

A PRINCETON HONEYMOON

by Lorna Terrell

Editor's note: At the Broadmoor reunion last September, four courageous widows hopped on planes and joined the group. They made a big hit, and charmed us all. One was Lorna. In a conversation with Art and Becky Moody, she told about her first visit to Princeton. They asked her to write about it, and here is her account. Late note: In March, Lorna married Herbert L. Thomas, an old chum from University of Texas days, who lost his wife a few months after we lost Art.

When Arthur asked me where I wanted to go on our honeymoon, I had the answer. Brief though our five and a half month courtship was, I realized how much Arthur had enjoyed his years at Princeton and how close he felt to his friends there. It also occurred to me that I would undoubtedly be hearing about it a good bit so I'd better see it.

Immediately after our wedding on January 7, 1939, we boarded a Southern Pacific train about midnight at Spoffard Junction, Texas. We were on our way.

The first day in New York I wanted to see Wall Street about which I had often heard. As we walked we heard a voice from across the street, "Art, what are you doing here? You said at reunion that you wouldn't be back for five years." The caller, a classmate, trotted across the street to chat a moment. As we went on, I remarked to Arthur, "I expect people in Eagle Pass, Texas to yell across the street that way, but certainly not in New York City". My first surprise.

The next day we awoke to a city covered with snow. Another exciting surprise for I had not ever seen a heavy snowfall before. I deliberately stepped into the deep drifts while everyone else was avoiding them and watching me as though I were an idiot.

After riding the little train from Princeton Junction, we went in to register at the Nassau Inn and then walked across to the Princeton campus, where Arthur pointed out special landmarks and buildings. He showed me the ivy he had been chosen to plant at graduation and continued walking into the inner campus, when suddenly I hear loud shouts of "FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!" I was startled to say the least, but when Arthur and the boys in the windows began to laugh, and Arthur explained the joke, I laughed with them.

Tony Nichol joined us for lunch and then we drove around the countryside which was beautifully fes-



Art Terrell and Lorna — ready to party.

toon with ice and snow. At the top of a hill we saw two small boys pulling a sled up the hill. When Tony asked me if I would like to try a sled ride, I immediately acquiesced even though I was dressed in my honeymoon travelling clothes — a three piece tweed suit, the coat collared with fox fur, a felt hat, kid gloves and high heeled pumps. Tony paid the boys fifty cents for the use of their sled, showed me where and how to sit and hold on and down he and I went for the only sled ride I've ever had.

Arthur took me with him to Princeton for several enjoyable Reunions for the Class of '33, but none was quite like that first one with cries of "FIRE" and a sled ride on a snowy hill.



Gill Agnew at his 80th party — Boca Grande April 1991



"Out home on the range" — fraternizing with Tom Lasater's cattle during the Colorado visit in September 1990.