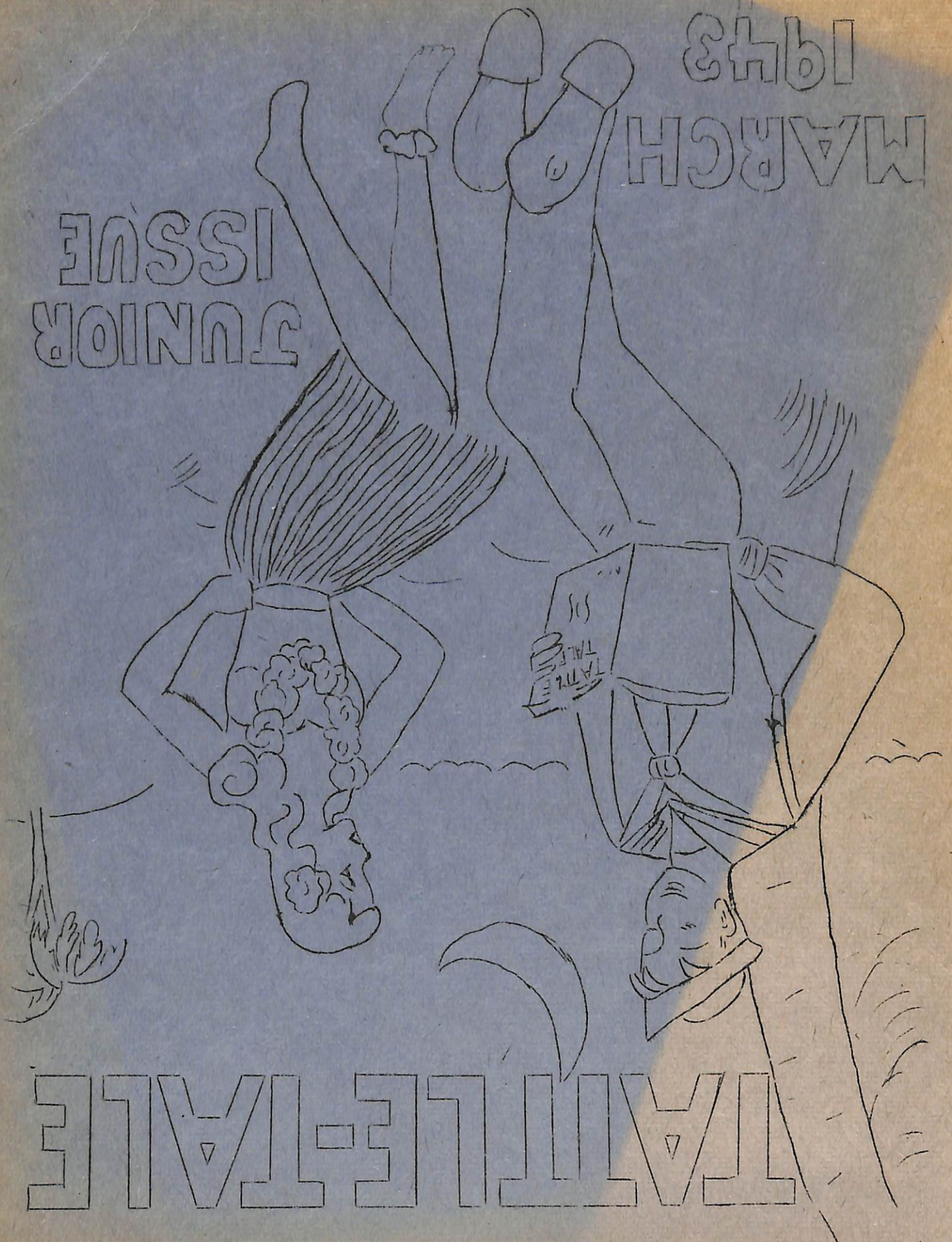


1943

MARCH

JUNIOR  
ISSUE



TATTLE-TALE



# TATTLE-TALE

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EDITOR

# EDITORIALS

## Our School Grounds

Now that spring is here, most of us think about the things of nature that are coming to life again. Any place can be made much more attractive by grass and a few trees.

