



# 'Behind the Curtain's Mystic Fold the Glowing Future Lies Unrolled'

By Stuart Harris and Langston Roland

I was always a bibliophile and for long had dreamed of retiring to some bosky dell where in a comfortable country house, unhampered by public duties, or private responsibilities—not too many, that is—I could spend my time writing, reading, and collecting books.

So it was that I settled eagerly in my villa on a tall promontory overlooking the limpid Dan where, save for my books, I lost all active contact with the outside world, until I began making occasional excursions to fairs, circuses, football games, the grand-daughter-of-Lana Turner movies, yo-yo contests, and to a few other places where interests acquired in childhood and not able since to be shaken off, led me.

When I allowed myself these happy trips, I always went on my bicycle, a choice number I had gotten as a premium for having 10,000 Blue Horse covers—so many, in fact, that the bicycle when it came was “one built for two”.

A few friends I had, chief of which was one Lepidus Burrows with whom I would talk long over the prospect of Houston Warren, the Republican candidate, defeating A. J. Davis, the Democratic nominee, in the 1980 presidential elections. Lepidus, a crochety old man of 60, stood solidly behind Warren because, as he expressed it, “That man Warren has a fine wife in Rose Bennett Warren. She’ll make a wonderful First Lady—and at least *she* won’t go gadding about the country.”

It was while on one of my many bicycle trips that I became interested in investigating the whereabouts of some of this “famous class of 1942” of which Warren and Davis were members. But let me tell you how it all began—

One lovely spring afternoon Burrows invited me to visit one of the country schools

of which he was a member of the board of trustees. Hopping on the “bicycle built for two”, we immediately picked up our argument where we had left off the night before.

“But don’t you see,” Burrows ejaculated, “if Warren is elected, he will appoint William Lewis as Secretary of War. If this happens, then Lewis’ wife, Eldridge ‘Teaser’ Ellis Lewis, will really be the ‘power behind the throne’. Why, I’m telling you, she’s got more sense than any other woman in this country.”

“Really,” I interrupted, “that is quite absurd. Don’t you see, Davis won’t get any criticism from Westbrook Pegler III whose grandfather denounced the “famed Eleanor”. Why, did you know that Davis fought under General Langston Roland, the noted Jap killer, in whose brigade were such notorious figures as Alfred Phelps, Alvin Moss, Thomas Shadrick, Armstead Witcher, Owen Elliott, and Charles Smith? Doesn’t this prove that he’s the man for president! What with a campaign manager like Norwood Anderson, he’s sure to be elected.”

By this time we had arrived at our destination—the schoolhouse where we were to visit. Quite unlike the schools of my day was this modernistic building, all white marble and glass, with indirect lighting and cushioned desks.

Entering the building, we slipped into the back seats in time to hear the teacher say: “Our reports today concern the famous class of ‘42. We will now hear Elsie Camm report on ‘Sports’.”

Elsie Camm, a blond, robust young woman of 16, rose and walked to the front of the class.

“As you students have probably heard me talk about my grandparents, Gwynn and Ed Camm, I won’t linger on them. They were truly the reigning favorites in the world of sport. My Grandmother Gwynn appeared be-

fore all the uncrowned heads of Europe with her team of basketball favorites—the high scorer of which was naturally Hellon Haley. The team starred such people as Geneva Blalock, Doris Crawford, Marjorie Hardy, Marion Sauerbeck, and Marian McCubbins.

“And then there was Grandpa Ed—my, we were awfully proud of him. He appeared in six Olympic games and was practically mobbed by women admirers wherever he went.

“But they weren’t the only members of this superb class who were sports stars. Why, for weeks last fall, newspapers were full of the feud between Roland Elliott, V. M. I. football coach, and James Pruitt, V. P. I. instructor. On the day of the big game they had to call out the state militia to keep the two squads from each others’ throats. And they tell me that Donald Parrish and Gus Calos on the V. P. I. team were actually using Roy Dix, and Charles Royster of V. M. I. as targets. I wasn’t able to find in my report why it was that Charles, Donald, Gus, and Roy were still going to school because they were all in their late fifties.

“Undoubtedly you have heard of the Rozelle Kennedy memorial Tennis Matches. Well, they were begun in 1950 as a tribute to this great tennis star. In the same year Kush Wilkinson defeated the champion, George Davis, to become ‘King Kush of the Tennis World’.”

This report in a simple country school house so fired my imagination, so filled me with curiosity that I decided to investigate further the whereabouts of this famous class.

