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Longwood University

STATE·TEACHERS·COLLEGE·

The COLONNADE

FARMVILLE·VIRGINIA·

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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. I JUNE, 1939 NO. 4

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The Colonnade

VOLUME I NUMBER 4

The Columns

BY THE EDITOR

Last Year's Staff—

Greetings and salutations from the new staff to every reader of The Colonnade! We are just beginning to realize what a job Ann Dugger had last year . . . And speaking of Ann Dugger, we should like to remind you that it was Ann Dugger who gave us The Colonnade . . . . It was Ann Dugger who transformed the old "Farmville Quarterly Review" into what it is today; it was she who introduced the humor section and made illustrations a regular feature in this publication . . . Not only the new staff but all staffs that will follow as well as the student body owe a debt of gratitude to Ann Dugger. She gave unstintingly of her time to bring out a magazine we are truly proud of. And so we doff our hats to Ann Dugger, last year's Editor-in-Chief. And in our recognitions, we are not forgetful of the good work done by Betty Sue Cummings and Katherine Roberts, out-going literary editor and poetry editor, respectively.

Dedication . . .

This issue The Colonnade is dedicated to the Senior Class of 1939 in appreciation of their literary efforts of the past four years. It is with the memories of our happy days with them and of their true "Farmville spirit" of which they have so surely been a part; it is with the knowledge that this college—the soul of this college—will be a better place and a richer place for their having been here that we dedicate this issue to them with sincere good wishes that they may enjoy the best that life has to offer!

The Cover . . .

Snapped by "Mr. Mac", the picture on the cover shows three seniors entering the modern new forty-room Senior building, which was completed in March at the cost of $87,272. Students of '38 and '39 will remember the bustle and confusion that resulted when the seniors transferred their wordly possessions to their new "home."

To Miss Virginia Bedford goes the credit and our thanks for the modernistic design which has been used on the cover of the four issues this year.

The Articles . . .

Our senior classman, Mr. M. B. Coyner, contributes to this issue an article on psychology which we are sure everybody will read with enthusiasm. Every other article appearing in this issue was written by a member of this year's senior class. Most of these girls have contributed so many times before that we feel almost as if this issue of The Colonnade might be called a collection from the "Ole Faithfuls."

Au Revoir . . .

Vacation! How glorious the word sounds! You'll be going so many places this summer—the Fair, the beach, the camp, and maybe just "home"—but wherever you go, we are sure of one thing—romance will be lurking—human beings will be walking and talking, living and dying, marrying and giving in marriage. All around you will be people—many different kinds of people. It's these different kinds of people—these different kinds of laughter—these different kinds of love and these different kinds of tears that make stories. To remember them is good but to give them to other people is better . . . So happy vacation! And—***write for the Colonnade!***

The Old and the New in Psychology

M. Boyd Coyner

Is psychology a lot of "Hokus Pokus"? Mr. Coyner of the psychology department says, "popular conceptions . . . . are notably twisted and different from the evidence submitted by scientific research."

PSYCHOLOGY is one of the oldest studies and one of the newest sciences. As an informal and casual study, it presumably began in the Garden of Eden; as a formal and conscious field of thought it seems to have been laid out by the ancient Greeks; as a field for scientific and experimental research, it dates from the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

Every human being who ever lived has had something to do with psychological matters. Therefore much that is false and superstitious has grown up in popular belief and has become ingrained in tradition and folklore. To some extent, all the sciences have had to contend with traditions; but it seems that psychology has had more than its share of error to combat. In college, for instance, it is probable that the student who has had no formal study of chemistry is merely ignorant of chemistry; whereas one who has not studied psychology will have fairly definite opinions about how to study, how to control other people, or how to achieve skill in some particular field. These opinions may not be entirely wrong, but they are subject to tremendous error.

M. Boyd Coyner

In a course in which the study of individual differences was prominent a student said, after about six weeks of work, that everything she had ever believed was contradicted by what she was hearing and reading in the course. This voluntary statement appears as evidence of one of the best types of missionary work in psychology. Popular conceptions about matters of race, age, and sex differences are notably twisted and different from the evidence submitted by scientific research. The same is true in large measure of opinions concerning bright and dull children.

More conspicuous than erroneous opinions on legitimate problems of psychology are the superstitions in the fields of alleged mind-reading, telepathy, fortune telling and other kinds of clairvoyance. Some people think that by "using psychology" one can "concentrate" on the back of another person's head and make him turn around. Even students in college believe that "the mind" can make a table walk if enough of them around the table use concentration and the laying on of hands; and they are willing to spend much time on such fantastic pursuits to the neglect of more obviously useful forms of concentration applied to the contents of a textbook. It is true that in the hypnotic trance strange and unusual effects are known to be produced by what we can call the influence of mind over body; but direct evidence is lacking for the effect of mind upon physical objects like tables or "ouija" boards. A substantial sum of money is hereby offered by the author of this article for a case in which a table or any other physical object is made to dance, jump or quiver by means of concentration thereon

or by any means other than the application of known physical forces. The right, of course, is reserved to secure competent and unbiased judges in the experiment. The great Houdini did tricks which he never did explain, but he not only said that he used the known forces of nature, very cleverly to be sure, but declared that those who claimed to use or be possessed of supernatural powers were frauds.

Returning to the accepted field in which psychologists work, we can say that everybody uses psychology. In reality, everybody is a psychologist, either a good one or a poor one. For after all, psychology has for its purpose the discovery of the facts and laws of human behavior in order that behavior may be predicted and controlled, whether in one's own self or in others. The parents, the salesman, the teacher, the revival leader, the lover and the detective all have fundamentally the same problem—that of knowing what causes people to do certain things, and how to control affairs so as to get certain results in their behavior.

Older definitions of psychology successively emphasized and studied the soul, the mind, and consciousness. The soul, in the narrower religious sense, is not now supposed to be an object for the psychologist to deal with, and it is left to other workers. "The mind" has largely been discarded from psychological literature because it suggests ***a thing,*** and the expression "mental life" has largely taken its place. Consciousness by no means includes all the phenomena which the psychologist studies, so that is not a good inclusive definition. Quoting Dr. Woodworth: "First psychology lost its soul, then it lost its mind, then it lost consciousness; it still has behavior." And it is the last word of the quotation which is conspicuous in any present-day definition of psychology.