Not long ago our school grounds were very unattractive, with no shrubbery, very little grass, and too many rough spots. Dirt was given to the school by the college and the post office with only the expense of hauling borne by the school.

The local Garden Club then made an attempt to landscape the grounds and planted grass and some shrubbery. The grass came up very poorly because of unsatisfactory conditions, and what did succeed in living was soon trampled to death.

Four years ago the Garden Club again tried to improve the outside appearance. The grass and the shrubbery which are around the school now are the results they attained, and the plantings have certainly improved the appearance of the school.

On a picture post card taken recently of the college in which some of the high school grounds appear, the photographer has touched up the grass and the trees of the school to make them appear more attractive. With very little effort on the part of each student the high school grounds could look like the grounds on the post card.

A lot of money was spent on the improvement, and it requires a lot to keep it in good condition. This

money will be used to no good if the landscaping is not treated carefully.

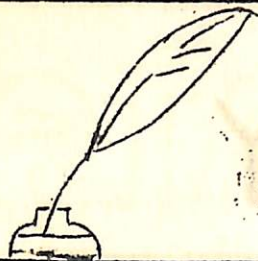
This school is very fortunate in regard to the generosity of civic clubs in obtaining outward improvements. Not all schools the concrete side walks that we are fortunate enough to have. There is no building on the ground to which there is not a side walk. If every one kept to these walks no paths would be made across the grass; besides that, it would keep shoes from getting muddy, and in times such as these no one can deny that the care of shoes is important.

The Police Force of the high school has taken steps to stop the mistreatment of the grounds, and the Student Congress and faculty heartily support the Police Force in their concern for the campus. Policemen are stationed at certain points to see that no one violates the laws in regard to the surroundings. If students do not heed their requests, steps will have to be taken to make them do so; but if each one does what he is asked <sup>to do</sup>, such action will not be necessary.

The Force has asked that all people enter the high school building by the front door, facing the athletic field, or the back door.

The athletic field is for the purpose of playing, but that does not mean that paths can be cut across it. It would take very little longer to walk up the bus road. Don't come up the hill; come up the steps. If we see anyone "cutting" let's ask him please not to do so. Let's be proud of our school campus.





# Literary

## SWAMP HORROR

I am Private Jefferson Thomas of the United States Army Signal Corps. I was called by my draft board only two weeks ago, and now I am stationed at Fort Laureldale here in Florida. I was glad to hear that I was being sent to Florida, for I guessed that perhaps I might see Clayton. I had no idea, however, that he lived only six miles from Fort Laureldale.

Clayton is my twin brother. We were orphaned when we were twelve, and since that time we have had to be a family to each other. Strangely enough, although we are identical twins, we are really almost exact opposites. For example, Clayton has always had such a passion for school and books. When we were in college, he used to spend hours every night studying. I was always the playboy of our family. I never "cracked a book", as the saying goes.

It was that passion for study that ruined Clayton. The spring before graduation he broke down. His nerves simply snapped, and the doctor said that the only thing that would restore his health was a long vacation in Florida.

Clayton's very first letters were filled with enthusiasm, but, of course, he did not write as most boys would have written about Florida--not Clayton. His letters were filled with descriptions--descriptions of insects, snakes, spiders! How vivid were those descriptions! The pictures they created in my mind haunted me; I could not erase them.

Then the letters grew fewer. Clayton was doing some research in Florida's entomology and had no time to write. The last letter I received from him should have warned me of trouble. It was written in a strange, sinister, almost weird manner. Clayton described in minute detail the life and habits of the black widow spider.

