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Longwood University

STATE·TEACHERS·COLLEGE·

The COLONNADE

FARMVILLE·VIRGINIA·

December, 1938

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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. I DECEMBER, 1938 NO. 1

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The Colonnade

VOLUME I NUMBER 1

The Columns

By THE EDITOR

Here it is—the first issue of THE COLONNADE
Built on the foundations of THE FARMVILLE QUARTERLY REVIEW
Remodeled with a new size, a new name, and new illustrations.
All capable hands are needed for the upkeep.

Our builders for this issue have been top-notchers . . . Dr. James Elliot Walmsley, author of "Newer Viewpoints in American History", received his A. B. and M. A. degrees from Randolph-Macon College, and his Ph.D. from Illinois Wesleyan University. He also studied at the University of Chicago and the University of Michigan . . . Caroline Willis, daughter of a well-known Virginia writer, carries on the writing tradition. "Wheelbarrow Philosophy" contains much good common sense. Watch for the second installment in the next issue . . . Margaret Black, a senior who spent her vacation abroad last summer, is president of Beorc Eh Thorn, the organization that sponsors this magazine . . . Jean Scott, sophomore, shows an unsuspected talent . . . Kathleen Sawyer is better known on our campus as the Theme Chairman of the 1938 May Day. She is attending Barnard College this year . . . Kitty Roberts has been Poetry Editor of the magazine since the first issue of THE FARMVILLE QUARTERLY REVIEW was published in May, 1936. She can write stories also . . . Mary Rice came here last year as a transfer from William and Mary Extension in Norfolk and is quickly making a reputation for herself as a person with brains . . . Mrs. Carrie Martin Pedigo contributes her point of view on the teaching profession in "Patience Credulity". She is a Farmville graduate and is now teaching at the Andrew Lewis High School in Salem, Virginia . . . Read again, using your imagination, Bess Windham's poem "Appreciation" . . . Katy Friel Sanders is an alumna of Farmville and Peabody Colleges. Among her interests are woodcarving, astronomy, fishing, palmistry, and writing poetry. Her "current hate is swing music" . . . Jane Royall needs no word of introduction" . . . Lyda Huff, author of the book, BLACK SHEEP, is Mary Page Huff's big sister, as you will find out if you read the book review section. Upper classmen will remember Mary Page as the girl with a sense of humor . . . Dr. Simkins always marks Miss Mary Clay Hiner's book reviews "excellent in my opinion" . . . Margaret Stallard is responsible for our humor column. If you know anything clever, let her in on the secret . . . and if you write anything clever or scholarly or interesting, leave it in the magazine box.

We should like to remind those who don't have the freshman handbook of the purpose of the magazine as stated in that publication: "The purpose of the magazine is to stimulate interest in creative writing and in literary research among the college students, and to serve as a medium for publishing articles from alumnae writers."

The staff of THE COLONNADE expresses appreciation to all who co-operated in the publication of the first issue of the magazine. More than ever before we realize the value of Dr. Jarman's favorite word, "co-operation".

We shall be glad to listen to any constructive criticism that you may offer. Don't be bashful about giving suggestions that may lead to improvement.

ANN DUGGER

Newer Viewpoints in American History

By James Elliot Walmsley

A quarter century ago Arthur Schlesinger published a challenging book called "New Viewpoints in History". His main thesis was the gradual change in the historian's evaluation of movements and causes made necessary by the scientific research of the school of historians just coming into their own. Typical of his work was the repudiation of the accepted view that western voyages of discovery in the late fifteenth century grew out of the closing of trade routes to the East by hostile Turkish forces. Lybyer and others had painstakingly checked the prices of Far Eastern products sold in Europe and had found then on higher, sometimes lower, than they had been for fifty years previous to 1492.

James Elliot Walmsley

Beginning about the time of Schlesinger's suggestive study came the heydey of the research historian. Today it is commonly accepted that the one and only final test of a historian is his output in the field of research. And yet it is true that the historian who has most vitally changed the interpretation of American history, Frederick Jackson Turner, published just one book, a number of essays, and gave an address before the American Historical Association, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," that revolutionized the interpretation of our own history. A score of years ago a group of students found Professor A. C. McLaughlin, of Chicago, in an unusually mellow mood, and asked him what he did with history majors who could not do research work. He answered, "Oh, I shunt them off into teaching." A little aghast, some of us had the happy thought of asking him what he did with those who could not teach. "Oh, I shunt them off into researching."

Five or six years ago came the inevitable reaction from overemphasis on research—the discounting of research and publication of useless facts and figures, the feeling that scholarship might be so deep that the scholar was buried in his own debris. This was the feeling expressed by old Dr. Joynes of the University of South Carolina, "A brilliant Ph. D. ought to have five years to wear the fool off."

Sometimes I look at a barrel of data on all kinds of useless subjects and wonder if "research" is the right word to apply to a steam shovel. But sometimes there is a grain of corn in it and so the merry game should go on.

Today, I think, we are emphasizing the newer viewpoint, that no one is fitted to claim scholarship or to enter teaching, who has not done, and is not still doing, a certain amount of painstaking, accurate research, but that also, no one can be called a scholar who has not so weighed and evaluated his detailed research that it has given

him an understanding of trends and movements, has enabled him to organize his discovered facts into a discernible unit, and has supplied him with a philosophy of man and history.

Years ago the late J. Franklin Jameson, dean of scientific research in America, said in the "History Teacher's Magazine" (iv, 36), "In the field of history the advancement of learning may be likened to the advance of an army. The workers in organized institutions of research must go before like pickets or scouting parties making a reconnaissance. Then, after some interval, comes the light cavalry of makers of doctoral dissertations, then, the heavy artillery of writers of maturer monographs, both of them heavily encumbered with ammunition trains of bibliography and footnotes. Then comes the multitudinous infantry of readers and college students and school children, and finally, like sutlers and contractors hovering in the rear, the horde of those who make textbooks. It may be twenty years before new facts discovered, or the elimination of ancient errors, find place in the historical books prepared for the general reader."

It is not the elimination of actual errors or the discovery of actual facts that I am emphasizing just now, but the newer understandings, the judgments or evaluations of great movements, the new appraisals of character and their effect on history.

We have passed, a generation since, through the idealized treatment of national heroes, the stiff and prim Washington, the dashing and romantic Lafayette, the rail-splitting and tolerant Lincoln. We have almost, let us fervently hope, passed through the debunking stage of so-called "true" biographies, which saw the wart on Cromwell's nose and never saw Cromwell, which saw Washington's distillery but never saw his expense account, which believed that a catalog of human frailties was history. We are coming into our own largely through the work of this new school of historians, who have neither friends to favor nor foes to punish when it comes to a study of the men who made history.

Let me give one example. Louis Gottschalk is departing from the patriotic treatment of Lafayette, he is not the conscious and conscientious apologist that Charlemagne Tower was, he does not rely on the "Memoires" of a man, written to express what he knows later he ought to have thought earlier, he relies on contemporary expressions of character and purpose that reveal a young aristocrat motivated by a desire for glory and a wish to serve his own country and his own class at the expense of his country's traditional enemy, England; not a liberal, not a revolutionist, but an ambitious young man, who schemed for advancement and had the ability to see that advancement in following Washington, whom he came in the course of time to admire immensely. This does help us to put Lafayette in his true place, that of a man who aided in a great cause from purely practical purposes. But more than that it helps build up our newer viewpoint of American biography, as study of real people not covered with gilt or mud, but shown "even as you and I," led by as many conflicting motives, never all bad, never all good, generally trying to come out on both the right side and the winning side of great public issues.

And the great issues are slowly coming into clearer light. It is worth-while study to read in the same month two books appearing at the same time—Doctor Dodd's first volume in his "Old South" and Doctor Abernethy's "Western Lands and the American Revolution." So far as appears from a first reading of each, Dodd keeps strictly in the orthodox line of Southern history. In fifty pages selected at random there are forty-nine references to secondary authorities, eleven to primary sources. Statements such as "Their (the slaves') new masters gave them the simplest and cheapest food, and they were not shocked to have them work about the houses stark naked," are made with no corroborating authority. No accepted view is shaken or modified, some are rather elaborately illustrated.

