Winter 1938

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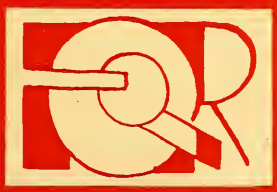
Longwood University

THE FARMVILLE QUARTERLY REVIEW



WINTER
1938

ATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, FARMVILLE, VA.

THE FARMVILLE QUARTERLY REVIEW

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

STUDENT STAFF

FACULTY COMMITTEE

TO those who have helped us make the Farmville Quarterly Review what it is, to the faculty committee, to the contributors—students, alumnae, and friends—and to the printers, we wish to express our sincere appreciation for their co-operation. But for them the task would have been impossible.

THE STAFF

THE FARMVILLE QUARTERLY REVIEW

Vol. II WINTER, 1938 No. 2

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Compensation

Since,
God's gentle hands prepare the wombs
From out of which all nature blooms,
It seems to me so strange a thing—
Christ's birth in Winter, not in Spring.

How sweet a bed the ripening wheat,
How soft the breath of Spring for sheet!
Yet warmed he was by oxen's breath,
And life in birth proclaims His death.

Alpha Lee Garnett, '39

Life Must Go On

Sarah Button, '39

THE sun, warming her eyelids, woke Nancy. She smiled as she pushed her head deeper into the pillow. Slowly she became fully conscious, and opening her eyes, she looked out across the campus where the snow sparkled in the sunlight. Like ermine it lay on the smooth terrace around Cunningham Hall. It made the elm a huge old-fashioned fan with ebony bones and white feathers.

Today—then remembering that it was ***the*** day, she threw back the covers and sprang from the bed to close her window. Standing there a moment she remembered to be grateful for a clear blue sky and sunshine. She looked back into the room scarcely conscious of skirts, sweaters, socks, and history books scattered over chairs and study table. She blew a kiss to the handsome cadet looking at her from a large picture on the bureau. Then, with a whoop, she pounced on her roommate, pulled back the covers, and shouted:

"Today's the day! He's coming! He's coming! Oh, Dump, how can I wait until six o'clock?"

"Oh, for crying out loud, Nancy! Have you started already?" grumbled Dump. She rolled over and looked at her roommate.

"But, Dump, only think! Six months, six months since I've seen him, and tonight I'll eat supper with him and then we'll go to Cotillion. Oh, honey!"

"How can a mere collegian get the cash to make so long a trip just for a dance?"

"Oh, that's the best of all. He's bumming his way."

"He must be a grand sport, all right. I can't wait." Dump grinned. She loved Nancy. She didn't really mind her raving.

Nancy was carefully touching the new swirl on the top of her head, and trying to see her profile in the square mirror at the same time.

"Oh, Dump, he's so tall, and when he looks at you—

I don't know—but it makes you feel wonderful! His eyes are blue, yet they're so dark I always think of him as dark-eyed . . . . Will you lend me your gold flower to wear tonight?"

"Uhuh. It makes me look too huge anyway." Dump sighed as she rolled out of bed. Too many sweets had been the undoing of her figure but not her disposition. She was one of the most lovable girls in school.

"You're lucky to have only one class besides your art today. You'd dream through them, I know," she said.

Nancy smiled back at her with glowing eyes.

All day the glow stayed with her. She did dream through her history class, but she managed to dodge the professor's eyes. When the bell finally rang, she hurried out and was soon swinging her box of art materials as she strode up High Street.

As she walked, her thoughts flew back to those three weeks in June. She had been so gloriously happy visiting Aunt Mary in Birmingham, where she had met Marvin Owen at a party given in her honor. They had been drawn together irresistibly. For the rest of her visit few waking moments saw them apart. They danced together with the ease of professionals. When they talked, their minds met on an equal but challenging plane. And when they were silent there was a strong, inexplicable bond between them. A terrible tease—but how tender he could be!

Nancy relived every moment of that last night when he looked at her, his eyes full of dreams and said:

"You'll hear more from me, young lady, and some day we're going to make fine plans."

Now, after six months, starred with treasured letters, he was coming from Georgia Tech to go to Cotillion! She could hardly stand it!

As she started downhill near the end of the street, she paused to look at Miss Everett's studio, a half stone, half wooden bungalow, shielded by snow-laden pines.

What a friend Miss Everett had been during these years at Farmville. An art teacher who never compromised her standards, yet a friend who was always understanding. A trip to Europe with her after graduation to study art in Paris! Wouldn't that be grand! Perhaps a

job next summer might make this dream come true.

Nancy jumped across a snow-filled gutter and went through the pines to the studio.

"Hello, Nancy, you look as happy as my open fire," Miss Everett greeted her.

I am happy, Miss Everett. The sweetest boy in the world is coming to Cotillion tonight."

"Lovely! my dear. Do you think you can forget him long enough to concentrate on this picture awhile?"

She led Nancy into the studio and smiled as Nancy drew in her breath sharply. A lovely auburn-haired child, seriously dressing a doll, was perched on a big dull gold chair. Sunlight streaming through the windows brought out golden lights in the tiny ringlets. The glowing colors, the innocence of the child made a picture of unforgettable beauty.

Slowly she turned to look at Miss Everett.

"Do you mean I can try that?" she whispered.

"Yes, make a sketch quickly and concentrate on the colors as they are now," Miss Everett replied in a low voice.

Working, Nancy almost forgot Marvin. Yet, even in her absorption she worked more feverishly than usual, and the strokes of her brush were swifter and more deft than ever before.

Suddenly she noticed the highlights were gone. Glancing out the window, she saw that the sun had disappeared and that the sky was a dull gray.

Miss Everett rose from her own work to come and look at Nancy's.

"Not bad, considering all you have on your mind," she said. "It looks like rain. I expect you'd better stop now and get back to school before lunch. I'll go with you a little way and take Peggy home."

Nancy cleaned her brushes, chagrined at the thought of rain, but not really cast down about it.

When she left Miss Everett at the corner, a northeast wind was blowing and as she went into the Rotunda, a cold drizzle had begun to fall.

After lunch she was busy for two hours helping transform the gym into a snow and ice palace for the dance. It was good to be busy, for then time passed more quickly.

By the time she went back to her room, the rain had turned to sleet. Her feet slipped on the sidewalk. She was glad there were new fur-lined galoshes to wear out to supper. She thought of Marvin and glowed.

What a terrible afternoon for him to be bumming. The thought of him, waiting in the cold rain for a ride, made her shudder. She hoped he had caught a good ride before the sleet started. Maybe it wasn't sleeting where he was, anyway.

Once in her room, she tumbled into bed to rest up for the dance. She was soon asleep.

At five o'clock Dump came in breathing excitement, woke Nancy, and handed her a green box.

Nancy trembled as she opened it. Red roses and lilies-of-the-valley!

"Oh, Nancy, how lovely!"

"That's just like Marvin—saving his money by bumming up here, then sending me flowers!" She sniffed them rapturously. "How gorgeous they'll look on my white taffeta! I won't need your gold flower, now darling. Heavens! I'd better get dressed. Oh, Dump, only one more hour—unless he had trouble getting rides!"

At six o'clock, Nancy pinned the flowers on her black suit, gave a final touch to her lips which exactly matched the roses. And then she left the room in a flurry of excitement.

The sleet had stopped, but its brittle sheath covered everything. The street light made diamonds in the ice as Nancy hurried up the walk to Main.

She looked around the Rotunda expectantly, but no tall figure rose to meet her. With eyes still smiling she sat down to wait. Girls streamed in to meet their dates: tall brawny football players; slight immature freshmen; cock-sure sophomores. Nancy watched them indulgently. She caught snatches of conversation.

"Thought I'd never get here."

"Roads slick as glass."

"A bad wreck just outside of Danville."

A chill ran through Nancy.

Anita Evans came from the telephone booth, her eyes cast down, and her lower lip caught between her teeth.

The smile left Nancy's eyes. She could sit there no

longer. Leaving word in the Home Office where she would be, Nancy went to the Tea Room.

Several juniors called to her as she went in.

"What's the matter, Nancy? Did he stand you up?"

She forced a grin. "I guess he had trouble getting rides," she said.

She ordered a cup of coffee. As she drank it, Dump came in, a frightened look on her face.

"Nancy," she whispered, "there's a telegram in the Home Office for you."

Nancy set her cup down quickly. She flew up the steps.

