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# The **Doice**



## State Teachers College Farmville, Virginia

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# The Voice

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE Farmville, Virginia, 1930-1931

Vol. III	MARCH, 1931	No. 17
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## March

"Oh! que Mars est an joli mois C'est le mois der surpriser Du maten ase soir, dano ler bois, Quot change avec les brises."

Perhaps it was the timely reading of the little poem "Mars", that caused me to doubly appreciate and enjoy it, and to open my eyes, and to conceive March not as a mere month—the third month of the year and the first month of Spring, but as a distinct person—not an individual, calm and impassive, but one subject to moods and emotions.

March is a temperamental, insincere, restless, and capricious character, who takes great delight in puzzling us and then laughing at our perplexities. He seems to set precariously "on the fence", not knowing whether to submit to the harsh command of Winter, or to the gentle persuasions of Spring.

Then, again, I see March as a pampered, petulant, head-strong child, who, in a sudden outburst of rage, stamps and kicks furiously, slams doors, violently, and utters shrieks at the top of his voice. But this fit of anger and this downpour of tears are only temporary. The violent storm subsides. The contrary child, March, smiles through its tears and soon, all traces of the recent tempest have vanished. Once more the child's face is sunny, smiling and radiant.

The March Wind is no less variable than March itself, but March Wind apparently has a combination of many personalities. Or, perhaps, he is a great actor, merely impersonating various characters. He is a big, insolent, overbearing person—a bully—who intimidates the first opening buds on the trees and the tiny shy blossoms just peeping from under cover. The trees and shrubs cringe under his inexhaustible strength and unrelenting tyranny. The windows groan under his cruel hand and dare to utter words of resentments, but the bully laughs heartlessly and renews his attacks. The March Wind is a tease and a mischief-maker, who, as a boy on Hallowe'en, approaches without warning, the houses of unsuspecting people, and boldly rattles the windows and doors, bringing a cross, tired, crabbed old man to see who it is at the door. But the March Wind, just as the mischievous boy, is elusive. He conceals himself, slyly snickering at the annoyance he has caused.

The facetious Wind, still in a playful and frolicsome mood, snatches the hat from the little girl's curly head, tantalizingly keeping it a few steps in front of her, just out of reach. He mischievously beckons her to come and regain it, and then he quickly snatches it and renews his torments, all the while laughing impishly at his folly.

The March Wind is a meddling, prying, garrulous old woman—in short, a gossiper. With an unlimited and incomparable amount of curiosity, she pauses at each door peering inquisitively under the crack of the door, and listening cautiously at the keyhole. And if a window happens to be open, she even dares to push inside the curtain, or peer under it into the interior of the room. But the old prying gossiper can scarcely contain her surprising information and discoveries. She moves impatiently and restlessly until she has hurried off to the next house where she sticks her meddlesome nose through the window, and in a cracked, half-subdued whisper, imparts her startling information, shaking her head knowingly.

And yet, the March Wind is not wholly a heartless, obnoxious sort of person. In spite of some of his disagreeable and undesirable characteristics, yet, March, in one role, is eagerly awaited. He is glorified, and his praises are sung by poets. When he blows gently, and whistles softly at noon, we know that he is the joyous herald of Spring, preparing, and decorating the earth for her superb arrival. At first, he whistles and calls softly to the sleeping earth, but resorting to a quicker and more effective method, he loudly blows his trumpet. The birds hear his signal and return from the South; the startled blades of grass raise their heads; and the awakening flowers and buds peep shyly from their dark cover. All nature responds to March Wind's call, and celebrates joyously.

And now, the March Wind has performed his task well, and having accomplished his work, he is satisfied and he gives way to the bland days of April.



#### Client Number One

"Patsy Lewis, Attorney-at-Law."

The newly painted sign shone conspicuously on the dingy wall of the old office building in the little town of Browntown. Passers-by glanced at it, walked on a few steps, and turned back to stare, as if it had taken time for the meaning of the sign to sink in.

Inside, Patsy Lewis herself sat, looking as much like a follower of the profession indicated by the sign as a severely tailored dress and dark rimmed glasses could make her. This combination has often succeeded in producing a professional look, but not so with Patsy. Her wavy brown hair, sparkling dark eyes and sun tanned complexion seemed much more in keeping with a racing motor boat or golf links than an office. Her friends had warned when she had left the university a month before "You'll never be a lawyer as long as you have your face." Her father had felt very much the same way but when Patsy had said "Dad, I want-" he had reached for his check book and said "Yes, how much?" This time it had only been enough for a month's rent of the office in which she now sat, pen in hand, ready for business. She had been sitting this way for an hour and no one had come. It was beyond comprehension! Could the man have put her sign in the wrong place and misled her clients? She walked briskly to the door. No, the sign was there.