On the contrary Abernethy in fifty pages, again selected at random, has 109 references to second authorities and 285 pages to primary cources. One arises from reading the second book with a feeling that there has been no laboring for a cause, no attempt to prove a thesis, but a careful statement of facts which forever shatters one's boyhood point of view.

Perhaps there are others besides the

writer who had a picture of the hardy pioneer who unsolicited and unaided braved the forest and the savage influence of wealthy corporations. When some of us first began to admit that the "Father of his Country" had out a good eye for land values, we did not then realize that every man of prominence in early Virginia was a member of some vast land speculating company, and that rival land companies dictated governmental policies more fully than does any modern group of "Economic Royalists." Some of the glamour of the Revolution fades when we study the relation of British debts to American patriotism.

Less than a score of years ago Justin H. Smith forced us to recast our views on the Mexican War, to realize that it was neither a wicked slave intrigue nor a noble defense of the Anglo - Saxon against the brutal rapacity of Santa Anna, that it was another western land scheme, that the Austins, father and son, in Texas, and Eli Thaker in Kansas, were hard-headed Yankees speculating with land even as the Ohio Company and the Loyal Company had speculated in Virginia

It may be too early to accept as final the view that the Civil War was the first act in the victory of industrialism over agrarianism. the agrarian discontent of the 80's and the 90's the second phase, and the Depression of 1929 the nemesis of the final victory of industrialism. That may not be ***res adjudicata,*** though some of us incline in that direction, but certainly the old revolt against slavery and the old revulsion against Lincoln are no longer history.

On Reconstruction we can speak with more definiteness. It has passed its first two stages, that of mutual recrimination and abuse, also that of general condemnation of Reconstruction as wholly bad in theory and result, a view largely accepted both North and South a decade since. Now, thanks to the work of detached scientific students of the period, we are weighing the pro and con and deciding that much of good came to the country in a thoroughly disagreeable form. We may not all accept the view of one of my young friends that the fault with the Radical Reconstruction was that it was not radical enough, but we are assessing it as reconstruction in a much wider sense than was ever understood by Thad Stevens and Andrew Johnson.

A later phase of Virginia history is, I judge ,in process of revaluation. I refer to the period of the Readjuster. For forty years the history of the period was described by members of the "Funding class", who were defeated and driven from office by Mahone, Riddleberger, and their friends. To one whose ancestors were removed from judicial position by the Readjusters it is hard to admit that history seems to be swinging in their direction. But the patient research work of Pearson and of Blake, in his "William Mahone of Virginia," even if devoid of literary skill, carries conviction that if the dominant political thought of the America of 1937 is correct and not a passing phenomenon, then Tucker and Goode were Tories and Mahone and Massey were friends of the forgotten man. Has history, however, passed on our New Deal thinking? Not yet, until a score of research investigators has collected, sifted, and rejected data, and until ripened scholarship has thought through our systems of controlled economy.

Thus we come to our beginning thesis, that scholarship should be both deep and ripe, that a historical viewpoint can not be shaped out of ***a priori*** reasoning and benevolent optimism. It must come from historical method, collection and classification of data, formation of historical hypotheses, conscientious testing of tentative theories, wide collaboration with other real students of history, and, above all, a mature wisdom that grows out of hard work and rich human philosophy.

Calling

There's a gay, fantastical, light-skipping breeze
That's breaking the stillness and stirring the trees,
And shaking the leaves in a mad minuet
And pulling my heart strings.—I know they'll break yet.

For the night is calling aloud with a will;
Nor my heart, nor my hands, nor my feet can keep still,
There's so much to gain and so much to lose,
And so much to borrow, and so much to choose;
And so much to keep, and so much to give;
And so much to find, if I'd know how to live.
The winds call, "Follow, to seek what you need";
The stars sing out, "Strive, accomplish, succeed".
And moon glow falls whimsically over the ground,
A prelude in silver to something unfound.

There's a gay, fantastical, light-skipping breeze
That's breaking the stillness and stirring the trees,
And singing out wildly a mad little song,
And pulling my heartstrings.—They'll break before long.

Katherine Roberts

Letters from Abroad

Frankfort, Germany
July 3, 1938

Dear Betty,

It is hard for me to realize that I am writing to you from Germany. When I saw you in April, I thought it would be impossible for me to take the trip this summer, because my examinations were scheduled to end the day after my boat was to sail. I did not find much difficulty there, however, as Dr. Jarman and my teachers were so kind as to let me take the examinations a whole week before scheduled time.

We, my uncle and I, sailed on the Kungsholm, a Swedish boat, from New York, June 3. The sea was almost like a lake during the whole crossing except one afternoon. Then I decided that I should rather take my dinner in bed. It took nine days "to swim the pond." Someone asked me, "Didn't you get awfully tired?" Well, there was a great deal of sky and water for a while, but one couldn't possibly get tired of it with deck games, movies, dancing, concerts, and eating five times a day. Really, there was not much sleeping, but there were beautiful moons!

We disembarked at Gothenburg, Sweden, June 12, at about 1:30. I was delighted that my cousin from Helsingburg was there to meet us. The first thing she said to me in her Swedish accent was, "Welcome to Sweden."

The Swedish people are very gracious and hospitable, and everywhere in Sweden one feels that peaceful atmosphere and senses that feeling of security that characterizes Sweden.

We were in Gothenburg only one night. From there we went by Karlstad to Stockholm. Stockholm is a beautiful city located on Lake Malaren and the River Norrstrom.

Copenhagen Street Scene

The Grand Hotel in which we stayed is situated by the lake upon which small white steamers come and go as the gulls circle just above them. Around the lake are other such buildings as the Royal Palace, the Royal Opera House, the National Museum, and the Town Hall. When all these buildings begin blinking their artificial lights at the lake in the evening, it was indeed a romantic scene.

The styles of dress in Sweden are, we Americans would say, several years behind time. The shoes and stockings particularly are coarse looking. There, it is a very common thing to see a woman dressed in a silk dress with low heeled shoes and cotton stockings.

The food there is delicious for a short

while, but soon one begins to realize that it is too rich for those who are not accustomed to eating it. For example, a typical Swedish dinner begins with the smorgashbord; that is, translated literally, bread and butter, but it is actually the hors d'oeuvre. It is served on a large table, usually in the middle of the dining room in hotels. Each one walks around the table and helps himself to deviled eggs, several kinds of salad, a number of different dishes of fish, and cold meats. Really, I can't begin to name all the different things served. Of course one doesn't have to eat some of each dish, but each dish is so attractively arranged that it is very tempting. After all this comes the soup, and after the soup boiled fish, and after the fish, the main course which consists of meat and potatoes. If you want some green vegetables, you may order them, but they don't seem to understand why you should. I refrained from ordering my favorite salad, lettuce and tomato, because the lettuce was always leaf-lettuce that was very strong, and the tomatoes were always very small and looked as though they had been ripened on the window sill. The pastry, however, was delicious; therefore I always enjoyed my dessert which, to be in proper style, must be eaten with both a fork and a spoon. As to bread, they served many varieties, all of which were cold. That, however, is true all over Europe. To tell the truth, I didn't see a hot biscuit or hot roll until I got back to New York. The food, as well as everything else is quite expensive in Sweden. I don't know what the prices would be if the individual business man didn't have the cooperatives to compete with.

I spent only one day in Copenhagen, so there isn't a great deal for me to say about that; in fact, I could hardly see the city for the bicycles. They were actually coming and going up and down the street all the time. I'm sure the policemen were stationed at different places to keep the bicycles going right, not the cars.

From Copenhagen we took the train back to Helsingor and from there crossed the Sound on a ferry to Helsingburg, Sweden, where we were making headquarters at that time. In Helsingburg we spent a week visiting relatives and my uncle's friends. It was quite interesting to meet my Swedish uncles and aunts and cousins whom I had heard about but had never seen. However, I did feel rather conspicuous and dumb because, being from America, I was given the "once over". As I could say only a few words in Swedish, my uncle acted as interpreter for both me and my Swedish kinsmen, few of whom could speak English well enough to carry on a conversation with me.