MARVIN KILLED IN ACCIDENT NEAR DANVILLE WE ARE BROKEN HEARTED

M. K. OWEN

Nancy stared at the yellow sheet. The words burned themselves into her brain. She was stunned. She could feel nothing at all. Slowly she raised her eyes and handed the telegram to Dump.

"Oh, Nancy, how awful!"

Mechanically, Nancy walked out into the night.

Dump tried to think what to do. Suddenly she caught sight of Miss Everett in the Rotunda. Quickly she went to her and told her of the tragedy. Miss Everett's eyes were sympathetic. She stood for a moment thinking, then thanking Dump, she went to the Home Office.

In a few minutes she returned and went with Dump to her room. Nancy was sitting on her bed staring into space. She managed to say in a dry voice, "Hello, Miss Everett."

Miss Everett put her hand on Nancy's shoulder. "Nancy, Miss Jackson says you may spend the night with me."

Nancy looked at her gratefully. To stay in her room and hear girls going to the dance—to hear music—while somewhere on an icy highway they were taking up Marvin's body—oh, it would be unbearable.

Dazed, she followed Miss Everett out of the room, hearing as from a great distance Dump's sobs.

Outside, the cold air seemed to arouse her mind,

though her emotions were still dulled by the shock. They walked in silence.

A million crazy thoughts ran through Nancy's head . . . Red roses and lilies-of-the-valley . . . Bumming so he could buy me flowers . . . Standing in the rain waiting for a ride . . . How his parents must hate me . . . "You and I are going to make some fine plans" . . . "We are broken-hearted" . . . "Did he stand you up?" . . . "He must be wonderful" . . . When he looked at me that way his eyes were really black . . . "Volez and Yoland haven't got anything on us!" . . . "I can see the stars shining in your eyes" . . . MARVIN KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT . . . How? . . . Was there a collision? . . . Did the car skid on the icy road? . . . Did his head go through the wind shield? Was he crushed by the car? . . . Red roses . . . O, my God, why? . . .

Miss Everett pushed her gently into a chair and lighted the fire. Nancy apathetically watched the flames leap up. Miss Everett played softly on the piano. Sad, wistful music filled the room. Gradually Nancy's tension loosened. Tears slid down her cheeks and fell on the red roses. Great sobs shook her. When the first raw agony had spent itself, Miss Everett stopped playing and sat on a hassock by the fire.

"Tell me about it, if it will help," she said simply.

Nancy looked at her. As she saw those understanding eyes, the whole story burst incoherently from her lips.

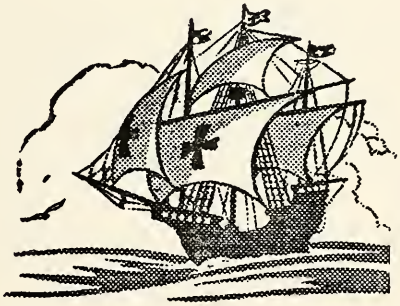
"Just three weeks, but I loved him! I've never stopped thinking of him since. I can't imagine life without him," she concluded.

Looking into the fire, Miss Everett said, "I was nineteen, too, when life seemed to come to an end. That was twenty years ago. Jack and I had been children together. We grew up in the same block, played baseball together and climbed trees. While he was away at college for two years, I suppose I outgrew my gawkiness. Anyway, when he came home, we really found each other. That summer of 1917 was the happiest time of my whole life. Then the war came. Jack went to military camp, then to France. There were months of waiting. Only a few letters came through. Then his last letter! 'At dawn we go over the top. If I come back, well and good; if not, life must still

go on for you. Remember always that I love you'."

She was silent. For the first time Nancy saw her really look thirty-nine years old. They stared into the fire. Before Nancy's eyes marched all the women who had waited for sweethearts and husbands, sons and brothers who had never come back from war. And now in her own generation automobile accidents and airplane crashes were doing their part in the deadly game.

"Always be glad, Nancy, that you have loved freely while you were young," Miss Everett said; "it will sweeten your whole life. Eventually you will discover that you can carry on. Perhaps you will find your life in your art. Life must go on."



Life and Death

A little spider spun a web,
A geometric pattern,
And when the moon illumined it,
The threads gleamed bright as Saturn.
A thing of beauty lived.

A little boy flung a stone,
A careless stone and hard,
Which ripping through the silvery maze,
Left not a thread unmarred.
A thing of beauty died.

BECKIE SANDIDGE, '39

Southern Leadership

Mary H. Flournoy, '93

THE formative influence and obvious leadership of Southern men in our early national life date back to the fact that the first permanent English colony was in the South, and in the first charter to this first colony the settlers were granted the "privileges, franchises and immunities of native born Englishmen forever". They never forgot this, nor did they permit others to overlook it.

Under such conditions the Southern colonies were rooted in the faith of England, political, religious, and civil, and as they pushed out the French and made this country English they preserved the spirit of civil and religious liberty and established it as the principle of the American people.

With such leadership, augmented by the Scotch-Irish, the Huguenot and others, the Southern spirit bore the ensign of the Anglo-Saxon across the mountains, seized the West and created the American Nation.

The first legislative assembly on this continent, which met at Jamestown, Virginia, as early as 1619, guarded with vigilance against any encroachment upon those rights, which, thanks to it, are today inalienable among all English speaking races. Thus it was from this little English settlement at Jamestown that there came first to the world the spirit of the Eighteenth Century, demanding the right of self-government for all people. Only a few years later the General Assembly declared that the Government was not "to lay any taxes or impositions upon the colony, their lands, or other way than by authority of the General Assembly".

The Colony of Maryland went still further, and under the direction of Lord Baltimore, passed the famous Act of Toleration in 1649, which first established the principle of freedom of conscience on the earth.

Thus early were Southern men striving for those great principles of liberty, civil and religious, which are funda-

mental now mainly because of the spirit of our forefathers.

One hundred years before the American Revolution, Virginia flamed into revolution under the leadership of Nathaniel Bacon, demanding self-government; and though Bacon failed for the time, yet but for that blow struck at Jamestown for those "privileges, franchises and immunities" granted in the first charter to the first colony, there never had been a Declaration of Independence, a Bunker Hill, a Yorktown, or the United States of America. And this spirit never receded. Against governors, councils, commissaries, and clergy, in the Burgesses and in the Vestries, they fought the fight with steadfast courage and persistency until finally they stood in serried ranks against the mother country, led by a Southern soldier, inspired by a Southern orator, their claims set down by the pen of a philosophical Southerner, a document based upon the famous Bill of Rights, from the brain of a Southern farmer.

Southern intellect and Southern patriotism created the Federal Constitution that brought about the final consolidation of the colonies into one grand union of republics, known as the United States.

The long contest between the Vestries and the Church was only a different phase of the spirit which contended for the sacred right of self-government. The Southern planters were churchmen, but they claimed the right to control the church and repudiated the right of the church to control them, and the very first cry of "treason" was when this contest culminated in the celebrated Parsons' case, in which the oratory of the Revolution burst suddenly into flame.

During the Colonial period Southern civilization did not take a poetical or philosophical turn; it was expressed in statesmanship, and in the mode of living, and in these formative years rose perhaps a greater number of eminent men than at any other time. Washington, Jefferson, George Mason, Henry, Monroe, Madison, and Marshall have left their mark upon the history of our Nation. For versatility Jefferson has not a counterpart,—statesman, author, philosopher, linguist, architect, farmer, and dreamer of splendid dreams. Conditions demanded the

best brains and constructive thinking, and the South provided the lion's share.

The expansion of this Nation has been almost entirely due to Southern initiative and daring. In 1654, in anticipation of the exploits of Spotswood and his Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, Colonel Abram Wood, of Virginia, discovered and named New River, thus passing the mysterious Blue Ridge mountains. It is claimed that George Washington made the first survey in Kentucky, and when Sir William Gooch was authorized in 1749 to issue a patent to the Ohio company for 200,000 acres "within the dominion of Virginia", a great boom for Western land was started. From that time the Valleys of Tennessee drew hunters and traders, followed in 1769 by that prince of pioneers, Daniel Boone, "ordained of God to settle the wilderness".