The ringing of the telephone called her back to the desk. What kind of case would this be? Probably murder. She saw herself standing before a stern jury, "Gentlemen of the jury, can you pronounce this most unfortunate victim of circumstances any thing but innocent?"

#### "Hello!"

"Oh, Patsy, the crowd is dancing out the club tonight. You can't come? Too many clients? Oh, just bring them along. Tell Ed to bring his brother."

Patsy slammed down the receiver. Would those girls

in her bunch never realize that she had legal affairs to occupy her time?

A knock!

"Come." Patsy hurriedly opened a ponderous law book.

The client entered. A confidential interview, consisting of a low-voiced dialogue across the flat topped desk, followed.

"Shall I leave the case with you?" the client asked as he left.

Patsy looked at the tiny blue velvet case lying open on the desk, "Yes, Ed, but I shall never use it as I shall wear the ring always.

Anne Rice

#### Reward

Strange, that what we seek most We somehow never find-The flattering things, They come your way And filter through to mine. But underneath remains the hurt, That glitter can't blot out. The feeling that you've tried and lost The pain that makes you doubt. Oh, well, to say just play the game, You'll get reward some day-But why reward of merely show When it's worth that is the way? There's bitterness where joy should be. Despair in courage seat. And a road that follows darkness For the heavy, weary feet.

Depression—ah, depression! Cast off thy dark, grey cowl Thou speakest not of God Thou dwellest with the fowl.

Love and faith and courage, These three will heal the pain, For reward is not measure The serving is the gain.

Loulie Millner, '32

## Four Walls

Mona's ring has always fascinated me. I'll always say:

Star light! Star bright!
First Star I see tonight
I wish I may! I wish I might!
Have the wish I wish tonight."

Childlishly optimistic,-I thought, perhaps, some gleaming, kind star may surprise me with Mona's ring. For making such a wish, I have my reasons: in the first place, Mona's ring would aways remind me that a large place must remain in my heart for Mona—remain just as it was in my childhood days. In the second place, my daily college joys would be multiplied by my friend's admiration of the huge German ring entwined by a dragon with its emerald eye. Little does Mona suspect my longing for her ring which has an historical significance. No. Mona's ring was given to her by her girlhood lover who fought on the opposite side in the war for his Fatherland. At the beginning of the war the young German sent Mona a little gift to express his admiration for her. Since that day, according to the "neighborhood gossiping club", Mona has worn her ring for some foolish reason.

Since she was first called Mona by her elder sisiters and her mother—a Scotch lady over-powered with reserve, she had lived her own life in the midst of this club. Mona, though like her mother and sisters, was of Scotch birth, but she was just a little different. She was reserved, but she kept herself at home in her own small world—a world surrounded by four walls, a ceiling, and tenant noises on all sides. In her childhood days she had lived with her mother and sisters in their massive home. At the age of twenty Mona was left alone—penniless in a house which was no longer a home, for on account of her own peculiarities even her mother deserted her.

In her old home place which stood next to my home,

Mona's mother left her six years to make her own way through life. It was at this time that I began to learn and love Mona—a big lady, short, with thick glasses that caused the neighbors to look upon her with suspicion.

For this lady from whom most of the good that came to me in my girlhood, I still hold a reverential affection for her. If only the "neighborhood gossiping club" would pause!

One dreary afternoon after school when I was walking in the park with no one but my worst rival, Caesar, who seemed to get the fullest enjoyment from impelling me indoors to labor against his strength, I decided I would go over to Mona's house. This time I went calling only to spite Caesar's egotism and driving power; I did not go with the expectation of cheering up my friend, Mona, who sat nursing her warm stove within four walls. Mona was exhausted after Friday's cleaning. Her exhaustion was deserved, for everything, including the white bed in the right hand corner, the one armed chair at the tall, quaint table presented to the family by Frederick I of Germany, and the high wardrobe and dresser combined were immaculate.

When I knocked on the door, Mona greeted me with a tired, half smile but there was a gleam of expectancy in her eye. She confided to me that those noisy tenants had not only left her penniless, but that they had also piled upon her vile and outrageous slander. Now she didn't have a cent with which to purchase Christmas gifts.

That same afternoon I told Mona of those awful Latin declensions and conjugations that had to be learned, and of that history theme whose title failed to suggest itself. She promised to aid me after supper in my impending undertakings.