I enjoyed my visit to Sweden very much, but it was so dreadfully cold there that I am glad I am now in Germany where the climate is warmer. We took a sleeper in Malmo, Sweden; at Trelleburg the sleeper was taken aboard a steamer, and this afternoon we arrived in Frankfort where we plan to stay about one week.

As ever,

Margaret

Paris, France
July 14, 1938

Dear Betty,

Our visit in Frankfort was indeed interesting. The main point of interest, however, was the birthplace of Goethe. As we were going into the famous old house someone asked the guide, "Whose birthplace did you say this is?" The guide answered, thinking the inquirer was an Englishman, "Goethe's; he is to us what Shakespeare is to you." The house was built in 1592. The room in which Goethe was born is on the right and faces the street. In this room is a small statue of the poet before which is placed a wreath presented to the house of Goethe from the house of Shakespeare on Goethe's birthday. Likewise the house of Goethe sends the house of Shakespeare a wreath on Shakespeare's birthday. In Goethe's father's library there is a tiny window from which his strict father used to watch for Goethe to return home, so that he might punish him if he was late. When Goethe was late, he was sure to return from the other direction, the guide said.

The music room still holds the musical instruments of the family. The guide invited me to play a tune on the harpsichord on which Goethe and his mother used to play, but I was too bashful to try to do more than strike a chord.

The original dining room and kitchen furniture are still in the respective rooms. The punch bowls are still on the table, apparently ready to be filled. In the kitchen there is the big "old-timey" stove with the waffle iron on it; and copper cooking utensils such as pudding moulds, cookie cutters, etc., are still hanging on the wall. The pump is in the kitchen. This was, of course, a real luxury then for it meant having "water in the house."

The people of Germany seem to be well satisfied. Furthermore there is no apparent poverty nor wealth there. Each man works, and each laborer is given a vacation with pay. One waiter in the hotel at which I stayed remarked, "There are sixty million people satisfied in Germany; three millions are not." About half of the population of peace-loving Sweden says that Hitler has done more for Germany than anyone has ever done.

Whenever I think of Switzerland, I think of the Alps. From Lucerne we took a day's tour in the Alps—a real tour of lakeside drives and lofty passes. The mountains there are so majestic and mighty that I wonder how anyone could look at them and still say, "There is no God." The most magnificent sight of the day was the Rhone glacier, a nine mile "tongue" of snow and ice varying in color from white to deep blue. When the sun shines on the tongue the ice glistens like a huge diamond. From the lower end of the great glacier we see the clear-flowing Rhone.

Lucerne is a cosmopolitan town, a sort of summer resort and tourist center. Many of the signs and advertisements on stores are in English. To hold a public position of any kind in Lucerne, one must be able to speak at least four languages: French, German, Italian, and English. The Swiss people, you know, have no written language of their own. They write German for the most part, but among themselves speak a Swiss dialect.

I am writing this letter on the train. Within two hours we shall be in "Gay Paree."

Sincerely,

Margaret

London, England
July 30, 1938

Dear Betty,

We have been in London for almost a week, but I shall tell you about London in my next letter. Now I must write about what I did in Paris and France. When we arrived there, Paris was elaborately decorated for the royal visit of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. As an introduction, I took a tour de luxe of the city and really saw Paris night life. It is made up, I should say, of "wine, women, and dance." The people of Paris do not need public dance halls; a large crowd gathers in the middle of the street in front of a sidewalk cafe and dances until the tall hours of the morning. Apparently they have no respect for the traffic. Their attitude is, "If you don't want to wait until we have finished this dance, suppose you detour."

I saw many interesting things in Paris: the Notre Dame Cathedral, the L'Ouvre, the Palace of Invalides, the Pantheon, and the Palace of Justice. And I must not forget to mention Follies Bergere. But to tell you about all of them now would take too long; so I shall talk about only two. The most impressive to me was Napoleon's tomb in the Domes des Invalides, which is one of the two churches in the group of buldings called Palace des Invalides. The circular crypt of the tomb with its sculptures, illuminated by a pale blue light from the roof of the dome shining down very softly on the walnut tomb presented a scene of solemn and impressive grandeur. The head waiter in the dining room at the Hotel Continental, said with gestures, "If I should see a man there with his hat on, I should blow it off!"

Another most interesting building was the Sainte Chapelle, part of the Palace of Justice group and one of the finest specimens of Gothic church architecture. The chapel was built in 1246-48 for the reception of the Crown of Thorns and other relics from the Crusades. It is all of stone and stained glass, such as can no longer be made. I saw where Louis XIV sat when he attended services there.

The reality of the World War and of the disaster of war in general had never struck me so forcibly as when I saw the actual battlefield and got down into the very trenches at Belleau Wood where our

first American Marine Corps stood to shoot the Germans and to get shot by them. There I saw the dug-outs where they tried to sleep, the machine gun pits and some remains of old machine guns. Passing along the road by the Marne from Meaux to Belleau Wood, to Chateau-Thierry, to Rheims, we saw cemetery after cemetery of thousands and thousands of graves. On passing by one French cemetery, the guide remarked in all seriousness, "Here is a small one, only 8,000." The largest one we passed contained 40,000 graves. Someone in the party asked the guide if he had been in the war. He said, "Two months in the war; two years in the hospital."

Rheims Cathedral in France

In Rheims we visited the Rheims Cathedral which is still being reconstructed because of damages done to it during the war.

We also visited one of the famous champagne cellars in Rheims—the Charles Heidsick cellar, which is four miles long. Six thousand bottles of champagne are produced there daily. No wonder the Frenchman likes his wine. This cellar and others were used during the war as a refuge for the people of the town. In their cellars they had stores and schools, and all the things that go to make up a community.

On the way back from Rheims we passed by a wood that was enclosed. The guide explained why it was enclosed by saying that there were bombs there that had not yet exploded. This, of course made it very dangerous. He told, also, that not long ago a man had been plowing his field not far from there when a bomb exploded and killed him and his horse.

We passed through what seemed to be empty villages. On questioning, I discovered that the French peasants still live in villages or in medieval towns and in the daytime work on their farms which surround the village. Their houses are mostly of stone and rather crude looking. However, there were lace curtains at some of the windows. I was told that a peasant often-times makes a meal of bread soaked in a bowl of red wine.

If one orders a glass of milk or water in a hotel or restaurant in France, the waiter looks as if, perhaps, he has misunderstood. When he is reassured, he gives a second glance that seems to say, "Poor weakling—he has to drink milk!" The Frenchman takes wine for medicine—wine for energy and strength." Wine for almost anything," says he.

I shall write my next letter to you from New York.

As ever,

Margaret

New York, N. Y.
August 12, 1938

Dear Betty,

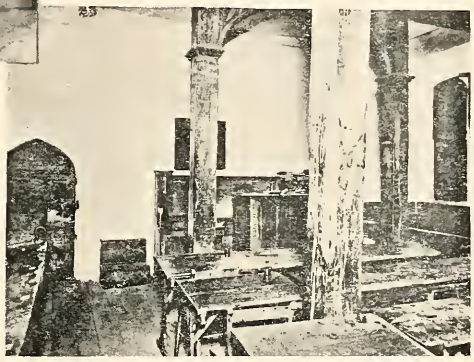
We left London August 6, and we disembarked here yesterday morning.

I did not know that in planning our itinery we were saving the best for the last, but when we flew from Paris across the English Channel to England, we really landed in what I consider the center of interest of "My Trip to Europe". I say that

it is most interesting because of its literary history and because of its quaintness. To see such places as Stratford, Westminster Abbey, Stoke Poges, the Old Curiosity Shop,

A View of the Campus at Eton

Oxford, Eton, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Tower of London makes a dream become reality. All of us hear and read of these places and we visualize them; therefore any description that I might try to give would seem inadequate. Everything was very much as I had pictured it to be, yet when I sat down in Westminster Abbey to listen to the church services, I felt a certain sort of shock that I can't describe. When I visited Warwick and Windsor Castles, I felt as though they had been dropped from fairyland to earth. When I saw the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, part of which has been excavated very recently, Scott's "Kenilworth" became real to me. Walking through Shakespeare's and Ann Hathaway's gardens and seeing the flowers they loved, made these two characters in literary history come to life. And as to Oxford, it is but a real university where men and women are now being educated and not just a place where a large number of poets received their education. The villages of Warwick, Windsor, and Oxford are old and picturesque with their quaint half-timbered, thatch-roofed houses and beautiful flower gardens. The narrow cobblestone streets and the antique buildings are just what one expects to find in these old English villages.