The men and their followers, "who crossed the blue Virginia hills, against embattled foes; and planted there, in Valleys fair, the lily and the rose", were the real builders of empire. They were men whom, as Colonel Ferguson reported to Cornwallis, "No toil could fatigue, and no danger discourage". They shot straight and were marvellously hard to kill. They wove a homespun epic, whose high lights were rifle flashes, whose deep shadows were the blackened ashes of devastated settlements and whose issues were empire.

When the French, in 1754, were encroaching upon Virginia's territory, it was Colonel George Washington who was sent to warn them, and their meeting at Great Meadows settled the supremacy of the English over the French in America.

Of great significance was the victory won by General Andrew Lewis, of Virginia, at Point Pleasant in 1774. Its effect was epochal, and almost amounted to the winning of the West.

The great Northwestern territory, including all the area from Pittsbugh to the source of the Mississippi was won in 1779 by that intrepid Virginian, George Rogers Clark, the hero of Vincennes. Thus expansion kept on, each step rooted in self-reliance, and in such circumstances a new psychology was evoked, and deep currents were setting in toward independence. When the Revolution was

over and the debt to be paid, the South settled the largest part of that debt, and in order to allay all sectional differences, Virginia contributed from her domain what now forms the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and Michigan.

Thomas Jefferson, as President, and James Monroe, as Minister to France, both Southerners, purchased in 1803 that vast area known as Louisiana, which added a million square miles to our country. The effect of bringing political unity to the Mississippi Valley was profound. It was the decisive step of the United States on an independent career as a world power, free from entangling foreign alliances. The victories of Harrison, which followed, in the Northwest, in the War of 1812, insured our expansion in the Northern half of the Valley. The triumphant march of Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, and his brilliant defense of New Orleans, won the basis for the cotton kingdom, so important in the economic life of the Nation, and so pregnant with the issues of slavery. Jackson's operations against the Spanish in Florida did more to hurry on negotiations for ceding Florida to the United States in 1819 than all the diplomacy in Washington and Madrid.

The most significant exploration in American history was the Lewis and Clark Expedition to the Pacific. These two Virginians explored the wilderness from the mouth of the Missouri River to where the Columbia enters the Pacific, and they not only dedicated to civilization a new empire, but laid the foundations for orderly life in that vast region.

Sam Houston, of Virginia, and David Crockett, of Tennessee, combined their matchless qualities of leadership for the liberation of Texas, which in 1844 was annexed to the United States under the administration of Tyler, a Southerner. This gave us an area greater than France and England together, with a port ranking near the head of the list, and paved the way for the acquisition of California and the far Southwest.

Southerners were the outstanding figures in the Mexican War, with Generals Taylor and Scott as leaders, followed by such men as Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Dabney H. Maury, and others not unknown to fame. By this war our territory was extended to the Rio Grande

and along a line therefrom to the Pacific Ocean including California and New Mexico. In Tyler's administration Oregon and the California coast were redeemed from British influence, and at the same time the Hawaiian Islands were placed under the protection of the United States, which led the way to their ultimate acquisition under President McKinley. Jefferson Davis, as Secretary of War, advocated the annexation of Yucatan and the West Indies. Upon his advice Harris and Perry were sent to Japan, and attention was called to the Panama Canal project and the purchase of Cuba.

The latest acquisition of new territory is due to a distinguished son of Virginia, Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd, who in the far South claimed Little America for our Nation.

The deeds of Southern men adorn our greatest military annals. Washington, Light Horse Harry Lee, Francis Marion, and others in the Revolution; Andrew Jackson and his ragged back-woodsmen at the battle of New Orleans; Sam Houston in Texas; and the long bede roll of Southern men in the Mexican War; or that ragged army at Appomattox, worn away as a blade is worn by use, which yet retains its temper, men "whom power could not corrupt, whom death could not terrify, and whom defeat could not dishonor"; or the peerless soldier and gentleman commanding that army, whose influence hastened the spiritual union of this Nation.

Turn to the Confederate Navy, poor in resources but rich in genius, launching the first ironclad vessel in naval history, inventing the first submarine torpedo boat in the world, and in the battle between the Merrimac and the Monitor revolutionizing naval warfare on both continents. An officer in that navy laid down the laws of winds and tides and charted the pathless deep into highways, by means of which ocean travel and commerce float in safety today.

Southern men rendered distinguished service in the Spanish-American War; such men as Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, Worth Bagley, of North Carolina, General Joe Wheeler and Richard Hobson, of Alabama, and others. During the World War Southern men held high rank; Bullard of Alabama, Summerall of Florida, Hagood of

South Carolina, to say nothing of Sergeant York of Tennessee, or the men of the Thirtieth Division, drawn largely from Southern states, who were the first Americans to break the Hindenburg line.

But government was the passion of the Southerner. Trained from youth by the responsibility and mastery of slaves and affairs demanding leadership, the control of men became habitual with him; thus the guiding principle of the Southern gentleman was public spirit, devotion to the rights and liberties of the citizen. To this he sacrificed even the aristocratic sentiment, doing away with the law of primogeniture; and he not only disestablished the church, but made common the church lands; and it is due to the South that man is today free to worship God according to his conscience.

Until the advent of Andrew Jackson the model of American statesmanship was the Southern planter-aristocratic type; but Jackson brought with him a new product of the frontier edges of Southern civilization, exemplified in Jackson, Lincoln, Davy Crockett, Sam Houston, and Thomas H. Benton. Through such leaders the South's influence upon the nation is beyond reckoning.

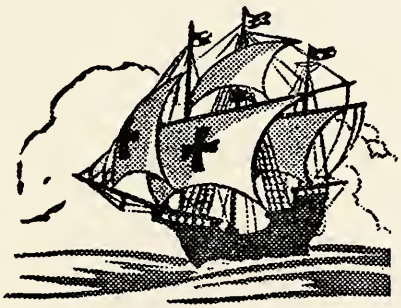
We are prone to forget that Long, of Georgia, discovered the use of anaesthetic; that McDowell, of Kentucky, performed in 1809 the first operation for the removal of an ovarian tumor, and was hailed in Europe as having "contributed more to the alleviation of suffering than any member of the profession in the nineteenth century".

Are we aware that the South led in America's musical development, and contributed to art, Audubon, Alston, Sully, and Peale; that the first theatre in the New World was at Jamestown; that New Orleans introduced French opera into this country; that songs of the Southern Negro inspired Chadwick in the Scherzo of his second symphony; that Dvorak constructed his new world symphony from this source; that Gottschalk employs it, and that it has furnished themes for John Powell, a Southerner of international fame. Let us remind ourselves that the South gave to American education its second college, its first woman's college, its first state universities, first law school, and first school of journalism.

See the industrial life of the entire nation revolutionized by a Southern invention, the reaper.

Architecture was an absorbing interest with the gentlemen of the Old South, as evidenced in Charleston, South Carolina, New Orleans, and such homes as Westover and Shirley on the James, as well as many stately mansions on private plantations. Jefferson turned American orchitecture into fresh channels when he designed the Virginia Capitol after a Roman temple. Thus the South led in the classical revival which was to rule in our country.

But the highest contribution made by Southern men and women to the life of our nation, was in their mode of living. Whatever criticism this civilization may be subjected to, it was one in which men were honorable and women were pure; it was restrained and conservative, but it had mellowness, repose, warmth and humor, and strange though it may seem, it had the broad sense of the world, which comes, paradoxically, from comparative retirement from the world.



Skyline

I can see from my window high
A bare outline against the sky.
It reaches out and far beyond
The shanties where the poor belong.
I cannot see it all from here,
But if the day were warm and clear
I'd see the trains run underneath
And ragamuffins in the street,
And just-washed clothes strung on a line,
And smelly cafes where beggars dine.

BESS WINDHAM, '41

Sailing

Pattie Bounds, '39

PIER 63 on the morning of July 3 was a scene of scurry, of hustling, and of bustling. Trucks, vans, taxis, cars, all in a mad rush to get to the pier. And there she was, the S. S. Santa Elena, all black and green and white.