I ran home and after a hasty meal, I hurried over to Mona's house with the expectation of conquering Caesar. But, again, I found Mona in a pessimistic mood. She sat looking about her with stony eyes. I had seen Mona in similar moods, but I felt that something awful was on the verge of happening. The air was pregnant with mysterious sounds. I imagined she was brooding over some sad reminiscences of a day long past. Occasionally, she grazed at her ring and twisted it about her finger.

Suddenly, footsteps on the walk, and a quick knock at the door were heard. Mona turned to me and said,

"Alice, will you answer the knock?"

When I opened the door without saying a word, a fat, stubby man handed me a yellow envelope.

"Is it bad news?" I asked in alarm, as if the carrier would know.

He chuckled, shook his head, and then ran off the porch. I hastened to Mona.

"You read it, Alice," she begged in an agitated voice.

With trembling fingers, I opened the envelope, and read:

"Your uncle, Mr. Turner, of Long Island, N. Y., has died and left you a legacy of \$100,000. Call at my office tomorrow."

David Nelson, Attorney

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

After living in a collegiate world for a term, destitute of money, I went home for the Christmas holidays. The next morning, when I was about ready to start down town to purchase my Santa Claus for Mona, mother told me of my friend's good fortune.

Mona was now living in a luxurious house, located across the street from her former massive homeplace.

According to Mona, her house was a happy home, for she now had Buff, her dog and friend, who slept by her and comforted her. Buff, a pure-blooded collie, was Mona's shadow whether she was listening to Amos 'n Andy or whether she was conversing with Ma Parker on one of Katherine Mansfield's latest short stories.

The eavesdroppers and on-lookers of the neighborhood gossiping club" pitied Buff; yet, they believe him a good sport, for he always loved his mistress whether she took a notion to smack him for rubbing against a minute rose bush, or whether she chatted to him about King William's dog, Buff that won the medal in the recent college contest at London.

Without any additional news, I left my mother, and I caught the first trolley for Mona's house, for I had to see her. At first, I couldn't open my eyes wide enough, for my loving friend with her recently bobbed hair was exquisitely dressed. However, I could see the same Mona with a gleam of expectancy in her eyes.

After Mona showed me her new home, she, Buff, and I enjoyed hot tea. But most of all we enjoyed a secret that was to be kept a real secret among us three.

Mona wished me a happy Christmas by presenting me with her little gift, as she called it. It had always been a little ten cent gift. But Mona was rich now!

The next morning, however, when I awoke and found Santa Claus had brought me Mona's ten cent beads. They blended beautifuly with my Christmas frock. With a proper Christmas spirit I tried to read that the giver, Mona, my friend, is better than the gift.

Mona, spending all of her time and money on Buff, never grew lonely; yet, she had made arrangements to take a little orphan girl about seven years old when she asked should be sent to her on Christmas day.

After spending busy days at home, Mother urged me to visit Mona again and tell her how dreadfully sorry I was not to have been with her more during the holidays. Again, Mona greeted me with the same gleam of expectancy in her eye, and little Mona, a well built, smiling child with atractive manners, also greeted me when I walked in. Strangely enough, the child had been called Mona in the orphanage. Naturally, little Mona's name pleased Mona, but I wondered during the first hour of my visit, whether or not sweet, cheerful, little Mona would always please her new mother.

After I waved my handkerchief, with three departing kisses, I went home a little discouraged. Would Mona take care of, love, and educate that little angel who seemed that night to displease her mother in all her gestures or would the child's loving disposition slowly change Mona?

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

The next term at school was dull, for I couldn't avoid worrying over Mona and her new protege. One can imagine my surprise when one morning I received a letter from my friend marked "postage due." Immediately, I was overcome by fear, for Mona wasn't a correspondent of mine. With shattered nerves I read the following letter:

#### 162 Broad Street, Danville, Va. January 14, 1930

Alice, dear,

The strangest thing has happened—you can never guess. O, I'm so happy—much happier than I have ever been in all my life. And you, Alice will be the first one I shall tell about it.

But let me begin at the beginning. It started with my will. Wills are bothersome things, aren't they? You know, dearest, that I love little Mona, though my heart has often kept me from showing it. I love her devotedly-more than anything in the world now. You shall soon see why. The will, though, was the beginning of it all. I had definitely decided that I would make mine, and Mona, naturally, would inherit a share. I had seriously considered leaving her everything. But, first, I wanted to make sure that she had no relations who could complicate matters later on. Accordingly, I wrote to the orphanage, at Richmond to find out everything I could about her parents and relatives. Yesterday I received a long letter from the head of the orphanage, telling me that Mona's nationality had not been disclosed to me, lest I should not want to adopt a German child-the feeling against Germans being still bitter in our country. He wrote that her real name was Mona Ludwig, and that she was the daughter of Herr Wilhem Frederick Ludwig, who was killed during the war.