An Old Classroom at Eton

The whole trip has been delightful. Really, it has been my one big experience!

Always,

Margaret

Music

There's music in the swaying of the trees—
    A soothing "Liebestraum" or "Barcarolle"
A mighty organ peals its anthems grand,
    When lightning streaks and threatening storm clouds roll.

There's music in a baby's peaceful sleep—
    Some lullaby, or song so soft and thin,
And in a mother's grief-torn face, we hear
    The plaintive pleading of a violin.

MARY RICE

Too Late

JEAN SCOTT

SHE stood before the long mirror and viewed herself as Mikell Denny for the last time. When she next entered that room, it would be as Mikell Keran.

"Mikell Keran," she said it aloud. Her mother came into the room, bringing the scent of the gardenias with her. She closed the door behind her and stepped to look at the bride.

"You are quite lovely, my dear. Gordon will be proud of you." That was all she said. Mikell crossed to her.

"Mimi, how can I do it?"

"My darling, you'll be happy. You'll not be sorry."

Mikell smiled sadly and looked once more into the mirror, adjusting her veil. "I'm ready now, and I want my wedding to start on time since this will be my only one. Shall we go?"

* * *

"I now pronounce you man and wife." The ring was on her finger, and Gordon was kissing her. That was all. By repeating a few oft-repeated words she had become his to have and to hold.

As she stood once more in her room, she remembered vaguely the good wishes of her friends and their upturned faces as she threw her bouquet from the stairs to the bridesmaids below. Mikell took off her veil and laid it carefully on a chair. She unfastened the satin dress slowly as her mother called her through the door.

"I won't bother you, darling, but you'd better dress quickly. The boat leaves in an hour."

"I'll be ready," called Mikell, and she kicked a shoe across the room. She watched it land beside a huge fuzzy dog whose floppy ears had shared all her secrets. Jon had given him to her—foolish, inconsistent Jon, who had bought fuzzy dogs and calico dolls for a silly girl who had wanted them as decorations for her room; handsome, daring Jon who had made her forget all others; selfish, arrogant Jon who had caused so many tears and whom she loved too much; carefree, reckless Jon who was not satisfied with her love, but who had wanted excitement, adventure and a new affair. There had been so many plans, so many dreams—all her own creation, but all concerning him,—that it was hard for her to believe he'd ever go.

Loving him and being with him had meant more than just a silly love that was a passing fancy. She had looked forward to the years that were to come—years in which they would belong to each other. To him, however, that spring in which they'd met and loved was just another season of the year; she was just another girl, and their love was just another affair. The first snow saw him gone, and by another springtime he was married to a dancer whom Mikell knew by reputation.

For a long time after he left, she had felt numb and empty inside, but finally she had grown accustomed to his not being

there, and it was not so bad. She saw him the next Christmas at a party on Long Island. She'd wondered how it would be, meeting him again and now, when she saw him coming toward her, all the old love she'd once known returned. She kept all the pent-up emotions and merely extended her hand to him.

"Jon, it's so good to see you."

"I was hoping you'd be here, Mikell. It's been so long since I've seen you. Shall we go in the library where we can talk?"

"Should we?"

"It will be all right. Helene won't mind."

Mikell took his arm, and they walked toward the library without speaking. When they were seated before the fire, Mikell asked, "Helene—that's your wife, isn't it?" Jon nodded.

"I hope you're happy, Jon?" It was really a question.

"Yes, Mikell," he said it slowly.

There seemed to be some tension between them, — some unspoken words in their minds. They sat silently looking into the fire; then Jon spoke. "I made a great mistake, Mikell."

She looked up quickly and some dying spark seemed to burn again.

"Don't misunderstand me," continued Jon, "Helene and I are very happy. She loves me, and I am devoted to her. She has given up her dancing, which she loves dearly, to make a home for me, and I have tried to make her happy, but something is lacking. We have love and wealth and each other; we should be happy. The trouble seems to be, Mikell, that I love you, and she knows it. I love, and it's too late."

Mikell rose quickly and stood with her back to him.

"Jon, you talk like some silly school boy. You say these things and expect me to believe them." She turned toward him furious.

"Isn't it enough that you hurt me once? Must you behave like this?"

Jon shrugged. "I knew you'd misunderstand. I shouldn't have told you, but I wanted you to know. If anything ever happens to Helene and me, I'll be back again. The next time," he laughed, "I won't be so easy on you, young lady; I'll make you want me."

"There'll be no need for that, Jon. You see, I'm marrying Gordon Keran in the spring." She watched his face change expression as she lied to him. "Quite funny, isn't it?" her voice rose hysterically, "Two springs ago it would have been you, but now it's Gordon. That's the way life is—one love after another until you find the right one."

"You're sure he's the right one, Mikell?"

"Quite sure. Now will you go? I'll be out later."

"Goodbye, Mikell. Best of luck to you and Gordon."

She tried to make her voice sound gay. "Thank you, Jon. I hope you and Helene will come to the wedding."

"We'll try," he smiled sarcastically and left the room.

The world had seemed to close in on Mikell, and she had felt cold and alone. "It made a good story," she thought, "but why must my foolish pride always mean my unhappiness?" She had sat there long enough to think things over. Gordon wanted to marry her. It was a union their families had hoped for in vain until now. And so they had become engaged and now, six months later, she was his wife.

* * *

As she stepped from the car to the pier, a peaceful happiness filled Mikell's heart. Perhaps her mother had been right; maybe she would be happy with Gordon. At least she would be secure. She looked around at the people who crowded the pier, and directly in front of her, leaning lazily against a post, stood Jon. When she looked at him, he smiled and came forward. He extended his hand to Gordon.

"Congratulations, Gordon. You got the best." He turned to Mikell. "I couldn't quite make the wedding, but I came to see you off on what I hope will be the beginning of your happiest voyage, Mikell."

"Thank you, Jon. Where's Helene?"

"We're no longer together." When he said this, Mikell felt the blood drain from her face. Her heart seemed to stop beating, and she became cold and weak.

"I'm going to see about the baggage; Jon, watch her for me," Gordon called as he ran ahead. The rest of the wedding party were pushing their way through the crowd behind Mikell and John. He looked down at her and said softly, but distinctly,

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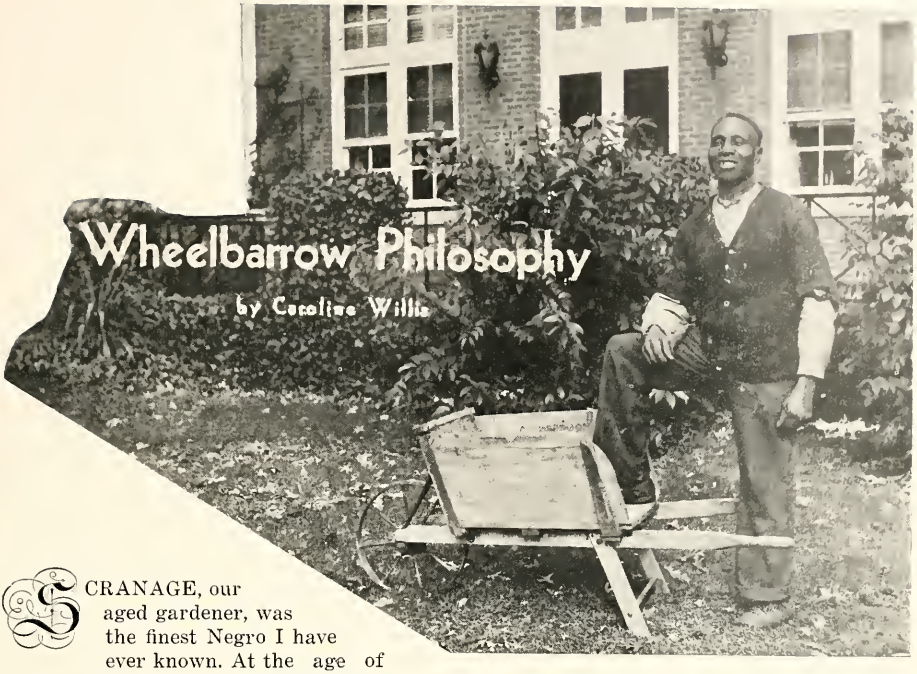

Wheelbarrow Philosophy

by Caroline Willis

SCRANAGE, our aged gardener, was the finest Negro I have ever known. At the age of four he was taken into the "Big House" to be a companion to my grandfather, who was two, at the time. He never left Grandfather from that time until the day of his death. Scranage was a real philosopher, and many of his sayings and quaint expressions have been quoted in our family for over sixty years. He was a gentleman; always calm and dignified. No one ever saw him ruffled or in a bad humor. He was never embarrassed or undignified, and he greeted all, both white and colored, with the simple and sincere politeness which characterized his every act.

When I first knew him, he was over seventy years of age, and so, of course, was very stooped; but he said that he had "measured six foot one in my stocking feet." His face was noble in lines, and his fine eyes expressive. His beard was almost white like the one in pictures of Uncle Remus. Indeed, he might have been the original of this lovable character of fiction. Scranage's eyes looked calmly into others while kindly measuring the stranger. And never once, to my knowledge or to that of my mother or of my grandfather, did he misjudge character. For instance, a friend of our family came from up North to visit us. Later he brought his family to live in our town. Years passed, and, with the years, illnesses, sorrows, and poverty came to our friends, the Swifts. In speaking of them one day, Scranage said, "I knowed when I fust seen Mr. Swift that he would w'ar well. We'se knowed him durin' some mighty tryin' times, but ain't nothin' ever chipped off—nothin' like a piece of veneer, cause he ain't no veneer kind. He's solid mahogany like yo' Granpa's furniture. It w'ars well, and so does Mr. Swift."

But again, some Westerners moved next door, and they made the mistake of calling Scranage "Uncle." Now, down here in the South, many of us do call the older colored men "uncle" as a term of respect. For some unknown reason, Scranage did not like this form of address to be applied to him. Several times he asked the Smiths, very politely, to call him Scranage. This they never did. Finally he gave up asking and in disgust

said, "Some folks just never know when they's bein' rude. It's 'cause they ain't used to much. It's that kind can't remember what a person's name is. Even after I particularly 'splained to Mr. Smith that my name's Scranage, he 'sists 'pun callin' me uncle like I was a old bondsman.

"Not that I'd mind bein' a bondsman. Our famblies was good owners, and done all they could for us niggers. We worked for 'em, and they paid us with food and clothes, 'stead of money. Tell the truth, all the money I'se made since ain't never boughten as good.

" 'Nother thing folks forgits 'bout bein' a bondsman is this—every man's a bondsman to somethin'. Some folk's bondsmen to they business, some to what they call sports, and some is bondsmen to likker, gamblin', and other sinful things. Long's a man's master of his own self, he can work for anybody—but then, like I said, we had good masters in our fambly."

"Course," he answered when the good and bad points of slavery were brought up, "I ain't sayin' 'twas right. Must 'a been God's will to get us colored folks out'n Africa where, I hear tell, we was savages and didn't w'ar no clothes; but the white folks sure got the wust part of that bargain. They had to be mighty patient to teach us to talk their language, and to w'ar clothes, and to work in the fields and in the house. But fur as that goes, ain't half of us learned yet—and some white folks ain't neither.

" 'Bout clothes—now ain't they foolish? Some folks never enjoy life like they'd ought, 'cause they always worry 'bout clothes. If they's got 'em, they ain't the right kind; if they buys more, they worries 'bout how they'll pay for 'em. Seems like you don't ever get any real 'joyment from 'em. 'Spect it all goes back to Adam and Eve in the Garden. You know, Miss Ca'line, what happened? They was in the Garden of Eden, and was happy, 'til they decided they was sinful and naked. So they made clothes out'n fig leaves, and the Good Book tells us that they was pinned together with thorns! Them fig leaves must've been breakin' loose all the time—and the thorns scratchin' their meat. It's most vanity and pride what makes us worry, come to think 'pun it. But I sho' was glad your Granpaw give me this coat and vest before cold weather comes. And them shirts was 'most good as new, too. I'll save the best ones for Sundays. As I was sayin', 'bout bein' a bondsman, I ain't never 'shamed of it, you know. I holds a man is only bondsman to hisself and to God. If'n he masters hisself, that's what counts, and sets him free."

* * * * *

Scranage was sitting in his wheelbarrow resting one day after raking up the leaves. He took a genuine pleasure in cutting the grass, raking it, and keeping it spick and span. He rarely talked while working because it "'stracted him from what he was a-doin'." But once all the work had been done, he was ready to talk for hours.

"Now let the rain come; I'se ready for it. That grass needs it powerful bad. It's been right smart dry lately. 'Minds me of the year what followed the Johnstown Flood. That year was so dry the grass and all just shriveled up. The moon's right for rain whenever you sees a new moon with its horns turned up, or layin' on its back, so to speak, it's a sure sign of rain. But when you sees it standin' almost up on one horn, it's as certain to be dry. How I know? I'se been studyin' the heavens sence I was a boy, and I'se nigh ninety-two now. Shore ought to've learned somethin' 'bout the heavens and the weather in all that time. I studies the stars, too, and knows right smart about 'em. But no man lives long enough to tell wher some stars go. There was one I used to watch, been missin' now for thirty years or more. Wouldn't be at all surprised if'n it ain't the same one what come back to light the World's Fair out in Chicago. My boy told me he read that that one had been gone forty years. Bet it's my star.

"It's a fine world the good Gawd's given us. Makes you know how teeny we is when we looks up into the sky at night and sees all them millions of stars. But den de Good Book says He counts His sparrows what fall, and knows the number of hairs on all our heads; so I 'spect he thinks right much about us, little as we is. He shore must, to stand for all the foolishness what goes on. Seems to me the older I get, the foolisher folks get." He paused, and waited for me to ask how or why.

"Take the preachers, now," he resumed. "When I was a boy, a preacher had some influence on folks. They was keerful what words they spoke and how they lived. They didn't take no liberties with the twistin' of the Scriptures, like they does now. I done got plumb disgusted with the way they takes nothin' but babies into bein' members of the church these days. Babies what can't be old enough to know all about the Good Book! Know what happened down our church last Sunday? Our gran'baby, Susan, went to Sunday School, as usual. Preacher went down and asked those babies if they loved Jesus, and of course they said they did. 'Well,' says the preacher, 'If'n you do, when I says 'come' upstairs when I'se preachin', I wants you all to come up and give me your hand!' So sho' 'nough when he said 'come', and took their hands—with no more'n that he takes the whole class into membership with us old timey Christians. Now you know those youngsters don't know nothin' 'bout sin and redemption much less, salvation! And, furthermore, their just bein' Christians in name only, so to speak, ain't goin' to be no shield nor protection 'gainst the snares what they'll find along their pathway. Why, the very next day, didn't I meet them on the street, a-skippin' and a-dancin' on the way from school. I was so 'dignant when I seen one of 'em was my Susan that I took hold her shoulder and wanted to shake her—but I caught myself, and just told her to 'member she had jined the church, and it was sin to dance that away."

"Why, Scranage," I replied in defense of Susan, "those children weren't really dancing—they were just skipping along. Some of them had a rope. I saw them too. Besides, it's not really wrong to dance!"

"The Bible tells us," he declared solemnly, "to avoid the appearance of evil. Somebody's got to teach that child how to be a follower of the Lord's about dancin'. We hold in our church that it's a sin. Didn't the Lord punish David for dancin' in the streets? Seems as how I remember somethin' like that. Anyway, Susan got no business makin' a show of herself on the street. Got no business bein' in church membership neither. Preachers today, just tryin' to get more members and more dollars, so's they can be bigger 'n better 'n some other church. Never a Sunday 'thout hearin' of this and that needin' fixing 'round the church. Foreign Missions—Gawd knows, if'n we took more time and started to teach them what we got next door, the world would be a sight better off."

Lending Light

Hob-nailed lamp,
How faithful you sit
On my grandmother's desk,
Willing, at one's touch,
To share your warmth and light!

Happy I'd be
Were my life so fashioned
That—by a gentle touch—
Groping souls in darkness
Could find the way again.

JANE ROYALL

Summer Interlude

KATHERINE ROBERTS

IT was June and the sun shone like it, making the small village of Hillsdale bright and cheerful. It crept into the east windows of Miss Cynthia Werth's little white cottage and made patterns on the blue linoleum in her kitchen. It made the dew sparkle like diamonds on the roses trailing over the fence, and on the ragged robins that bordered the clean white stepping stones. It made Pat-Susan stretch lazily, settling her yellow and white sleekness for another peaceful cat nap on the back steps. It made Leon Wells cock his hat forward till it rested on one side of his nose and follow Pat-Susan's example. He had followed it for thirty minutes to be exact when Miss Cynthia, her tea-cakes made, placed a stone crock of them on the back porch shelf. She smiled softly at the rakish angle of the hat and at the square jaw. She was still smiling as she passed through her little gate and on down the road that led to the cemetery, a bunch of pink roses held close to her heart.

* * *

"Leon Weymouth Wells, the Third, rise up and let me in. Or is this Rip van Winkle? No hard feelings, Rip! I wouldn't have waked you if I'd known."

Sandwiched between her luggage stood Marjorie Werth, in a green linen suit, with a green hat pushed to the back of the yellow fluff that was her head.

"Well, knock me over!"

"I've been trying to for five minutes," she laughed.

"When did you get here, and why don't you write to somebody and give a warning?"

"On the eight-fifteen, because I wrote to you last, because Aunt Cynthia's the one I came to see anyway, and she doesn't need a warning. Where is she?"

Every summer Marjory Werth came to Hillsdale for two reasons and Leon. First, because Cynthia Werth was her favorite aunt. Second, because Hillsdale, for all its smal lquaintness, was full of a younger generation that knew how to make the most of a summer vacation. "Leon", said Marjory to Marjory, "is just a side line." As a senior in high school, she philosophized. 'Never let a boy know you like him too well. Most of them can't take it gracefully."

Leon—Leon Weymouth Wells, III, of Hillsdale, had had one year at Harvard and was blazing the trail to fame as a halfback. The Wells' temper was unmatched,—except by the Werth temper, which could be classified under the same category. "Marjorie," said Leon to Leon, "was a regular fellow, a keen sport, and more fun than a dozen average persons." But the world was big, and there were probably more like her. His philosophy was, "Never

let a girl know you like her too much. It's not good for them."

A few minutes later found the two sitting on the steps with the crock of tea-cakes between them,talking between bites.

"Any news in the old town, Leon?"

"Nope; same old crowd—swimming, fishing, going to 'Paul's,' and all that. I wiped up on Bill Miles in a set of singles yesterday. Say—you should see the girl who's visiting Jane Engle,—Sue Morris, from Buffalo."

"Uh-huh," murmured Marjory absently, breaking off a piece of cake for Pat-Susan, who rubbed back and forth against her knee. Pat-Susan was a special bit of cat royalty that she and Leon had found when a little kitten. They had schooled and petted her, until she was quite the aristocrat. They had even taught her to do a ballet, for which occasion she wore a pink crepe paper hat. "Listen at Pat-Susan purr. Sounds like the motor in Charlie Yates' old Ford. Glad I'm here, aren't you, Pat?"

"The crowd's giving her a dance at Jane's tomorrow night. It's her birthday, or something."

"Why Pat-Susan's birthday's in—"

"Prick up your ears! Who said anything about Pat-Susan? I'm telling you that the crowd's having a dance at Jane's for Sue Morris. By the way, she's a good example for you to follow. She's always agreeable and listens to what's said. She has poise, self-control, and that sort of thing. And looks!"

"I think I shall have to see her. Right now I'm rather confused as to whether she's Dorothy Lamour or has wings. Here comes Aunt Cynthia! Doesn't she look beautiful? I'll bet she's been to his grave," she added softly, and ran to meet her ideal of aunts.

The "He" that Marjory had referred to was Leon Weymouth Wells, II, uncle of Leon, III, and son of Leon, I, who was the oldest and most prominent citizen of Hillsdale. He and Cynthia were to have been married. Then there had been the accident that had left her alone and lost for a while in the blankness of the years ahead. That was in June long ago. During the thirty years that she had lived alone in her little white house, Cynthia Werth had found peace in the sweetness of her flowers, happiness in her love for Leon and Marjory, and contentment in the memory of her lost dreams.

* * * * *

Marjory had been in Hillsdale for two weeks and was reflecting that she could remember other visits that had been much more enjoyable. In fact, this one was just plain out of order. She was tired of being in a world whose center was Sue Morris. Sue Morris, it seemed, was the attraction around whom all life revolved, and Leon appeared to be doing most of the revolving. (Not that the Sue-person wasn't perfectly welcome to him,—only it was a shame to see him fall so hard when he wasn't used to it.) Sue was the concentrated bit of sophistication that always managed to look lovely,—(darn it!) She was the sweet, cool, collected, little thing that never lost her head or her temper. So that's what had got him! (Well, Sue wouldn't have the energy to get into a good argument if she knew how.)

Then Don Munford came to Hillsdale to visit his roommate, and thereafter life was Sue and Leon versus Marjory and Don.

One night when "um-teen" million stars were thrown all over the sky, with a big moon right in the middle of them, Marjory and Don were riding home after their proverbial "coc and Swiss on rye (toasted)", at "Paul's." Don was O. K., of course, but Marjory was wondering how much longer existence would last in its present state and wishing a crisis would happen. Then all of a sudden it did.

They stopped in front of the Werth cottage, and Pat-Susan came stepping down the white stones to the car. Suddenly Leon's yellow roadster, top-struck, came whizzing toward them. Sue was driving. "So he can trust ***her*** with his car, can he!" thought Marjory. "I am considered too irresponsible by his highness." And then as they swept past, there was a screech of brakes, and the roadster stopped. Lying in the dust behind it was poor Pat-Susan. Things happened! Before Marjory knew it, she was standing before Sue and Leon, eyes blazing.

"Hello, Marjory," said Sue. "Your cat? The poor thing—I believe it's dead. They

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Romantic and Otherwise

As we sat there,
Just you and I,
Watching the thin moon
Etch graceful trees
Against the winter sky,
You unfolded
The tapestry of your dreams.
A sigh escaped me;
And you believed me
Thrilled by your eloquence
Rushed eagerly on
Weaving a still more intricate design.
I had not the heart
To destroy the magic spell
By saying,
"Dear, my feet are cold."

KATY FRIEL SANDERS

The Woman with Beautiful Hands

KATHLEEN SAWYER

PRETTY hands sicken me. I've never told her, but what sold me on Ruth, my wife, was her hands. They're clean hands and gentle, but they're sorta blunt with nails that aren't all smeared up with this shiny polish. I noticed them the first time I saw her.

Just once when we were going together I guess she musta gone to a manicurist. Anyway, when I come home that night she had half-moons on all ten fingers, with the rest of the nail as red as Chinese lacquer. Well, that's the only time I yelled at her but I couldn't help blurting, "For God's sake, Ruth, do you have to paint yourself up like a hussy?" She's never done it since and I hope she never will, although there was a time when I would have liked it . . .

That year I worked in New York I used to eat at "Bill's." It was a plenty noisy place, because there was always a crowd there, but they served good food and I liked it.

One night I walked in and instead of taking my regular order of hash I got a steak. Of course that took longer on account of having to be cooked, so a different crowd drifted in while I waited. Not knowing any of them I tried reading the paper, but most of the space was taken up with news about old man McDaniel's murder. I didn't care nothing about that so I set and looked everybody over till the waitress brought my supper.

As I said, the crowd was larger than usual, so about the time I started eating, someone slid in the seat across the table. I didn't bother about looking up as the steak was kinda tough and I had a handful with that, but I knew it was a woman setting there from the smell of gardenias.

After I got the T-bone cut it was pretty good. The potatoes were a little dry, though, and had to be washed down with coffee. Well, I had to lean over to drink, the cup being so full I couldn't lift it far. Then's when I saw this other woman's hands. Being from the farm, most of the women's hands I'd seen were sunburnt and rough. So I'd always said that pretty hands were one thing that my wife had to have. Well, when I saw those in front of me I just started. They were so white they looked like the new blooms on a apple tree. The fingers were long and slim with nails that were painted a deep rose-red. The hands looked kinda jittery, like they were full of energy. I'd never seen anything so gorgeous in all my life. I could imagine those hands across the table from me three times a day. I could see them doing fine sewing and embroidery. Right then and there I fell in love. For a minute I wouldn't look up, I was so afraid of what I'd see.

I needn't have worried, though, for the face was just like the hands. I wanted to just set and look but I didn't dare or she might be angry. What I saw made me feel the way I always did when there was a full moon shining on the lake at home.

I stirred by coffee and buttered my roll. I wanted to say something yet I was afraid to. I sugared my coffee and mashed my potatoes a little. Then, I said, "You come here very often?"

Her voice was just like her face and hands, only it shook a little.

"Sometimes."

I forked up some potatoes and peas and set there chewing them and looking at her. Presently I began again, "You like Bill's?"

"Why do you think I come here?"

Naturally I couldn't say anything after her as much as telling me to shut up. I slowed down my eating as much as I could so as to be with her, but she didn't take much time with hers. She got up and left before I finished.

"Bill" had to call me back to pay my check when I started walking. There was a

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BOOKS of VIRGINIA

BLACK SHEEP—

By Lydia Huff: Walter Ross, Kansas City, Missiouri 1938, Pp. 45

WHETHER or not you agree with Miss Huff's philosophy, which gives the reader an impression that she greets life with insouciance, you will find her book of poems, ***Black Sheep,*** entertaining. This collection of short lyric poems is full of humor, and yet one detects an underlying current of thought which causes the reader to feel that the poet's outlook on life is not as black as she paints it. In her tribute to her sister, Mary Page, one of the three to whom the book is dedicated, while making the reader feel her sincerest devotion, she retains a touch of subtle humor.

As a better introduction to this book than anything else I might say, I quote lines from two of the poems. I am sure anyone who reads them will not be satisfied until he has read the entire collection of daring and unique poems.

From the poem "Black Sheep":

"When I see white lambs
Grow dingy and cheap,
I look up and thank God
I was born a black sheep."

From "Brain Fever," a poem satirizing parasitic learning:

"And still I aspire
I pray to the skies
That some day I'll be
Infinitely wise.
For, O, I love knowledge,
I'm so interested,
But please, dear God
Let it come predigested!"

MARGARET BLACK

RISING THUNDER—

By Hildegarde Hawthorne, Ill. by Loren Barton Longmous, Green and Company, New York, 272 Pp., $2.00

IN ***Rising Thunder,*** Hildegarde Hawthorne has assembled the main events of the American Revolution as a setting for the story of Jack Jouett's life. This intrepid young Virginian rode forty miles across half cleared fields and through woods in the dead of night to save Thomas Jefferson and other members of the Assembly from capture by Cornwallis's "hunting leopard", Tarleton,—"a feat less known but more remarkable than Paul Revere's shorter and less hazardous endeavor." Had Longfellow been a Virginian, according to a New England critic in the ***New York Times,*** it is certain that Jack Jouett would have been a national rather than a local hero for this daring and important enterprise. But now that a granddaughter of one of Longfellow's friends has given a recital of the facts of his life in the form of fictionized biography for young readers, he may yet, after nearly two hundred years, come into his own. The author has told the story with her customary feeling for color, action, historical accuracy. There is a gracious atmosphere of fairness in the book—a genuine admiration for courage and honor on whichever side of the conflict they are found. ***The London Times*** commends the novel as "a fairly presented recital of the struggle between England and her American colonies," tempering the praise somewhat by calling it rather "tough reading" for mere entertainment because of the weight of historical material.

The book is picturesque in content, and dramatic in telling; in appearance it is pleasingly suggestive of the setting of the story with its end-paper pictures of colonial Williamsburg, and its half-page drawings of high moments in the life of the hero. It should, without doubt, make an appeal to American boys and girls, and so insure for Jack Jouett's solitary and dangerous service a place in the nation's memory.

MISS MARY CLAY HINER

PARTS UNKNOWN—
By Francis Parkinson Keys: Julian Messner, Inc., New York, 1938, 429 Pp. $2.50.

PARTS UNKNOWN is a romantic novel, portraying the difficulties of the Foreign Service of the United States.

Michael Trent begins as an ambitious idealistic at La Paz, Bolivia. The companion of his venture is Daphine Daingerfield, his young and beautiful wife, who with a background of Virginia breeding, shares his point of view. After experiencing the disillusioning hardships of financial and physical maladjustment in his Andean retreat, Trent is transferred to China. The troubles of the new world are repeated in that ancient land. The hardest blow of the Chinese experience is the death of the hero's father at the hands of revolutionaries.

Michael's ambitions finally succumb to the hard influences of a small Chinese town. While he degenerates, his wife's character is exalted by adversity. Gladly does he escape the inevitable difficulties of both his home and his position to accept a position in a finance company. He leaves both Daphine and the foreign service.

Mrs. Keyes is not altogether pessimistic in her descriptions. Her very adequate portrayal of the failings and disappointments of the members of the foreign service is supplemented by proper attention to the rewards and the amenities of this branch of government employment. Michael and Daphine win the friendship of the President and the recognition of a presentation at the court of Saint James.

Finally the author does not allow her intriguing recital of events to destroy her obligation to be informing about "Parts Unknown."

ELOISE WHITLEY

Patience Credulity

Carrie Martin Pedigo

Here I lie near the showy monument of
Old Tax Dodger,
Who got rich selling bootleg liquor,
Then moved to town and became
An honored philanthropist.

I, the school teacher, the grind, the gullible;
Who attempted everything the swivel chair
specialists mapped out for me;
Who attended teachers' meetings on Saturdays
When my heart yearned for rest and recreation
And sunshine and social life;
Who scored test papers on Sundays,
When my soul craved communion with the
saints;
Who attended summer schools on borrowed
money,
Knowing that meeting the note meant
No theater going, no travel,
Old clothes, short rations,
Deadening difficulties,
Maddening monotony;
Few of the aids to normal living.

Where is my reward, my reward?
In what age of the eons of eternity?
In what remote nook of the universe?
The profession I loved best in all the world,
The children I yearned to guide and to
teach—
Where is my reward for serving them?

O, my community, my community,
Your newspapers were eager to honor me.
They gave me a halo of glory.
I was scholarly, faithful, so they cried.
The preacher said, "She hath done her
part."
There were rumors of stars in my crown.
You covered me with a blanket of flowers.
Unfortunately, unfortunately, however,
I was not physically fit
To give grateful response to this timely
honor.
It was too late for me to enjoy
The fragrant and "colorful" display.

O, the money, the money,
The school children's pennies
Invested in this dream of wreaths and
sprays!
Dribbled out in salary checks
It would have enabled me to cancel
The note I made to pay for my operation.
I could have died out of debt.
Or I might have bought
A Thanksgiving turkey,
A vase of red roses for my dining room,
Some clean wall paper, a few new books,
The pictures, the rug,
The one comfortable and pretty chair
For which I window-shopped
Sixteen Christmases.

In my wakeful hours at night,
Do you remember my fantastic dreams
Of that millennium
When a school authority or a neighbor
Would praise my patience and patriotism,
Instead of pitying me
Because I had begun to "look funny?"

