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The Colonnade, Volume l Number 2, February 1939

Longwood University

The COLONNADE

STATE · TEACHERS · COLLEGE ·

FARMVILLE · VIRGINIA ·

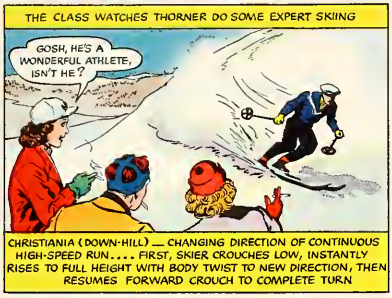
February, 1939

"SKIING IS WONDERFUL SPORT WHEN YOUR NERVES ARE PLEASANTLY AT EASE"

SAYS HANS THORNER, NATIONALLY KNOWN SWISS SKIING EXPERT

HANS THORNER, DIRECTOR MOUNT WASHINGTON (N.H.) SWISS SKIING SCHOOL

THE HERRING-BONE — THE NAME COMES FROM THE PICTURESQUE PATTERN THE SKIS LEAVE IN THE SNOW. COMMONLY USED ONLY ON SHORT, NARROW STRETCHES OF CLIMBING

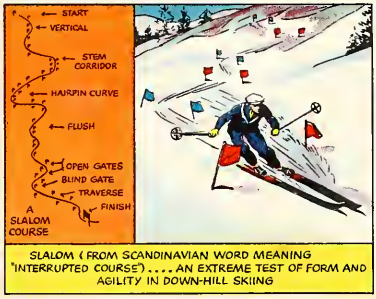


CHRISTIANIA (DOWN-HILL) — CHANGING DIRECTION OF CONTINUOUS HIGH-SPEED RUN.... FIRST, SKIER CROUCHES LOW, INSTANTLY RISES TO FULL HEIGHT WITH BODY TWIST TO NEW DIRECTION, THEN RESUMES FORWARD CROUCH TO COMPLETE TURN

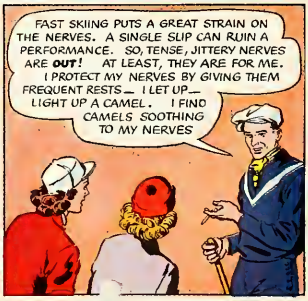
SNOW-PLOW.... PUTTING ON THE BRAKES BY PUSHING APART TAIL-ENDS OF SKIS

STEM-CHRISTIANIA.... TURN IS STARTED BY SINGLE STEM (EXTENDING ONE SKI FOR BROADER BASE)

JUMP-TURN.... AVOIDING A DANGEROUS HAZARD BY CHANGING DIRECTION IN THE AIR



SLALOM (FROM SCANDINAVIAN WORD MEANING "INTERRUPTED COURSE").... AN EXTREME TEST OF FORM AND AGILITY IN DOWN-HILL SKIING



(*left*) **THE BOSTON TERRIER,** shown relaxing, is often called the "American Gentleman" of dogdom. Yet at rough-and-tumble play he's a bundle of flashing energy. His nervous system is hair-trigger fast, sensitive—much like our own, but with an important *contrast*. Right in the midst of strenuous action the dog stops, calms down—*instinctively!* We humans are not so apt to favor our nerves. Too often, we grind on at a task, regardless of strain. Yet how well it pays to give your nerves *regular* rests. Do it the pleasant way—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! In mildness—ripe, rich flavor—sheer comfort—Camels will add new pleasure to your smoking.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. I FEBRUARY, 1939 NO. 2

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The Colonnade

VOLUME I NUMBER 2

The Columns

A casual comment—"I wonder what kind of little boy Dr. Jarman was"—made us set Helen Reiff on the trail of the story of Dr. Jarman's life. When she came out of his office one bright January morning, she brought with her the outline for the article on Page 3. Then Helen snooped around until she found a snapshot of him. Judge Gooch, of Charlottesville, who is pictured walking with Dr. Jarman, was one of his best friends. It has been said that he could bring out that characteristic smile more quickly than anyone else . . . Dr. Jeffers has been a busy man ever since the American Association for the Advancement of Science decided to meet in Richmond. He was in charge of all broadcasting of the Association during the convention, and really got in on the "inside workings" of that organization . . . Since we are limited in space, we have chosen only the poetry from the alumnae contributions for this issue. Richie McCraw who wrote the poem that makes one want to dance with the "Blue Winds", lives in Richmond. Edith Estep Gray worked as reporter and editor on a county weekly newspaper for a short while. Her career is now "home and children." Josephine Johnson was laboratory assistant at Farmville for about six years. She has published one book of verse, "The Unwilling Gypsy", which won the Kaleidograph Press Book Publication Prize in 1936. Her poems have appeared in Harper's, Saturday Review, Poetry, and other magazines. Frances Collie, a former member of the magazine staff, is now teaching at Aspen . . . Have you tried to unravel the mystery of our back page? If not, turn to it before reading further. The top picture is that of two freshmen: Harriet Cantrell and Allene Overbey. Harriet is the author of "Calling All Cars", and Allene wrote "The Last Assignment". Back numbers in the second row are Kitty Roberts and Liza Wise. Kitty has become known as our poet. Liza picked up "Chips" for this issue. Frances Hudgins, the last back number, wrote a poem that all of us will like—"Mother's Playhouse" . . . Elizabeth Ann Parker and Theodosia McKensie gathered more honors for the freshman class with their illustrations.

Here are hints for those who are interested in writing short stories and sketches. Whether the plot is laid in a small town or in a jungle, make us feel its atmosphere. Have a clear setting. Give each character a distinct personality. Let the ending tie up all essential points—it surprised us to find that about half of all the stories contributed have sad endings. And of course make the language as vivid as possible, using verbs of action, such as scorch, abhor and quaver, instead of forms of the verb "to be".

Don't forget that Beorc Eh Thorn is offering prizes for the best essay, short story, and poem published in The Colonnade this year.

ANN DUGGER

Dr. Jarman—President, Friend

Helen Reiff

Red, red rose, a man-size cigar, and a widening smile that includes everybody in its friendliness — these characterize Dr. Jarman, president of the State Teachers College, and friend of all the girls who come to live within its walls.

Like the red rose which he so often wears in his button hole, his love reaches out, especially to all of his "girls". His delight in the ever - present cigar (if it isn't one it's a box that someone has given him!) bespeaks his pleasure in simple things, and his smile illumines his favorite philosophy of life which is expressed in his favorite song "Keep on Hoping."

Dr. Jarman and One of His Friends

One day in November, 1938, the girls assembled in Chapel as usual, and the customary bustle and hum of conversation held sway until time for the devotional exercises which are an essential part of the routine of a college, in Dr. Jarman's opinion. When they were over, Dr. Jarman arose to make the announcements which give him his chief means of daily contact with the students. He stood, silently for a moment, then said, "I'd like to make an announcement concerning Thanksgiving." Instantly, breathless silence fell, necks were craned, and the very air hung on his next words. "Thanksgiving holidays will begin Wednesday noon, and end Monday morning." Pandemonium broke loose and raced, hand and hand, through the auditorium. Dr. Jarman had granted a wish of the students, even against his better judgment, and there was not a girl there but would have done anything he asked.

Through the years at Farmville, the happy voices of S. T. C. girls have proudly and loyally sung, "What's the matter with Jarman? He's all right." Through the years, students have loved, admired, and respected him—have found in his great personality, friendship and willing service to all. But of his life before he became president of S. T. C. they know very little. We like to know all that we can about those we love, and that is how the girls in his student body feel about their Dr. Jarman. And so, here is his story—through the years from his childhood as a little Southern lad to the presidency of the Farmville State Teachers College.