Alice, just think! Fred Ludwig, my old sweetheart, my

fiance, the man I would have married had not the war interferred! And, Alice, to think that he named her after me! I have always loved little Mona, but now she shall be treasured as if she were my own child. She has broken down the four walls that have imprisoned my soul; now she has opened my heart to love.

I am sending you my ring—the ring Fred gave me. I can no longer wear it; it brings back memories that are too sad—memories that I shouldn't want to tell to little Mona. I know you have always admired the ring, Alice, and I know that you will keep it always and treasure it. When you wear it, think sometimes of the one whom you befriended. Think of her whose heart has at last been opened to love and reality.

Mona



## Life

Life croons a mirthful melody with smiles—soft notes that harmonize our frowns of rage and scorn of shame.

But, life laughs freely enchanting our hearts and dares us risk ourselves to chance to make life a discord a song without a melody!

Mildred Steere,

## While Death Hovers



brief futile movements she prayed, incoherently but more fervently than she had ever done before. Never had God seemed to her to be so near and yet—so far. In her grief she sought solace in His grace, and though she had never prayed before, she

was too anxious at the moment for her own prayer to surprise her.

She sought further relief in a paroxysm of tears as her old friend, Doctor John, entered bearing news that her father was still holding on with his iron grip. Sobs shook her body from head to foot as if by force to wrench grief from her heart. He left her thus knowing that tears help lighten the heavy heart.

She arose presently from the rug where she had lain and slowly strolled around the room that had been her father's den. She scrutinized the volumes with which she had so often spent long afternoons in teaching her things she'd need to know when---. Her glance lingered on the familiar old meerschaum-her father's sympathetic companion whenever she deserted him for more youthful company-a thing which, she reflected remorsefully, she had too often done. And near his chair was a picture of her-the one that went with him on long trips when she herself could not. Thus she was with him always. Everywhere she turned she saw proof of his love for her, and each thing smote her cruelly with realization that, after tomorrow, perhaps, her sincerest lover would be gone forever. But she realized that even though they two should be separated by death, the love that had grown so strong between them would live throughout the ages.

As she nervously lit the cigarette that she took from her gold case—another present from her father, she began to think of the many times she'd been guilty of not complying to her father's requests which she forced herself to admit, had not been many—just a few small things that she could have done so easily and which, she was sure, would have made him infinitely happier!

She was so absorbed in her reflections that until she felt his cold nose burying into her hand she was not aware of the presence of Jim, her father's faithful St. Bernard dog. He, too, she knew, was grieving for his master as devoted animals are wont to do. Together they sat near the master's desk waiting for the verdict that would come at twelve o'clock. It was two minutes before that hour then.

Jane rose like an old and palsied woman from her chair, her dog following, she made her way across the floor to the steps. One by one she climbed them—anxious yet afraid to reach the door at the top. Because it was still closed, she walked the length of the hall to the window. Hearing a movement, she turned.

Suddenly she felt inexplicably sick and only dimly could she see that door opening so very softly! When she realized that Doctor John was returning with the verdict, she dropped to the floor in a dead faint too soon to see the smile of peace that brightened the gentle face of her old friend.

Martha von Schilling

## The Truth of the Duel



have often wondered and wondered what became of the gingham dog and the calico cat. Finally I discovered the truth and I will now tell it to you!

It is true that the "gingham dog and the calico cat by side on the table sat." It was past twelve and neither had slept a wink. There was surely going to be a dreadful fight as "the gingham dog went bow-wow-wow; and the calico cat replied mee-ow!"

> The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate forgot The brave, little tin soldier, who had fought In many and many a battle with his tiny gun, But he did not run, war was his sun.

The little tin soldier stood stern and steady by a large vase of white lilies. They looked disdainfully at the quarrelling animals. With a toss of their heads, they seemed to sniff the air with disgust. Their distaste of the scene did not extend to the tin soldier. He, with eager eyes, watched the conflict.

"The gingham dog and the calico cat wallowed this way and tumbled that." The dog and the cat snarled, and they bit and scratched. The unswept dust, stirred by the slaughter, was dancing about on scraps of calico and gingham. The air was thick with the noise of the battle when a crash was heard by everyone.

The jack-in-the-box, terrible monster was he With a long, black beard and as wicked a face as could be, Sprang out of his box, and grabbed both dog and cat, Before anyone knew "when they were at!"