"Twelve o'clock sailing," blazoned the bulletin board beside the hooded passenger gangway. Boys hurried by with bags, hat boxes, fruits, flowers, books, magazines, pet dogs on leashes, etc. Bell-hops, spotless in white mess jackets and blue trousers, streamed by conducting passengers from the purser's square to their staterooms. Telegraph boys milled in and out among the crowd while club stewards tore feverishly back and forth from the bar to rooms, for toasts must be drunk to a safe and happy voyage, you know. Passengers, friends, and relatives continued to pour onto the ship in a steady stream. On looking at our fellow passengers, we saw retired business men and their wives, a bevy of school teachers, big business executives out for an ocean voyage "to help that heart calm down", several Catholic priests, a handsome Englishman, quite sure of himself, green engineers bound for the oil fields around Bogata, young newlyweds, professors and authors bound for Panama, a broken-down count or two, several haughty mothers with their daughters, debutantes of several seasons back, taking off for another "hunting" trip, a group of young college men, June graduates—all taking one last fling before settling down in a nice comfortable berth in Dad's firm. They fairly poured aboard.

As the crowd increased the voices rose higher and higher. Newspaper men were bustling about snapping pictures, and interviewing celebrities. The tall blond quartermaster by the gangway smiled as if to promise everyone a happy voyage.

Passengers flitted about the ship, showing off the boat to guests. There was the pool, the bar, a beautiful

Palm court, the galley; even the captain's bridge was invaded.

Suddenly a gong somewhere began to beat. Its deafening tones could be heard fore and aft. "All ashore that's going ashore—r—r!" Nerves were taut with excitement as all of us exchanged last minute wishes, kisses and handshakes. Everybody was throwing confetti and vari-colored paper streamers, which soared upward and then dropped like miniature comets leaving bright-colored trails fluttering in the warm summer breeze. By this time we could feel a slight vibration beneath our feet, as the propeller churned underneath. The officers appeared; the deck hands untied the ropes and tossed them on the gangway, which rose slowly and then withdrew itself into the pier like a turtle ducking within its shell. Looking over the rail we saw that the lower gangways had been removed; the railings were all back in place. The longshoremen had lifted the hawsers from the cleats and heaved them toward the ship. Now only the huge spider web of paper streamers connected us with land. As the ship's bell began to strike and the whistle blew, the orchestra struck up "Anchors Aweigh!" The ship now began to move away from the dock, slowly at first, then gradually she picked up speed. We could feel no vibration, and yet we were steaming calmly out of New York harbor. Standing on deck, we watched Pier 63 as long as we could see handkerchiefs waving. After that we did not look back again! But as we passed the Statue of Liberty, we waved a final joyous farewell. We were at sea!

* * *

Five days later the calls of "Le-gali! Le-gali!" the never-ceasing cry of the dark-skinned divers, reached our ears. The hawsers were tossed ashore, and slipped over the cleats; the gangway was made secure, and the port officials trooped aboard. We docked at Cartagena, that ancient city of old Spanish America! In the pale blue light of the early morning we had taken the same route that the old Spanish buccaneers had, and had passed through the narrow fortifications of this old Spanish City, once called the "Queen of the Indies". Gleaming white in hot tropical sunshine, these old forts stood — majestic

reminders of the $60,000,000 the Spanish government spent to make Cartagena impregnable.

Once off the ship we took a car for a tour of this ancient city. At first, we passed through the foreign settlement where we saw the homes of the American and Canadian foreigners who were working for oil companies there. Soon we came to the great stone wall which surrounded the ancient city of Cartegena. Once within its walls, we bumped over narrow, winding, cobblestone streets and peered at the filthy and crowded brick and stone houses that opened right on the street. The heat beat down unmercifully. Now and then we passed a house with a little courtyard in which there were one or two trees—the home of one of the dignitaries. Of course, we were attracted by the brilliant blue latticed windows or grills. Occasionally we caught a fleeting glimpse of a pair of dark eyes peeping through the bars at us.

Driving past the market place we saw a veritable beehive of activity. There fruits, vegetables, meats, gourds, fancy work, clothes—all lay displayed on rudely constructed tables. The heat and dust, as well as the swarms of flies made us quite sure we would not eat a meal in Cartagena. Every time our car slowed down or stopped, we were beseiged by little ragamuffin children begging for pennies or cigarets, for there children of four or five years smoke as well as their elders, and are just as good beggars.

From the market place we drove on to the fort, the ruins of which still show something of its old magnificence. Then we drove by the old wall forty feet wide in places, on to the dungeons and torture chambers, grim relics of the old Spanish rule.

The convent at the top of the hill was to us a silent reminder of those young nuns who jumped over the cliff lest they be taken by Morgan or Mansfield, who sailed their pirate fleet into Cartagena Bay. Several of their bleached bones now rest in state in the convent—all that is left of that pious little group of nuns.

The famous old bull ring, the cathedral, and the armory all claimed our attention, but the intense heat forced us ahead straight for Baea Grande where we

dashed into the water, hoping to escape for a while the oppressiveness of the heat. Several of us started on a swimming race. Heedless of the cries of small natives who swam out to warn us, we swam on. But suddenly, seeing the natives on shore madly waving to us, we turned back to see what was the matter. "Nothing much is wrong," they calmly told us, "only those waters are infested with sharks and barracuda. They bite off people's arms and legs sometimes."

Tired, hot and sunburned, we motored back to our clean, well ordered boat, the "Elena". We were pleased at having seen old Cartagena, but thankful that a good cooling shower and a huge glass of iced-tea awaited us.

With the cries of "Le-gali!" again in our ears, we glided out of the slip on past the gleaming white forts of the one-time "Queen of the Indies", and headed straight for Panama.

* * *

Panama! What a flood of mingled emotions that name had always evoked! What a rush of memories it brings back now!

My first glimpse of the Republic of Panama came when our ship docked at Christobal, the Atlantic City of the Canal Zone. Hastening down the gangway to the ground floor of Pier No. 6, we rushed through the warehouse, a modern building far superior to the ones in New York. The huge stacks of coffee filled the entire shed.

What an odor unroasted coffee has! Suddenly from the comparative darkness of the warehouse, we stepped into the blinding Panamanian sunlight. On with dark glasses! Now for a taxi! There, lined up by the entrance to the warehouse, were several rows of horses hitched to funny little buggies. Sitting in the front part of each buggy was a dark-skinned Panamanian smiling beneath his great umbrella. There were, however, a few taxis, the same rattling, open car type as we had seen in the other ports. But why take a taxi when a real Panamanian buggy could be had?

Securing a "hay-burner", as my friends aboard ship taught me to call them, we crawled in and gaily set off for the shopping district. Clop, clop, clop, our little horse's hooves beat on the asphalt as he took us past one pier

after another—past the "Santa Inez", past a German ship, a French ship, and an English ship. Suddenly we spied the Stars and Stripes bravely flying from two destroyers. Stars and Stripes are beautiful to one thousands of miles from home! Soon we reached the great gate that marks the end of the part that the United States owns of the city of Christobal and the beginning of the old city of Colon.

In Colon the shopping district is just one shop after another. In the doorways of the shops, groups of Chinese, Japanese, Hindu, and Panamanian proprietors, eagerly await the tourists. We went first to Maduro's, the French Bazaar, and then to Palmour's 21, 32, 28, 39, etc. What gorgeous silks! What exotic perfumes! What intricate lace designs! Of all the shops, Maduro's and the French Bazaar are the nicest but most expensive. It's true now and then we picked up a real bargain in one of the Hindu shops, but the Hindus are clever. In their shops they bow and scrape to you and place a chair out for you. A clerk brings you beer, coco-cola, wine, whiskey—or anything you desire to drink. And there as you sit and sip and fan, the grinning, smooth-speaking Hindus bring forth their silks, laces, perfumes. Yes, the Hindus are clever!

When night falls over Panama, the whole character of the place is changed, for with it comes a deliciously cooling breeze. And now that it was cool, we went to Bilgnay's Tropical Bar and then to the Atlantic Club. Why? Because everyone goes. The Atlantic Club—what a heterogeneous collection of people from all the nations. A true melting pot of humanity!

So far everything had been somewhat disappointing to me. Even the rhumbas, the tangoes, the blood-tingling melodies of the Panamanians, had failed to measure up to just what I had expected. It was not until we left the night club, took a little "hay-burner", put the top back, and rode through the streets at night that I found the Panama that I love. Just jogging along beneath the palm trees, along the water front with the sweet cool breezes drifting over us, a heaven full of stars above, and no sound but the tapping of our horse's hoofs—that's heaven. That's Panama!

Glimpse

The trees stand stately, tall, and fair
In token of unceasing care
    By Him who is eternal.
These black tree-patterns 'gainst the white
Quicken my breath and give me sight
    Of Him who is eternal.