Dr. Jarman was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, November 19, 1867. Until he reached the age of thirteen, he was educated in the Charlottesville public schools. Then, having been appointed a student of the Miller School, he continued his studies there.

As early proof of people's confidence in him, in 1886 he won the Miller scholarship at the University of Virginia where he received his college education, majoring in natural and physical sciences.

He then taught at the Miller School

until, in 1890, he was appointed to the faculty of Emory and Henry College where he served in the capacity of Professor of Natural Sciences for twelve years. The college conferred upon him the A. B. degree. It was there that he married Miss Helen Wiley, daughter of the Rev. E. E. Wiley who was president of Emory and Henry College. Dr. Jarman was appointed president of the then State Female Normal School at Farmville, in 1902

His favorite hobby, farming, gives a view of him from a different angle. In describing his love of the farm, Dr. Jarman said, referring to his life at the Miller School, "The school was new and was located on a large farm. This meant there was a lot of clearing up to be done. We were in school from eight o'clock until twelve, and every afternoon had work of some kind on the farm. One of my tasks was to help pile brush. I noticed that the monitors who had the boys in charge did not work themselves. They simply made others work; so I felt that the best thing for me to do to get out of that kind of work was to get a monitor-ship. This I did. These were given to students making the highest grades. Fortunately, I ranked fifth and got the fifth monitor-ship at the end of the first semester and held it for the rest of the time I was a student. The summers of that period of my life I spent on a farm with an uncle who knew how to make boys work. Everything that is done on a farm I did—even on rainy days it was either sharpening tools at the blacksmith shop, fanning wheat, mending harness, or clearing out stables.

"When a student at the University, I had one course in Agriculture. The practical experience on the farm, together with this University training gave me an interest in farming. When I went to teach at Emory and Henry College, in 1890, finding that the college had a great deal of farming land, I became interested in farming as an avocation and enjoyed it very much. I only wish I had a farm now to play with."

Dr. Jarman's fondness for music is shown by the fact that he has sung in a choir for fifty-six consecutive years. His other hobbies include golf, which he took up a few years ago, and bridge, which he plays a great deal now.

In the field of education, Dr. Jarman's contributions have been many. He was a member of the State Board of Education for eight years, first vice-president of the American Association of Teachers Colleges, and he served as president of the Virginia Educational Association and the Virginia Association of Schools and Colleges. He was offered the position of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, but influenced by the hundreds of letters from his many friends and alumnae of the College, he retained the presidency of the State Teachers College. In his thirty-seven years here, he has raised the standards of the institution from those of a two-year Normal School to those of a State Teachers College with an "A" rating.

Just as his students sing, "J. L. J. is the man for me," so say others with whom he has come in contact. At the time of the World War, his fellow citizens decided that J. L. J. was the man for them, and so he headed up the drives for funds, and after it was over, he was local chairman of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation Drive. He was chairman of the executive committee that planned the Hotel Weyanoke, organizer and first president of the Southside Hospital, and Chairman of the Building Committee for these enterprises as well as for the Farmville Methodist Church. He is chairman of the Official Board of the Methodist Church.

Dr. Jarman was awarded an LL. D. degree by Hampden-Sydney College in 1906, and in 1931, he became a member of Omicron Delta Kappa. In 1923, the University of Virginia Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa elected him to membership because of distinguished service to the state. Dr. Jarman also belongs to Phi Delta Kappa, Kappa Delta Pi, Pi Gamma Mu, Alpha Phi Sigma, and Pi Kappa Delta.

Dr. Jarman's life speaks for him, and yet others have spoken, too. The State Board of Education, at its meeting in January, 1936, adopted a resolution in which it said, "The commanding position which the College occupies in the life of the State is due in large measure to his gracious manner, his fine spirit of co-operation, and his Statewide view of education." On his twenty-fifth anniversary as president of S. T. C., the Richmond News-Leader paid Dr. Jarman

the following tribute: "Mention the State Teachers College at Farmville, and in the same breath you find yourself talking of J. L. Jarman. The two naturally go together on the tongue like Arnold and Rugby, or Jowett and Balliol, or Eliot and Harvard . . . He is worth $100,000 a year to Virginia in the influence he is exerting on the teaching profession alone."

But the tribute that the students of S. T. C. pay to their Dr. Jarman is an unswerving devotion and loyalty, and the light in their eyes as his proud and happy smile responds to their, "What's the matter with Jarman? HE'S ALL RIGHT!"

Obscuring all the dainty blue,
Gray clouds are marching through the sky,
But when the rain is getting through
There'll be a rainbow bye and bye.

Bess Windham

In March

The little winds come down in gusts
To play their foolish games
Of hide-and-seek around the house
And hop-scotch down the lanes.
My dress is spread and fluttering,
And I am pulled away
The same as last year's scattered leaves
That simply cannot stay—
    And I cannot.

A million songs are in the air
Of wild things waking up,
Of swelling buds and rising sap
And yellow buttercup.
A bluebird flings his careless notes
To winds and cloud-fluffed sky,
And any mad, gay, careless thing
Is not so glad as I.
    Oh come with me!

We'll lead the wind a merry chase
To oh, just anywhere,
And let the wind and sunshine
Get tangled in our hair.
We'll think of just not anything;
(You've thought too much this season.)
We'll break a branch of dogwood white
And laugh for no good reason—
    For this is March.

KATHERINE S. ROBERTS

Science Broadens Out

George W. Jeffers

THE city of Richmond reigned as the science capital of the world for one week when the American Association for the Advancement of Science met there for its annual mid-winter convention from December 27 to 31. Not since the year 1865 has the spotlight of the nation been so focused upon Virginia. It is scarcely necessary to add that Richmond and Virginia proved to be perfect hosts. As Dr. F. R. Moulton, the permanent secretary of the association, writes in the current number of ***Scientific Monthly***: "Never in any of its 102 previous meetings was the American Association for the Advancement of Science more adequately provided for and royally entertained."

A considerable number of citizens of Virginia came at close quarters to the throbbing heart of modern science for the first time, and it turned out to be a rich experience for both. Thousands now have a better appreciation of the importance of science and a higher regard for its spirit. And, like Oliver Twist, they ask for more, as witness your editor's requesting this article.

Dr. G. W. Jeffers

For one thing, the Richmond meeting provided the opportunity for people to find out what scientists are like. They discovered to their gratification that scientists are people very much like ourselves, that they are approachable in spite of formidable titles and forbidding pre-occupations. Too long has the impression prevailed that men of science are merely laboratory shut-ins altogether divorced from the practical affairs of life. This too in an age when all of us are surrounded by the practical results of science!

But if the public formed a distorted impression of the scientist, he himself has been somewhat responsible, because he has made little effort at taking the public into his confidence. The scientist has been content to delve into the mysteries of the unknown, and all he wished was to be left alone. And yet, his ethics have been such that the moment a discovery was perfected it was given to the world without thought of profit. His findings became the property of the world, but his method he regarded as specifically his own. To bother about the effect of his discoveries has always been alien to his temperament.

No one can deny that the method of science has been eminently successful and that many benefits have accrued to society from the research laboratory. It is not necessary to recount these benefits, but such items as the conquest of disease, the prolongation of life, and increased leisure come to mind. Certainly the world of today is an infinitely better place in which to live than was the world of our forefathers. No one of us, I dare say, would be willing to forego the radio, the telephone, and the thousand and one other robots that modern science has placed at our command.