Quiet was once more king over the room. The lilies consented to glance down on the silent battlefield, wondering what had become of the noisy pair. The Chines plate turned bright blue again, and the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place moved its stiff hands. Only the little soldier sighed with regret as peace descended. He stored the memories of the fight in his minute heart. By the vase of lilies he stood, steadfast and stern, with his tiny gun in his smaller hand. It was he that told me the secret. We alone know what became of the gingham dog and the calico cat.

Mary Diehl

## What Is This Thing Called Fate?



UST THINK! After four years of wonderful dreams I find myself destitute of ways or means of making those dreams realizations. Bard, musing thus in front of the huge, open fireplace, realized for the first time what is meant to have one's plans thwarted

—one's dreams shattered. Four years ago he had entered high school, and to spur him on he had made plans for a brilliant college career. But, being young and inexperienced, he hadn't thought of the power of Fate and its possible effect on an individual. Too soon he had felt the sting of disappointment.

Only yesterday his father had been a wealthy man, and today—only his home remained—and his name. Bard thought only of the financial side. He didn't realize that his name might assist him, for a good name he thought was his heritage. It never occurred to him to try to do anything for himself—every thing had always been done for him.

As one in a daze Bard walked through the house, wandered over the city, and tried to think of something anything to do. On one of these tramps he chanced to hear this remark made by an old friend of his family, "And to think that Bard just calmly accepts Fate and lets it mold his life rather than molding his own Fate. I thought he was a man—not a weakling."

Were they calling him a weakling? Was that a challenge? Well, it didn't matter so much for he realized that those words were too true. Whether they had meant for him to hear he didn't know, but one thing he knew, and that was that he would show them what he was. A weakling—so that was what they branded him.

Upon entering the house his mother detected a great change in him. Being one of the worldly-wise she said nothing. Soon he departed whistling, and carrying an envelope in his hand. Four days he watched the mail anxiously—and then—he received it. He had written to the college asking if it were possible for him to receive a scholarship—and then get some work to do on the side. The answer was in the affirmative. He eagerly rushed to find his mother and tell her the good news.

"And, mother, now I'm molding my Fate and Fate isn't overpowering me."

She didn't know the details of the welcome change in her son—but some kind Fate had answered her prayers and made her son—a person of promise.

Doris Robertson

## The Key to My Heart

Love came to me one day I knew it came to stay So I locked it deep down in my heart And threw the key away.

A gallant once found this key And returned it with his love We found life's happiness that way True as the stars above.

Alone with my dreams I looked in my heart Finding it filled with doubt I turned the key in my heart again And locked love out.

Martha von Schilling

## Decision



ILLY pulled her white vagabond felt down over her head and dashing a little powder on her nose, she strolled over to the library desk. Picking up her mesh bag, she turned, headed for the street.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to have this book," came a masculine voice from the opposite side of the desk.

Making a half-turn, Billy glanced over her shoulder to see a handsome young man standing very erect with the book outstretched. All this time he was looking around the Library at the book. As Billy turned and came toward him, their eyes met. For an instant both seemed paralyzed, then she hurriedly checked the book out and he was gone. She slipped to the window to see him drive off in a yellow roadster with a New York license.

She dropped into a nearby chair. Resting her arms on the table, she thought of how suddenly he had come into her life and gone. Come? Yes. But, gone? Well, we shall see.

At the end of the week, Al brought his book back to the Library; but, to his disappointment another girl was at the desk. However, as he stepped briskly out of the Library with thoughts far away, he ran into someone almost upsetting her with such a bump. As he helped her to regain her balance, their eyes again met. Excusing him, she ran into the building.

The saying always goes that "the third tip is out" and so it was in this case, too.

It was not long before Billy was given a librarians' course in New York. Her friends gave her a lovely banquet on her arrival and Al was right there among the guests. And two hearts rested more at ease that night.

From this time on the plot thickened. Billy met quite a number of people and became very popular. Max came quite often and so did a number of others. For nearly two weeks Al had not been able to see Billy when her aunt called him to know if he had seen her.

"She has been gone nearly five hours, now, and she never goes out without letting me know", she told him over the phone.

Al hopped into his roadster and went straight over to help in the search.

When he arrived her aunt met him at the door with a note.—

"Read this:"

Dear Auntie,

I am going out for a little drive. I will be alone, but don't worry.—Billy.

"What can be the matter?" sobbed the aunt. "That doesn't sound like Billy."

"I think I know the road she would pick", Al answered, "good-bye."

About twelve miles out of town, Al recognized Billy's car turned over. She had been forced out of the road. A quick inspection showed no Billy near the car. About that time a slight groan issued from the tall wheat about six feet away.

Al hurried to the scene to find Billy lying there. When he raised her up she opened her eyes and said:

"Oh, Al—I came out here to think. Al,—I've decided." "You do care, don't you, Billy?"

"I do care," she whispered and all was oblivion.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Three months elapsed!

Billy is convalescing beautifuly, now, and she and Al are happy in their preparation for early honeymoon.

A. L. S.



#### Øreams

Softly, softly, softly, Falls the snow. It reaches earth, and then, Like my dreams, Vanishes.

Dot Snedegar

## Poem

I chased a butterfly It led me through hills and dale It hid from me and made me seek It in place unexplored It dodged me, flew around, Teased me, dodged again-I'd kill that butterfly With haunting wings-I fain Would mount it in a box Where I could touch it In defiance----Tired I watched the butterfly It hid not from me more But let me see as it flew high The sun on colors shine I could not hurt that vital thing More flying—it was mine Than a faded dead thing Lying still for me alone.

25

#### Farmville, Virginia March 1, 1931

Victor Hugo In the Unknown World

Dear Victor Hugo,

Tonight while I am sitting at my table reading "The Art of Writing English" I see your name given as one who had a fundamental image of his descriptions. As an example, "We have Hugo's famous description of the field of Waterloo in terms of the letter A". I immediately recognize this description as one given in "Les Miserables".

Now my mind wanders to the thoughts of the galleyslave, Jean Valjean. I see him at the bishop Myriel's house the morning after he had stolen the silver. I see the cruel policeman holding the convict. The good bishop gives the convict the silver, saying it was his in the first place. Ah! No wonder the convict, Jean Valjean, became a new man. Such understanding, such kindness! Little do people realize what results from little deeds of kindness. From then on I see Valjean doing some kindness for someone in distress.

These kindnesses were frequent and cost him much. I see him lift a crushed cart off the body of a dying man. Fantine, a poor, ignorant, sinning mother, is in a hospital under the care of the major, a convict in disguise.

It is Christmas night. An old man goes into a store and buys a doll for the mistreated child, Cosette, who is used as a slave for a family of thieves. Who is this good man who buys a doll to make a child happy? It is a galleyslave!

Victor Hugo, tell me, how do you make this seem so real to me? It has been two years since I read the story, and tears come to my eyes now when I think of the miserable, yet beautiful life, which you have portrayed. There is a longing for understanding of the way to reach the hearts of people. You have made an appeal to me to help people in distress. You understand them, or you could not have made life so realistic.

You have skillfully portrayed many kinds of character. For instance, there is the bishop, Myriel, who loves others better than himself. There is the hand of the government, Javert, who seeks Jean Valjean through duty as bloodhound close upon the heels of an escaping murderer. I see the pitiful, yet beautiful Cosette, child of Fantine, find happiness through the kind, protecting, self-mastered Jean Valjean. No doubt, today, there are people who live such lives as these. Who knows? Who cares? Victor Hugo, you have raised many questions in my mind by letting me see these people.

I want these hidden questions, which you have raised answered. Who can answer them? Can you?

I can never forget your story. In it there was life; fear, hatred, tears, love, and laughter, given through different points of view.

The book, "The Art of Writing English", written by Brown and Barnes, was true when it said you had a fundamental image of your descriptions.

It was not my purpose to tell you I lived in your book but I have. I wanted you to answer my questions.

Respectfully yours,

Irene Meador

## Byron

#### By ANDRE MAUROIS



YRON, the life of the great, eccentric poet, is all one would expect of the author of *Griel* and *Disraeli*. Mr. Maurois does not present a poet, nor does he paint a picture, but Byron himself walks (or rather limps) through the pages of the book. He is alive.

this poet-enigma whom M. Maurois interprets so wonderfully; he lives, and we see his beautiful pale face, his wild eyes, his curling hair—yes, even his limp—and we feel his shyness, his extreme sensitiveness, his fiery, futile defiance of religion and convention, futile because he failed to convince himself that such things are unnecessary hindrances. He was a man who saw himself clearly, who felt himself a dual personality, suffering continually a battle between his better and baser selves. He was a Puritan become worldly, and he found it difficult to reconcile himself to himself. Fierce, rude, sometimes unbelievably cruel, he was shy, gentle, and extremely lovable.

The book is absorbing, the kind of book one lives with. While we read, we know Byron, and when he dies we feel the same stunned grief that the death of an intimate produces. It seems impossible that one so intensely alive should die.

So much does the man mean to us in M. Maurois's truly remarkable study of probably the most popular and most hated poet of his day.