Soon after my arrival at Fort Laureldale I heard the legend of the hermit who lived in the midst of this great swamp. I heard also how this strange man had married and taken to his swamp habitat a beautiful young girl of Fort Laureldale, and how, since that day, she has not once been seen by any of the people of the vicinity. It never occurred to me that Clayton had any connection with this strange character until several natives of the city mistook me for that very man. There could be no doubt in my mind then that Clayton and this hermit were one and the same person.

After much effort I persuaded a negro boy to bring me in his rowboat to Clayton's domain. I could in no way persuade him to remain on the island, but I finally obtained the promise that he would return in two days, when my leave should expire.

I stood and gazed about me. The decaying green slime oozed under my feet. There was a rancid smell of decay. The island was overgrown with vines and weeds, and I had the feeling that a snake would suddenly slip from under the



# LITERARY

tangles to strike me. The vines and the foliage almost obscured the sun; and although it was only mid-afternoon, the island was bathed in a premature dusk which threw over the scene, and over my spirit a feeling of unutterable gloom. I hurried nervously toward the building.

My approach had evidently been noted, for my brother rushed joyously from the door. He had grown a beard and was badly in need of a haircut. Otherwise, his physical appearance had not changed except that there was in his eye the hard bright gleam which usually indicates a high fever.

He ushered me cordially into the house. The front room was neglected and dirty, but I sensed that it had once had the care of a feminine hand.

Clayton grasped my arm tightly. The feverish glow in his eyes brightened. "Jefferson, I have made a great discovery," he said excitedly. He lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper. "I have discovered how the ancient Egyptians embalmed dead bodies.

I stared at my brother in horror. "Come," he said, "You will see." He strode to a door in the rear and pushed it slightly ajar. I gazed over his shoulder in bewilderment at the sight which met my eyes. Spiders, thousands of black widow spiders! The room was crawling with them. They covered the walls and hung from the rafters. On shelves about the sides of the room eggs were being hatched.

"There are at least ten thousand spiders in this room, and

more are born every hour," Clayton gloated happily.

The spiders were moving in droves toward the open door. I pushed it shut with a scream.

Clayton laughed. "Do not be alarmed. I have taken every precaution. You see," he explained, "the crushed bodies of these spiders make up the main part of my embalming ointment. Is it not a great discovery, Jefferson?"

My mind was in a whirl. "But will it work?" I asked him. "Have you proof that it will work?"

He smiled brightly and pulled from his shirt a gold locket. It contained the miniature of a very lovely girl with jet black hair and a pale, almost transparent complexion.

"That is my Valerie, my wife, Jefferson. I loved her more than life, but I knew I must sacrifice her in the interest of science. She died for the sake of my discovery. She is my proof. Come. You will see."

I knew that he was mad, but I dared not disobey.

He took me into a small chamber which was beautifully furnished in the manner of a lady's boudoir. Dainty lace curtains hung at the windows, and toilet articles were neatly arranged on the dressing table. Clayton led me to a rosy bed with a silk coverlet. He pointed exultantly to a skeleton in a white lace night dress.

My sleep was restless that night, and I awoke with the odor of smoke strong in my nostrils



# LITERARY

and the crackling of flames in my ears. I found Clayton sleeping heavily and woke him with a shake. The whole rear of the house was in flames. I guessed that the fire had been started by the lamp in the spiders' hatchery.

Consternation flooded Clayton's face. "My spiders!" he screamed. "They'll be burned!"

I grabbed at him but I was too late. He rushed to the blazing door and threw himself against it. It fell in with a crash. Clayton was buried forever in the flames.

His sacrifice was not in vain. From the open door poured thousands of spiders-black widow spiders.

I fled in terror.

.....

Now it is dawn. The house is a pile of smouldering ashes. I have watched the spiders slowly separate and spread about the island. Tomorrow the boat will come. But I am alone on an island with ten thousand black widow spiders. The time until tomorrow is an eternity.

--Mary Jean Montgomery '44

\*\*\*\*\*

MEIN DAVERN BERICHT

This is my report!