You may of course retort that scientific

inventions have not always proven to be an unmixed blessing to mankind. By way of reply it is necessary to refer to one of the axioms of science, an axiom that is all too frequently overlooked if indeed it is even understood. It has already been stated that science does not withhold its findings from society, but it is society and not science that sets up rules governing conduct whether it be of people, of things, or of ideas. It is society and not science that erects standards and establishes values. Dynamite, for example, is a scientific discovery of the first magnitude, and people may well declare that such an invention should never have been given to the world because it may be put to such hideous uses. To the scientist, on the other hand, dynamite represents but another triumph of mind over matter. Accordingly, this fact is given to the world; science does not decree how it shall be used, whether to build a Panama Canal or to blow our fellows into another world. This must not be interpreted as a declaration of the lack of standards or values in science. You see, in science a fact is neither good nor bad, but only true or false. Science bows down to no golden calf of tradition or dogma or creed or belief, be it ever so ancient. Nature alone is reliable enough to furnish the answer as to whether a fact is true or false. Science cannot very well be held accountable if her aplications are used for selfish purposes rather than for social welfare.

The scientific method has produced results, and mankind as a whole has profited from its application. As a result, in the last few decades the progress of science has been so rapid that mankind has been literally flung into a mechanized civilization, a civilization so new and so complicated that economic and social forces have not as yet succeeded in adjusting themselves to its operation. Here, then, is a paradox. Although science has promoted the more abundant life more than any feats of political legerdemain, millions of people are still 'ill-clothed, ill-fed, and ill-housed'. A chasm exists between what science can do to promote human happiness and what actually has been done to accomplish this desirable end. Clearly something is wrong with our 'scientific' society. Scientific progress in medicine and in sanitation may be far in advance of its social utilization but not in advance of its urgent need.

In recent years scientists themselves have become increasingly concerned over the effect of their own discoveries upon our economic, political and social life, and this concern has led to a new realization that science can no longer detach itself from the human race. At Richmond, there was created a new agency to stimulate this social conscience within scientific groups. This new organization, The American Association of Scientific Workers, is but following the lead of a similar body in Great Britain. As Dr. Oscar Riddle stated in an address at Richmond: "Science has shaped our civilization, but scientists have not assumed responsibility or leadership in it." The American Association of Scientific Workers is an effort, even if a belated one, to assume some measure of this responsibility and "to seek new bases for a philosophy of life to take the place of that which they (the scientists) have helped to undermine." Its purpose is not to minimize research but to correlate the fruits of research.

Because this subject is too comprehensive to receive adequate treatment here, I prefer to offer a few more statements of well-known people whose names lend weight to their conclusions. Dr. Karl T. Compton, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, stated: "It may be safely concluded that the advent of modern science is the most important social event in all history." And if we are entering a socially-minded age, as some affirm, it may be equally certain that "democracies may obtain chaos rather than comfort if their peoples are left unacquainted with realities and with the forces of social change", according to Dr. Riddle.

Even more alarming than the lag of social progress behind applied science and technology and, in part at least a concomitant of that lag, is the almost complete absence of scientific thinking in everyday life. Sir Richard Gregory, editor of ***Nature,*** wrote two years ago: "The influence of science upon material progress and human comfort is understood much more commonly than that of its effect upon the human mind. It is difficult for people of

these times to realize the liberation of life and intellect brought about by the works of Copernicus, Galileo, Versalius, and other pioneers of scientific learning. The very foundations of belief were shaken when it was shown that the abode of man was not the center of the universe but only a minor member of a group of planets revolving around a sun which was itself only one of many thousands of suns in stellar space. When Newton had shown that his law of gravitation was sufficient to account not only for the movements of the planets but also for the paths of the comets, it was no longer reasonable to believe that they were sent as signs and warnings to the human race. Consider the tremendous revolution involved in the substitution of permanent natural law for the conception of a world in which events were believed to be reflections of a benign or angry God."

It is apparent, then, that the practical achievements of science are not her most distinctive attributes, conspicuous as these have been. Her supreme contribution to civilization lies rather in the realm of thought. No discovery has had such a civilizing influence as has scientific thinking. We have only to consider the sense of justice which resulted from the knowledge of the existence and permanence of law in nature and the profound influence of this upon human thought. This revolutionary thinking has hitherto been the property of men of science. The urgent need of today is to transfer this scientific thinking to society.

The educational application of all of this should now appear crystal clear. The dean of American education, Professor John Dewey, puts it this way: "We have broken with the intellectual traditions of the past and the mass of men have not had the nature of the change interpreted to them." The readers of this magazine know, and all men charged with the education and intellectual leadership of this nation should never forget, that the educational opportunity of today is to bring this intellectual climate to the many who come to us to be educated.

Blue Winds Dancing

Blue winds dancing over the snow,—
In a riot of prancing they puff, they blow;
Grace animated, invisible, flying,
White flakes swirling, now floating, now lying
In undulant waves where the dance trail ends,
In tracks that betray the sly, wily winds.
Lightly they step with ethereal tread,
Daintily tossing white flakes overhead,
In riotous play like the veil of a dancer.
"Whee-e-e?" they laugh, and "Whoo-o-o!" comes the answer.

Under the evergreens, twisting about,
Weaving now in, weaving now out,
Back they rush with a musical shout
To flirt with the cedar, to tease the pine.
Sweet and strong like a heady wine,
Mock-mad, caressing, they whip my face;
Fickle, they turn, their trade-mark to trace
On top of the bird bath frozen and still;
They trip over meadow to play on the hill,
Skip back to pile snowdrifts under my sill.

Up in the tree tops singing, they stop
And down to a whispering murmur they drop.
Weary at last and sated with fun,
The sprites lie down, the game is done.
The gray light falls, the night creeps in;
Blue winds are sleeping in valley and fen.

Richie Spotswood McCraw

The Last Assignment

Allene Overbey

"YOU realize, of course, Miss Lane, just how important this is to the paper. I shall expect your full co-operation." With an impatient wave of his hand, Alan Dalton dismissed his reporter and seated himself at his large, disorderly desk. Six years as chief editor of the "Times" had brought about a rather startling effect on Alan. He found himself becoming hardened in his outlook on life, and all too often there came to him the realization of his abrupt and business-like manner. With the closing of the door, he was again bent on his work, as though completely apart from the outer world, yet an essential cog in its machinery.

Outside his office Sue Lane paused and glanced toward the sky. She realized the weight of Alan's words and the importance of the task she had pledged herself to perform, but most of all, she realized that she was tired—so very tired. "Oh, God, that I may have strength to go on!" Her pale lips trembled the prayer.

Hers had been a hard life. Perhaps, had Jim Lane paid more atention to his family, and freed himself, when there was time, from utter dissipation which was consuming his physical and his spiritual being, and had his poor wife been a little stronger, life would have been less cruel to Sue. She was small and delicate like her mother. Although not quite beautiful, she had something in her face which attracted attention. It showed such strength—such independence. Her soft grey eyes, almost oversized, seemed to harbor dreams that never had the chance to mature. Alan used to think they would, but Sue would catch herself, and the dreams would melt into the grey and seem to disappear. Alan wondered often if she purposely put them away until she should have time for them.