M. Eleanor Davis

## A Modern Comedy

#### By JOHN GALSWORTHY



NY ONE who has read *The Forsyte Saga* will be entranced with *A Modern Comedy*, which carries on the story of the Forsyte family. This trilogy consisting of *The White Monkey*, *The Silver Spoon*, and *Swansong*, concerns itself mainly with the story of Fleur,

the daughter of Soames Forsyte. Fleur is married and is in love with another man, but the book is more than the "eternal triangle", it is a study of post-war England, and post-war English people, particularly the young people who find themselves in somewhat of a muddle, and don't know how to get out of it.

The book is charming and extremely well-written. The characters live. Your time would be well spent in reading *A Modern Comedy.* 

M. Eleanor Davis

#### A Critical Study of "Green Pastures" By Connelly

*"Green Pastures* is considered the freshest, most imaginative drama of many years." It is also considered *"America's own religious drama."* 

Lean Whipple says, in an article on the play in **The Survey**, "One cannot describe the play. I can only hope that you will see it somehow, somewhere. Hebrew prophets wrote the Scriptures, and Southern Christians taught them to their slaves. Bradford gathered the child-like versions into a book, **Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun**, and Marc Connelly translated this folk religion to the stage". I agree with Mr. Whipple that one cannot describe the play.

Green Pastures belongs to that type of literature which we call serious drama. The obstacles are present, but they are surmountable. The central figure, who is God, is the "master of his fate". He is never outdone. He hopes, suffers, and struggles, but always comes out the victor. The struggle so necessary in good drama is present. God struggles to find some way to keep mankind from being wicked. He destroys everything and begins again; later he resorts to other schemes.

The title, *Green Pastures*, fits the play in that it is taken from the favorite Psalm.

The stage directions are as direct and complete as they need to be. They are not as complete as those in *The Great Divide*, however. Moody would have described the church in detail whereas Connelly says "a negro church". The directions concerning the actors are very clear.

The story is told through dialogue. Of course, the plot of the story is familiar to everyone, but the speeches seem to include all of the details necessary for one to understand the story. An example of this is in the scene of the ark when Noah and his family are rebuked for believing the flood is coming.

The play is full of details, but they are necessary to

give the reader the required information. Even the little detail when Gabriel takes the trumpet from its place in God's office and shines it is necessary to show that he must not blow the trumpet until God commands him to do so.

The opening scene arouses our interest by giving us an idea of what is to follow. The Sunday School teacher gets us in a receptive mood, by preparing his children for the story which follows.

Each scene leads directly into another. Oftentimes it really seems to be the same scheme. There is no abrupt change from "this to that", but one thing merely fades into another.

Sakespeare has said, "A play should end with composure." This one does. God is grieved over the outcome of man whom he has put on earth, but in the last scene when he hears the word "suffer", and then when he hears the voices talking about the crucifixion, he smiles, and the play ends calmly and quietly. The play ends at the proper place. The last speech hints the coming of Christ and the crucifixion, but the author was wise enough to avoid the representation of a negro Christ.

The theme is worthy of the play. It is a theme that is of interest to everyone. Everyone has some conception of God, and it is interesting to know the conceptions of others, especially the black race. This theme has not been treated in drama before this time.

The characters are real. Negro characters are put in to lend life and beauty to their images. The story is woven around the characters. One critic has said in discussing the negro actors. "It stirs us to a recognition of the fundamental kinship of all humanity with these dusky souls."

The language is truly typical negro talk. Gabriel says "O. K." in reply to God's questions. The ten cent cigar, the fish fry, and the Lord's office are splendid examples of negro pleasures and speech.

The singing of the negro spirituals makes a fitting accompaniment for the play because they are so characteristic of the negro race. The popularity of the play may be due in large part to the spirituals since they have universal appeal.

In regard to the atmosphere of the play, one hardly knows what to say. At times the play is extremely funny, but it is sad to know how simple and primitive the belief of these people is.

It is also hard to decide about the impartial study. We naturally sympathize with God and do not like the sinners, but it seems to me that the author was as impartial as he could be. He really did not make the sinning as ridiculous as he might have.

The play is not sacrilegious from the standpoint of negro beliefs, but it is from the way the author treats it if we do not read it in the proper spirit.

Mary Lee Godwin



## Sunset

Slowly, slowly, The sun sinks o'er the hills To rest. A red ball of fire—half gone, Now only the afterglow Intensely radiant. Heaven and earth meet Where blue mountains Touch glowing skies.