I have but a few minutes to live before I die in front of a firing squad, so pay close attention; for I have not time to repeat.

Less than a year ago in the very heart of Berlin I was personally appointed by the great Fuehrer to be head Gestapo Agent for the thirteenth district of the Reich. Since then my hands have become bloody with murder; my heart has become hardened; and my eyes have become

blood-shot with fury and hatred. Torturing and murdering have become a mere pastime. Now everything is changed, for I, Herr Colonel Von Smeltch, am to die in front of my own personal firing squad which is composed of officers that I chose. Little did I know at the time that I was picking a group of men who would eventually be pointing the ends of their rifles at me.

I now relate how I came to be involved in such a predicament.

Previously I had been required to send in a complete written report on each and every execution. The following report is the last one to be accompanied by my signature, for it is the one which places me before the firing squad.

Report No. XV1313  
Bordeaux, France  
March 25, 1940

Headquarters 03323  
Berlin, Germany.

On March 13, our most obedient Herr Major von Durnkoff was shot and mortally wounded by some unknown woman sniper on the street. Dow How. I immediately ordered the arrest of fifty women and the erecting of a firing line, complete in every detail. I then made it known throughout the city that everyone be required to come to the execution. Anyone disobeying these orders would be shot.

By the time the sun had risen above the chimney tops, a huge silent crowd had gathered at the execution ground. When I arrived, I gave a sharp "Heil Hitler!" which pierced the death-like silence of the crowd.

Then I began, "Hitler's great people, I speak to you now on a subject that is very, very serious. As you all know, Herr Major von



# LITERARY

Durnkoff was murdered on the night of March 13. Now I must get vengeance by executing. Unless the assassin confesses, fifty of your women will die before the squad in front of your very eyes.

I wish to make an account of the weather at this time of the day. The sun was beginning to fade and dark, dreary clouds filled the sky. Lightning began to flash and a light rain set in.

Now back to my report.

"Well, I'm waiting! Who killed Herr Major von Durnkoff? Speak up! Then came a reply from all of them a reply which was as loud as the thunder and as crashing as the lightning. "I killed him! I killed him!"

"Quiet! That is enough! Well, so you all confess. Quite pretty, quite pretty indeed!"

"Sergeant, bring out the first woman!"

After a few minutes of silence the sergeant brought forth a woman, blind-folded her, tied her hands behind her back, and led her before the firing squad. I then gave the command, "Bereit - - Ziel - - Schieszen!" She dropped like a tired bird in flight.

When the next woman was brought out, I noticed that her features were that of an identical twin. Again I gave the order, "Bereit - - Ziel - - Schieszen!" The next woman was brought out then. She, too, had identical features of the first two. Before she was blind-folded, I asked her if she were a sister of the first two women. She only gave a hysterical laugh. This laugh enraged me, and I immediately had her shot.

May I interrupt my formal report

again at this point to give a brief statement about weather conditions now. The light rain changed to a down pour, and it became so dark that I ordered flood lights switched on so that we could go on with the execution.

Again I ordered the sergeant to bring out another woman. This time before I ordered the firing, I told the crowd that I was going to get revenge. As soon as I had finished, the woman spoke up saying, "Herr Colonel von Sheltch, you do not know what vengeance is." But I cut her short with a quick command, "Bereit - - Ziel - - Schieszen."

I would like to relate at this time that the four women shot were identical, and so were the next forty-four. By this time my nerves were a wreck. My guards had become scared, but the crowd was still calm and silent. I ordered the sergeant to take up the squad's rifles and replace them with machine guns. When the sergeant led out the fiftieth woman, she dropped her head so that her face was not visible. Just before I gave the command to shoot, she raised her head. Ach aimwell! It was the same face. When the squad and the rest of my guards saw the face of the woman, they threw down their rifles and fled, not heeding my command. At the next moment the flood lights went out, and everything became dark. The crowd scattered at once, leaving me alone with the woman. Then I approached her, determined that I would get my vengeance.