At the door of the brown-stone apartment in which Sue and her parents lived, she hurriedly brushed a powder puff across her nose. She hoped they wouldn't notice how tired she was. On this particular evening she didn't feel able to bear their rebukes and pitying remonstrances concerning her work and her health. The precaution did little good, however. When she entered the close little fourth story room and greeted her father with a kiss, not so affectionate as habitual, she heard him sigh. "Sue, my child, you have been overworking again. If only I had my old strength—" His voice seemed to die with the embers he was watching, and the ghost of it echoed in the hollow chimney.

Sue entered the kitchen and, quickly tying an apron about her slim waist, began helping her mother with the evening meal. They worked in silence till the meal was on the table and Jim Lane had been summoned to the kitchen. "I—er—I have a new assignment." She bluntly emitted the statement, as if waiting for such new complaints from Jim as it might invite.

"Will it be hard, Sue?" Her mother's voice was as quiet and as pathetic as the body from which it came.

"No, not so very."

"What kind of work is it, daughter?" inquired Jim in his usual far-off voice.

"I—well, I don't exactly know. Alan hasn't explained the particulars."

The meal was finished in silence, save for the clanking of plated silver, and the sipping of Irish potato soup. Sue gathered the plates and began washing the dishes. She knew that she had not told her family the straight of things, and that she was better off for not having done so. Jim would have objected in his customary way, and her mother would have looked worried. There was nothing else to do. Alan had been good to her, if a news-editor's way may be called good, and she had not a single other job in sight, should she choose to give up the work. She had always held a horror of airplanes, but when they interfered with

her work, she would have to brace herself and take them as a part of the job.

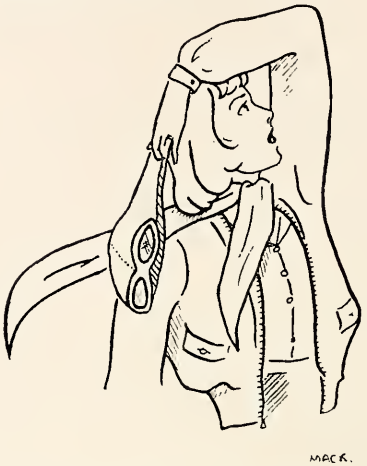
Alan's plan seemed a good one. It was rumored that smugglers were landing and sending planes from the West-end Airport, but thus far nobody had got a lead on them. To send one of Alan's men would be dangerous because the efficient ones were pretty well-known in that section, and the result of discovery or recognition would be disastrous. Sue was a good thorough worker on any job. Alan realized this. He saw too, that the girl needed rest, but he was ever accustomed to putting the news first. He reasoned with Sue that should she do her best on the job, her reward would be well worth the work. He would send her to Florida or some such place for a complete rest with pay — and Alan Dalton always meant what he said.

Sue, in accord with Alan's plan, was taking lessons in flying. She had taken a good many lessons before a single clue as to the smugglers' whereabouts had come to her eye. During these weeks she had become discouraged and even more tired, but her determination was stronger than her body was weak. One morning, as she emerged from the flying room, she noticed two men, dressed in flying apparel, nearing the field house. Nobody at the station seemed to know who they were. and nobody seemed much concerned. Sue reached for her small inconspicuous camera and photographed them as they turned the corner of the building. Shielding her eyes from the sun and scanning the enormous field, she noticed a plane at standstill in the far left corner. From a safe distance she examined the plane, stamping certain of its unusual characteristics clearly in her mind; then, seeing that there was no apparent life about it, she ventured closer. Carefully, she scrutinized its interior, and made quick note of the fact that there was a sound muffler on the motor. She crawled back into the storage compartment, but found only black emptiness and an unusual odor— she knew not what. When she drew herself into the light again, she found that a yellowish-white powder had collected on her hands and her suit. That powder was opium!

* * *

Alan was carefully surveying the pictures. "And there is no record of these men or this plane on file at the airport?"

"I have searched," Sue said, "and have been unable to find a trace of any."



"This seems to be an important step," Alan continued, "but just how do you intend to prove that these men came from that plane?"

Sue bit her lower lip, then, facing Alan with great determination, she said, "If I prove that these men pilot that plane—if I prove that—will you leave the rest up to the boys?"

"If you do that, Miss Lane, you will have done your job—not only for the "Times", but for your country."

Alan Dalton watched her as she turned and walked out. Even after the door was closed, he felt that he could see her—frailer than usual, and tired. And her eyes—he thought that he had never seen such eyes. Mingled with the harbored dreams, the limpid grey, the stark determination, there was something more. Could it be that they too—. Then, as suddenly as an August storm, there came to Alan Dalton the realization that he was in love with Sue Lane!

* * *

Sue emerged from the field house dressed in flying apparel; then, stopping short, she turned and went into the office.

Continued on Page 26

A Letter From Africa

Joy Burch Sheffey

Editor's Note: Mrs. Joy Burch Sheffey is a former student of Farmville State Teachers College. In 1930 *she married Dr. Charles P. M. Sheffey, a medical missionary, and the couple went to Africa. They have two litle girls, Grace and Nancy, who were born in Belgian Congo.*

Wembo Nyama, Africa
October 3, 1938

Dearest All of You,

Many African hills, rills, mountains, and mud-holes have passed under the wheels of the old Dodge since I last saw Farmville. What a trip we did have from Leopoldville to Wembo Nyama. We were blazing our way through the WILDS of Africa for thirteen days. Other cars had made the trip previously, but no one had thought to write back to Leopoldville the mileage, condition of the roads, where gasoline and lodging could be obtained, etc. We carried camp equipment and a food supply. I happened to have in my trunk four quarts of home-canned meat and sausage. After a few days of dieting on potted meat, cheese, preserves and sardines, we would pull out the little iron frying pan—which a friend had given us just as we were leaving the States, and which I had stuck in the luggage carrier of the car and we would heat the canned meat over a camp-fire and dine like the Royalty. Then for several days the grease from the meat would be used for frying and scrambling eggs for breakfast. No one complained about that either.

Taken all in all, we were quite lucky. We knew absolutely nothing about the route except that it was passable. However, we did have a map of a sort, which gave us the names of the main villages to be reached. While enroute, I kept a close record of the trip and sent it back to Leopoldville, with the hope that other travelers would not have to brave the unknown.

The only trouble we had was with the sand, our car being low slung. One night we had to spend the night in an unfinished rest house, which wasn't much more than a thatched roof with a lattice arrangement for walls. At day-break we were awakened by natives peeping through the sides of the house and exclaiming over the white children, Grace six, and Nancy three. I said, "I was awakened"; I should have said, "I was disturbed", for we had not caught many winks on our bare cots. We were high up in the mountains and the night became extremely cold with the wind whistling through the partitions of the house. We had one steamer rug and a small quilt of the children's. Charles and Nancy took the steamer rug on their single cot; Grace and I used the little quilt on our single cot. I had dressed the children in their seersucker overalls and sweaters; Charles wore his dressing gown over his clothes; and I wore my house-coat. Being overloaded, we had earlier in the journey, put off the trunk which held our coats. What a night we had! There wasn't sufficient room on the cot to draw up my knees; yet, if I kept them stretched out, the quilt was not long enough to cover my feet. Some young kids in the village bleated most of the night. We knew that we were in the region of lions and leopards and were afraid that the kids would attract them. There being no doors in the house where we were, I was worried for fear that my own "kids" would attract the lions and leopards, too. Evidently, they must have found more choice morsels somewhere else, for they ignored us entirely. And did we feel snubbed! We found the animals all along the route most unsociable, as my aunt would say, "actually snooty".