And, dear reader, please keep in mind that all names mentioned henceforward will be graduates of George Washington High School

(Continued on page 6)

Romeo

Juliet

## Romeo

Ideal Senior Boy

*By Pat Coffey*

Mix up a number of boys,  
Take their best parts.  
The finished product will be one  
To win your hearts.

Coupla shoulders of Atlas  
And add a Czar;  
The technique of Tyrone Power.  
And there you are.

Below is our formula for him.  
He's quite the thing!  
We bet if we ever found one  
That he'd be king.

Complexion—Ryland Stephens  
Eyes—Kush Wilkinson  
Personality—Fuzzy Davis  
Physique—Reigh Peck  
Hair—Bill Lewis  
Smile—Sudie Warren  
Intelligence—Floyd Shelton  
Athletic Ability—Roland Elliott  
Clothes—Robert Murray  
Disposition—Stuart Harris  
Wit—Lanier Smith  
Friendliness—Ray Collie

truly the reigning favorites in the world of sport. My Grandmother Gwynn appeared be-

## A Hope for the Future

*By Gwynn Waugh*

Within these well-beloved walls, as the fleeing years raced by,  
We beheld the dove of peace take wing—on flashing pinions fly.  
From carefree days of happiness, bright hours that knew no fears,  
Our lives have darkened suddenly. We've known the sting of tears.

The annals of other nations show such harsh recurring trials,  
And oft our young America has known life's stern denials  
In over-clouded days of war and its sorrow-laden toil  
When patriots' blood flowed freely to enrich this nation's soil.

O you with faith to look ahead beyond a world of strife  
And see the sure beginnings of a fuller, richer life,  
Give now your heart and mind and strength in ever faithful trust  
That nations under God may win a lasting peace—and just.

## Juliet

Ideal Senior Girl

*By Ray Collie*

A coupla jiggers of Eve  
And add a star,  
Mix in a dash of Scarlet  
And there you are.

Give her the figure of Venus  
And a drop of dew.  
Pour in the face of Hedy,  
She's made for you.

This is our perfect girl  
All spic and span;  
We call her G. W.'s Juliet—  
She'll get her man!

Complexion—Jean Critz  
Eyes—Rebecca Waldron  
Personality—Rose Bennett  
Hair—Ann Turner  
Figure—Peggy White  
Smile—Elizabeth Powell  
Intelligence—Ann Miller  
Athletic Ability—Gwynn Waugh  
Clothes—Margaret Luther  
Disposition—Betty Roberts  
Wit—Dot Goodson  
Friendliness—Nancy Keeton

# The Chatterbox

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## Graduates Face a World Of Confusion and Destruction

**WE** are Seniors! We are the graduates of 1942, a year of momentous decisions, of strife and struggle. We go into a world of death and destruction—we must be brave, we must be stout of heart, we must be forgiving. Our responsibilities to this world are innumerable—the Senior must give and take, live and let live, trust and be trusted.

Heirs to what? This might well be our battle cry. Some of us may scoff, blame and condemn our leaders for the all-engulfing conflict which now rages. But .. listen .. think .. these same men are preserving for us, are insuring for us, those things by which America was nourished in the past—freedom, liberty, justice.

By far the greatest gift a child may give its parents, a student may give its school, is to become a "somebody". The pride which is then felt can not be bought for love or money.

But our responsibilities go farther. We must never forget those who loved

blame and condemn our leaders for the all-engulfing conflict which now rages. But . . . listen . . . think . . . these same men are preserving for us, are insuring for us, those things by which America was nourished in the past—freedom, liberty, justice.

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But our responsibilities go farther. We must never forget those who loved and guided us through our dark days—our parents, our teachers, our friends.

As Seniors we are one of the most select groups in the world. Many of our elders have far less education than we—but their experience, the life they live and have lived, is priceless. Our responsibilities extend to them, too. We must combine our knowledge with their experience to make the world "safe for Democracy".

Patriotism is a mere word of ten letters but its significance and importance is far reaching. This is war—a conflict to the bitter end. We as statesmen, as soldiers, as citizens, must sacrifice and work to win the peace which will surely come.

We are not really graduating but in a figurative sense are passing into the thirteenth grade—the grade of life. And, as we leave forever this George Washington High School, with tear-dimmed eyes, we wish to thank all who have helped us attain this day by their love, their friendliness, and their guidance.