"You and your Gestapo do not know what vengeance is," she whispered. "Oh, don't I--well, we'll see," I replied harshly. Then I raised my Lugar and squeezed the trigger. The next moment she sank

(Cont. on "JOKES")





# JOKE



The lawyer became somewhat nettled in his cross examination, but the insignificant-looking little woman in the witness box didn't.

He snapped: "You say you had no education, but you answered my question smartly enough." The witness replied meekly: "You don't have to be a scholar to answer silly questions."

\*\*\*\*\*

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"American"

"Advance and recite the second verse of 'The Star Spangled Banner'."

"I don't know it".

"Proceed, American!"

\*\*\*\*\*

"You just can't trust anybody nowadays. Why, my own grocer gave me a phoney quarter in change this morning."

"Let me see it."

"Oh, I haven't got it any more."

"I gave it to the milkman."

\*\*\*\*\*

He: "I never knew love was like this."

She: "Neither did I. I thought there were more chocolates and flowers to it."

\*\*\*\*\*

"Did you have a nice trip?"

"Yes, indeed. My wife did all the driving."

"How lovely! So you could enjoy the scenery?"

"Yes, all I had to do was to hold the steering wheel."

\*\*\*\*\*

An English paper publishes this advertisement:

"For sale: Baker's business; good trade; large oven; present

owner been in it for seven years; good reasons for leaving."

\*\*\*\*\*

Woman(on telephone): "I sent my little boy to your store for two pounds of prunes and I got only 1 pound. Your scales are wrong."

Fruit Dealer: "My scales are all right, madam. Have you tried weighing your little boy?"

\*\*\*\*\*

And then there was the cow who, after jumping over a barbed wire fence said: "I'm utterly ruined."

\*\*\*\*\*

Rastus had just experienced his first trip to the painless dentist and upon leaving remarked:

"Well, sah, Mr. Dentist, maybe you all is painless, but Ah ain't."

\*\*\*\*\*

Science Prof: "What happens when a body is completely immersed in water."

Coed: "The telephone rings."

\*\*\*\*\*

(Con't. from LITERARY)

to rest with the others. Then I gaped in silent astonishment; for as I stood there, all fifty women began to rise and become as one enormous phantom. I heard this woman, or should I say a ghost, speak with the very thunder in the sky.

"Herr von Smeltch, hearken unto me. I will tell you what vengeance really is. Vengeance cannot be gained in executions, nor is it measured in your horrible torturing. Vengeance cannot move or kill a great people who will eventually crush all your Gestapo and your isms. I am the spirit of that great people of whom you shall soon be a servant. You can find me at Latitude 41°45'N; Longitude 74°W. Now before the firingsquad, my one innocent thought is "Latitude 41°45'N; Longitude 74°W."

- "Chippy" Haynes - '43



# CLUBS

## POLICE

The persons who have recently violated school rules will be punished. We have a long list of names that will be taken care of soon. If school children do not stay off the grass when asked by members of the Police force, their names will be turned in to the proper authorities.

## GIRLS' HI-Y CLUB

The Girls Hi-Y Club is planning to have a rummage sale sometime in the near future. The proceeds will be used for cleaning up around the high school building.

## SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club is being completely reorganized. All members except the officers have been suspended from the Club. A constitution is being drawn up. Membership will be determined as follows: Each officer may propose four people for membership. The people proposed will be voted upon by the officers and must be elected by a total vote of the officers. The membership of the Club is limited to fifteen, including officers. It is hoped that a new and better Science Club will result from this reorganization.

## LATIN CLUB

On March 2, the Latin Club discussed plans for an assembly program which will be given in May. It was decided to act out the myth, "An Old Love Story". The members of the third and fourth year Latin Class wrote the play.

On March 16, the play was read to the club, and some of the characters for the parts were chosen.

## COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Commercial Club has adapted as its motto, "Good typing plus better shorthand equals the best commercial student." Black and white were selected as the club colors.

