

High School Faculty Give Summer Plans

Few Will Attend Schools Because of War Situation

Because of the war and the gas situation, few members of the faculty expect to attend summer school or travel. Many of them will stay at their respective homes, and several will teach summer school. Also one or two may give their services to the U. S. Army.

The teachers who plan to continue their studies at summer school are:

Miss Elizabeth Oliver—Juilliard School, New York City.

M. Roy Hood—Duke University.

Miss Etta Henderson — Cornell University, N. Y.

James Van Oot — Cornell University, N. Y.

Gerald Quirk—Boston University, Massachusetts.

Those who plan to spend the summer at home are: Misses Sudie P. Davis, Josephine Estes, Thelma Naylor, Harriett Shelburne, Harriet Foster, Anne Ferree, Mary Oliver, Lillian Williams, Eula Gregory, Lucille Walton. Mrs. Janie Spiggle, Mrs. Lee Price Neal, Mrs. Elizabeth Link, Miss Cora Donaldson, all of Danville;

Miss Antoinette Parker—Franklin, Virginia; Miss Lucille Webb—Abingdon, Virginia; Miss Elizabeth G. Woodson—Lynchburg, Va.; and Mrs. Coleman B. Yeatts—Chatham; R. S. Simpson—Miss.

Those who will teach Summer School at G. W. are: Charles L. Saeger, Mrs. Nora Payne Hill, Miss Grace Bagley, and Gordon H. May.

Roland Bacon will leave June 15 for the Air Corps at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois, where he will be an instructor of air mechanics. "Uncle Sam" will also probably call R. J. Payne.

Miss Dorothy Fitzgerald plans to spend part of the summer in Blackstone, Va., and New York. Miss Hazel Sherrill will be in Birmingham during June, and Mrs. Hattie Frantz Travis, Fort Meade.

W. W. Grover will teach in Washington and Lee University. Gordon H. May will also instruct in the ground school of the Civil Pilot's training course at G. W.

The newly appointed recreation director of the city, Charles D.

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

(Continued from page 2)

in 1942. And it makes no difference how odd or how miraculous the occupations seem, they are, of course, true.

That night after dropping my friend, Lepidus Burrows, at the latest Marie Fowlkes—Frank Boyd movie, I proceeded home to my books and to rest.

After dinner, isolating myself completely in my huge glass library, I proceeded to pursue further the contributions of that now famous class of which I have spoken. Having obtained earlier a list of the class members from the principal of George Washington High School, Melvin Kobre, I was able to conduct my search without very much labor.

The first names which caught my eye—Lois Alley, Mildred Barker, Margaret Owen, Kathleen Bennett, and Mary Green Brackin—I easily recognized as famous nurses who helped the world through the great epidemic of 1955.

Browsing through my own books to see what could be found, I came across that best selling novel, "How to Keep the Boys in Camp Happy" by Elizabeth Powell and Jean Critz. Another volume, close beside it, caught my eye—it was "My After-School Life with Mr. Payne" by Ruby DeHart.

Taking down a catalogue of Columbia University, I was surprised to discover that many members of this unusual class were employed at this great domicile of learning. President Floyd Shelton was skillfully aided by Professor of Math, Zeldia Silverman, Professor of Chemistry, Willie Watts, Professor of Religion, Fred Patterson, and Robert Murray, Professor of that newly instituted subject, Snakeology.

On the teaching staff were Charlotte Brown, Marie Buck, Helen Carter, James Ashley, G. H. Barr, and B. J. Hurd.

The next morning, rising a little earlier than usual, I got on my bicycle and rushed right over to Lepidus's house.

"Good morning, Lepidus, old fruit," I greeted him joyously. "And how was the movie last night. Listen, Lep, how about going into Danville with me? I want to look up a few things."

"Well," Lepidus answered dolefully, "Architect Bill Baucum was coming to help me plan my new home, and Photographer Lynwood Aron was supposed to bring me the proofs of my wife's photograph, but I suppose I'll go."