—o—

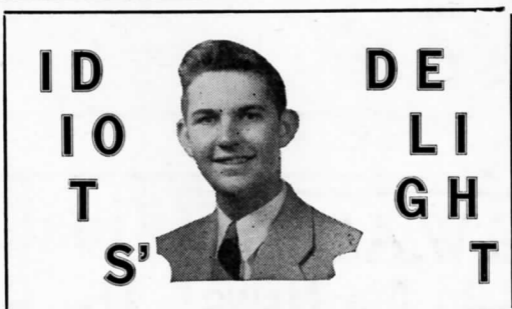
## *G. W. May Call This A Red Letter Year*

**T**HE 1942 school year has been marked with progress and success. Many of our participants in curricula and extra-curricular activities have achieved recognition and distinction in state and nation.

Among those honored were the Latin contestants whose high combined average secured them first place in Virginia. The superior ranking Glee Club, the prize winning Chatterbox and its talented staff members, and the Debating Club—which reached the semi-finals in the State contest—also are worthy of mention.

Although the students at G. W. have felt the impact of the world-wide conflict and have at times wished to participate more actively in the war effort, yet the great majority have been wise enough to realize that it is their patriotic duty to remain in school.

Only well educated and well trained men and women can be useful on the home front and in the reconstruction effort after the war. The students of George Washington High School this year have begun to prepare themselves for these tasks.



**By Mack Oliver**

Fatal and final of all school days is now right at hand. Next week this time it'll all be over for those Seniors.

It's powerfully difficult to say something cheery while we lose such brilliant people. But, as we swim through the oceans of tears and fight away a broken heart, we'll try to give forth with the same old bull as per usual.

But first let us say that to all those graduating we humbly dedicate this column.

Second, we just hope you have all the luck in the world and don't forget us too soon.

\* \* \* \*

*Congratulations to all those winning scholarships—more power to you.*

\* \* \* \*

**One Thing They Didn't Learn**

Norwood A.: But he couldn't be her half brother.

Audrey Velette Pavey: And why not?

Norwood: He's as tall as she is.

\* \* \* \*



**We Just Found Out That**

Rose Bergers are better in skirts than on rolls . . . McCormic's growl is just the *Barksdale* in him . . . Sudie Warren really wouldn't Edus.

\* \* \* \*

MARTHA MOWBRAY SAYS THAT HER ACTING MAY NOT BE THE BEST IN THE WORLD BUT ANYWAY SHE'S A WILLINGHAM.

\* \* \* \*

Note—O. K. so we did just find out their whole names.

\* \* \* \*

**Nothing Personal**

Eldridge Ellis: Do you know "I Surrender, Dear".

George Davis: Gee. I didn't think you cared.

\* \* \* \*

JEAN CRITZ SAYS THAT EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS IN HIGH SCHOOL, TESTS ARE STILL LIKE THE WEATHER. YOU NEVER KNOW.

\* \* \* \*

**No Doubt**

Bill Lewis: I never try to open our front door any more.

Dot Goodson: Why, what's the trouble?

Dear”.

George Davis: Gee. I didn't think you cared.

\* \* \* \*

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### No Doubt

Bill Lewis: I never try to open our front door any more.

Dot Goodson: Why, what's the trouble?

Cubie: I believe there's a catch to it.

\* \* \* \*



### Snakey

Robert Murray trusted his reptile handbook so undauntedly that we had to argue an hour convincing him that *Melvin Kobre* is non poisonous.

\* \* \* \*

THEY MURMURED AS HE RECEIVED HIS DIPLOMA, "HMM, CAP AND GOON."

\* \* \* \*

*And Ray Collie thought "Kings Row" was about a medieval battle. Rowdy boy, Ray.*

\* \* \* \*

### Hide Beater Not Say This. But

It's *Tough* to decide whether or not Nelson Benton will be *Rich* or not, *Bauduc* can bet your life his drumming will never be *Cole*.

\* \* \* \*

### We'll Miss . . . .

We'll miss our daily glimpse of you,  
We'll miss your pleasant smile;  
We'll miss you, dear old Senior class,  
Our school won't seem worthwhile.

\* \* \*



### Last Scenes Around School

Plenty of lump-in-their-throat-juniors practising for the taking over of Senior assembly seats . . . a slump in the food business while everyone works up an enormous hunger for the picnics.

\* \* \*

### A Typical Scene

Place: the Senior dance

Irma Gonna Graduate (typical Senior girl): You're so sweet to send me these pretty flowers. They're so fresh—there's still some dew on them.

Me Too (typical boy): Don't let it floor you, honey. I'll pay it off in the morning.

\* \* \* \*

IT'S THE LAST OF EVERYTHING—SO UNTIL NEXT YEAR WE'LL STEAL AN EXIT. WE'LL BE SENIOR IN SEPTEMBER.