BETTY SUE CUMMINGS, '39

SKETCHES

Allegory

MARY MAHONE, '40

IT was called Bradentown when I lived there, but the name has been changed since then. It was a small red-roofed white stucco town, built around a square green park and, as is so often the case in small Florida towns, there was a large marble fountain in the square. In those days there weren't as many tourists as there are now. Still there were some. It was for their astonishment or out of civic pride that several medium-sized alligators were kept in the pool.

Every day on my way home from school I got quite a thrill out of stopping by the fountain to watch the 'gaitors. The wall of the pool came almost to my waist, but I was small. The iron fence wasn't much above the waist of a tall man. And he was tall—this Yankee tourist who was leaning against the fence as I came along one glaring noon. He was wearing a stiff straw hat, obviously bought for the trip, and he didn't believe all the stuff he'd heard about alligators being dangerous. No, sir, not he! He must have been from Missouri. I really couldn't blame him, the 'gaitors looked so sleepy as they lay sunning on the rocks. Old Charley, the biggest one, slid slowly into the water and swam lazily toward the man. The Yankee made a slurring remark about Charley's lack of speed and grinned down into the pool. Charley moved more slowly and grinned slyly with a twinkle in his eye. (The one away from the man.) With a wink at me the tall man whisked off his hat and, leaning over the pool, waved it at Charley. A second later, rather white around the gills, he was gazing blankly at a small section of brim still in his hand while Charley rolled gleefully in the water with the hat in his mouth. 'Gaitors can move like lightning as Mr. Y. Tourist found out. Charley's tail, strong as a steel spring, had flipped the new straw lid right into his mouth. As a rather pale young man stalked

off shaking his bare head, Charley grinned and winked at me and I grinned back into the pool at him feeling very superior to silly Yankees.

A Woodland Romance

Ernestine Meacham, '41

THEY stood apart from the rest of the trees in the little thicket, as though they held themselves above them, these two magnificent trees. But anyone listening to a certain gossipy little bird, would have heard the truth. He warbled forth a story something like this:

The tall, majestic old hemlock had taken a fancy to the smaller, more graceful young maple who played by his side in the gay summer breeze. Dressed in lacy green, she whispered with the birds in her arms. When he leaned toward her to tell of all his thoughts she bent her head coquettishly, glancing first at the bright flowers clustering in the grass around her feet, then at her reflection in a pool of the rippling brook beside them.

Later, having pressed his suit manfully and won it too, he took her to the great autumn ball. Like every lovely young maiden, she found it necessary to try on her evening gown days before the ball. Intrigued by its many beautiful hues and by his ardent whispers of praise, she wore the enchanting gown until the festive night. Lovely music, sometimes slow and dreamy, sometimes swirling in furious swiftness, was furnished by the wind. The hemlock, still in his green tux, tried to keep up with her in the dance, but he found it impossible. She whirled and tossed her arms in graceful abandon, sending leaves fluttering to the ground. Little furry rabbits and squirrels, scurrying by, stopped for shelter and watched her in wonder.

One night, several weeks later, as she stood dressed in sober brown, it happened! He asked her tenderly to be his bride. Swaying gently toward him, she said shyly that she would. Then she began her wedding preparations. With the help of unseen hands she arrayed herself in

sparkling white. He put on a white shirt under his suit of green, and then stood waiting. The next night they were wed in the midst of blue night-shadows, made fairy-like by the pale glow of the moon. Icicles tinkled for wedding bells, and the graceful deer, who paused a moment by the ice-covered brook, then dashed swiftly on through the snow, were their witnesses.

They still remembered those days and stayed off to themselves to dream together through the years.

Why?

BEVERLY WALKER, '40

"SOMEBODY done said somethin' this mawning what made me terribly mad. It done worried me a lot. 'Twas Jim Perkins, whut lives in de big house up on de hill—you know, de white boy. He done sed, 'Git back on t'other side of de tracks whar yo' b'longs, yuh no-'count niggah'!

"Why'd he hafta say dat? Maybe he is got somethin' to feel puffed up 'bout, 'cause his pappy's de mayah of de town, but dat don' make him so much diff'unt f'um me. My mammy think jist as much of me ez his mammy do of him. Maybe we don' live in a big house, but we loves our little shack jist ez much ez he love his big house. He don' look so much diff'unt fum me neither, 'ceptin' he's white and I'se black. Colah don' make so much diffunce, do hit? Don' know but what I hadn't ruther be black—dirt don' show up ez bad! We breaves de same air, sees de same sun an' moon an' stars and things, an' we bofe got de same Gawd. And yet he say, 'Niggah, git back on t'other side of de tracks whar yo' b'longs' I wants to know why."

Snow

The Father looked down on the earth,
And it looked bleak and cold and dead.
"The world seems dark; it shan't stay so.
I'll sprinkle down some life," he said.

He reached out with a gentle hand
And drew to Him a great white cloud;
With careful fingers crumbling it,
He sifted down a snowy shroud.

Children 'gainst the windows pressed
To watch the silent falling snow.
They hurried out to play in it
With eyes agleam and cheeks aglow.

They shouted and frolicked and danced and played
In coats of red and green and blue,
And gave to earth a life renewed
As only children's play can do.

And God smiled down a happy smile
To see the earth so fresh and gay.
Then softly down he pressed the night
To end in peace another day.

ANONYMOUS

Uncute

Norvell Montague, '38

ANNE was definitely not cute. Oh, very definitely. In her mother's day they would have said she was not popular. In her grandmother's day they would have said—whisper it softly—she was not the belle of the ball. But at the present moment she knew she was not cute. The dance was wonderful. Hadn't she asked everybody she danced with—heaven knows there weren't many—and hadn't thy all emphatically agreed with her? When she danced with the little boy who was thousands of years younger than she, she had to talk about something. So they talked about the dance and other non-essentials, for conversational matter was slight in such a situation.

Anne liked the music. She really did. Music was always the redeeming feature of a dance. The hostess also was very lovely, but Anne could rarely catch a glimpse of her. You see, people had to dance with the hostess. Oh, she was attractive enough. But one always had one's duty, you know. And a few of the male contingent remembered they'd had some upbringing. Occasionally some of it took. But when she looked around her and saw millions of nice boys she'd known for years—Anne had been practically raised with them—she wasn't sure. Anne wasn't cute. This point mustn't be lost sight of. It is most important. And these nice boys she was raised with did not dance with her. Now we have the point, the crux of the whole matter. Hence Anne's life on the night of December 29 at 11:30 p. m. was genuine torture. She endured it, however, with grim determination and let her mind dwell on the more pleasant aspects of the whole situation. Of course, along with the music there were one or two other redeeming features.

It had been glorious to dress for the dance. Anne reviewed the whole procedure with immense satisfaction as her feet mechanically went through steps to the accompaniment of something or other that was the newest tune. Since it was vacation time, there was the luxury of

spending as long in the bath tub as one could want, after that lord of creation, one's older brother, had been safely evicted therefrom. It was fun to linger over the delightful preparation of one's toilette. Anne had indulged in all the luxuries: the most extravagant Christmas bath powder; violent red polish on her nails; the cream that could take minutes to soak into her face. And she didn't have to drag on her stockings with a jerk and a twist; she could take time now to pull them on leisurely and carefully. Then there was the crowning touch! The perfectly thrilling new dress, wide of hem, tiny of waist, puffed of sleeves, buttoned in the back, and finally—glory of glories —a train! The dress really did something to Anne. With the addition of the heart-shaped locket and the black and gold bracelet, both heirlooms, the costume was complete. Only the finishing touches and the final careful arrangement of her hair remained to be done. Oh, the luxury of time! No hurried twisting up of a knot with hairpins thrust at random; each lock could be put in just so, a hair pin carefully placed, and the whole studied at leisure for effect. Then she applied the finishing touches: lipstick smoothly rubbed in, rouge applied with just the right pressure, and over all a thin coat of powder. She regarded herself with as unbiased a mind as was possible in such a situation and decided that she looked rather elegant. In fact, in her innermost heart she thought the effect was gorgeous, and she began to think that maybe this dance would be different from all the fifty others she'd been to. She gazed at the slim figure complacently; the dress had exactly the right lines. But then of course, there were the thick glasses that made her look like an old maid school teacher. They were quite a cross to bear. She had decided to leave them off for this dance, ("Vanity of vanities; all is vanity"!) though now she had to hold rather tightly to her escort to keep from bumping into all the obtrusive porch columns and hotel furniture. And to see her best friend ten feet away was impossible. She contented herself with viewing the world in daubs of color, splashes of light, and masses of shadowy blackness, for she was determined that tonight nobody could point her out as "the girl over there with glasses on."