One other night we spent in a native rest house, but under more favorable conditions. We found one bridge out—being repaired—so we lost most of a day just

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Home

An old house on a moonlit hill,
Serene and white its columns gleam;
Lights pour across the wide door sill,
The wet flagged walk sends back a beam.
The scent of roses fills the air,
The summer shower is overpast;
Great towering oaks stand guardian there
Above the dusk their shadows cast.
No voice is heard, but through the trees
Dim shapes I see that come and go
Borne on the fitful summer breeze:
The gentle ghosts of long ago.
O haunt of happy childhood days!
O shrine of youth's first golden dreams!
In fancy, down your woodland ways
I walk beside your singing streams.
Through all the changing years you stand
Unchanged and steadfast, strong and true;
My footsteps roam in many a land—
My heart forever turns to you!

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

Police Call

Harriet Cantrell

" . . . Calling cars 43 and 17 . . . Calling cars 43 and 17 . . . Check residence of Mrs. David McClanahan . . . 473 East Elm Street . . . for patient escaped from State Hospital . . . Proceed with care . . . subject may be violent . . . Subject escaped this afternoon . . . Russell McClanahan, 27 years old, 5 feet 8 inches, 150 pounds, brown hair, brown eyes, small scar over right eyebrow . . . Believed to be at home of Mother . . . Proceed with care . . ." The dull voice droned on in careful, monotonous intonation.

A slight figure sat, head in hands, on the shabby sofa in the room. The dim light cast deep shadows around him and around the small gray woman whose hands stroked his head.

"Sonny, Sonny," she kept repeating, "stop your shaking, lad, stop your shaking."

The boy ran a hot, damp, hand over his neck, beneath his frayed shirt collar. He began to talk in a dry, dead voice that rose hysterically now and then.

"I've been trying to get home for three days, and now that I'm here I can't stay. Some people saw me in town—recognized me, too.

"It was easy getting out—that was the easiest part of it all. They liked me there, and the guards don't pay much attention to what I do. A taxi driver brought Dr. Dennis in Wednesday night, and I saw them from my window. I told the hall orderly that I had to have an examination so he let me out when I showed him some important-looking papers I found. I walked out of the building right in front of their noses."

He tried to laugh, a pitiful, rasping attempt, and was then silent a moment, obviously appreciating his own cleverness in his escape.

"The taxi-driver was sitting there smoking—didn't see me when I came up. Tying him up was simple and I hid him in the shrubbery off the road. The doctor came out in about an hour, and I drove him to some home in the city. He didn't notice a thing.

"I was afraid to keep the car, so I left it on the edge of town and came on. I've been sleeping in the rain, and walking on back roads, and dodging every human being I'd see.

"I can't go back there, Mother, I just can't. I'm not crazy—no more than you—or anyone else. I'm not crazy now. But it's only been three months and I'm going stark raving mad.

"I didn't mean to kill Bob Reid, Mother, but no one will ever believe that—ever. They all know how I hated him. He had gotten tough with me, see, and I was just trying to scare him a little. He was drunk as a

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Now Septembering

Even in these swift busy days
One finds oneself remembering
    A scented breeze,
    The sun through trees,
    A strain of music—any of these
Will bring about remembering.

Vivid and clear down through the years
One sees in true perspective
    A warm brick wall,
    A wide bright hall,
    A well-loved spirit over all,
And faces so reflective.

Eager and sweet and full of hope
One finds oneself imploring
    A Father, kind
    To help refind
    These traits so often left behind
With youth and its exploring.

Father, wilt Thou restore these traits
To those whom I'm remembering?
    We need them all—
    Now that it's fall,
    And winter will come to spread its pall
On us who're now Septembering.

Edith Estep Gray

Gardenias and Mendelssohn

Helen Reiff

THE little green convertible coupe sped along the highway, seeming to frolic jauntily, as though in keen sympathy with the whole affair. For this was the wedding-day of Sherry and Kent.

"Of course," reflected Sherry, as, from beneath the brim of her new green felt, she watched the white ribbon of concrete unroll before them, "it isn't the kind of old-fashioned wedding that carries organ strains of Mendelssohn, floppy hats, and lilies-of-the-valley in its train. But then, who wants to be so quaint in this enlightened day and age?" She bent her head to the fragrance of a gardenia corsage. This was how things were done today. This was to be a modern wedding—an elopement, to be exact. Of course, people had been eloping for centuries, but at least it sounded more interesting, and--different. They hoped it could still fall in the category of an elopement. Just so the family didn't suddenly start scrutinizing the marriage license column in the paper! And, as they were in the mountains, it was hardly probable they would.

It had all come about the night of the dance at the country club when Sherry and Kent double-dated with Ann and Lee, who were "that way" about each other and definitely engaged, with a diamond as proof. Maybe it had been the mood, the night, and the music. She glanced at Kent as he sat behind the wheel, broad, and sort of tweed-like, and *so* grand looking—or maybe it had been just Ann's continual chatter of gliders and ruffled curtains, and Lee's constant reference to that honeymoon cottage with a garden. Anyhow, the outcome of it all was that when she met Kent down in the city the next day on a pretended shopping excursion, they had applied for a license, and well, here they were!

Kent turned to take in the pert tilt of her nose, and the equally pert, though somewhat defiant, chin. "Love me?" he queried with a quizzical lift to his eyebrows.

"Certainly, sir," she rejoined sternly, "or why should I be sitting here, now?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. Why?"

"Oh-h, well, because you're kinda nice, and big, and like to do dumb things, too, and—well, you're modern!"

"Give you A on that answer, baby," smiled Kent, switching on the radio.

"Doing dumb things," thought Sherry, a bit crazily. "I suppose we'll go on being happy all our lives — just doing dumb things together. Sort of Fool's Paradise idea. But, truthfully, why am I sitting here?" she asked herself. It wasn't the reason she gave Kent. No, it was just because on the spur of the moment, with all that moonlight on the water, the idea of eloping sounded a bit daring, awfully young, and romantic. And now was she getting cold feet? "Silly," she chided herself. You might think Kent wasn't a 'respectable match' and that they hadn't gone 'steady' for virtually a year. Comforted by this sensible conclusion, she snuggled down on the upholstered seat and watched the smoke of Rockville drift lazily in the distance ahead.

As the little green roadster skipped up to a curb of the main street of Rockville and stopped before the home of the Reverend White whom the drug-store clerk recommended to them as a "respect'ble, right-thinkin' preacher of the Gospel", Sherry experienced a little inward thrill. This was fun—and, well, it *was* exciting.

Kent went in to see if the minister was in, and if arrangements could be made for the ceremony to take place immediately. He reappeared shortly to inform Sherry that everything was in readiness, and she accompanied him in. In a moment the minister, an interesting looking young man, who, to Sherry, seemed extremely tall, was being presented to her by Kent. She could not

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Mother's Playhouse

These little things I keep,
I love for mem'ry's sake:
A dressed-up doll with curly hair,
A watering pot and rake;

And there are dolly's little shoes
I played with long ago,
And bluish china sets and spoons
With knives and forks placed so.

Ah! there's the little frock I made
With careful, awkward hands,
And here's my train, and there's my track,
Over there my army stands!

I've grown too old to play with toys;
My things are put away,
For now my toys are girls and boys;
A home is where I play.