At one meeting a quiz program was held, and prizes were awarded to the winners. At the last meeting, the club had a social. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the games, as well as the refreshments.

## BETA CLUB

The sale of War Savings Stamps which has been started is a success. Mrs. Deemer, Mrs. Hedrick, Mrs. Deemer, Mrs. Hedrick is the new sponsor.

A quiz by the president, Bobby McNeil, was conducted at the last regular meeting. The contestants were: Charles Moore, Virginia Cook, Forrest Wells, and Lucile Castleman.

Plans to sell candy are being made.

## DRAMATIC CLUB

The first meeting of the Dramatic Club, which was held on March 2, 1943, was called to order by the president, and the business meeting of the club was discussed. The meeting then adjourned.

The second meeting was held on Friday, March 12. The meeting was called to order by the vice president, after which the characters for the play "There's a Grandma?" were chosen; the meeting was then adjourned.

The next meeting which was held on Tuesday, March 16, was called to order by the vice-president, Patricia Torrace conducted a quiz program.



# GIFTS

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YOUR FRIENDS

THE REXALE STORE

VISIT THE

COLLEGE BOOK  
STORE

FOR YOUR

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

AND

FOUNTAIN SERVICE





# S-P-O-R-T-S



## The Basketball Tournament

About the middle of February the Blacksburg Cagers received their bid to the annual Western Class B basketball tournament which was to be held in Pulaski, on March 5 and 6. The team left on Friday morning, confident of at least one victory in the tournament. The players, <sup>the</sup> managers, and <sup>the</sup> coaches were quartered in private homes.

On Friday night the tournament started off with the Indians and Radford meeting in the first contest. The starting five for B.H.S. were Capt. Bruce Gray and Jackie Albert, guards; Bill Martin at center; and Ed Ellison and Jimmy Clower, forwards. The teams battled on even terms, the score at the half time being 16 to 12 in favor of the Bobcats. The Indians started the next half off right, the score at the three-quarter mark being 18 all; but two long shots by Bruce Gray gave the Indians a lead that was never overcome. Bill Martin, playing at his usual pivot position, scored 11 points, high score for both teams. Ed Ellison and Jack Albert scored 6 and 4 points respectively, with Gray getting the other 7.

In the next contest of the night, the favored Christiansburg quintet was defeated by a tall Fleming crew by a score of 34 to 29.

In the semi-finals on Saturday morning, Blacksburg played a powerful Pulaski five, while Rocky Mount opposed William Fleming. The Indians, tired from their victory over Radford, set up a defense against the Orioles that was almost invincible, the score at the half

being 8 to 2. Jimmy Clower scored the lone two points by making a lay-up just before the whistle blew. The Indians continued to play exceptionally well; letting the Orange and Black score only 10 points the last half while the Indians, fighting hard to cop their second tournament victory, let the time creep up on them with the game ending in favor of Pulaski 18 to 15. The outcome of the contest was in doubt until the final whistle. Caldwell and Newsome with 6 points each, were high scorers for Pulaski, while Gray made 5 for his school. Ellison and Clower made 4 points each, while Martin collected the other 2. The entire team played outstanding ball, and probably this performance was one of the best this year. The Indians were always on the alert, blocking many of the Oriole shots. Pulaski had underestimated the Blacksburg five and was expecting to enter into the finals with an easy triumph.

The second game of the morning was another close game. Rocky Mount threw a scare into Fleming and made the count close throughout. The Roanokers, all over 6 feet, had to play an extra period to edge out the Eagles.