Slowly, slowly This radiance fades away 'Tis gone. The sky grows darker; Tiny crystals begin to sparkle Against the blue velvet sky. A silver crescent appears. It too, rises slowly, to its zenith; then, Like that great ball of fire Sings to rest, Leaving me to dream on.

Dot Snedegar

## Ørchids

Glen Eden College Stamford, Connecticut September 20, 1930

Dearest Mother:

I arrived at Glen Eden safely, but oh! so tired and sleepy. Why, the porter would not even help with my luggage on the train. I have never been treated so rudly before! Mother, we have to clean our own room. I don't see how I can ever live under such conditions as exits here.

My roommate's name is Eloise Townsend; she is very sweet. All the other girls seem to feel superior and try to "high hat" me all the time.

Last night a crowd of girls came into our room and talked about the college boys at Edgewood. I felt as if I were out of it entirely, because I did not know any boys there. I feel so bad about it! Mother, write me what I shall do.

Your devoted daughter

**Betty Ann Farrington** 

Don't tell Dick Gates my address if he asks for it. He seems to think he can treat me just as he chooses. Well, I'll show him!

> Bridgeport, Connecticut September 23, 1930

#### Dearest Daughter,

I was very glad to hear that you like your roommate. Now, please try to like Glen Eden. It will not seem so hard after you know the girls. Whatever happens, Betty, you must be brave, sincere, and truthful.

If it is necessary for your happiness that you have friends from Edgewood. I sincerely hope that you will meet some of the boys very soon.

I saw Dick yesterday but he did not mention your being away. Betty, I wish you wouldn't quarrel with Dick.

#### THE VOICE

He is a boy of irreproachable character, and is making good here in his father's business.

Write to me very often.

With love,

Mother.

Glen Eden College November 5, 1930

Dear Mother,

Eloise and I have devised a plan whereby my poularity will be assured. I know the girls will sit up and take notice now.

I must rush to class; it's eight o'clock already.

Hurriedly,

Betty

Glen Eden College Stamford, Connecticut November 6, 1930

Dear Mr. Gates,

My roommate, Betty Farrington is ill with the influenza, and since she has been talking incessantly about you, I thought it my duty to write you about her illness. She is not permitted to write; therefore, I am taking care of her correspondence for her.

Sincerely,

Eloise Townsend

Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 8, 1930

Dear Miss Townsend,

I am sending some orchids for Betty. I remember that she always cared more for them than any other kind of flower. Will you please see that they are delivered to her? I wish to thank you not only for your letter, but also for your kindness to Betty. I should appreciate it if you would let me know how she gets on.

Yours, with thanks,

**Dick Gates** 

November 9, 1930

Dearest Mother,

What news! Dick and I are friends once more! He sent me the loveliest corsage yesterday! I wore it to church this morning, and all the girls were green with envy. I guess they will pay a little attention to Betty Farrington now!

An invitation to the dances! Oh, mother! a girl just came in and asked me. They are to be held the 14th and 15th of this month. I don't know my escort yet; I hope however, that he is at least nice looking and not dumb. Love.

Betty

P. S.: Can you guess our little scheme yet? We are going to try it again before the next dances.

Glen Eden College November 11, 1930

Dear Dick,

I am taking the liberty to write you that Betty has had a sudden relapse, and that she is still in bed. She adores the flowers and wants to thank you most heartily. Eloise Townsend

> Bridgeport, Connecticut November 12, 1930

Dear Eloise,

It grives me to hear that Betty is worse. I am sending her orchids hoping to cheer her up in her illness. Please give them to her for me Dick Gates

> Glen Eden College November 14, 1930

Dear Mother,

I have just received another box of flowers from Dick. They are absolutely perfect—and just in time for the dances, tonight and tomorrow night! My escort is very charming, indeed.

Now, I am supremely happy, Mother. I have reached

my highest ideal: I am popular here at Glen Aden! Lovingly, Betty

That night Betty Farrington, robed in sea green lace, descended the broad stairs that led to the parlor of Glen Eden. With her hair a web of red gold, her soft blue eyes, shining with happiness, she made a lovely picture. The lavendar of Dick's orchids blended becomingly with the flimsy green lace of her gown.

As she entered the room, two men rushed to her side.

"Dick", she managed to whisper, "where did you come from?"

"I expected to find you ill," Dick said in a tone full of irony.

Hurt by Betty's insincerity and vanity, Dick turned away and strode from the rom without another word.

"Let me explain," wailed Betty.

But Dick was gone.

It seemed as if everything were being swept from her. She turned to her escort for help. He, too, realizing Betty's insincerity, turned and left the room.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Betty was alone with her orchids.

Sarah Rowell



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