FRANCES E. HUDGINS

More Wheelbarrow Philosophy

Caroline Willis

PRESIDENTIAL election year was creating an unusual amount of political interest in our little town. For the first and only time in my life the Ku Klux Klan was flourishing, and their spooky, white-robed men were striking terror to some of our old colored friends as well as to some of the white children. One afternoon there was a long parade just at sundown, when they gathered at the Fair Ground to hold a wedding ceremony. Scranage and I had been in the yard when the parade passed, and as the last man had gone over the hill, Scranage, still resting on his wheelbarrow, said, "Miss Caroline, you and your folks is Democrats, ain't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "and what are you?"

"Why, I's a 'Publican—you know the Bible speaks on that party."

"It does, Scranage? I don't remember where that is in the Bible."

"You don't? Well, I'm surprised at you! Much religion as is in your family; many preachers as is in your family—I knows you reads your Bible too. — Well, it tells about the 'Publicans and Sinners in the New Testament. I certainly wouldn't want to be no sinner—that's why I's a 'Publican.

"That don't mean Democrats is sinners," he quickly added, for fear I might draw the wrong conclusion. "They can't be as bad as those Klu Klux Klans, what is nothing but moles!"

"Scranage," I asked, "what do you mean? How are they like moles?"

"Ain't you never put your mind on a mole? Here," he said, putting his worn shoe over a mole hill. "A mole, now—he's a pesky critter. What he does, he does under kiver of the darkness. He burrows down in the muck and dirt. He's blind. Blind to the good things what grows in the light. He don't like the clean sunshine and fresh air.—If things are right and clean, folks ain't going to kiver them up and keep them in the darkness. Men what am honorable and high thinking ain't 'shamed to let folks know what they's doing—and who's doing it. They ain't 'shamed to be out on the streets. They ain't the ones what got to w'ar their wives' sheets wrapped around 'em, and w'ar false faces over their own. I takes notice of moles, same as I do of people—moles can't help what they is, 'cause that's the way the good Lawd make 'em to be, but men ain't made to be like that. Them that is like that —you don't want to mix with. Moles, moles —them Klu Klux Klan's, they's nothin' but moles!"

* * * * *

Occasionally someone sent us some partridges. Nannie, the cook, often asked Scranage to pick the fowls while he sat in the kitchen. One night as he was picking the feathers off the partridges he asked me— "Does you know where the Bible fust speaks on dese here birds?"

"Why yes, Scranage," I replied, "it is found in the Old Testament when Moses was leading the Children of Israel through the Wilderness and they got so tired of eating manna. He asked God to let them have some meat, and He sent thousands and thousands of quail."

"No'm, no'm—I thought you was a better Bible reader than that! 'Twas long 'fore Moses' time. Don't you 'member 'bout Jacob and Esau? And it was Esau what sold his birthright for a mess of these here partridges!"

The next day Mother gave him a shoulder which had just been cooked. He said he thought 'twas the best meat he'd ever tasted.

"But, it's so strong, Scranage," I objected. "It tastes rancid to me."

"Now, Miss Caroline," he reproached me, "dis is de kind of meat what de Bible speaks on."

"I never saw anything in the Bible about this kind of meat," I replied.

"But it's there," he insisted. "Don't you know where it tells 'bout the ransomed sinners?"

* * * * *

Scranage had his own ideas of what a breakfast should be. After his roe herring, corn muffins and coffee, he liked oatmeal with sugar and cream. He'd laugh and say, "I eats this last. Like the children, I saves the best for last." I discovered that he was usually in a talkative mood while he was eating his oatmeal, and I would think up an excuse to be in the kitchen then almost every day.

One morning the conversation got around to the question of patience. This, he contended, was something which can be easily cultivated, just as people cultivate flowers, while I contended that some people were born with more of it than others. We gradually talked around to what constituted a Christian. After a few minutes, I decided that I must be getting back into the house, so I made this statement, "Well, Scranage, I try to be a Christian."

He held me with a long earnest look. His head was on one side as he weighed my words and slowly judged me in his mind. Then he slowly spoke, "And that is just where you fails."

He must have seen the surprised and hurt look which passed over my face, for he quickly added, "You see, Miss Caroline, it's like this. If'n your Mother would send me down to Mister Jones' to buy some oatmeal, and he'd send up some what was mouldy or had weevils in it—what would she do? She'd send it back 'cause it don't come up to the standard what is set for it. Well, den —Gawd done set the standard for all us, and he sent his son Jesus down here to this sinful earth to show us sinners how to live. We ain't got to ***try*** to be a Christian, we got to ***be*** one."

* * * * *

Scranage loved flowers and spent many hours each day keeping the borders as neat as pins. But he would not let a sprig of lavender grow in any of them. He would always say, "Tain't nothing but rabbit tobacco." Each time Mother would tell him that she loved it and that it had been given her by the lady who lived at the Mary Washington House and that it had come down from Mary Washington's own lavender bushes. But he would brush all that quickly aside, saying, "Mrs. Willis, did you know my house was built out'n the timbers what come out old Mrs. Washington's carriage house when it was tore down? Yas'm, it was. Used to be over on Prince Edward Street, and when Mr. Colonel Dorsey Cole boughten that lot he give me the timber for tearing it down. Every plank and board was sound as a dollar, too. Folks used to put up better houses den they does today. Folks was honester. Even the posts and the joists was sound as the rest."

Scranage had a keen sense of humor. He'd smile and go on—"I tells my George and Vivian they oughten be powerful proud to live in such a fine house—I mean such a history house—as ours. I 'spect some day Miss Annie Fleming's gonna come down and try to buy back our house and build Miss Mary Washington's carriage house back again. Only thing what'll save us is Mr. Rob Kispaugh what owns this lot—don't reckon he'll let her buy his house and lot.

"Mrs. Willis, you taken notice how many folks is on the back track these days? Folks is marking trees, hanging out signs in front of the Rising Sun Tavern, and doing over the Kenmore place—some folks here in town is telling it now that their great grandpa's fit with Miss Mary Washington's George. Maybe they did—but I'se knowed some of them a long time, — they family trees, they say. Some of 'em must've gone way down on the bottom limb of the trees in the meantime—I knows they warn't setting on the same limb what the old gentlemen's was a setting on. But I'se seen a lot changes in my time. Dere's a lot of those folks what comes right in and sets—what, one time, they'd had to come round to the side door—and some of 'em would've come to the back door! But like Brother Fox says, some goes up whil'st the others goes down. You know what broughten most changes that way? It's the new schooling what everybody's getting these days. Once't only the gentlemens had teachers for their children. Tutors, they called them — men what taught in the family. The lady teachers was called governesses. I don't know, maybe it's best the way they have it now.

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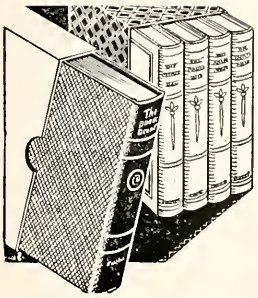

BOOKS of VIRGINIA

MEMOIRS OF THE CONFEDERATE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE—
By J. H. Heros von Borcke: Green Bookman, Charlottesville, Virginia, 2 vols., $10.00.

PEOPLE nurtured on the Southern tradition often believe that one of the principal causes why the armies of Lee and Johnston failed was the enlistment of tens of thousands of Europeans in the Federal armies. The newly-arived immigrants joined the Northern side because they hated both slavery and the Negro; they feared African competition with free labor. Especially was this true of the great bands of German free laborers and political liberals who settled in the Middle West after 1848. Under the leadership of Franz Siegel and Carl Schurz, German regiments in blue uniforms fought often in Virginia and Tennessee.

