

And It Rained!!!!!!!!!!!!

----- By Doris Joyner

Bright spirits and threatening weather prevailed as we journalism students began our Washington Trip, April 24. LaRue's unusual interpretations of advertisements kept everyone roaring. To her, "hot" meant "cold" and "south" meant "north". By the time we reached the Virginia state line Mrs. Farmer had caught LaRue's spirit and cheerfully announced, "We are now entering South Carolina!" It took Mr. Farmer nearly all day to understand what we were talking about!

Our spirits were only slightly dampened by the four day rain which began while we were luncheoning in Richmond. From the time we left Richmond until we returned to Bailey, everyone kept remembering that cheerful song, "Singing in The Rain".

While touring Mount Vernon, Wayne was asked by a guard if he was the only boy in our group. To Wayne's "yes" the guard just answered "Tough! Tough!"

Rain, but we put on kerchiefs and kept moving.

As soon as we checked in at our hotel, everyone raced for the showers. After a refreshing shower, we struck out into another shower (without raincoats or umbrellas) for supper at the S and W Cafeteria and screen and stage show at the beautifully decorated Capitol Theater, comparable to Roxy Theater of New York.

Many interesting things happened at the hotels.

Eunice, standing under the shower fully dressed, turned the wrong knob and completely soaked herself. Three Pennsylvania boys, riding the elevator with Reba and me, asked, "Do you really say 'You-all' in the South?" "Sho, we say you-all!" Reba promptly answered.

Speaking of elevators makes me think of Wayne. He just couldn't seem to adjust himself to them! Everytime an elevator would start or stop, Wayne would draw up and go "A-H-H-H!" He even asked one elevator girl, "Do you ever get use to these things?" Anyway every time Wayne went to his hotel room, he walked up three flights of stairs!

At the F. B. I. Building we were shown a dot about the size of a period, which after being magnified over 300 times proved to contain a letter! This is one of several ways used to smuggle messages into the country during wartime.

Rain, rain falling right on, but we shook our kerchiefs dry and moved on.

A cab driver who didn't know where the Lotus Club was located could easily recognize us as Southerners. (By the way, he had been driving cabs in Washington for quite a time.)

We'd walk into a "high-class" cafeteria looking like drowned pigs, give our kerchiefs a few shakes to remove some of the rain, order our dinners, and then settle down to eat just as happily as if the

sun were shining!

Every time Mrs. Farmer spoke to Jackie Lamm, she received a cough as an answer. This seemed to be Mrs. Farmer's cue to ask, "Want another pill, Jackie?"

In the Pan American building is a moon idol which, the guide explained, would "bring good fortune to any girl who touched it!" Naturally all of us girls (including Mrs. Farmer and Mrs. Lassiter) eagerly rubbed it. The guide then winked at Mr. Farmer and said nonchalantly, "Oh! I forgot to tell you what the good fortune was! Any girl who touches this idol will never marry! Now, will you 'old maids' follow me down stairs?"

It rained but what did we care about the rain when we could ride on "the little train" to the Capitol building; eat in the Capitol cafeteria marked, "Employees and Members Only"; gaze at hand painted domes too beautiful to describe; view 85 year old live parrots, \$500 dresses, and \$10,000 columns; shake hands with Senators; watch feet in a picture change positions, see Mr. Parson jitterbug with LaRue; and many other things students rarely get the chance to do.

Everyone enjoyed the Lotus Club which Mr. Parson and Mr. Farmer treated us to. It was a first visit to a night club for a majority of us.

Although the weather was wet, our spirits were high and dry during the entire trip!