O, my gullible soul!
I worked only for conscience sake
My body lies here the victim of
Pernicious anemia, housemaid's knee,
Nervous prostration, and soul starvation.
All the clay of me,
All the dross of me,
Has been used up in
Co-operation, public-spirited enterprises,
Community drives,
Futile efforts to fathom
The phraseology of my profession—
Service to my fellow men.

The Woman with Beautiful Hands

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drizzling rain but I didn't want to go back to the room. I wasn't in no mood to see Chuck—the fellow I roomed with—right then. So I walked through the wet streets thinking of her. There was something familiar about her. Where had I seen anyone like that? There wasn't anybody else that beautiful. But it kept running through my mind that somewhere I had seen someone like her. All of a sudden it came to me. It was her hands. They were like the hands of that woman on the painting in Mrs. Pratt's parlor. Yes, sir, I'd often seen the picture hanging there and I'd noticed them hands. I'd even asked the landlady whose picture it was. Well, some bird a long time ago had painted it—called it Mona Lisa. Now I had the thing straight.

After a while I decided that I wanted to tell Check after all. I turned around and went back to the room but by that time he had gone out somewhere or other. I just set down then and thought. That beautiful face and those hands. I had to have her. I'd go crazy if I didn't. But I didn't even know her name or whether she'd even go to "Bill's" again. I lit my pipe. My pipe had always straightened me out before. Not this time though. After I took a few puffs I emptied the bowl. I turned on the radio but the music didn't sound good either. I was glad when I heard the "newsies" yelling "EXTRA!"

I thought I'd get one to pass away time. "Hey, boy!"

"Yes, sir."

The kid thrust the paper in my hand and I let him have the two cents that was left from the nickel. I was in that good humor.

Then I looked down.

My knees began to feel the way they did that time Pa's yearling got after me. I looked down. There was HER picture. I couldn't take it for a minute. Those big black letters under her name couldn't mean what they said:

McDANIEL MURDERESS ARRESTED IN PARK AVENUE APARTMENT.

Those hands that looked like Mona Lisa's had leveled the pistol at old man McDaniel. Hands that looked like they'd never touched anything ugly had pulled the trigger and shot him down. I saw those white hands now, but I didn't ever want to think of them again. White hands that were red with McDaniel's blood.

God, I hate pretty hands.

Too Late

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"I told you I'd be back, and here I am. When I arrived this afternoon, I heard I was too late. But I did want to see the bride before she left."

They were at the gangplank. Mikell looked up at the boat that was to carry her away from Jon. He followed her gaze.

"You always wanted to go to Hawaii on your honeymoon, didn't you, Mikell?"

As she stood there beside him, Mikell knew that throughout her life, whenever she saw him, the world in which she lived apart from him, would become empty and meaningless.

"We'd better get on," Gordon was taking her arm and leading her up the gangplank. Her mother and father had not come to the boat, but she turned and waved to the friends who had come to tell them good-bye. She turned toward Jon and gave him her hand and smiled. "Oh, my darling, I should be with you." She wished she could say it aloud.

She took Gordon's arm and walked up the gangplank without even one backward glance.

Summer Interlude

Continued from Page 20

never know enough to get out of the way, but there are plenty more of them. Well, for goodness sakes, say something! Has the cat got your tongue?"

"I guess I'm supposed to laugh at that, only it doesn't seem very funny to me. I'm glad if it amuses you. I suppose that's because of your self-control. And, Leon Wells, you stop looking at me as if I'm too impossible to take in how childish I am if anyone happened to tell me. If it takes self-control to run over anyone's cat and then laugh at it, I don't want self-control, and I'd be ashamed of it if I had it!"

* * * * *

Two days later Pat-Susan had been laid away with the utmost respect, befitting her dignity, and there were flowers on the fresh little mound in the corner of the yard. Miss Cynthia was in the garden cutting roses when Leon came.

"Where's Marjory, Miss Cynthia?"

"Inside," she answered. "Just step in and call her."

And her eyes followed him with a knowing look as Leon Weymouth Wells, III, went up on the porch and through the door.

Sunset flooded the sky with rose and lavender, and the June air was sweet. Miss Cynthia walked down the clean, white stepping stones. Her eyes were misty as she watched a silver star, but she was still smiling as she went out through the little gate, and on down the road, an armful of pink roses held close to her heart.

Disillusion

By Caralie Nelson

WHEN I opened the door to get the morning paper, I found him in the snow on the step. In a most humble and appealing manner he pleaded with me to let him in. Against my better judgment, I did let him in. He was gaunt and ragged; his gray eyes were almost lost in the bony recesses of his head. I knew at once that he had not always been in such dire circumstances, for he wore a black fur coat. Later I learned that this was all that was left of the heritage he had received from his ancestors who were world renowned as rodent exterminators. It was only because he was likewise skilled in this art that Mother ever allowed me to entertain this stranger.

I loved him from the first, but as the days sped swiftly by my fondness for him deepened.

A light spring rain was falling when I was notified that he had been accused of murder. I denied the charge, for I knew he couldn't have done such a thing. "No use talking like that, lady," drawled the accuser. "We found him beside the body of the victim." All of my efforts in his behalf were in vain. He was killed the following day just before dawn.

Through my tears, I can still see my little black cat who won our hearts by ridding the house of rats and who died because he killed the neighbor's chickens.

Chips

Picked Up by Stallard

The reason why worry kills more people than work is that more people worry.

* * *

Absence makes the mark grow rounder. —Panther.

* * *

"Smile like that again."

She blushed and dimpled sweetly.

"Just as I thought—you look like a chipmunk."

* * *

Chief Petty Officer: "The enemy are as thick as peas. What shall we do?"

Officer of the Deck: "Shell them, you idiot, shell them!"

* * *

H.-S.: "Since I met you I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't . . . "

Farmville: "Why not!"

H.-S.: "I'm broke."

* * *

A girl can be very sweet when she wants. Buccaneer.

* * *

Definition of a professor: One who talks in someone else's sleep.—Student.

* * *

A blotter is something you spend your time looking for while the ink is drying.

* * *

Where do you think it will get you? Under the circumstances?

First Soph: "You must have lost an awful lot of weight this summer. Why, your clothes hang on you like potato sacks."

Second Soph: "No, I didn't lose any weight. Just got a fat roommate this year."

* * *

"Bill's body has been recovered."

"I didn't know he had drowned."

"He didn't. He bought a new suit."

* * *

Fashion Note: There will be little change in men's pockets this year.—Exchange.

* * *

Plebe: "What do you repair these shoes with?"

Cobbler: "Hide."

Plebe: "Why should I hide?"

Cobbler: "Hide, hide, the cow's outside."

Plebe: "Aw, shucks, I ain't afraid."

A flea is lucky. All he has to do to get his back scratched is to bite a dog. — Exchange.

* * *

Boy: "Why did you get kicked out of the Glee Club?"

2nd Boy: "Oh, I had no voice in the matter."

* * *

Professor: "Have you read Darwin's 'The Origin of the Species'?"

Girl Student: "No, sir, I haven't."

Professor (excitedly): "Well, you ought to! It would make a man of you!"

* * *

Questionnaire: "Who was the smallest man in history?"

Snap Answer: "Why, a Roman soldier who went to sleep on his watch!"

* * *

Professor: "And so we find that heat expands things and cold contracts them. Can you give me an example of this?"

Student of S. T. C.: "Yes, sir, the days are longer in summer."

* * *

"Say, gal! Your mouth's open!"

"I know—I opened it."

The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings,
But I'm not happy—I'm really quite blue
For today is the day my parallel's due.

—The Old Maid

* * *

Parasite: One who goes through a revolving door on your push.

* * *

Another trouble with the country is that the only great open spaces are around fire hydrants.

* * *

Blood Hound: Their sole purpose in life is to take it on the nose.

Appreciation

They're white, as though two dozen pearls
Were flung there from some treasure chest,

Or a storm had blown its snowy swirls
Through the windows till they came to rest--

Still fragrant with the taste of sky,
In a pot of snowdrops on a shelf,

And there they nod when I pass by--
A garden that I bought myself!

BESS WINDHAM


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