But there are exceptions to these generalizations. Careful investigations will prove that the well-known sympathy of many Europeans for the Confederate cause was frequently supplemented by warlike deeds. This is even true of Germans; for among the most distinguished and the most heroic foreigners on either side in our great war was Major Heros von Borcke, a Prussian. He was a Junker, a professional soldier, and a kinsman of the Hohenzollerns. A veritable giant in stature, he was filled with the spirit of gallantry and gaiety of the knights of the age of the minnesingers. This romantic aristocrat offered his long sword to the American group upholding the feudal ideal, which was the Confederacy.

Among Southerners Borcke sought a kindred spirit. Inevitably did he fall into the service of "Jeb" Stuart, the knight-minstrel of the Confederacy, whose chief-of-staff he became. The Prussian and the Southerner became fast friends. Together they fought against the Yankees in the afternoon; together they danced with the ladies all night in many a Virginia mansion; and once more in the morning they fought together against the Yankees. War, in the eyes of this foreigner, was one perilous but charming adventure after another. He did not know the sordid side of it.

On his return to the Fatherland, Borcke published in German the story of his glamorous adventures with Stuart. Shortly after the Civil War, an edition was brought out in England. Since then the English edition has passed out among the forgotten rare books. But now American publishers have re-issued these memoirs; and those interested in as gallant a soldier as ever crossed the Atlantic to battle for a noble cause may, for a handsome price, possess this stirring tale.

FRANCIS B. SIMKINS

GEORGE MASON, CONSTITUTIONALIST—
By Helen Hill: Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1938. 300 Pp. $3.50

FOR some reason George Mason has never been accorded the place in the history of Virginia and the Nation that his signal service deserves. To him should go the credit for helping unite the Colonies, for writing the Bill of Rights and Constitution of Virginia, and for promoting the general welfare of a new republic in the throes of birth. Miss Hill, by methodically explaining his accomplishments,

assures Mason the recognition in history he deserves — a place in the company of such Founding Fathers as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Benjamin Franklin. We are now convinced that he was not only one of the inaugurators of freedom in Virginia but also a statesman of sober accomplishments.

This book is largely the story of a man in relation to the great events of the Revolutionary period of our history. But the personal and the human are not neglected. Mason appears frequently in Miss Hill's pages as the master of "Gunston Hall," as a planter of broad Virginia acres and as a participant in the social life of a small Virginia community. His personality is revealed by intimate scenes. For example, after his wife's death Mason wrote a description of her as a bride in the old family Bible. Her portrait shows that his words are surprisingly accurate. "Her eyes were black, tender, and lively; her feature regular and delicate; her complexion remarkably fair and fresh." That Mason was a man of quick, sure wit, as well as statesmanship, is revealed by this anecdote. "Mr. Mason," cried a political enemy, "you are an old man, and the public notices that you are losing your faculties." "Sir," retorted the wise greybeard, "the public will never notice when you lose yours."

This book is not popular reading. It lacks the vivid personal intimacy of the biographies most applauded in our time. But for information concerning a great Virginian and the important period in American history in which he lived, it is well worth the attention of a serious student.

Betty Sue Cummings

Stardom

As I think tonight
Of Love
And of past loves,
You
Are but an extra
On the screen
Of my life;
Yet you were once
The star.

FRANCES E. COLLIE

Always

I shall always
Love you,
I think. I tell you so
Every other night.
Must I tell you tonight
When I do not know?

FRANCES E. COLLIE

Police Call

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fool, and when he rushed at me, the gun went off. Oh, Mother, Mother."

"Be still, Sonny, be still."

She crooned to him as to a small child, as she had when he was younger. He had been a nervous boy then, easily upset, and living under constant tension. Her voice had a soothing effect on him, and he went on, his words less frenzied.

"My lawyer said I hadn't a ghost of a chance unless I pleaded insanity. Not with all the evidence that was against me. Forgive me, Mother, will you, for not seeing you then? But it seemed like such a cinch—easy, see? What I did was wrong, I know, but I've been punished for it a thousand times. The board of medical examiners declared me insane—that much was easy—and they sent me to that asylum. It's worse than prison."

Tears were streaming down his face and sobs were shaking his narrow shoulders. His mother could only hold his head against her and listen to him.

"You can't imagine those people there. Mostly all they say is just words—and they are with an empty look in their eyes, and they pick at your clothes. Sometimes the ones in the violent ward start a rumpus and then they all start screaming. Oh, God, Mother, little short screams like a dog that's hurt. I can't stand it, I tell you, I tell you, living with them, being one of them. I even get to feel that I am one of them. I *am* losing my mind—I will if I stay there!"

His broken sobs became easier, and soon he slept. His mother sat still, holding him close, stroking the hot, white face. She planned for his future. She had a little money that could get him away. Somewhere he could start all over, find a new life. Sonny was not a bad boy, he never had been—just weak. He must never know, especially now, that his father had died in an insane asylum. She had always kept that from him, and she had moved here after his father's death, so her secret was her own. No, he couldn't—mustn't go back to the State Hospital. The boy stirred nervously in his sleep.

"Calling Car 17 . . . Car 43 has situation at 473 East Elm Street under control . . . McClanahan is being returned to State Hospital . . . Proceed to 1170 Grange Road . . . 1170 Grange Road . . . A disturbance has been reported . . . Hurry . . ."

Gardenias and Mendelssohn

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help noticing the keen, searching glance he gave her before turning to introduce two neighbors, the witnesses. Sherry uttered mechanical niceties, and began a somewhat intensive study of his hair and eyes.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together—" began the Reverend White, and Sherry lost herself in an engrossing contemplation of the tip of his nose.

"—Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honour, and keep him in sickness and health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

A sudden nudge from Kent brought her back from a long distance to the deep significance of the moment and informed her that she was being addressed. With a start, she clutched her handbag nervously.

"Oh, I—that is, you see—" she stopped in dismay at sight of the consternation on the faces of the others.

"I will," muttered Kent in her ear. It tickled, and suddenly she began to laugh a trifle wildly. "How ridiculous to have someone blowing in your ear at your wedding," she thought.

Composing herself with difficulty, she looked up into the face of the most reverend White, and said, "Aren't you Tommy White?

And didn't you once have freckles on your nose, and a funny, little cowlick? I wanted to push it down as it bobbed in front of me in church. Once I did pull it and you jumped and squeaked out loud. And we used to play hookey together, and turn somersaults in the hay-field on your farm, and you said when we got big we'd get married — you always wanted to be a fireman—and then you moved away. But I didn't forget, and I kept the pen-knife you gave me. I still have it and the picture that man took of you at your desk in school—the funny one. And I—" The quick rush of words stopped abruptly as she turned to Kent and lifted her hand a bit dazedly to her forehead.

"Oh, Kent, I feel so queer. I think I'm going to — to do something dumb." She slumped forward as Kent caught her, but the Reverend White was on the side on which one blue eye opened quickly to close again in a sly wink.

* * *

The following September Sherry walked sedately out from the dim exterior of the old church with its exuberant strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, followed by a perfect bevy of floppy hats, she felt a slight squeeze on her arm and responded by smiling up at Tommy.

"Love me?" he queried, with a tilt to his smile.

"Love you! Oh, Tommy!" she murmured.

"How?" he persisted.

"Oh, in a sort of an old-fashioned way, I guess," and this time, her smile came to him from behind a bridal bouquet of lilies-of-the valley.

The Last Assignment

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"I want to send a message," she said. ***"Alan Dalton, Editor Times"***—she scrawled the words nervously on the paper blinded by her tears, and trying hard to keep them back. ***"If you want the proof, come and get it."*** She braced herself and stumbled, as in a daze, out of the office.