Once again we were on the open highway and within a few minutes found ourselves in the huge metropolis of Danville.

Passing by a music store, I saw in the window copies of that new song hit, "Wait for Me, Vidillia" by Marvin Williams, and I remembered that Marvin, too, finished in '42.

After buying one of those novel newspapers-on-film of which Stuart Harris was editor, I read with interest that some of my friends—Billy Booth, Sam Boaze, Carlton Bousman, J. B. Bryant, and Melvin Burrell—were attending an international peace conference in Paris.

Spending the morning in the Danville Museum, we saw the paintings of Artist Curtis Beck, the medals of General Rayl Cortie, the cap worn by Nurse Nancy Keaton, and the piano upon which Martha Mowbray composed her famous song, "I Didn't Want To Set Myself on Fire."

After our splendid lunch at Wallace Moatz's Diner, listening to the music of Nelson Benton and his famous all-girl quartet, including Mildred Patterson, his wife, Flory Cleveland, Adnia Collins, and Norma Drumwright, we spent the afternoon visiting Jesse Fields' Department Store, where Anne Pettierew put the "Pettierew Modeling Girls" through "A Parade of Beauty."

To complete an almost perfect day, we went to Herman Vaden's theatre where we saw the expert dancing of the chorus girls coached by Phyllis Wilson, Eva Wilmarth, Margaret Castleberry, Helen Stephanos, and Hildren Ferguson. But the hit of the show was a Barbershop Quartet composed of Harry Williamson, Ezra Williams, John Watkins and Brooks Crews, who sang Ruth Nall's latest song hit, "I Finally Heard What My Mamma Done Told Me."

After an enjoyable but rather crowded day, we went silently to our homes.

Having slept for almost twenty-four hours, I arose and slipped into my riding togs, a glassinite creation by Jane Glidewell. As I prepared to call Lep by the new Alvis Griffith phono-vision, I was interrupted by a face appearing on the screen—

whispered to me his regret at not having made more lacerations.

As we left the office we were pushed along down the street by the crowd following Leigh Peck and Peggy White.

As we finally stopped in front of Mercer Motley's Flower Shoppe, Lep said, "Wonder what General Peck's doing in town!"

"His business went bad," answered a familiar voice.

Turning quickly, we found ourselves face to face with Lloyd Gregory.

"What business?" I queried.

"Beheading Japs," he flung back as he hastened off.

From henceforward my account of these celebrities may appear rather jumpy but it is all because the next events followed in such quick succession that I have been unable to comprehend them fully.

After Lloyd had left, we again got astride the bike and had barely gone a hundred yards before a loud noise occurred and, of all things—our front tire had gone flat.

Although I was a bit shaken, I could plainly hear a man's voice calling, "Are you hurt?"

It was Harry Holland, who had accidentally fired a rifle in Joe Griffith's Gun Store.

Since we were fortunate enough to have been stranded in front of Bobbie Parker's Auto Court, we soon found ourselves perched again on the seats and pedaling along at a merry pace.

Our next stop was the "All Woman's Congress To Prevent Wars, Necking, and Another Hitler." The guard at the gate, Dorothy Moss, ushered us into the meeting hall and seated us right behind Elva Matney, Eunice Patterson, Mary Helen Still, Ann Stigall, and Lela Scarce. The first speaker, in fact the only speaker, was Rachael Richmond, who delivered a paper on "How To Prevent Eloping."

Since Burrows and I were not particularly interested in elopements (we were both married), we hopped on our two-wheeled vehicle and were off again at a lively speed.

At about four that afternoon we saw Frank Owen going into Billy Hess's Jewelry Store.

"He must be getting that ring again," mused Lep.

"Ring?" I asked puzzled.

"Audrey's wedding ring," he sighed.

"Those two hold the divorce record around these parts. They've been married and divorced six times and every time Frankie names Harry Pritchett as having alienated Audrey's affections."

By this time we had reached the stop light at the corner of Main and Union and, peering into the next car, we saw the world's best dressed man, Ryland Stephens, entertaining Mary Tate, Doris Townsend, and Thelma Matney with his romantic slang. Before we could start off again a huge limousine flashed by.

"That's G. B. Wagner," said Lep.

"He and his wife, Rebecca Waldron, invented synthetic rubber. Thanks to him we have tires."

"But who's that with him?" I inquired.

"Oh, that's Ann Miller. She writes all of those Burma-Shave signs, and gets \$1,000 a week."

As we rode along we saw a sign which read—Visit Vitamin Farm, 2 Miles Ahead. After the two miles had been covered, we observed ahead a huge skyscraper on top of which stood Willard Jamerson's model farm. Mary Paul met us at the door down below and took us up to the roof.

"This farm," she explained, "can furnish all of Danville's one million people with food. And with such executives as Ruby Townsend, Viola Turner, Mary Krios, and Verla Fitzgerald, and such farmettes as Ela Harper, Carrie Haynes, Mildred Holley, and Dorothy Holshouser, this farm was bound to be a success."

Unfortunately, we had parked our bicycle close beside the building and, as we prepared to leave, it seemed as if the whole structure collapsed on top of Lep, the bicycle and me. But, they told me as they picked me up, it was only Betty Robert's vitamin B cow which had slipped off the roof.

"Look at the back wheel," moaned Lep. "It's all twisted and bent. Help! Help! Help us somebody."

From nearby houses Alice Roark, Ann Turner, Gladys Price, and Dorothy Pruitt came running out.

"What's happened?" they all yelled at once.

"It's broken! It's broken!" sighed Lep. "I can repair it," said a vaguely familiar voice behind us.

"Peggy Phillips!" I gasped.

"Yes," she put forth. "As physics teacher at George Washington High School, I can renew it by a simple law of physics."

And no sooner had she spoken than the deed was done.

"Are there any more '42 graduates over at G. W.?" I asked Peggy.

"Well, just come along with me and see for yourself," she retorted.

What was once a rather small brick building on Holbrook Avenue has now given place to one of the largest and finest schools in the nation. At the huge revolving doors a host of Peggy's colleagues greeted us. C. S. Taylor was head of the History Department but they say that although C. S. taught the class, the tests were still Mr. Simpson's. Aylor Soyars headed a new department—"How to Evade Income Tax". We didn't see him though—he was in court explaining a \$100 deduction. Lanier Smith taught French, having gained experience, they tell me, by taking over a certain Mr. Payne's class.

In charge of all movies for assemblies were Carr Reynolds and Norman Ragle. "A vaudeville a day" turned out to be their motto.

Reluctantly we left our old alma mater, but duty called. I had yet to finish checking my list of graduates, and Lepidus's eyes were beginning to droop slightly.

We again mounted "Old Fateful" (as Lep called our bicycle) and had just started up Holbrook when an army tank rolled up behind us. It was Jack Perry and George McCall taking Frances Poindexter for her first ride. A tow chain hooked on behind the tank was pulling Dorothy Goodson and Myrtle Walker—too lazy to drive their own.

I had been informed that a yo-yo contest at Ballou Park might yield something of interest. After I had done most of the pumping up West Main (Lep was almost asleep), we finally arrived in time for the semi-finals. It seemed that H. B. McCormick, southern champ, was giving Henry Jones a good run. Lambros Tsoukatos was judging.

We noticed Ann Gregory among the spectators.

"She still has no man," Lep whispered.

"A confirmed old maid."

But an announcement interrupted our lamentations over poor Ann.

"For yo-yo's," it said, "see Frances Gourley and Virginia Smith. They make the best."

By this time the contests were over and an inner voice told us that it was time for dinner. On our way to Rosemary Hellman's Cafeteria we nearly collided with Juliette Fitzgerald and Margaret Gentry, driving in Margaret's new wooden automobile which she had just patented.

During our meal Lep's eyes began slowly to close but certainly not because he was bored. What with Hazel Hamblin, Margaret Luther, and Margaret Kersey serving as waitresses—the cafeteria was reverberating with whistles.

With this all of my records are done—except for one fact. Before we went to bed that night we bought a paper from a scout working for Clyde Sawyers, Paper Route King, and learned that candidates A. J. Davis and Sudie Warren had tied for President of these United States.

Perhaps the greatest book of my collection was yet to be written!

—o—

The large sheet containing pictures of the Seniors, which each student subscriber received today, is a gift of the Class of '42 and not a regular part of The Chatterbox.

R. B. ROBERTS
CLEANERS and DYERS
Telephone 2215
West Main Extension

probably call R. J. Payne. Miss Dorothy Fitzgerald plans to spend part of the summer in Blackstone, Va., and New York. Miss Hazel Sherrill will be in Birmingham during June, and Mrs. Hattie Frantz Travis, Fort Meade. W. W. Grover will teach in Washington and Lee University. Gordon H. May will also instruct in the ground school of the Civil Pilot's training course at G. W.

The newly appointed recreation director of the city, Charles D. Stapp, will give full time to that position. For about two months Miss Thetis Shepherd will do office work in the Dan River Cotton Mills.

Undecided as to their plans for the summer are: Everett L. Motley, Kenneth F. Jonson, Homer D. Henley, Ernest Baxa, J. Howard Kalk, L. G. Wilson, Mrs. Stewart A. Moseley, Mrs. Mabel Davis, Misses Nancy Viccellio, Catherine Reynolds, Mary McKinney, Rebekah Coppedge, Elizabeth Hodges, and Vera Leigh Fetterolf.

Alumnae Are 'Firsts'

Mary Hunter Edmunds, G. W. graduate in '38, has been named valedictorian of the class of '42 at Farmville State Teachers' College, while her sister, Carol Edmunds, G. W. graduate of '40, will be valedictorian at Stratford College in Danville.

Danville Bowling
Red Crown Recreation
 Phone 3464

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E
 Frigidaires, Radios, Floor-coverings, and Draperies
CLEMENTS, CHISM & PARKER

GIVE YOUR GRADUATE A
Lord Elgin
 21 JEWELS



Brown Jewelry Co.

"Petticrew Modeling Girls" through "A Parade of Beauty." To complete an almost perfect day, we went to Herman Vaden's theatre where we saw the expert dancing of the chorus girls coached by Phyllis Wilson, Eva Wilmarth, Margaret Castleberry, Helen Stephanos, and Hildren Ferguson. But the hit of the show was a Barbershop Quartet composed of Harry Williamson, Ezra Williams, John Watkins and Brooks Crews, who sang Ruth Nall's latest song hit, "I Finally Heard What My Mamma Done Told Me."

After an enjoyable but rather crowded day, we went silently to our homes. Having slept for almost twenty-four hours, I arose and slipped into my riding togs, a glassinite creation by Jane Glidewell. As I prepared to call Lep by the new Alvis Griffith phono-vision, I was interrupted by a face appearing on the screen—Lepidus himself.

"Hello, Lep," I greeted him. "How are you this morning?" "Punk," came the reply. "Look at my neck." I gazed closely and could see a bandage wrapped around it. "What happened?" I asked. "This cussed razor Helen McFarling gave me didn't work," he snorted. "The inventors, Georgia Mills and Rachel Parrott, shouldn't be allowed to make these things. Why this blade isn't so good as my Fretwell Courtroom Razor." "Never mind," I hastily interrupted, "I'm leaving for your flat now." Having picked Lepidus up, I pedaled off at a great speed for Doctor Frank Grogan's office where we were received by Frances Scaree. And, as soon as Lepidus learned that Mamie Shelton and Ellen Scott were to aid in the rebandaging, he

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF DANVILLE

WATSON STREET GROCERY
 Groceries, Meats, Vegetables
 334 Watson St.
 Phones 3112-3113

What Would Be More Appropriate than Flowers for All Occasions?
 See **JULIA & CHARLIE** at **Giles Flower Shop**
 631 Main St. Phone 2486

Efird's DEPARTMENT STORE
 DANVILLE'S ECONOMY CENTER

The get-together pause



DRINK Coca-Cola 5¢

Ruby Townsend, Viola Turner, Mary Krios, and Verla Fitzgerald, and such farmettes as Ela Harper, Carrie Haynes, Mildred Holley, and Dorothy Holshouser, this farm was bound to be a success." Unfortunately, we had parked our bicycle close beside the building and, as we prepared to leave, it seemed as if the whole structure collapsed on top of Lep, the bicycle and me. But, they told me as they picked me up, it was only Betty Robert's vitamin B cow which had slipped off the roof. "Look at the back wheel," moaned Lep. "It's all twisted and bent. Help! Help! Help us somebody." From nearby houses Alice Roark, Ann Turner, Gladys Price, and Dorothy Pruitt came running out. "What's happened?" they all yelled at once.

SPEER'S
 Diamonds — Silver Jewelry
 Fine Repairing
 545 Main Street
 PHONE 412

tures of the seniors, which each student subscriber received today, is a gift of the Class of '42 and not a regular part of The Chat-terbox.

R. B. ROBERTS
 CLEANERS and DYERS
 Telephone 2215
 West Main Extension

"We Make Loveliness Lovelier"
Lois Beauty Shoppe
 PERMANENTS? YES
 WE SPECIALIZE
 Phone 1914 Jefferson Ave.

Summertime.....

And long days of warm weather and dips in the pool . . . tennis and golf and afternoons on the lawn . . .

For a glorious vacation . . . Frances Kahn presents a collection of vacation specials . . . bathing suits and terry robes . . . blue denim shorts and deceiving play suits that look like dresses . . . morning cottons for home . . . afternoon cottons for dates and big doings . . . evening cottons for summer dances . . .

You'll love them . . . America's clothes for American girls collected by

Frances Kahn

...and it's from Gurdine-Genevas

You can't please that '42 graduate more than by presenting her a GIFT from our stunning collection, and every gift is so practical, too. Come in today.



Select From Our Grad Gifts

- Hosiery
- Anklets
- Gloves
- Bags
- Travel Kits
- Beachwear
- House Coats
- Cosmetics
- Hankies
- Undies
- Frocks
- Perfumes

Gurdine & Geveva
 "THE SHOP OF LOVELY THINGS"
 PHONE 3137 DANVILLE, VA.

Future Lies Unrolled

"It's broken! It's broken!" sighed Lep. "I can repair it," said a vaguely familiar voice behind us.

"Peggy Phillips!" I gasped. "Yes," she put forth. "As physics teacher at George Washington High School, I can renew it by a simple law of physics." And no sooner had she spoken than the deed was done.

"Are there any more '42 graduates over at G. W.?" I asked Peggy.

"Well, just come along with me and see for yourself," she retorted.

What was once a rather small brick building on Holbrook Avenue has now given place to one of the largest and finest schools in the nation. At the huge revolving doors a host of Peggy's colleagues greeted us. C. S. Taylor was head of the History Department but they say that although C. S. taught the class, the tests were still Mr. Simpson's. Aylor Soyars headed a new department—"How to Evade Income Tax". We didn't see him though—he was in court explaining a \$100 deduction. Lanier Smith taught French, having gained experience, they tell me, by taking over a certain Mr. Payne's class.

In charge of all movies for assemblies were Carr Reynolds and Norman Ragle. "A vaudeville a day" turned out to be their motto.

Reluctantly we left our old alma mater, but duty called. I had yet to finish checking my list of graduates, and Lepidus's eyes were beginning to droop slightly.

We again mounted "Old Fateful" (as Lep called our bicycle) and had just started up Holbrook when an army tank rolled up behind us. It was Jack Perry and George McCall taking Frances Poindexter for her first ride. A tow chain hooked on behind the tank was pulling Dorothy Goodson and Myrtle Walker—too lazy to drive their own.

I had been informed that a yo-yo contest at Ballou Park might yield something of interest. After I had done most of the pumping up West Main (Lep was almost asleep), we finally arrived in time for the semi-finals. It seemed that H. B. McCormic, southern champ, was giving Henry Jones a good run. Lambros Tsoukatos was judging.

We noticed Ann Gregory among the spectators.

"She still has no man," Lep whispered. "A confirmed old maid."

But an announcement interrupted our lamentations over poor Ann.

"For yo-yo's," it said, "see Frances Gourley and Virginia Smith. They make the best."

By this time the contests were over and an inner voice told us that it was time for dinner. On our way to Rosemary Hellman's Cafeteria we nearly collided with Juliette Fitzgerald and Margaret Gentry, driving in Margaret's new wooden automobile which she had just patented.

During our meal Lep's eyes began slowly to close but certainly not because he was bored. What with Hazel Hamblin, Margaret Luther, and Margaret Kersey serving as waitresses—the cafeteria was reverberating with whistles.

With this all of my records are done—except for one fact. Before we went to bed that night we bought a paper from a scout working for Clyde Sawyers, Paper Route King, and learned that candidates A. J. Davis and Sudie Warren had tied for President of these United States.

Perhaps the greatest book of my collection was yet to be written!

The large sheet containing pictures of the Seniors, which each student subscriber received today, is a gift of the Class of '42 and not a regular part of The Chatterbox.

High School Lads of the Links



Here are G. W.'s men of the links: front row—Harry Pritchett, Tom Pritchett, Harrison Peatross; back row—Billy Hankins, Bill Lewis, Dick Bendall. Billy Hess was absent when Camera-man Aron snapped the picture.

Golf

By Ray Collie

THE two-year-old George Washington High golf team came out even in a four-match schedule for the past season. More tournaments would have been played, but there are few high schools in the Western District with golf teams.

The G. W. men of the links dropped their first match to the Martinsville High golfers, 24½ to 2½. This group is considered the best in the State and they have two members—George Mitchell and John Whittle—who rank as the two best amateurs in Virginia. Captain Bill Lewis was the only Cardinal player to win his match.

In their next engagement with Martinsville the locals improved, losing by the score of 18 to 9.

Captain Lewis was low for G. W., with Billy Hawkins trailing him closely.

Having lost two tournaments, the Redbirds gained their initial win when they defeated the Lions of Reidsville, 16½ to 1½. Billy Hankins shot a blazing 71 to be low man for the day. The entire G. W. squad shot in the seventies.

The Maroon and Gray team again rolled over Reidsville in the return match, 18 to 0. Hankins once more was low man with a 75. This was the fourth and final match.

From the six-man squad three will be graduated next week—Captain Bill Lewis, Billy Hess, and Harry Pritchett. This leaves Harrison Peatross, Tom Pritchett, and Billy Hankins. Coach Lang should have a formidable squad next year built around these three experienced golfers.

Dark Secrets Are Uncovered

By Harry Holland

NO doubt we have all realized, at one time or another, that there are certain topics whose mention definitely constitute a *faux pas*. Among these most intriguing subjects which are daily present at our scholarly institution are middle names.

You might as well know right now that we intend to rend a horrible hole in our veneer of etiquette and talk about—even scientifically investigate—the forbidden subject. This being the Senior issue, we devote our time to this venerable group of scholars.

Correctly assuming that anyone who habitually uses initials must have something shocking to hide, we investigated G. H. Barr and H. B. McCormic. The former's second initial cloaks the classic title of *Horace*, while the second subject's "B" hides his *Barksdale*. B. J. Hurd comes in this category, but refuses to tell even his friends why he prefers to use *B. J.*

Eldridge Ellis stoutly denies that her middle name is *Teaser*, insisting that she has none, only a middle initial.

Successful in eluding discovery for six years, Martha *Willingham* Mowbray has finally told all. Probably admirers of Longfellow were Mary *Evangeline* Paul's parents, but Audrey Pavey's *Velette* defies our investigation completely.

There are others we could tell you of—monstrosities, really—such as Donald *Elwyn* Parrish, but, after all, we've done an awful lot of damage as it is.

SWICEGOOD'S

FUNERAL SERVICE

PHONE 3980

H. P. GREEN SHOE CO.

SMART SHOES FOR STUDENTS
406 MAIN ST.

DIAMONDS — LUGGAGE JEWELRY

LOWENSTEIN'S
246 Main St.

DON'T SAY BREAD SAY HOLSUM

ASK YOUR GROCER
Aunt Betty Bakers, Inc.
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

HOTEL DANVILLE

Modern—Fireproof
Catering to
Luncheon or Dinner Parties
Large or Small

R. B. ROBERTS

CLEANERS and DYERS
Telephone 2215
West Main Extension

"It's a black business but we treat you White"

Protect your Travel Funds
U. S. American Express

ures of the Semors, which each student subscriber received today, is a gift of the Class of '42 and not a regular part of The Chat-terbox.

In their next engagement with Martinsville the locals improved, losing by the score of 18 to 9.

have a formidable squad next year built around these three experi-enced golfers.

SMART SHOES FOR STUDENTS
406 MAIN ST.

R. B. ROBERTS
CLEANERS and DYERS
Telephone 2215
West Main Extension

DON'T SAY BREAD SAY HOLSUM
ASK YOUR GROCER
Aunt Betty Bakers, Inc.
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

HOTEL DANVILLE
Modern—Fireproof
Catering to Luncheon or Dinner Parties
Large or Small

DIAMONDS — LUGGAGE JEWELRY
LOWENSTEIN'S
246 Main St.

"We Make Loveliness Lovelier"
Lois Beauty Shoppe
PERMANENTS? YES WE SPECIALIZE
Phone 1914 Jefferson Ave.

Trade at Your SCHOOL STORE

"It's a black business but we treat you White"
DANVILLE COAL AND SUPPLY CO.
Coal—Wood—Stokers
AL PARRISH — Phone 368

Protect your Travel Funds
Use American Express
Travelers Cheques
DANVILLE LOAN & SAVINGS CORP.
524 Main St. — Danville, Va.



G. S. K. RESTAURANT
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

JOHNSON'S DRUG STORES
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

Streamlined Modern Home Loan Plans
Modern Savings Plans
Ask for Literature!
UNION MUTUAL BUILDING & LOAN ASSN.
W. T. Gravely, Pres. J. G. Eanes, Secy.
533 Main St. Tel. 124

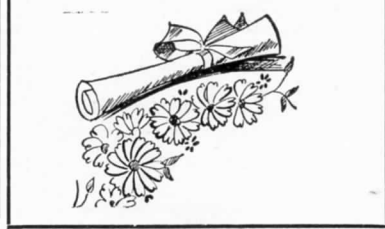
RIVERSIDE & DAN RIVER COTTON MILLS, Inc.
Manufacturers of COTTON FABRICS
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

m weather and dips in and golf and afternoons
on . . . Frances Kahn of vacation specials . . . robes . . . blue denim play suits that look evening cottons for home for dates and big doings for summer dances . . . America's clothes for ted by

Frances Kahn

L. HERMAN
"Danville's Best Store"

Congratulations To The Class of '42
and as you take up your re-spective careers may you enjoy great success and happiness.
It has been a privilege to serve you and we look forward to serving you in the future.



vas
2 grad-enting unning t is so a today.

Our Grad Gifts

- Hankies
- Undies
- Frocks
- Perfumes

& Geveva
LOVELY THINGS"
DANVILLE, VA.

it's Graduation time at

Belk-Leggett's!

So You're Graduating?

Your high school days are drawing to a close and of course you will always look back at these years as Important ones in your life.

Now, in making your plans for Graduation, the ever-important thought of "what to wear" no doubt is uppermost in your mind.

Don't you think it advisable that you select your graduation ensemble as soon as convenient, that you may have exactly the things you want to Complete this all-important outfit?

Here at Belk-Leggett's we can meet your most Discriminating needs for graduation with that smartness that is exclusive but not expensive.

May we serve you?

Cordially,
BELK-LEGGETT CO.