Finally she was ready. With one last satisfied glance at the mirror, Anne casually draped over one arm the slinky white wrap that had been a Christmas present from her father and fared triumphantly forth. She descended the steps feeling very queenly with the train dragging negligently behind her. Neighbors met her in the hall below. They made all the proper exclamations and oh'd and ah'd long enough to convince Anne that she was looking lovely. The neighbors departed. Anne casually seated herself on the sofa to await the arrival of her brother. Yes, it was her brother who took her to the dance. Anne sighed again as she thought of it. Eligible men for her were scarce, but her brother was really a love. She had almost decided not to go to the dance, till he casually asked, "How'll we get there?" She'd jumped at the chance. The heck of the plagued thing was she didn't really want to go, but if she stayed away — oh, darn! — she'd probably miss something. And that would never do!

So Anne sat on the sofa getting more and more excited. Dances did that to her. Whatever the prospects, her heart achieved a more rapid thump than usual. Her brother was out in the neighborhood corralling a ride. Finally, when none could be found, he called a taxi. She liked tripping out the door with her brother looking very elegant in his tux. There really should be more occasions for a man to wear his tux. It definitely raised the males a notch higher in her estimation. It was nice, too, to be put in a taxi. She always felt like the leading lady—well, anyway, a lady—in a movie! Taxis, you see, were special. In this everyday world she lived in she either walked or rode her brother's bicycle. So it was quite grand sitting nonchalantly on the slick leather seat, her escort beside her saying very casually to the driver, "Hotel Leon".

They arrived at the dance. Anne alighted from the taxi, still feeling very grand in the slinky wrap and train. She spoke to everybody she could discern. (Remember the glasses were on her dressing table at home!) Then she threaded her way to the dressing room where she hello'd everybody, piled her wrap on top of a million others, came back to the lobby, and peered anxiously for her brother. He soon joined her and led the way to the receiving line. Only the mother and father of her young hostess were

still there for she had purposely planned to be late and leave early. Since she knew what dances were like, she positively made up her mind to leave at intermission. After being cordially greeted by her host and hostees she took her brother by the hand and made the plunge.

Anne sighed. That had been an hour ago. In the interim she had danced with exactly three people besides her brother. One of them was a surprise. He was younger. She didn't know him so well, and it was flattering. The other two gave her the impression, somehow, of performing a duty. They were friends of the family, and they'd had some upbringing which took. One of these was a friend of her brother's. She had talked to him about college this year and what a wonderful dance this was. The other kind soul was older than Anne. He had sauntered by on several occasions, but they both pretended not to see each other. Of course, they were both conscious that each had seen the other. The most highly developed art in creation—a true product of the Twentieth Century—is that of avoiding people on the dance floor. After so long a time, Anne felt he must have decided that since his upbringing had taken he really could not afford to avoid Anne any longer. It was then she knew her brother, having been tapped on the shoulder, felt a merciful release and surrendered his sister to John. Although Anne was well aware of the struggle preceding the break, she was properly thankful. The scarcity of breaks was a very sore subject with her. We won't go into that. John, though not a Greek god, was a good talker. He was more mature than Anne's two previous partners. That was a help, for she felt herself unappreciated by the younger generation. Such self-consciousness hinders one vastly in displaying one's charms. And there really was charm lurking within Anne, but only for seemingly appreciative audiences could it blossom forth.

As to the progress of the conversation with John, that was about as good as could be expected. For the first dance they talked mostly of Christmas, the dance, the long holiday, and a few more non-essentials. The second dance had to do with vocations. After college, they agreed, one is supposed to earn a living of some sort, and since Anne was rather near the end of her college career, the

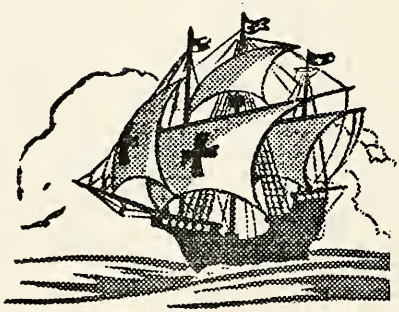
subject was of vast interest. The third dance had to do—but must we go into that? It was all rather painful. But haven't you heard that after a dozen steps with a new partner, any self-respecting lady on a dance floor becomes apprehensive lest she be forced to dance twelve more steps with the same partner? She is also apprehensive lest her partner be following the same line of thought. When, after twelve steps, no new partner appears on the scene, the feelings of both lady and gentleman become akin to that of exquisite torture. Each carefully surveys the surrounding landscape in search of a rescuer; each praying all the while for release, shoots a rapid-fire conversation to cover uneasiness. Never having been a member of the more lordly sex, Anne could only judge the gentleman's feelings by her own. According to that judgment they were acute. But then John talked easily and seemed to be enjoying himself. Maybe that was the result of his upbringing. Anne just couldn't tell. But she was still miserable.

Thus the third dance dragged on. Towards its close—merciful heavens, her rescuer, her brother! John said, "Thank you", very perfunctorily it seemed to Anne. She patted him on the back just as perfunctorily, and all but rushed into the arms of her brother. She didn't have to pretend now. He knew her difficulties and she knew that he knew. She relaxed. A few more current tunes poured forth from the orchestra. Anne enjoyed dancing to them with her brother. Then a glass of punch. Thank heavens punch was provided at dances, for while drinking it, no set smile had to adorn one's face. She could drink punch and be natural. Then, after not more than two minutes, intermission arrived. Mindful of her resolve, Anne dashed for the cloak room as fast as the lack of glasses would allow her, greeted a few more people she was seeing for the first time that evening, and unearthed her coat. She went back to the lobby where she waited while her brother called a taxi. Wrapped in her evening coat she felt better. It was good for her soul—that evening wrap!

In an unbelievably short time the taxi was at the door. Her brother handed her in and followed her. There was no conversation. What was there to talk about except what

a beautiful dress Peggy had worn and why in thunder Bill had to get revoltingly drunk at every dance? She might have talked about John. She liked him, even if he didn't show a great deal of enthusiasm. But she was hardly in the mood for conversation.

Soon they arrived at her front door. Anne got out and went in. Her brother went back to the dance. For him the evening had just begun. Anne's mother called her as she went by her door. In answer to her question, "How was it?" Anne managed to mumble a few words and made a hasty exit. Safe in the haven of her room, she drooped. Listlessly she removed the white dress and her stockings one by one, and then putting on her glasses, she surveyed the wreck of her hair and make-up, which just one short hour and a half before, she had viewed so triumphantly. Then a gleam of hope had shone in her eyes. But now—it was just like the aftermath of all other dances. There just wasn't any use! A resolve began to form itself in Anne's tired head. As she dragged on her pajamas and gave her face a rub or two with a damp washrag, it began to take on shape. After a seeming eternity, she crawled into bed. As she relaxeed in its softness, the resolve grew to full stature. ***Never again would she go to a dance.*** Positively and finally. Never! The struggle was too great. For definitely, Anne was not cute. And she knew it.



VERSES

Beverly Walker, '40

A Little Baby Sleeping

A little baby sleeping
With its fluffy, tumbled hair,
Brings the angels creeping
To gaze upon it there.

Little Things

It's funny how such little things
Can make us laugh and cry—
The song a tiny robin sings,
The blueness of the sky.

Victorian Portraits

David Terry, '39

BETTY was idly turning the pages of her mother's plush-covered album. Suddenly she sat upright, her eyes wide with attention, for she recognized in front of her the portrait of a person she had become familiar with in her readings from Victorian poetry. There seated on a crimson scarf was that same queenly figure. Her lips were scarlet and she had the bold black eyes of a siren.

Without warning she began to speak: "I am she whom all men call Cleopatra, and it is these eyes which have lured men to me. Because of them Tennyson dreamed of me as one of his 'fair women'." As she spoke, the dark hue of her swarthy cheeks became even darker, and her gold crown became so bright that it all but burned her brow.

With a haughty smile which revealed her proud, disdainful nature, she continued, "I governed all men who came within my sphere. I swayed all their moods. I made them bow to my every humor. I tamed and tutored them with my eye. I lived openly in Rome as the mistress of the mighty Caesar.

"Then my lover came, and he, too, was caught under my spell. It is of Mark Anthony that I speak. The sun smiled upon us as we glided down the Nile, and all Egypt was in our power. We played God. Ah! but then my Anthony began to think more of love than power. He lay in my arms, contented to die there. And, as Tennyson says, 'There he died.' Since then men have claimed that I was his murderess, though I did not kill him with my own hands. No! my scheming mind was too great for that. I merely made him believe that if he committed suicide, I would do the same that we might be together always. Pshaw! what cared I for love! I worshipped the Goddess of Power. Then those designing Romans tried to snatch my power from me, but I tricked them, also. With the help of an asp, a very small one, I outwitted them. I made it bite me; I died glorying in my death. My name will endure

forever, for I died as I lived—a queen!"

Quickly Betty turned the page that she might escape the view of the vain, yet fascinating creature. As she did so, a sparkling gleam caught and held her eye. Looking more closely she saw a masculine figure arrayed in bright armor. By his side was a beautiful white horse.

"I have searched for the Holy Grail for many years", he said, "I am Sir Galahad. God, in whom I trust and have my being, has blessed me with superhuman strength and with the power to conquer, because my heart is pure. Because my heart is drawn to Him, my hand is steady, my tough lance sure. Faith, prayer, and a virgin heart are my only allies. They speed me on my way.

"On my faithful horse I ride and dream of the Holy Grail. In my dreams an awful light appears before me followed by three white-robed angels who bear the hallowed talisman. Ah, blessed vision!

"Like time I continue to travel. Autumn glides into winter, winter into spring, and spring into the lovely days of summer. On I go, for unto me is given such hope that I know not fear. As I ride, I muse on heaven and the unceasing joy that awaits me there. God is good. With these thoughts time flashes by, and my heavy armor becomes light.

"I never fail to hear the voice that comes from the trees and gives me new courage: 'O, just and faithful knight of God, ride on! The prize is near.' Inspired I ride on. I will never cease riding until I find the Holy Grail."

As if reluctant to leave so pure and radiant a personality, Betty turned the page. There was no color in front of her now, only blackness. Finally, she distinguished something that resembled a tent prop, a prop that was blacker than the surrounding blackness. Upon it leaned a gigantic figure, the blackest of all.

Out of the blackness came a voice, "I am Saul, he who was once mighty and whom men remember for his glory. You see me now in the depths of despair."

He stood erect as the tent prop. Both arms were stretched out wide, and he relaxed not a muscle.

Again he spoke: "For a long time I stood as you see me now—drear, stark, blind, and dumb—lost in this all-

enveloping blackness. I had no hope, no confidence in myself, and worse than aught else, I lost all desire for life. I denied that God made all creatures and never forsook them. So I stood until a shepherd lad lifted my soul out of its sorrow with his music. He gave me new hope, restored my lost zeal, and brought me back to life. He it was who replaced that awful darkness with eternal light. Look, child!"

Betty looked in wonder and saw light where all had been darkness. There at the feet of Saul knelt a slender lad, his face radiating happiness, and his eyes smiling into those of Saul which, in turn, smiled back. By his side was a harp entwined in blue lilies. Slowly, the boy untwined the lilies from the harp strings and began to play a soft sweet melody. For many minutes there was no sound save the music.

At last, David arose and said meekly: "It was through these melodies that I taught Saul the joy of living. I played many tunes before they touched his heart. But I did not mind, for God gave me patience. Gradually as I played, Saul began to come to life. First he groaned; then he shuddered.

"Next I sang to him—the song of living. I sang of the goodness of man's life, the mere living! My song told him to give his heart, soul, and senses to joy. Greatest of all, I told him to trust in God whose hand guides all things and whose plans are always for the best.

"With my heart, hand, harp, and voice, I restored him. As I watched, I became so intensely interested I forgot myself, and the name ***Saul*** slipped from my lips. Fearfully, I watched and said no other word. Saul was struck by his name. One long shudder filled the tent, making the very air tingle. I saw that shudder go over Saul and thanked God. Motionless, I waited, never taking my eyes from my king. Then his self was released, and he became aware of objects around him. Now death was past; life was coming!

"My song had restored him; now my harp had to sustain him. With a prayer on my lips I began to play once again. I played of the flesh and of the soul. It is in the flesh that the branch of life grows, but it is the soul that bears the fruit.

"I ceased playing and spoke again. I told of God's work and though all was love, all was law also—God's law! My reward came when Saul spoke telling me that he believed. He knew now that it was God who gave, and that it was he himself who received."

With a smile almost divine, Betty turned the page. A deep sense of reverence filled her heart, nor did it steal away as she beheld the next portrait. Instead it became deeper, for the figure was as God-like and as pure as the three lilies which were clasped in her hand. Clad in a virtuous white robe, she leaned upon a golden bar that stretched from heaven. Her only ornaments were three lilies and seven stars which sparkled from her yellow hair.

"I am the blessed damozel," she said. "All day I lean upon this golden bar of God's house, gazing down on the world. From my fixed place in heaven I watch and wait for my lover."

Her voice as she spoke was like that of the stars singing together. Her rich melodious voice now came so rapidly that it was like an outburst of song.

"I know that he will come to me. I only wish that he were beside me now. But, never fear, he will join me some day, for I have prayed here in heaven, and he has prayed on earth. 'Are not two prayers a perfect strength?' I am not afraid."

"When he comes, clothed in white with the golden halo round his head, I will clasp his hand and go with him through God's house. Beside the shrine we will kneel, sending up our prayers to God. We will lie in the shadow of the living mystic tree, and I, as a spirit, will teach him the songs I sing here—the hushed and slow songs which teach new knowledge.

"He shall fear the strangeness of heaven, but that fear will cease when I lay my cheek to his and tell of our love. I will tell all to the Mother Mary, and she will approve. Then will I ask of Christ the Lord one thing for him and me: I will ask that we, he and I, be permitted to live together with love in heaven as we lived on earth."

A tear trickled down Betty's cheeek. As she closed the album, she heard the blessed damozel say, "All of this is when he comes."

I Loved You Not

Wish
I hadn't wanted pie
When I had ice cream.

Wish
I hadn't ever had
To wake up from my dream.

Wish
I had not doubted them
When they told me you were fine.

Wish
I'd loved you as I should
When you were mine.

JOHNNY LYBROOK, '40

Mike

MARION HARDEN, '40

"LASSES, you good for nothin' nigger, pull yourself out of dat rocker Mis' Smith gib you to fix, and sot yourself down heah to dese turnip greens and cawn bread. I gotta iron at de big house dis afternoon, and I ain't gonna be boddered wif yo' dinner all mawnin'!"

Cindy Lou's massive frame completely filled the back door; and when she lumbered back into the kitchen, the room seemed smaller than it was. Her black face was moist as she lifted the steaming forkfuls of salad onto the cracked platter, and poured the pot-liquor into the thick yellow cup.

At his wife's call, Lasses, both reluctant and eager, licked his lips and pulled his lank, straggly body out of Mrs. Smith's rocker where he had been sitting in the sun, and shambled toward the house. With one hand he swatted at the flies that swarmed around the remaining tuft of gray hair, and with the other he kept off the pack of hounds that jumped around him hungrily.

"Gid down, Lady! Go 'way, Skillet Greaser"! And under his breath, "Heah, Mike, heah." At his call a small dirty Scotch terrier pressed eagerly into the pack, and Lasses, glancing up to see if Cindy was looking, picked him up and patted the black head. Excitedly Mike wagged his tail, and his brown eyes were warm with gratitude.

"Lasses Brown, didn't I tell you to git rid of dat good-fer-nothin' pup? We got enough dawgs around heah widout pickin' up ebery no count pest dat stops heah, and what's more, Billy Smith said dat he b'longs to de Carters jes' acrost de road from his house."

"Aw-w Cindy, he ain't doin' no hawm! I found him down in de t'baccer field. He wuz lost, and I reckon he wuz hongry, too. Look at him—he's cold!"

"Lasses!"

Lasses dropped the puppy and stumbled up the steps to the table.

Cindy went to the stove and, taking two or three hunks

of cornbread, threw them out in the backyard and kicked Mike off the top step. The hounds yelped and fought each other to get the bread. Mike turned over and scrambled after it, but when the bigger dogs fought him off, he went back to the steps where he sat looking wistfully at Lasses.

"I'se gonna take dat dawg to Mr. Carter when I goes up to de big house to iron. He'll have the police looking for it, and dey'll put you in jail for stealin' it. I ain't gonna git you out neither. De las' time you got drunk I had to pay all de money I got from Miz Smith fer a month to git you out."

As she turned away to get a pone of bread off the stove, Mike stole in sheepishly in answer to Lasses' low whistle and crawled under the table. Lasses dropped him a hunk of fat-back and a pone of bread sopped in gravy.

"What's dat! Wuz dat you whistled, Lasses?"

"Naw, dat wuz de rain crow a-hollering."

Cindy Lou got up and started scraping the dishes while Lasses went into the closet to get the torn umbrella that Mrs. Smith had given her.

"Heah's yo' umbrella. Yo' better take it, 'cause it looks like it's gonna rain, and you better go on. I'll wash de dishes; I aint' got nothin' to do, and Miz Smith might be needin' you."

Cindy eyed him suspiciously at this sudden burst of politeness, but wiped her face on her apron, tied up one of the plaits of her kinky hair, took the umbrella, and waddled out the door.

"Heah, Mike, heah! Whar's dat dawg? O my Lord, he's gone. Mr. Carter'll sho' put us in jail for dis. Is you seen him?"

"Yeah. Don't get hetted up! The las' time I seem him he wuz high-tailin' it across de cawn toward Mr. Carter's. I reckon he got sorter homesick."

Cindy heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank de Lawd", she said and trudged off toward the corn field, the red strings bobbing up and down in her hair as she walked.

Lasses chuckled, stepped to the closet door, and opened it. Mike jumped out straight into his arms.

"Well, old feller, I reckon dat's one time we fooled her. Let's go out yonder in de sun and set down. Dese dishes don' need no washin'."

My Mood Tonight

I want some old familiar tune
Some wistful tune that's low and sweet
To steal out on the still cold air
To lull—to swell again and meet
My mood tonight.

I want a sandy moonwashed beach
With water lapping at my feet;
I want the shining rippling tide
To roll to welcome me—and meet
My mood tonight.

I want a naked wind-swept hill
A tree—a plaintive whippoorwill
A kindred spirit so complete
That it can understand and greet
My mood tonight.

Beckie Sandidge, '39

BOOK REVIEWS

RECOLLECTIONS, by William Cabell Bruce, Baltimore, Md.: King Bros., Inc. 1936. Pp. 195. Price $2.50.

RECOLLECTIONS by William Cabell Bruce is one of the most delightful autobiographies I have ever read. Mr. Bruce, former United States Senator from Maryland, is also the author of ***Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed, Life of John Randolph of Roanoke, Below the James,*** etc. His early life, although much the same as that of other boys of his day, is narrated charmingly. It gives the reader an intimate glimpse into family life in the latter half of the nineteenth century. It takes up his family background and relationships, life on the plantation, and in school at the University of Virginia, and his life and connections as a student and practitioner of law in Baltimore.

It is almost impossible to believe that one person could be related to so many people of fame and distinction. Several pages list these relatives. Perhaps the most interesting quality of the book grows out of the fact that Mr. Bruce deals with a great number of people other than himself. His life has touched so many others that he found it necessary to recite many incidents in their lives in order to reveal his own life. The last chapter is devoted to extolling seven great Baltimore lawyers: Hon. William A. Fisher, Hon. Teackle Wallis, I. Nevett Steele, Bernard Carter, Colonel Marshall, Hon. John P. Poe, and Hon. John K. Cowen. In these accounts particularly, the charming simplicity of language and the straightforward manner of presenting situations makes reading the chapter a genuine pleasure. Many interesting snatches of poetry, historical quotations and sayings from the old philosophers remind the reader that Mr. Bruce is well-read and finely educated. His experiences as a lawyer furnish many delightful anecdotes and historical facts. Anyone who is acquainted with Prince Edward, Mecklenburg and Char-

lotte Counties will enjoy the book because this is the scene of his early life.

NAN SEWARD, '38

SWORDS IN THE DAWN, by John C. Beaty, Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. 1937. Pp. 212. $2.00.

IN an attempt to popularize a period of history little known to any readers except those who specialize in the field, Mr. Beaty has written a story of unusual quality in ***Swords in the Dawn.*** Primitive but deep emotions of love, jealousy, courage, honor, and desire for adventure are portrayed in an elemental setting of forest, war, sea, and storm. Events grow out of events with a naturalness and almost a finality that make the reader feel they could not have been otherwise than as described.

From all available authorities in history and literature, and from museums in northern Europe, the author has taken the substance of truth; and with keen sense of the poetic and dramatic he has drawn a picture of which William Lyon Phelps, in a review of the book says: "It is seldom I have seen History and Fiction so agreeably mingled."

Although the setting is in the years 448-449 on the North Sea coast, the story is really timeless, dealing as it does with the hearts and lives of a virile race of men.

The book will be of interest to readers of any age who love a good story, to students of the early Anglo-Saxon peoples because of the scholarship that went into its writing, and to all lovers of elegant prose. Virginians will be proud to know that the author is a native of their state, and that while a student at the University of Virginia he won many awards for poetry, essays, and other contributions to the ***University of Virginia Magazine.***

M. B. COYNER

THE ART OF GOING TO COLLEGE by J. Franklin Messenger, New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1937. Pp. 138, $1.25.

J. Franklin Messenger, a former member of the faculty at Farmville State Teachers College and now Dean of the School of Education at the University of Idaho, has written in a kindly, informal, and helpful spirit, the book, "The Art of Going to College".

The thoughts he presents have been developed largely from his conversations with students. The author says, "This book is meant for a personal, private, almost confidential conference between us. The bookish impersonal will be avoided. I am talking to you. I wish very much that you could talk to me. I should like to know your individual experiences, hopes, expectations, successes and failures, joys, sorrows, your introspections and your outlook on life."

As the author does not preach or admonish, his book is most inspirational to every college student.

The whole work gives one a great deal to think about, but the following meant most to me:

"If you can be:

gracious without being deceitful
dignified without being stiff
reserved without being diffident
modest without being timid
sociable without being talkative
agreeable without being fresh
approachable without being forward
careful without being fussy
natural without being too natural
happy without being silly
smart without being smarty
good without being goody
confident without being conceited
frank without being blunt
loyal without being subservient
judicious without being a judge
a leader without being a boss:

if you can show such qualities as these, you will fit in any place in the world."

MARIE EASON, '40

VIRGINIA, THE OLD DOMINION, by Matthew Page Andrews. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran, and Co. 1937. Pp. 590. $6.00.

THE evolution of Virginia from the day of its founding up to the present is the theme of Dr. Matthew Page Andrews's book, ***Virginia, the Old Dominion.*** Dr. Andrews is primarily concerned with the presentation of Virginia's part in the growth of the nation. This he presents in such a way that it will be of value not only to the student of history but also to the person who reads for pleasure. This distinguished Baltimore writer has voiced the thought that histories are often written for historians by historians and that the general public does not enjoy reading them. Dr. Andrews presents his history of Virginia so that the public will appreciate and enjoy it.

The first chapter entitled "New World Ventures" gives an account of how interest in discovery was aroused in the hearts of the Elizabethan travel lovers and adventurers by historians, poets, and playwrights. He quotes many interesting passages from the diaries and letters of numerous colonists in Virginia. Thus he shows in a gripping way the hardships they had to bear as well as the cool unflinching courage with which they met them. In fact, his presentation of the high spirit and the prowess of the colonists makes us proud of our forefathers in Virginia.

Dr. Page presents Virginia not only in the light of its cultural and economic growth from the Revoltuion up to the present, but also in the light of the great influence which it has exerted over the other parts of America.

In each chapter he brings out new materials from new sources till at last we have a history of Virginia which is so alive that students of history, especially of Virginia history, are eagerly devouring it. No Virginian who is looking for an entertaining yet authentic history of his own state can afford to miss reading ***Virginia, the Old Dominion*** by Dr. Matthew Page Andrews.

LeNoir Hubbard, '39

Ascension

My eyes looked up,
And like the smoke
My heart began to rise.
Lo, when the sinking sun had set,
My soul had touched the skies.

HAZELWOOD BURBANK, '40