In the field a plane was being warmed up. The pilot was not yet out of the building, and Sue saw her chance. Only she and Alan knew of the strange plane, but since first suspecting it she had made careful check-up, and she knew that it would be coming near the field within the next few minutes. The smugglers would be in that plane, and she was going to meet it! Quickly, she mounted. What was this mad thing that she was doing—she had never piloted a plane alone before in her life! She put her arm over her eyes and brushed away the tears. If she could only force herself to go on—to carry out her plan. Then suddenly, as a quiet shower that follows a storm, there came a calm over her soul. She was thinking of her job, and rest.

As she turned to call to the attendants that she was ready to take off, she saw Alan's car turning in at the gates. He was not long getting her message, she thought. The attendants, unknowingly, gave her the start, and the plane's wheels sped swiftly over the hard, smooth ground. She turned and saw Alan running from the office. He had not come because of her message—they had just delivered him that. He had left his work and hurried after her to tell Sue

that he loved her. Frantically he called to the young pilot, but she heard him not, for she had left the ground and was soaring heavenward.

In the distance Sue saw the plane. Oh, that she might keep close enough to earth—and yet, to Heaven! Slowly she turned about and took her course even with that of the huge machine that was looming toward her. She let it pass; then, gaining speed, she drew up beside it and, reaching for the camera at her side, she caught several shots of the plane and its two occupants. They were, she could see, the same two men she had seen coming from the opium plane. The job was done.

They were approaching the landing field, and Sue was glad. Suddenly her motor sputtered and the plane started the short distance downward. She had lost control! Her first impulse was to save the pictures. Grabbing the film and thrusting it into a tin lunch container, she hurled it from the plane. Dimly she felt a sudden jar, then, darkness . . .

* * *

Alan Dalton stood at the hospital window gazing toward heaven. "Those stars up there," he was saying, 'They're so all-powerful—I thought they had taken you from me, for a while." And he smiled at a much bandaged Sue lying in a small white bed. Sue looked at him with the old gleam in her eyes. In her hand she clutched the newly developed pictures. Alan's hand closed gently over hers.

More Wheelbarrow Philosophy

Continued from Page 20

But—seems like a man's got to be born a gentleman, be him white or colored. Manners is born in families, same's the color of your eyes. And furthermore, manners'll take you further than all the schooling and all the money in this world. 'Cause the right kind of people can tell if'n you got born manners, or if'n you got school manners—and they jedge according."

A Letter from Africa

Continued from Page 13

waiting. At several places we had almost to beg people to sell us gasoline. Often we had to buy gas from the personal supply of white people along the way. On one occasion the women (Mrs. Townsley, a new missionary, and I) and the two children had to stay at a rest-house more than a day while my husband and Mr. Townsley made a round trip of two hundred miles to get enough gasoline for the two cars to go on together. Our tires did not once fire a salute. In fact, we had no tire trouble—my hat off to "General Tires"—nor any engine trouble—three cheers for Dodge!

We passed through many tribes of African natives. One tribe was especially savage looking. Some of them had a long tuft of hair growing from the crown of their heads. This was so matted with red clay that it stuck up in a sharp peak. Into this peak was stuck a copper ornament or a wooden native comb. The men, women and children wear cloth which has been dyed from a red sap found in the forest. This dye is also rubbed over their entire bodies. Then, to top the general effect, they have their front teeth filed to a sharp point. In one village we saw between fifty and a hundred of these red savages crouching together in a huddle, all holding bows, spears, knives and powder guns. Most probably they were only assembling for a big game hunt, but I must admit that I felt more at ease when I was sure that we were out of distance of their arrows, bullets, etc. It was in this same tribe that a Belgian state official was tortured, killed, and reported to have been eaten about seven years ago.

When we arrived here at Wembo Nyama —from the clamor you might well have thought that the King was making a royal visit. The natives ran to meet the cars in droves, yelling greetings, waving flowers and palm branches. The station gardens were almost denuded of flowers by excited natives. Then came the hand-shakes and personal greetings to old friends both black and white. I was glad that I thought to remove my white gloves before the handshaking began, for washing my hands is far easier than ordering Lux from America with which to wash white gloves. Almost before we could reach the house, the natives began bringing us gifts of welcome. There were chickens, ducks, eggs, rice, millet, onions, palm nuts, pumpkins and pineapples. How thankful I was that there were no goats among the gifts this time! When we arrived eight years ago, we found ourselves the perplexed possessors of two goats.

Needless to say, I was delighted when the celebration was over, and I was able to unpack our suitcases and hang our clothes in a closet. It was with the utmost pleasure that I packed the suitcases away. No more will I have to search for things which are always on the bottom of the suitcase; no more will I have to wear wrinkled dresses or will I have to sit on the top of overstuffed suitcases in order to close them, for now we are at home in Africa for the next five years. Come to see us, for we are here to stay—unless the open road calls too loud.

Sincerely,

Joy Burch Sheffey

Chips - - - Picked Up by Liza

Mrs. Jones: So your husband objects to cats?

Mrs. Gab: Yes, indeed. He says I feed all the cats in the neighborhood. Won't you stay for dinner?

* * *

'You cruel girl! Why did you cut that poor harmless worm in two?"

"He looks so lonesome."

* * *

Sophomore: That Junior isn't a gold-digger any longer.

Senior: Oh, has she altered her ways?

Sophomore: No, she's heard about platinum.

* * *

And when it rains, it rains alike
Upon the just and unjust fellah,
But more upon the just because
The unjust steals the just's umbrella.

Lady in restaurant: Why don't you shoo your flies?

Chief: Well, you see, it's hot today, so I thought I would let them run around barefoot.

* * *

If you want to remember things, tie a string around your finger. If you want to forget things, tie a rope around your neck.

* * *

She: Say something soft and sweet to me, dearest.

He: Custard pie.

* * *

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
And tickled her face with his toes;
For he was only a mosquito,
And he stood on the bridge of her nose.

* * *

Mr. Mac.: Can anyone tell what causes trees to become petrified?

Honor Roll Student: The wind makes them rock.

(Applause)

Here's one for Dr. Wynne:

"A philosopher says we are not what we think we are; we are what we think." Well, then if we are what we think, what we think we are, we are, are we not? Or are we?

* * *

"Has he proposed to you yet?"

"No, but he has the engagement ring in his voice."—Exchange.

* * *

Even the buckwheat cake has to wait its turn.

* * *

H.-S. C.: "That snappy fellow you just danced with is in my class."

S. T. C.: "You flatter yourself."

* * *

"Puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life."—Trivial.

* * *

"Another pupil lost," said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the sink.—Yellow Jacket.

* * *

"Get off my feet!"

"It's too much of a walk."—The Virginia Reel.

"He told the shy maid of his love.
The color left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of his coat,
It showed for several weeks."

—Scalper.

* * *

Editor: Next month we're going to run an Old Joke Page.

Staff: What! Admit it?

* * *

Modern History:
These dictators
Grab
While democracies
Gab.

"Why is a woman like an angel?"

"Always up in the air, eternally harping on something, and never an earthly thing to wear."

* * *

Parry: "Fishing?"

Goric: "Naw, drowning worms."

* * *

'When in China did you take a ride in one of those jinrikkashas?"

"Yes, and they have horses that look just like men."

BACK NUMBERS

Who Are They?

[SEE EDITOR'S COLUMN]

Nothing else will do—

Chesterfields give me more pleasure than any cigarette I ever smoked

A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS