us had never seen a rifle before, or knew which end was which. I had done some .22 shooting and wasn't half bad at it, at that. But handling and firing a .303 was a horse of another color. At any rate, one had one's own rifle and its number was written down in one's pay book.

All the rifles were locked up in the Wrennery at night and the key taken to the Main Gate some half mile away, so that if invasion had come, things would have been somewhat awkward. I can't imagine who thought of this strange arrangement, but there it was. Well, the sailors thought this was the funniest thing they

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ARCHIVES

Vacations and trips highlight our summer news. MARY KENT CREAMY acquired her tan at Miami Beach, Fla.; LOIS BROWNING was at her favorite North Carolina spots, Knott's Island and Nags Head and ELIZABETH WALLS enjoyed the new boat and fishing in Gloucester. Your reporter spent a week end in the scenic mountains at Big Meadows Lodge on the Skyline Drive. — Marge Kocher

CRAFT SHOPS

CLEM SAMFORD, FRANCES HUFF, ELEANOR and BILL CABELL, PHIL THORP and JESSE BERRY all spent their vacations traveling in various states. JOHN ALLGOOD's vacation was productive—he spent it working on his house on 4-H Camp Road.

Welcome to our new employees: EDDIE GIVENS and OLIVER GEORGE at the Bake Shop; JAN HEUVEL and HOWARD WEBB at the Cabinet Shop. The members and families of the Craftsmen Guild held their annual picnic at the 4-H camp Sunday, July 29. Several dozen chickens were consumed. — Ray Townsend

HOSTESS SECTION

Welcome to our new hostess, SANDRA BEVAN. MAY C FLETCHER has returned from her New England vacation. SHIRLEY LOW has returned a proud grandmother from Lubbock, Tex., where she visited her daughter and son-in-law.

We are happy to have back with us our European travelers, MAY THOMPSON and KATHLEEN JONES, and GRACE PEACHY and NANCY BOZARTH, who tripped up to Nova Scotia. All report a wonderful time. — Barbara Wilbur

THEATRE

Two members of our staff left us on Aug. 1. They are Nancy Obert, vendor, and Ben McCary, usher. MARILYN JOHNSON and RICHARD WALL have replaced them. BILL ETCHBERGER spent a week of his vacation wielding a hammer and saw on his new house. — Merle Ridinger

CHAUFFEUR-MESSENGER

HARRY OLIVER has just returned from his vacation. We are glad to have EDWARD SEABROOK as a new member of our Mail Room staff. — Selby Mitchell

OFFICE MANAGERS

Russell and MARGARET HAYES returned July 22 from their vacation, and ANGIE COWLES spent her vacation visiting her sisters in Roanoke and Hanover County. NANCY RAMSEUR and EUGENIA THOMPSON just returned from a week's stay at Nags Head. CLARA and JOHN O'NEAL and their children visited with Clara's parents in Edgewood, Md. ANNA BRIDEWELL and her two sons motored to Cartersville and Scottsville recently. Your reporter and husband had a wonderful vacation visiting relatives at Stony Creek. — Betty Jacobs

LAUNDRY

Our sympathies to laundry seamstress LUCY SCHAUMBURG, who lost her mother on Aug. 13. — Myrtle Churchill

BUILDINGS — C&M

LLOYD COLE, carpenter foreman, left Aug. 20 with his family for Kansas to attend a family reunion. This is his first trip back home in 15 years. EARL BOYD, carpenter, has moved into his new home on Cooley Road. CHARLEY HACKETT, our director from the deep woods, is building an addition on his ranch house so that he will have room to hang his fishing trophies. J. P. BASS was getting along fine on his new home until last week, when he broke his hammer on his thumb nail. Work has been temporarily suspended until things quiet down. — Hank Ertl

OPERATING SERVICES

Welcome to new employees: ETHEL GLOVER, relief maid, and CLINTON WYATT, day janitor for the Goodwin Building and business blocks. Welcome back from vacations: JACK SHARP, who spent a few days in Front Royal and Nags Head, MARY ELIZABETH HILTON, who was in Chicago, JOHN LEE, PEARL BURNELL EUDELIA CALDWELL, and F. F. BOELT. HENRIETTA MONTGOMERY enjoyed a family reunion in Culpeper, Aug. 18. Enjoying vacations now are L. L. PETERS and A. E. WEIKEL. — Dorothy Sisti

INN HOUSEKEEPERS

Back from happy and enjoyable vacations are MAUDE WOOD, PEARL WALLACE, IDA BASSETT, ELIZABETH JOHNSON, WILLIAM KNIGHT and HORACE LEWIS. They visited relatives and friends in many states. Welcome to EUNICE BASSETT, who has joined our department. Our deepest sympathies to LOUISE HICKMAN, whose nephew was drowned in New Kent County on Aug. 11. Your reporter has returned from a restful vacation. Our deepest sympathies to WILLIAM KNIGHT, whose father died on Aug. 20 in East Orange, N. J., after a long illness. — Inell Churchill

WYTHE HOUSE & PALACE KITCHENS

Friends and family have been visiting in our midst. MARION BARTLETT was visited by her son for a week end, then her daughter and her family arrived for two weeks. MAMIE LINDSEY's granddaughter has returned home, and Mamie also had visits from her sister, niece and daughter. — Marion E. Roberts

LODGE HOUSEKEEPERS

CORAL ROGERS, NANCY HACKETT, FRANCES COWLES and SHIRLEY BAILEY have all been vacationers this month.

Welcome to JOSEPH SMITH, new houseman. Welcome back to DOLORES FERGUSON, who has been on a leave of absence. We are glad to have MARY McGRIF and GEORGIANNA WASHINGTON back with us after illnesses. LILLIE ANDREW has also returned after spending four weeks in Atlanta, Ga., where her sister was seriously ill. — Lola Larson

INSTITUTE

The Institute wishes to welcome MICHAEL G. HALL to the staff as Research Associate. Your reporter spent the last week of July visiting her sister in Commerce, Ga. — Eloise Bryant

LODGE BELL FORCE

JOHN DENKINS has returned to work after a nice vacation. Welcome to LAWRENCE WILLIS, our new part-time bellman, son of Bell Captain CUE WILLIS. — Alton Wallace

CHOWNING'S TAVERN

Welcome to our new employees, MORRIS ANDERSON, MELVIN PATTERSON and MELVIN JOYNER. JOHN MINKINS and your reporter have returned from vacations. We all extend our sympathies to ROBERT HOLMES who lost his mother on July 30. — Rochester Harris

MECHANICAL OPERATION AND MAINTENANCE

Vacationers from MO&M during past month were as follows: FRED MAYFIELD, Miami, Fla.; B. L. BRYANT; W. T. MOULTON; CLYDE GUESS; HARRY PEOPLES; J. A. CALLIS, building on his new house; JIMMY TRAUTMAN; and your reporter. T. J. CROSS has been in the hospital recently and we wish him a speedy recovery. — Mildred Sprinkel

TREASURER - COMPTROLLER

Our sympathies to BERNICE HUDSON on the loss of her father. JOYCE HILLARD attended a convention of The Ladies of the Moose in Chicago. JOAN BRENEGAN, GRACE RAITER and BILL BENTEN are recent vacationers. Ken Slater, our egg man and accountant, has left CW for a position closer to his home in Hampton. DOROTHY PICKWICK is attending an Air Force convention in Chicago. — Adelaide Hoffman

Three CW'ers Pass 10th Service Milestone; One Retires

May Thompson, Saleslady at Craft House, reached her 10th service anniversary with Colonial Williamsburg on Aug. 15. The date held a double-meaning for May, for she also retired on that day.

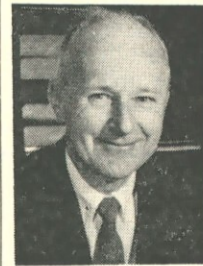


She began her CW career in 1946 as a saleslady at the Inn Gift Shop, and a year later, she became Manager of the gift shops at the Inn and Lodge. During her tenure with the gift shops, they gained rapidly in stature as integral parts of CW's business operations. Last year, May transferred to Craft House where her duties would be somewhat less strenuous. She has one son, Arthur, who is at present working towards his Ph.D. in political science at the University of Virginia, where he is a member of the faculty. May will leave shortly for Charlottesville, where she will reside with her son. Some

time later, she plans a trip to California to visit her sister.

William A. Bentien, Auditor in the Treasurer-Comptroller's division, reached his 10th service anniversary with CW on Aug. 15.

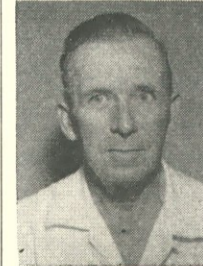
Bill began his employment with Colonial Williamsburg in 1946 as Cost Accountant for C&M, and was transferred to Treasurer-Comptroller's in 1953. Early this year, he was named Auditor. Bill is a fishing enthusiast, and has his own boat and enjoys taking it out on week ends. Another of his interests is raising chinchillas, which he started several years ago. He now has about 25, and his brother-in-law has nearly 100. Bill is also one of the ever-necessary CW'ers who can wear the colonial attire and peruke and appear as though he is perfectly at ease, and is therefore occasionally sought out for special photo-



graphy and film bits. Bill and his wife reside at Denbigh.

Robert L. Johnson, Greenskeeper at the Golf Course, reached his 10th anniversary as a CW'er on Aug. 26.

Bob, the man who keeps the greens in top shape for visitors and local members, has been greenskeeper since his employment in 1946. Prior to that time, he had been with the Yorktown Country Club as pro and greenskeeper for 21 years. His long experience there was a great asset in the starting of the new golf course at Williamsburg Inn. Bob is married and has two sons, two daughters and eight grandchildren. He is a member of the Zion Methodist Church, and held a membership in the national P.G.A. for 10 years. A sports enthusiast, he naturally calls golf his first love, but he also is an avid spectator at football games.



Christmas In Williamsburg

By Norman Goodson

'Tis Christmas time, the world's aflame,
As each sets out to win the game.
'Neath glaring neons—go these peons
Dodging traffic—with its racket.
To push and shove—o'er tie and glove.
To fume and fret—what for Aunt Bet?
Purchase madly—purchase badly,
Then home to deck, their walls by heck
With modern plastic, colors drastic
And open up their halls to all
That they've invited by protocol.
This a world of screaming demons
Through the entire Christmas Season.
But What is this?

In one small town
There's silence round. The tempo's slow,
And all is lit by candle glow.
Not silence, no, for soft and dim
Their voices raised in praise to Him,
Carol and Hymn. And Lo 'tis true
They've decked their halls and doorways too
In subdued hue, of natural green,
With mistletoe and holly seen.
This Christmas scene that is begun
By firing of the Christmas gun
Fore setting sun a week before.
Their doors are open by the score
To rich and poor, friend and foe,
For here 'tis festive too, you know.
'Neath candle glow, Wassail and nog.
And burning of the Yuletide Log.
With all agog. They merry play
And praise and worship day by day
In their quiet way. For it is thus
The season passes and I trust
'Tis always thus—In
Williamsburg at Christmas.

Visitors 'Stow Away' In CW Of Future To Avoid Returning To Outside World

(Continued from Page 1)

facts were then known. The visualization of the former actual life of the city was Hick's problem. His method, in many ways, was simple. He could recreate super stereophonic sounds and he could reproduce the three dimensional imagery. The problem was then to activate this smoothly in continuous multiplanatic images. And here is where your reporter — and as a matter of fact, every other mortal being — must stop in wonderment, for no one can explain the inner workings of the Control Center. It is known that the Hicks multiplane images are produced in part with electronic prisms which project the color image into dematerialized atmosphere. But no one can explain the density of these realistic figures which actually fall down if sufficiently jostled by one another. The edge of this more-than-image around the town is not sharply defined but is periphally modulated — a term attributed to an early architect named Schlangener (Ref: ABS233).

Sealed Vacuum

The controlling mechanism of the system was exhausted to a vacuum and permanently sealed a month following its perfection and unless some particularly heavy blasts affect it, it will probably run smoothly for the next three to four billion light years.

The entire action and life of the community can be set by means of time controls to duplicate any similar period in history. For practical purposes and public interest the most popular settings are those days and years preceding the American Revolution (1). Every (then) living person or creature springs into three dimensional re-creation on the streets, in the homes and in the public buildings.

A very popular setting is the Patrick Henry speech at the Capitol. For the teen-age visitor, Jefferson dancing with his Belinda is the rage — particularly when audio-magnifier revelation occurs and Belinda is left alone by Jefferson who then sneaks into the Raleigh garden to embrace the local bootmaker's daughter.

AXE321 (Wilder) designed his assistant, PAGBOOO, to accompany me around the project and explained that, like other visitors, we would have to be de-materialized first. This has the obvious advantage of invisibility to all others and requires no space. PAGBOOO explained to me that over seventeen million visitors had been through the Governor's Pal-

ace in the last hour.

I made the complete tour of the restored area with PAGBOOO and found it as exciting and delightful as rumors had predicted it would be. It is really amazing that all touches of 1984½ disappear and it is easily possible to completely imagine that you are actually living in the 18th century. In those days of self-motivated thought there was a complete crudity in organization and comfort. Yet they seemed to enjoy life then as much as we do today. I was surprised to see mothers and fathers (as they called them) and wonder if perpetual health through our geneticized brooders is a good substitute for this archaic condition of "affect-ion".

Williamsburg Closes

Since I am now the last person to have seen Williamsburg before it was suddenly closed officially to the public yesterday, I should like to report on the strange turn of events which caused its closing. As I have mentioned previously, all persons are de-materialized before passing into the restored area. Several months ago, authorities began to realize that every day there were a few million people less re-materialized than were de-materialized. It then became obvious that many people preferred to remain — probably permanently. Since those who were invisible had no substance, there was no limit to the number of persons who could be accommodated — and seemingly no problem. Recently, however, strange enemy space ships originating from stars of the tenth magnitude have been releasing small static bombs which, when exploding near dematerialized objects, cause them to resume physical form and weight. If one of these space ships were to penetrate atmosphere, arrive at Earth and release a bomb of full size near Williamsburg, the sudden materialization of billions of people all at once would cause a mass explosion due to the density of concentration. Such a burst would thus endanger countless lives.

Colonial Williamsburg now faces a difficult problem. The overall population density of the Universe is so great that the project can only accommodate a microscopic percentage of those wishing to visit the restored city. AXE321 (Wilder) in my terminating interview on this project ruefully remarked, "We have gone backward in time by 25 years to 1959 when our biggest problem was how to accommodate the crowds in the buildings."

The Man at the Door

Charles Speight Greet Many Visitors At Familiar Post

By Suzanne Joerndt

Five days a week he stands there, a friendly sentinel, guarding the entranceway through which hundreds of people pass daily. He is kind and courteous to all, and does his job with a skill and aplomb partially his by nature and partially acquired through 14 years with CW.

His name is Charles Speight. His title is Headwaiter at Williamsburg Lodge, but actually, his duties go far beyond the relatively simple task of greeting and seating people in the dining room.

If the average guest were to enter the dining room a few minutes before it opens he would find Charles carrying out the first part of his daily tasks. He would see the waiters in a neat and orderly line facing him and to receive their orders for the ensuing day. He would hear a gently commanding voice instructing the men in their task, and reminding them, no matter how long they have been with him, that each day brings new challenges to them. He would note that the voice, although seemingly stern, carries a smile. When everything is in apple-pie-order — and the man's eye misses no detail, no matter how small — the guest would see the waiters move to their posts and Charles open the door to the visitors. A new day has begun!

As the guests move to the door Headwaiter Speight greets each of them with a smile and a pleasant word or two and leads them to their table. He has the ability to make each person feel that he is someone special. Whether the visitor is new to the city or a frequent guest, whether he is irritable or tired, whether he is elderly or young, Charles somehow manages to bring a smile to the person's face and a lift to his heart.

There are times when he has the room full of diners, bus groups coming at him from both sides with requests for their special



Headwaiter Speight

tables, a couple waiting for the box lunch they have ordered through him, a line of people seeking tables, and a ringing telephone which is demanding his attention. But nothing bothers Charles; he takes everything in his stride. One

would think he would stand in the middle of this pandemonium and want to scream, but he always succeeds in taking care of all the people quickly and politely and without losing his command of the situation for one minute.

Headwaiter Speight is a truly remarkable person. He is the kind of whom others say, "When they made him they threw away the pattern." His patience is endless; his kindness is a virtue in itself; his tact is amazing; his approach to people is completely sincere and selfless. Thousands of visitors have come in contact with Charles Speight, and few, if any, have found anything about him that they could criticize. Almost everyone leaves the dining room remembering a tall, neatly-dressed, smiling man who ushered them to their table. If they return to visit the city in later years they find that he is still guarding the door and making guests welcome. Somehow one remembers him, and they will find that he remembers them! He is one of those fortunate few who, because they think of others in a kindly fashion, are always remembered in the same way themselves.

Old Saltine

(Continued from Page 3)

had seen yet. They would watch this peculiar collection of women of all shapes and sizes march up to the rifle range with their rifles slung in all directions, and be unmercifully rude to us. We must have been an odd sight, I admit, but it as even odder to watch us trying to get into the prone position for firing a rifle — again, all done by numbers. This took place indoors to begin with, so only the poor P. O. in charge was submitted to the embarrassment of awkward females trying to overcome the extreme tightness of their rather ugly short skirts in their attempts to get flat on the floor at an angle, with their legs astride, if you follow me.

We gained some degree of perfection at this after practice, and then we were taken out onto the firing range. As I have said, we were on a cliff and exposed to the Atlantic gales which presented some problems, as you can imagine. If you think it was easy to lie at an odd angle with a heavy rifle nuzzled up to a rather bony shoulder, and try to keep it steady at the same time that you were trying to hold your hat on and your skirts down, you should try it some time. I don't think I hit a thing, and to crown it all, some of the pilots saw us and at once leaped into their planes and revved them up right behind us. We disbanded in some confusion and never fired another shot after that day. I think the rifles were soon restored to more competent hands.

These, and many more serious and fascinating events, were part of being a member of His Majesty's Royal Navy, an experience I would not have missed unless course is preferable at any time. there had been no war, which of

Cool, Summer Dessert

By Fannie Lou Stryker

Ingredients are two cups sugar, one cup water, one cup thin cream or top milk, two egg yolks, one cup heavy cream, whipped, and juice of one lemon with enough orange juice added to make two cups of juice.

Boil sugar and water together for five minutes and let cool. Make a thin custard of the scalded thin cream and beaten egg yolks and let cool. Combine all the liquids. Fold in the whipped cream. Pour into two trays and freeze. Stir twice before mixture is firmly frozen. This makes a nice summer dessert, not too heavy.

News Briefs . . .

EXHIBITION BUILDINGS

The exhibition buildings will continue on the 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. summer schedule until Oct. 31. Although winter hours have previously gone into effect Oct. 1, it was decided to continue summer hours an extra month because many nearby Eastern states are on Daylight Saving Time, plus the fact that October is a popular month for visitors. The exhibition buildings will begin the 10 a. m. opening on Nov. 1.

POLIO SHOTS

The local Health Department, located in the Court House on Francis Street, will hold polio clinics each Friday from 8:30 - 11:30 a. m. beginning Sept. 20. All persons under 20, and all expectant mothers are eligible for free polio shots.

MEDICAL SERVICE CHANGE

Dr. Joseph L. Jones, formerly associated with Dr. J. B. Blayton, has become a member of CW's Medical Service plan, and regular employees may see him or have him call at their homes in accordance with regulations outlined in the *Employee's Handbook*. Dr. Jones has his own offices located at 607 Prince George Street, over the Valet Shop.

ATTEND WEBB FUNERAL

It has been brought to the attention of the CW NEWS that CWI Board Member Horace M. Albright and Mrs. Albright, of New Rochelle, N. Y., and Harold Fabian, of Jackson Hole, Wyo., attended the funeral services on June 20 of the late Vanderbilt Webb, board member of CWI and WRI, in addition to the persons listed in the July News.

Sally Garner

The CW NEWS joins all CW employees in extending sympathies to the family of Sally Garner, who died in Warwick July 21 following a lengthy illness. Mrs. Garner was a housekeeper at Williamsburg Inn, and had been employed by CW since February, 1950.

Living

(Continued from Page 1)

Some short answers were "I just work here," "Too commercial," "Get rid of the automobiles in the restored area," "Just one big happy family," "I'm all for Williamsburg," "The garden spot of America—a paradise on earth," "A perfect place for a honeymoon," "I'm very impressed," and a final short addition—"I've been here too long to have an impression!"

Many of these impressions were much the same as mine, outstanding as much as it was expressed by the majority of those I approached—"Williamsburg is a true reflection of the past, a place in which one can picture life as it was in the eighteenth century. It is a peaceful but thriving town, an example of much thought, work and devotion. I, along with many others, am proud to be a small part of an organization which has built a monument to our forefathers and has made it possible that the present and the future may learn from the past."

Book By CW Secretary Re-Printed In Pocket Size

News-stands across the country this month featured a pocket-sized Popular Library paper-back by Virginia Oakey, secretary in the Division of Interpretation. Retitled *The Reckless Years*, from the original *Thirteenth Summer*, it was published in 1955 by A. A. Wynn, Inc., New York City.

Virginia, who has been with CW since last November, was born in Virginia but spent her early years in Mississippi. She returned here in her 'teens and has been here off and on since. Currently, she is at work on her second novel which is set in Richmond.

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