Since Pulaski and William Fleming had won in the morning rounds, they played for the championship on Saturday night while Blacksburg and Rocky Mount, the losers, played a consolation match prior to the main event. The Indians, who were the smallest team at the tournament, tired, but anxious, gave the Eagles a fight to the finish. The blue and gold fought courageously throughout the game, the score at the half



# SPORTS

time being 14 to 12. The Indians, not being accustomed to the large floor, became tired. Rocky Mount, with plenty of reserves, managed to win 33 to 24. For B.H.S. Martin again led the scoring by laying in 7 points. With 5 points each, Ellison and Albert were next with scoring honors. Bruce Gray swished in 4, with Vaught getting 2 and Clower 1. Bill Angle, a guard for Rocky Mount, scored 13 points to become high man for the Eagles.

In the finals, the Pulaski Orioles playing at top form, defeated the William Fleming quintet, defending champions, 25 to 19 (3 more points than the score by which they defeated B.H.S.) to take the Class B district cage title. A crowd of 700 jammed the high school gym to the rafters to see this thrill-a-minute game. Failure to drop in fowl shots cost the Indians greatly.

The Indians, who were also known as the Blacksburg Grays, played 3 games as did Fleming. Pulaski and Rocky Mount played 2, while Radford and the strong quintet from C.H.S. played only once.

Bill Judy, one of the officials, made a statement concerning one of our players. He said, "Jackie Albert of Blacksburg is the most promising player to participate in this tournament."

Bruce Gray was named the player showing the best sportsmanship in the tournament, while Owen of Fleming was voted most valuable to his team. An all-tournament team was composed of the following: Caldwell of Pulaski and Board of Christiansburg as the forwards, Owen of Fleming as center, and Miller of Pulaski and Angle of Rocky Mount as

guards.

Bill Martin collected a total of 20 points for the 3 games for high scoring honors: Gray got 16; Ellison, 15; Albert, 9; Clower, 5; and Bill Vaught, 2. Billy Dobbins came close to breaking in the scoring column, but not close enough. The balls just wouldn't go in for Bill.

Blacksburg had only two reserves. They were Billy Dobbins, a forward, and Bill Vaught, a guard. Both players saw plenty of action during the week-end, playing in every game.

The seniors who ended their cage career were Captain Bruce Gray, Bill Martin, Jimmy Clower, and Billy Dobbins.

With a team composed almost entirely of young and inexperienced players, the credit for this year's success should go to our two sterling coaches, "Doc" Gibson and "Bobby" Burns. These excellent coaches devoted most of their time and energy to the development of their willing pupils. This effort earned for them the compliment paid by Fred Smith, coach of Fleming: "The Blacksburg team was the best coached quintet in the tournament." In our own opinion, their coaching ability is "tops" in any league, and we hope this experience will help them in future undertakings. Coach Gibson has already left for services with our country's armed forces. Coach Burns is also leaving soon with the same intention in mind. We wish both of them Godspeed and all the luck in the world.

As pupils and players, we wish to express our gratitude for the unselfishness and devotion of our coaches for their help in building  
(Con't. on "School News")



# School News

## Election of Officers for the Student Senate

On Thursday, March 11, the following officers were elected for the Student Senate: Bobby McNeil, president; Tom Hutcheson, vice-president; and Ronny Dietrick, secretary. In all cases the winners were elected by a large plurality of the votes cast. Bobby polled 229 votes; Tom, 206; and Ronny, 149. The voting was done by secret ballot.

The election was preceded by an assembly program on Wednesday, at which each candidate was given an opportunity to express his views in a short campaign speech.

## School on Saturdays

Since it was necessary for school to be closed for seven days in the middle of February, the School Board has decided that the time should be made up on Saturdays. Saturday classes will continue until the time lost is made up.

## Social Column

On Friday, March 12, the P.T.A. sponsored a dance for high school students in the armory. The dance lasted from 8:00 till 12:00. Refreshments of sandwiches and drinks were sold by the P.T.A. About 100 boys and girls attended, including a number of cadets. Everyone there seemed to have a good time, despite the damp weather.

A week later, on March 19, a dance was held by Arthur and Ralph Riffenburg at their home. Most of their guests were high school students. Dancing was

from 9 till 12. Punch and cookies were served.

There have been several surprise parties lately for the boys in the armed forces or those leaving soon to be inducted. Those honored were Bobby Price, Edward Page and Jimmy and John Carrick and Bob Tait, former students at B.H.S.

## (Con't. from "SPORTS") The Basketball Tournament

the good sports record of our high school.

The managers, Buford Blair and Tom Hutcheson, were aided in their duties at the tournament by Alfred Munday who was supplied by the home team, Pulaski. Although Munday was a Pulaski student, he showed great loyalty to his adopted team. He was well liked by our team for his general helpfulness and genial disposition.

We wish to express our thanks and appreciation to the citizens of Pulaski for their kindness and consideration shown us during our stay in their appropriately chosen city. The team also offers thanks to Blair and Hutcheson for their help and loyal devotion during the season.

The officials at the tournament were the two Judy brothers, Bill and Ben. Bill is a well-known figure among sports fans of this state, having played on several basketball teams and coached several sports. Ben is well-known as a referee for local contests, and is one of the best tackles in state collegiate football. Ben is from V.P.I., while Bill hails from Roanoke.





# CENSORED

Daphna, is it true that Ed Katherly got a taxi to come all the way to McCoy?

\*\*\*\*\*

What has happened to the Webster-Payne case? Charlie, maybe you know.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bruce Scaggs has finally come down to earth. He happened to "land" someone from McCoy. What about it, Elizabeth?

\*\*\*\*\*

Marie Wilson has such an interest in Roanoke that we wonder who he could be.

\*\*\*\*\*

We wonder if Bruce Gray will ever find anyone whom he wants for a girlfriend. Good luck, Bruce.

\*\*\*\*\*

If you hear Clarice McCoy going around singing "Florida on My Mind," don't be surprised, for Pvt. Charles McNeil is stationed there.

\*\*\*\*\*

We wonder if cross-word puzzles are the only thing that Lucile Castleman and George Richards have in common.

\*\*\*\*\*

We wonder if Harrison goes to the Army if Bruce Gray will monopolize Mayne Katherine. He is doing very well now.

\*\*\*\*\*

We wonder what would happen if Mayne McCoy couldn't do a kind deed for someone every day.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bobby Handley himself admits that he is badly "twitterpated." Indeed, now, instead of humming, he goes around singing "La La, La La, La, La". Catch on?

\*\*\*\*\*

We suggest that if you want to see Jack Hungate, you must look around for Marie Caldwell. They're not Siamese twins, either!

\*\*\*\*\*

Why doesn't "Squirrel" Smith make up his mind? While he is at school it's Martha Huffman, and after school it's Daphna Albert. Guess he's making good use of his time before he goes to the army.

\*\*\*\*\*

We wonder how Freddie Morris is getting along with Helen Connely. He seemed to be doing all right at a couple of dances.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sumner Tilson seems to be Betty Oliver's "Number One" now. What's wrong, Rolfe?

\*\*\*\*\*

R. D., do you think you can go to Midway three times a week on one and one half gallons of gasoline? I'll bet Kathryn Tuck hopes so.

\*\*\*\*\*

We wonder how Josephine Whitlock is doing without Bobby, since he has gone to the Navy? Oh well, they always get a furlough!

\*\*\*\*\*

We hear that Alice Allis has been trying to rearrange her schedule to take typing fourth instead of fifth period. Incidentally, that's the hour George Richards has it.



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You'll find the unusual....  
And the essentials....  
In our Spring collection.  
Suits--classic Sportswear  
Superbly tailored Year-Round  
Coats--with removable lining.

(Con't. from CLUBS)

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

On March 12, the Home Economics Club was very fortunate to have Mrs. Mary Thompson, Home Demonstration Agent for Montgomery County, as guest speaker. She spoke on the opportunities in home demonstration work for girls, the Home Economics program here in Montgomery County, and how girls could improve through their home economics work. The girls enjoyed the talk very much.

IT CAN BE DONE



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