The acceptance of this key word is of wide importance. As long as "mind" was held to be a thing, located somewhere in the head, people despaired of measuring it. When we look upon "mind" as a process, something going on, and therefore something that is identifiable and discernible, then measurement—the ***sine qua non*** of science—becomes possible. The only sensible objection to an effort to measure mental life is in the contention that the instruments of measuring, be they intelligence tests or what not, are not inclusive enough, or difficult enough to provide sufficiently adequate samplings of what one does do or can do. To assume that there is something more to "mind" than shows in one's total possible performance might satisfy somebody's wishful thinking, but would be of no imaginable use.

The practice of looking for performance, that is doing or activity, as evidence of mind, has been responsible for the long steps forward in the study of animals, children, and abnormal people. The first scientific researches in psychology, presumably made in Wundt's laboratory in Germany, were largely of the adult male, usually the academic male. It seems that a man was the only specimen assumed to have real mental life; children had not attained a creditable level and were mostly without mind, animals never would have mind, and abnormal people had lost theirs. Some of the most productive researches in psychology being made now are on or with just these classes. And everywhere at least one question is the same: Just what are the reactions made by the subjects, and what conditions provoke even the defective, limited, and uncoordinated responses? The question is not: Does the animal have a mind, does a three months old child have a mind?, but, "just what reactions are made to such and such conditions?" Answers to this question have not only furnished important data in the special fields studied but have contributed widely to the general understanding of psychology for normal adult human beings.

A conservative estimate gives the number of feebleminded children in the United States as a million. That sounds bad enough. But a conservative estimate likewise gives a million very superior children. The recognized feebleminded are almost always considered queer, but the bright or very bright are all too frequently considered queer too. What is the evidence from scientific study of the case? Ever since the monumental work of Dr. Lewis M. Terman on about a thousand gifted children in California, research on the gifted has gone on rapidly, with constantly increasing proof of the fundamental correctness of his discoveries. Popular conceptions of the bril-

liant child are that he is small, pale, with a large head and small common sense (whatever that is), he is a failure out of school, and on account of his superior mind will die young. Dr. Terman's conclusions, after he had compared the bright children on almost every conceivable trait with normal or average children, were that not one of these suppositions was true. That anybody should have had the idea that bright children tended to be queer was to him an almost incredible thing. One expects a child reported bright in school to be a good student, but Terman found that the typical bright child was popular and well behaved, and had a wide variety of interests in reading, play, and art; that he was larger, on the average, than the normal child, and had a stronger grip; he was absent from school less often; when he was the victim of a specific infection like measles he was absent from school a shorter time with that infection than the average child, and so on. The only specific disadvantage he seemed to have was a slightly greater tendency to eye defects than the average child. Whatever queerness he may be credited with seems to be found in the opinion of the majority, who obviously are inferior to him and who, being in the majority, have the most votes. But even if he is considered queer, he becomes a leader more often, and holds positions of responsibility. His troubles with his teacher are usually solved by treating him as if he were more mature than his age would indicate, or by giving him an extra amount of really challenging work whereon he can exert his extra energy of body and mind. With all his advantages, however, he needs an adequate, well rounded education which will give him full opportunity to reach his possible level rather than that to be made to conform to the progress of the majority. Here is the demand for a "new deal"—the demand which if met would eliminate what is probably the greatest single waste in our educational system.

Some other fields in which the new psychology is making important contributions are those of personality, advertising and selling, law, and medicine. Personality as a mysterious unidentifiable thing is dissolving itself into recognizable definite elements arranged in the particular person according to certain patterns with perhaps certain fundamental urges or drives peculiar to that person. Good salesmanship is seen to be success in meeting people and estimating their fundamental wants and needs at the time. In law, innumerable problems of a psychological nature arise: why the criminal did what he did, what his intelligence is, how he can be reformed, what effect punishment has, and so on. In medicine, particularly in psychiatry, specially vigorous and extensive studies are in progress, and much hope is held out for practically all types of mental disease, whereas a short while ago to "lose one's mind" was looked upon not only as a disgrace but was regarded with fatalism.

So the psychologist goes confidently on, testing, observing, comparing, varying his approach, and recording his results in all sorts of conditions and on all sorts of human beings; he observes what they do, how they talk, what they play at, and how their various activities are related to each other and to the environment. And if, as some people think, psychology has not truly found itself or is as yet in the adolescent stage, it at least has a clear purpose and a vigor of application, and has gone a long way in establishing itself both in its methods of research and in the respectable body of valid conclusions it has to exhibit. It has taken its place among the glad-eyed searchers after

"The truths of science waiting to be caught."

At Parting

Dear friend, I do not know when we will meet again,
Nor shall I think of what may happen before then,
But this I know:

That because our hearts have spoken to each other,
There's something left deep down within my soul to make
Me finer grow.

The days that are to come are like the distant hills,
And I shall climb them, walking gallantly, with head
Held high the while.

For I may chance to meet you on some distant peak,
And I would want to meet your eyes unfaltering,
So that you'd smile.

KATHERINE ROBERTS

Miss Hattie

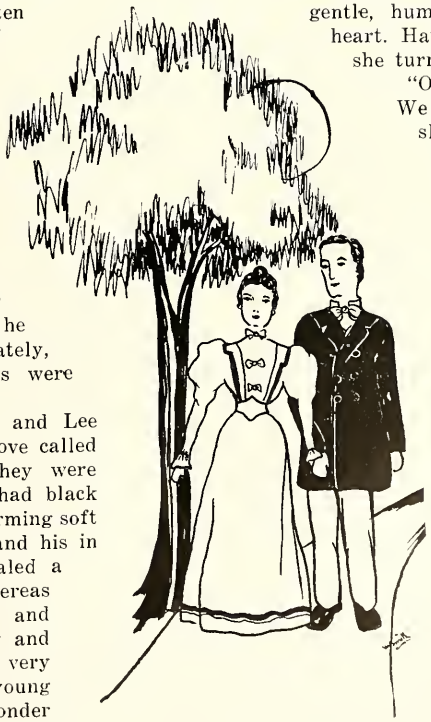
Betty Sue Cummings

A great deal of the true Southerner died with the war . . . . but the strength that marked him a man lived on . . . .

DAINTY, white-haired Miss Hattie stared from the home-made hammock into the full green branches of the oak, and dreamed of the beautiful past.

* * * * *

It was in 1897 that Miss Hattie was the happiest that she had ever been, for then it was that she was in love with gray-eyed Lee Howard from Illinois, who joked with all the men and teased her a little too, but always gently. Lee and Hattie's father, blustering, red-faced old Colonel Caldwell, often discussed the politics of that day and sometimes refought the Civil War. It was not a civil war to the Colonel though; it was a war of secession. He was one of those old Southerners who never spoke of the Yankees without saying "damn Yanks", and yet he spoke of them affectionately, for many of his friends were from the North.



One evening Hattie and Lee walked out into the grove called Green Beech Lane. They were strikingly alike; both had black hair, hers falling in charming soft waves about her face and his in tight curls that revealed a finely-built head. Whereas his eyes were steady and gray, hers were steady and deep blue; both were very fair and had beautiful young bodies. It was little wonder that they were spoken of as the most handsome young couple in the Gap.

For some time they had walked along in silence, each acutely aware of the other but making no move to touch hands or link arms. At last they slowed their walk and turned to face each other. Lee quietly said, "Hattie, you've known me for a year now, and you must know that you've come to mean everything to me. I—I want you to marry me—if you can love me." He was no longer the confident young man he had seemed to be in the village; he was the gentle, humble person he was at heart. Hattie's eyes were wet as she turned her face up to him. "Of course, Lee. Of course. We belong together." She slipped her hand in his, as they moved on down the lane.

And that was the happiest moment in Miss Hattie's life.

* * * *

Hattie sat on the rag rug in front of the wide fireplace and rested her head on her dark little mother's knee. Mrs. Caldwell was deftly mending the torn lace of a lovely doily and listening intently to the Colonel who was reading aloud from the Bible. As he read the last line, Hattie gracefully arose, patted her mother's shoul-

der affectionately, and went over to sit on her father's knee. "Daddy, you know, you've been the only man in the world for me for nineteen years, but now you have a rival." She rumpled his white hair as she said this, and Mrs. Caldwell looked up and smiled.

"Well, who is it?" snorted the Colonel. "That Lee person, I reckon! I'd never have thought a daughter of mine would look twice at a da——, uh—a Yankee." He glanced hastily at his wife who shook her head and looked mildly reproving. His blustering voice softened. "Well, honey, I guess the best of us will make mistakes," he said teasingly. Hattie, who knew that in his heart he felt that the Northerners were just human beings like himself, wondered why his face suddenly looked so tired and old.

* * * * *

The next three weeks were the most beautiful that Hattie ever knew. She and Lee grew closer together in their love and began to make plans to be married. He decided to go to the Colonel and present their plans and ask him whether they could carry them out.

Accordingly, one night as the two men sat in the dimly-lighted library, Lee slowly said, "Colonel Caldwell, Hattie and I love each other, and, if you will give us your permission, we plan to be married soon." To his distress the old man's face grew pale and stern.

"Are you feeling all right, sir?" he asked quickly. The Colonel's voice was barely audible.

"Yes, of course, Lee. I must talk to Hattie before I can tell you anything." Lee kept the pity out of his eyes. "Anything you wish Colonel, will be what I will do," he stated simply, as he rose to leave.

The old man's head fell on his chest as the boy softly closed the door, and for many minutes there was only the sound of ticking from the grand-father's clock on the mantel.

* * * * *

"Hattie, come here a moment, please." Her father's voice sounded strained and unnatural. Hattie hastened to the library and sat on the arm of her father's chair, drawing his head over to rest on her shoulder. She kissed his forehead swiftly.

"What did Lee say, Daddy?" Her father's arm slipped around her and held her closer.

"I want to talk to you about something else just now, Hattie," He paused for a long interval, and, when he continued, he spoke in a broken voice. "What I am going to tell you would make many people bitter for the rest of their lives, but you won't be bitter. You have ideals now that you can never forsake and which will never forsake you. You have an enduring strength that will never let your spirit be broken. If I didn't realize that, I'd never have the courage to tell you this now." Hattie had never heard the fiery old Colonel speak like this before, and her heart ached with pity.

"Yes, Dad. Tell me what it is," she said simply.

"You know your Mother is the last member of her family. She grew up in a little valley in Tennessee where there was intermarriage of relatives. One set of her mother's cousins came from Wisconsin to the little village, and her mother married the oldest boy. Your mother was their only child. There was a strain of Negro blood in her father's people from a marriage several generations back in the North. Of course, since then those marriages have been made illegal, but at that time they were legal." Colonel Caldwell's voice caught pitifully. "Your Mother has Negro blood in her veins."

Hattie's eyes stared wildly at her father, and she dropped on her knees beside him. "Daddy, am I—do I have Negro blood?" He could only nod and hold her shaking form close. Presently she straightened and said, "I want to ask you just one thing. Are you absolutely sure?"

"Yes, my dear. I had her family tree traced and retraced in hope that it was a mistake. Your mother doesn't even know, my child. An old-timer down near her childhood home told me about it five years ago, but I couldn't believe it until I found out for myself."

Hattie's eyes were unnaturally bright. "Mother must never know."

Her father answered very gently, "No, Hattie, it would break her heart." She got up slowly and went to the door. As she stood in the doorway, she turned and said

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An Old Woman's Prayer

Dear God, please of thy mercy send
Strength to my limbs to rise again,
To see again the day's bright birth,
To smell again the fresh new earth,
To touch some flower's soft sweet face,
To watch the children's hard won race,
To walk 'neath the patient old oak tree,
And think again of what used to be,
To make my bed and sweep the floor,
To come in at night and close the door,
Just this, dear Lord, and nothing more.

RUTH HUBARD

Two Poems

Beckie Sandidge

Life

Out of the breaking dawn there flew
A single silver swan
With graceful rise, and dip, and soar
She winged her way along.

Down from the crag a falcon swooped,
Struck, and soared again:
Now on the bank the swan lies
Dying in the rain.

Beauty

O red is the rose that blooms by the wall,
And yellow the jonquil's cup;
But the lily that's fairer than any of these
In a fish pond's slime sprang up.

Beauty may be beneath the dirt
You're grinding under your feet
For Beauty is oft where you think it is not—
Hiding, retiring, discreet.

Opposites Attract – Well, Maybe

Annie Ruth Baird

People aren't always as intelligent as they seem . . . .
but these two people were too anxious to impress each other to see that . . . .

CAROL idly fingered the pages of Van Doren's biography, ***Benjamin Franklin,*** as she looked about the little book shop.

"Such dry rot," she thought. "I suppose I ought to read it, but I can't get up enough courage to wade into it. Even if it won last year's Pulitzer prize and all the intellectuals are raving over it. Kathleen Norris is more in my line. Perhaps . . . "

A shadow darkened the doorway. Glancing up she gave a start of recognition. Why, it was Wayne Claybourne, always her secret idol in college. She thought him terribly intellectual, in fact terrifyingly so, and she had watched him on the campus—usually at a distance—with admiration tinged with awe. How could he manage to write all those serious essays on history and literature with such ease? She had imagined herself in love with him at one time, but he never seemed to notice her—that is, after the one date she had with him. Though she had tried to talk about subjects she thought he liked, he had only been coolly polite, and she felt she had been a complete failure, wishing she had been with Tommy talking about the current moving pictures or Dizzy Dean or the Kentucky Derby. Why did he make her feel so uncomfortably inferior? She flipped another page. She supposed of course Wayne had read this. He would!

Wayne, standing in the doorway, glanced with interest at the girl apparently deeply engrossed in some book or other. Suddenly she turned and he recognized her. "Carol Reed. Nice girl, but rather on the intellectual side. Always talking about some book or high class music. Always seemed rather stiff and—well, sort of bored when I was with her, probably because I couldn't keep up with her. Wouldn't be a bad sort if only she knew something about football or baseball or light fiction. I might even go for her, but somehow I just can't imagine taking her to a World Series baseball game and eating peanuts and yelling for the good old Rodgers. Well, she's seen me. Guess I'll have to amble over, and say 'Hello,' or perhaps a formal 'Good morning, Miss Reed,' would be better."

Assuming an attitude he fondly hoped to be quite "proper" he approached the counter. "Good morning, Miss Reed. This is indeed a pleasure." He felt he had acquitted himself quite creditably.

"Oh, good morning. Just the person I need to see. You know so much about the best things to read, perhaps you might suggest something really good."

"Ouch, not so good," thought Wayne. "Sounds like she might be making fun of me." He glanced at the book in her hands. "Good Lord! She would read something like that." Aloud he said, "Ah, very interesting book there. I think you'll like it."

So he had read it then. Now she wished she knew more about it. He made her feel so inferior and dumb. "Oh—oh, yes, this. I—lost my copy and was wondering if I should buy another in its place. I think everyone should have one where they can pick it up and read passages when they like." She had a sinking feeling that she had said something terribly wrong.

"Ah, yes. Quite," he mumbled vaguely.

Carol smiled weakly, wondering how she could get out of there as gracefully as possible. "Oh yes, Mr. Clark, you may wrap this up for me now." What she would do with it she didn't know, but she hurriedly paid for it and escaped. "Thank heaven, I'll see Tommy tonight and we can go to a musical comedy."

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Things I Will Remember

The rotunda entrance with its graceful sweep of tall, white columns, uplifting in their classic beauty . . .

A row of gleaming candles and an earnest voice speaking heart to heart with those who gather in the dim light because they want to gather . . . " 'Not by might, nor by power, but by Thy spirit,' saith the Lord of Hosts" . . .

The soft-slippered steps of a hall president sloshing down the hall, and her theme-cry—"Lights out!—Lights out right away!" . . .

Talking with a friend far into the night about just everything, or maybe about some big problem, because there's something in the quiet that makes talking about life come easier . . . An occasional burst of laughter . . . a radio blaring out suddenly and turned down just as suddenly . . . Crazy Saturday night "sings" with their clowning and spur-of-the-moment inspirations, while the audience dies of mirth . . . Class productions, their last minute rush of excitement, and the rejoicing when the curtain rings down on the last scene . . .

Joan of Arc on her horse in the Colonnade, standing gallantly in the stirrups with uplifted sword—an eternal challenge, the emblem of courage, service and faith . . .

The sound of many voices, vibrant and light, singing chapel hymns and repeating in unison The Lord's Prayer . . .

Warm sunshine on a red brick wall . . .

These things I will remember, these and more—so many more.

KATHERINE S. ROBERTS

"Tally-ho"

MARGARET STALLARD

Here is a story that no person who has ever loved a horse race can ever forget . . . .
Written by a girl who not only loves but knows her horses . . . .

"THE sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home."

This is what Johnny, the one-hundred-seven pound jockey, was whistling as he critically inspected the copper coat of his prize thoroughbred, Tally-ho, who walked nervously with fragile dignity behind his trainer.

Down the track ole Moses, his plaid and much cherished cap perched on one side of

his kinky head, was singing "Sweet Kaintuckee Babe." Both Johnny and Moses were happy on this beautiful spring morning in Maryland. They had reason to let their thoughts be expressed in those songs, for they were going to that central spot in Kentucky where magic falls each spring, Churchill Downs.

They were going back to that land of rolling, low-sloped hills, down to that cup in the Ohio valley to run the greatest race of all time--the Kentucky Derby, and Tally-ho would win the mile and a quarter race for the roses.

Johnny, perched on the track rail, was tired of body, for Tally-ho had been his fifth horse that day to make speed on the training turf. Johnny was never nervous for a race. Always as soon as he got a leg up on a horse he was all right. But to hang the number up for the Kentucky derby! In his mind pictures of Churchill Downs were flashing—the cuppy oval, the fountain, the bluegrass, and the flowers inside the oval, the excited throng, the noise, the stillness after a race, while the crowd waited for the photo-finish, the struggle of people to see their horse win. Also he saw Tally-ho, a mere flicker of saddled speed, with himself in his navy blue and white satin colors blazing in defiance to the jockeys behind him. He knew each touch with which to temper Tally-ho, he knew each word with which to coax the racing heel to still further gain, he knew also that he would have to run the race the way the horse wanted it.

Ole Moses, chuckling and shuffling out of the mess house, recalled Johnny to the present and he hopped his small, five feet of humanity off the rail and walked in to eat his last dinner in the State of Maryland for a year. But at the table his thoughts wandered out to Kentucky again as he looked at his knife which had Kentucky Hotel written on it, and his fork and spoon with the print of Henry Clay.

Moses, with a grinning countenance, said, "Sho' am gonna be some race, Mr.

Johnny. Dat little hoss am gonna bring in the purse, I prophesies."

"I hope you're right, Moses. I'm anxious to see what he will do on Kentucky soil. We'll find out day after tomorrow when we get there."

* * * * *

The dawn broke with rainbow colors, lending pastel shades to the dew drops that first Saturday in May. Moses stretched, yawned, and then realizing what day it was, jumped up and made his way to Tally-ho's stall. Tally-ho seemed to realize the importance of this May morning, too, for his sleek head was tossed up, his mellow eyes eager, his slim legs dancing.

Johnny awoke and lay still, praying the prayer all jockeys pray on the morning of their big race.

As soon as the gates were opened people surged in, dressed for the day and giving the Downs a racy atmosphere. Program boys ran here and there selling race statistics. Horse owners made their way to see the track, which was in the tan of condition. Everything went perfectly until about two o'clock in the afternoon when everyone noticed the day growing dimmer, the air getting cooler. Looking up, they discovered gray clouds hovering near.

It wasn't long before the rain came in a torrential downpour as the people hurried for the clubhouse and the busy betting sheds. More money was placed on Blue Grail, known to be a good mud horse. The odds went up on Tally-ho.

For fully thirty minutes it rained with lightning and thunder. The track softened and became very muddy.

Ole Moses and Johnny groaned. "Just the luck of this ole nigger, always be a bad omen, shouldn't ought to've come down here with you, Mr. Johnny."

"That's all right Moses, I couldn't have done without you; but here goes my chance at winning in Kentucky."

The sun came out again and shone down on the track in full, hot brilliance, but not enough to dry it up for the five o'clock race —the derby.

As the horses left the barrier ole Moses pressed his sad face against the wire, singling out the chestnut colt, Tally-ho. He was breaking out of the middle, he was gaining in that mud, he was going to come out in front!

Ole Moses couldn't stand it. He grabbed his ratty old cap from his wooly head, and tore at it; he jigged and jumped and yelled —"Lordy, Mr. Johnny, dat hoss am a mud hoss too, Lordy, Lordy!" His black face shone.

People on the grandstand, in the boxes, and on the grounds, roared; they threw hats which were never found again; they tore up program sheets .... they went wild. Those who had placed their money on Blue Grail were still hoping that he would break through and come into his own as a mud horse; those who had taken the grave chance of losing on Tally-ho, thought to be good on a dry track only, were afraid he couldn't keep up the pace. Suspense, clear and deep, was in the air.

The race was over—another great race on Kentucky soil. The garland went to Tally-ho, the glory to the little man at the reins—Johnny.

The sun had dropped low, spreading the huge shadow of the clubhouse steeple . . . the pale, rosy clouds shed a misty tint on the muddy, torn up track . . . the air was full of accentuated noises as the crowd made its way to the betting sheds.

At the microphone Johnny was telling the world that the only thing he asked of life now, that would be better than winning the Kentucky Derby, was to win it twice.

Bells Ring

ANONYMOUS

Written by a senior who requested her name not be published . . . . lest "people will think I'm crazy" . . . .

I came to school in a car. I had ridden in cars before, but I had never been to college before. The car ran fast, because my brother drove that way. My brother is nice. I have not seen my brother for three years. He is to marry a girl in June. I have never seen this girl, but I know her brother. Bells will ring when they get married. Then they are coming home, and I will see both of them. I will not be at school then. I will be at home.

I had been here ten minutes when a bell rang. Bells often ring around here, you know. When bells ring, my ears tingle. I love to feel my ears tingle. I also love to eat ice cream. Ears tingling and ice cream remind me of Thursday night, though we have ice cream on Sundays, too. Many kinds of bells ring on Sundays. I went to church the first Sunday I was here. It was not the first time I'd ever been to church. I always went to Sunday school at home. My Sunday school teacher could not play the piano, but she has a daughter who got married, and the bells rang.

When I went to church on the first Sunday, I did not hear the bells ring. The preacher talked about devils. He made me sure I'd never hear bells anymore. Then I did hear a bell that very night. It was a fire bell. Girls ran down the halls in pajamas. Their pajamas were too thin for a night when the bells were so clear. Many girls had thrown blankets around them, and lots of people had their hair rolled up with bobby-pins. girls look ugly when they go to bed. But fire bells do not always ring at night. I like girls with curly hair.

I was looking at my teacher one day. She said smart things. Her dress was long and droopy. She was smart. I wondered what made her smart and why bells rang. A bell has a funny little thing inside it to hit against the sides, but so do clocks, and clocks aren't bells. I hate alarm clocks. I can't sleep then. And I think of bells when I can't sleep. I like to sleep. I like to stay awake most though.

I wake up by a bell. I eat by a bell, but I don't eat much, because I'm waiting for another bell to ring. And bells do ring. They tell us what to do when a bell rings. If we are late, someone wrings our necks instead of the bells. It's no fun to hear a neck wring. It's like trains going fast, and trains have bells.

When people say "bats in the belfry" that's what they mean. They always hear bells—and it is the same principle in the psychology department. But there's the chapel bell now—and I must go, because I must graduate and get a job. Then I'll hear bells forever and ever.

SENIORS of 39

by K. S. Roberts

Ebo

Bright brown eyes - a happy lass, —
She's the 'prexy' of our class!

Pattie

In a hurry - can't be late —
She's off to win a big debate!

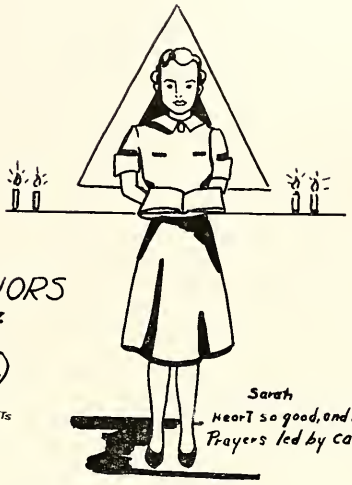
Jenny

Virginia

The A.A.'s really had some speed
With Carroll and Smith in the lead.

Marguerite –
Purple scarf around the head –
"Lights out, and go to bed!"

SENIORS
of
39
by
K.S. Roberts



Sarah
Heart so good, and hair so bright;
Prayers led by candle light.

Little Dugger Ficklen LeNoir

Behind the staff these three have stood
To make our publications good.

Cinquains

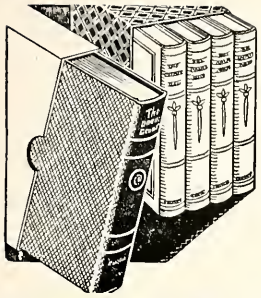
Turquoise,
Whipped into fury
By the wild, screaming gale
Heaves up with wayward abandon, then—
Recedes.

Marching
Through silver skies
In velvet boots of white,
The snowflakes tread to trumpets of
Silence.

ANNIE RUTH BAIRD

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
Though wearily you plod.
Spin carefully
Spin prayerfully
But leave the thread with God.

MARGARET BLACK



BOOKS of VIRGINIA

SIDELIGHTS ON SOUTHERN HISTORY—

By Mary H. Flournoy, Dietz Press, Richmond, Virginia. 1939, Pp. 259.

MRS. MARY H. FLOURNOY in her new book, ***Sidelights on Southern History,*** gives some very interesting side lights on the history of the South. Instead of expounding the glories of the South and renewing old prejudices concerning "the war", Mrs. Flournoy brings out the fact that—"the greatest effect that Southern men and women have had on the life of our nation has been through their mode of living. Whatever criticisms the civilization of the Old South may have to bear, it was a civilization in which men were honorable and women were pure; it had mellowness and repose, warmth and humor. And strange though it may seem, it had the broad sense of the world which comes, paradoxically from a comparative retirement from the world."

"Civilization," says Mrs. Flournoy, "flowers in the arts." From her most careful citations covering painting, architecture, music, drama, etc., we are led to believe that the South was many years ahead of its time. The South was the first to have this, that, and the other in one of the arts.

In education, too, the South made early strides.

Sidelights on Southern History is a collection of prize-winning papers written by Mrs. Mary H. Flournoy of Lexington, Virginia, the Historian-General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The essays all have the general theme of Southern prominence and influence in the history of the United States, but each chapter deals with a different phase of Southern life. To Mrs. Flournoy goes praise for preserving parts of our Southern history—particularly the artistic part that has heretofore been overshadowed by "the war."

LeNoir Hubbard

THE LEES OF VIRGINIA—

By Burton J. Hendrick, Halcyon House, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City, 1935. $1.39.

TO read Burton J. Henderick's "Lees of Virginia" is to become acquainted with the history of Virginia during that period in which the Lees were prominent in their country. From the landing of the first Lee in 1640 to the rise of the Confederacy in 1861 there were few crises that did not find Lees in the foremost ranks. For two centuries they stood well at the top of Virginian life--one of the few aggressive clans which literally controlled the Old Dominion's richest possessions and exercised decisive political and social power.

Coming to Virginia in 1640, Richard Lee founded the famous line of Lees. His gift for public activity lasted through the fifth generation of the family, and from each of these generations one or more members contributed largely in service to his country. To quote John Adams—"The family of Lee has more men of merit in it than any other."

We find in the sixth generation, however, only one man who was politically outstanding. This was Henry Lee who betrayed

a promising childhood to become little more than a blot on the family name. Through him Stratford, long an estate in the family, was lost.

Today the Lees, we find, are "no longer great tobacco planters; they are in the main, gentlemen farmers, lawyers, merchants, city dwellers, sometimes pioneers in the country to the west."

The Lees of Virginia is rich in historical matter entertainingly presented, and is a flat denial of the somewhat outmoded conception that history affords only dry reading.

The author's mastery of the English language coupled with his vital style brings to us four hundred thirty-eight pages of delightful reading.

BECKIE SANDIDGE

The Beorc Eh Thorn awards for the best short story, poem, and essay appearing in THE COLONNADE *during the session of 1938-1939 will be announced on June 5 in the commencement number of* THE ROTUNDA

Hospitality

CHARLOTTE DAVIS

Today youth expects, asks, and receives with somewhat the attitude of "the world owes me a living" . . . . At least that is the attitude Andrew Miller's son-in-law had . . . .

"WELL, son, it seems like you're kinda down and out. Now I'm gonna put up a proposition to you and give you a chance." Andrew Miller stroked his thin, straggling, sandy moustache as he addressed his polished but jobless son-in-law who had just recently arrived from the city. Andrew wondered if he were doing the right thing. But after all something had to be done.

"Thanks, Dad, that sounds interesting to a man who has been out of work for several months. I tell you times are hard. I'd be glad to get anything to do until things pick up in the city. I'm willing to work, but I can't find a job. I'm not going to worry, however; something will turn up before long." His gold-crowned teeth shone in the morning sun and he hastened to tell a joke. He laughed as though his cares had flown with the September breeze.

Miller's laughter was brief.

"You young 'uns talk of hard times but you don't know nothing." He said, slowly at first, "Why, when I was married I warn't but 17 years old, and all I had left after the license was bought was $2.00 and a log cabin down by the river on my Pa's old plantation. He let me have one old lame mule to start farming with, but the mule took sick before I'd finished my spring plowing. I tell you son, I ain't never liked a mule since."

"You really had a streak of bad luck, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't let that stop me long. Folks these days don't know what hard times is like. Look at you—no job, no home, no land; but you got a car. How you kin run it when your wife and baby ain't hardly got bread to eat is more than I kin see. You oughta sell that durn thing and hire yourself out for wages, if it ain't no more than fifty cents a day." The old man now spoke with vigor and stooped to pick up a chip from the woodpile to whittle.

"You don't understand the situation," said the younger man. "I must have a car to go around and look for a job. Besides, a car is a necessity these days, especially from a social standpoint. I can't bury myself alive. I must have contacts with other people."

"You might need 'em — whatever they are, but that there is one more kind of tacks than I ever heerd of before. I'm a honest man, and I've done managed to live without 'em. You ain't struck rock bottom yet, but in my 'pinion you ain't got fur to go."

"Be reasonable, Dad. A young man today can't do as one could in your day. Things have changed. It takes more to live on. Why it's absurb to talk of a grown man working for fifty cents a day! He'd be a fool. But let's get down to that proposition you were going to make me." He lit a cigarette and puffed away in silence waiting impatiently for the old man to speak. Miller looked across his broad acres with their waving corn and velvety cotton. He thought of his barns of tobacco and of the work that he and his tenants had done since spring. What kind of man was this Yankee son-in-law to be talking so big to him? Was he worth making a proposition to? Yes, for his daughter's sake he would try to overlook the young man's sass. To think that he had educated her and then she went off and married a fellow like Ed. They had never bothered to visit him until they were down and out. He couldn't exactly kick them out. After all, he was human. Miller was a thin spare man with high cheek bones and a red nose. His sandy hair was greying rapidly. Slowly he

Continued on Page 29

Personal Adventure

I longed for adventure with all my soul;
I cared not the cost, for my heart was bold.
I met you at the grocer's down on Twenty-third;
You were puzzling over onions, and my heart was stirred
I bought a bunch of carrots that I didn't need at all
Just because they lay so yellow in a near-by stall.

The crisp white curtain gaily flutters and prances;
The sun on the new-wiped glasses glistens and dances.
The well-filled kettle sings a strange new air.
I'm waiting for you, darling, by your favorite chair.
The tale is as new as it ever was old;
I have found adventure for my heart was bold.

RUTH HUBARD

When I Was a Princess

Alpha Lee Garnett

"No Royalty ever felt so important . . . .
It was just like walking in a dream." . . . .

IT was raining—big distressing drops—drops big enough to dampen anyone's spirit, but I was too excited to worry about rain.

As we stopped before the Southern Inn a big, cheery, black butler came running down the steps to hand me the largest and most engulfing umbrella I had ever seen. With a last wave to Jane, who had been nice enough to give me a ride to Winchester, I stepped forth under my tent-like covering—just plain Alpha Lee. When I emerged from under it on the porch, I was a princess. Such a thrill! Such glamour and excitement for the next two days!

All of us princesses were together, and it really was one royal house party. It wasn't long before we were all friends and discussing the amazing situation in which we found ourselves.

We decided a good night's sleep would be best; we really planned to get it, but we could not refrain from ordering our hats and trying them on—all of us being completely "de-faced" and ready for bed. You can imagine the results when we looked into the mirror. It was woefully late when we finally climbed into bed.

We had hardly fallen asleep, it seemed, before there was a knock on the door, and some one said, "It's eight o'clock." At nine the bus was to leave for the orchards where we were to have our pictures taken.

Such scrambling around as we did! At that early hour to go tripping out to the bus in a long, flowing pink net dress and large pink picture hat gave one a most unusual feeling.

But then came our first big thrill. To have two police escorts with us, blowing their sirens and clearing a right of way for us through the traffic, and to wave to the staring people and zoom through red lights just as if they weren't even there was almost too much for me to conceive.

After tramping through an orchard, we caught our first glimpse of the Queen, Genevieve Garner, granddaughter of the Vice-President. She was darling! Then we went to the Handley High school to practice for the Coronation. There we got our first sight of the V. M. I. Cadets. All of us kept our fingers crossed, as we wondered which one would be our date for the dance that night.

The Coronation took place that afternoon on the steps of the imposing building of the Handley High School. It was lovely. The Queen really looked regal in her white ruffled net dress with her long gold cape and green crown! The princesses were lined up the steps with cadets from Massanutten as partners. They really did look lovely in their picture hats and large arm bouquets of spring flowers. The royal party marched down to special reserved seats to observe the pageant.

And such a pageant as it was! In a few moments Mother Goose, the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, dozens of Humpty Dumpties, and Little Miss Muffets appeared. The dances were sprite-like, especially the apple blossom one. I have never seen such a riot of color and such grace as the children had.

At the tea dance, I met my Cadet, and he was tall, dark, and attractive—and gobs of fun.

The dance that night was more than exciting. After the figure each cadet introduced his princess to the Queen. No one started dancing until the queen and her escort had danced for a few minutes. The rest of the royal party followed suit and for a few minutes we were the only ones on the floor—such elegance! Then the ball was

officially opened to the public. In two seconds one could scarcely move. Never have I seen such a jam session. A group of us finally compromised and wedged our way up to the orchestra to watch the drummer in Ben Bernie's band. He was simply supreme!

By one-thirty we were so dead tired that Andy and I decided to go with another couple and sit in our special bus—thinking how clever we were. You can imagine our surprise to find that many other couples had been quicker and the bus was practically full. It was a gay crew and before long with much singing and with sirens blowing we pulled up before the Southern Inn.

As it was only two-thirty, we decided the evening was much too young to go in. We hopped into a taxi and went to a most attractive place called Yorks. If you ever go to Winchester, be sure to visit York's. It has atmosphere, and red checkered tablecloths. The next day, before the parade, a luncheon was given to us by Mrs. DeGrange. As we drove up to her home and alighted from the bus, candid cameras were everywhere and crowds lined the sidewalk. An official photographer was there also, and after much posing for group pictures, we were served luncheon.

I must have beamed with joy when, with three other princesses, I was invited to the table with the Queen and her Maids of Honor, Mrs. Garner, her mother, Mrs. Byrd, the mother of Tom, Dick and Harry, and Mrs. Garner, the wife of the Vice-President. The table was simply beautiful with its three gorgeous bowls of white lilacs and red roses. The other princesses sat at gayly decked card tables.

The parade was to be at two o'clock. After lunch we were whisked away to get on our float. The weather being cold and damp, we all wore our wraps. But neither rain nor cold could down us. We were too excited for that.

The streets were thronged with a gay holiday crowd. To be one in a parade rather than one of the onlookers was a new experience and one I'll never forget.

The first two floats were those of the Queen and her Princesses. We reached the reviewing stands about three and for two hours watched the gorgeous floats and colorful bands and cadet corps pass by.

Randolph-Macon Academy won us all. They faced us, knelt, took off their caps and placed them over their hearts in salute. We felt too important for words. Although a band usually passes by where I'm standing and starts playing two blocks down, on this occasion each band started playing just as it approached us.

While the people asked for autographs, more cameras appeared and we were made to feel as though we were really royalty. No European princess could have felt more important.

As I was struggling to get down from the float by way of a dainty green ladder, with a man on either side, and with my hands full of pink net skirt, a voice asked me if I would give my name and where I was from. As I did so, I realized I was talking into a microphone. Honestly, that was too much! Glamorous things had been happening too fast. But this time I was simply walking in a dream.

The dance that night ended all too soon, for with it ended my royalty. Never, however, will I be able to forget the wonderful experience of once having been a princess.

A Song in Her Heart

Charlotte Morton

Real happiness comes from sacrificing those things we want the most for the sake of other people . . . .

MIRIAM stood by the rather dirty schoolroom window, looking out into the bleak, November day. The slanting rays of sun fell on her hair, and she hunched her shoulder even more forlornly than before, and rested her arms on the window sill.

So this was to have been her perfect day, her glorious day. It was on this day she had thought she would be whirling away faster and faster from the school room and all it stood for. For a moment she allowed herself to become overwhelmed in self-pity. All those weeks and months when she had labored so hard for the scholarship, and then in the moment of triumph to have it snatched away.

She recalled the night after her triumph, when she had planned and dreamed those beautiful things she would accomplish in New York. Oh, yes, she would work hard, do everything they told her, and then she would be able to put into song all the things that were in her heart—the longings, heartaches, and the ecstasy of a joy fulfilled.

All that was over now. Glancing down, she saw the envelope containing the withdrawal from the scholarship. It was written neatly now, thanks to the numbers of pages she had thrown away splashed with her tears.

Why did she postpone mailing the letter any longer? She knew she had it to do; that she must do it. Ever since Tim had fallen from the running board of that car, she had known in her heart that this must be. When the doctor had verified her fears, she had not been surprised—merely accepting it as a statement of fact. Without her salary, meager as it was, the operation was impossible. Her widowed mother, even if she sewed day and night, would never be able to earn enough for the added expense.

"Tim, oh Tim, why did you do it?" she cried. "You know we've always told you not to ride on the outside." Heedless youth—and then she remembered the things she had done—the expense her father had just finished paying before his death. As clearly as yesterday, she remembered roller skating down that steep hill, when she had been told often enough not to. Her arm had been twisted, as well as broken, and her father's gentle smile had never reproached her. Perhaps he might have been able to go into partnership with Mr. Neale if it had not been for her.

And then, as though he were standing beside her, she heard him say, "Carry on, Miriam, for me."

Lights twinkled in the village below—friendly—beckoning lights. How long had she been standing here? She must hurry home and help with the supper—sing Tim to sleep, Tim—with his pleading and grateful eyes.

Oh, the letter. She'd mail it at the corner. No one must ever know what it cost her to write that letter — how it wrenched to mail it.

Taking a last look at the cold room to make certain all was well, she locked the door and slipped the key into her pocket. And that must also lock the secret in her heart. She smiled, for already she was seeing Tim in her mind's eye swinging along with an athletic stride. She turned, and with a smile on her lips and a song in her heart, started down the hill to the little home in the village below.

"Let No Bird Call"

If there were one bit more sunshine,
One whiter cloud than those in yonder blue,
If there were one more bird song—
One redder rose, my heart would break in two.

The beauty of this day's so great it hurts,
With that glad kind of pain so sweet to know,
If one bit more of loveliness, I see,
Mad with wild ecstasy I'll surely go.

KATHERINE ROBERTS

Light Denied

Mary Rice

"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?" . . . .
Read this thrilling story of a doctor who found the answer . . . .

Jackson Hospital
Newton, Illinois
April 26, 1939

Dear Catherine,

Our duties here at the hospital are easier in the spring, for somehow the patients grow brighter when the daffodils begin to bloom.

Just this spring we have had a real transformation here in Jackson Hospital. The story may be tiresome to you, but I am going to tell it anyway.

On our staff was a young doctor, not particularly brilliant but promising as a surgeon. One day while he was performing an operation, he called for relief. Another doctor, Dr. Higgenbolt, quietly took the knife just in time to save the patient's life. In trying to explain it later, Jack, for that was the young doctor's name, said that everything blurred before him, and that he could not be certain whether he was cutting in exactly the right spot. An examination revealed that Jack was rapidly losing his sight, and that nothing could save him.

The shock of this news brought him to a state of mental and physical collapse so great that he himself became a patient in Jackson Hospital. Day by day he grew bitter—so bitter that he begged us to give him something to end his life, saying that instead of breaking the Code of Hippocrates, we would be doing an act of mercy. Eventually he became a torment to all of us here, and yet we pitied him.

Finally, Dr. Higgenbolt, a fatherly old soul, discovered that Jack had been interested in music during most of his life. One day he questioned Jack about his music. In his cynical way, the invalid replied that he had forgot all his music; besides, he didn't care anything about it now.

One day, weeks later, Dr. Higgenbolt led him to the sunroom, seated him at the piano, and left him. Finally, he touched the keys accidentally. Startled, he sat as if in a dream. Then he worked his fingers as if to test their nimbleness. Somehow he suddenly realized that the agile fingers of a surgeon might be useful at the piano. His countenance lighted up, and he struck the first notes of Beethoven's Minuet in G. He made a few minor mistakes here and there, but he played with great feeling.

Somehow, as he played on an on—one selection after another, he seemed to lose himself in the music. As the days went on, he practiced regularly. It made him forget his own bitterness. At last, the hospital officials realized that though he was just mediocre as a surgeon, he was gifted as a musician.

At night we often took convalescing patients to hear him play. One night—I shall never forget it—after he had played what several of us had requested, he asked if he might play his own favorite hymn, "Sun of My Soul." As he played, he sang the words almost as if to himself:

"Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if thou be near."

It must have come to him then that there could be light for him, for from there on his mental sickness changed to mental rapture.

Now he is learning to play the pipe organ, and has begun some original compositions. Furthermore, he has a small music class.

Perhaps this account has seemed tiresome to you, but to watch a soul rise from despair to hope has been a revelation to me.

I am looking forward to seeing you in July.

Affectionately,
Martha.

Opposites Attract — Well, Maybe

Continued from Page 11

"Well, Jim," Wayne turned to the grinning clerk. "High class aren't we? Say, has the new book by Zane Grey come in yet? Swell! I'll take it. No, you're all wet, Jim; betcha five to one the Boston Dodgers will run away with the Chicago Clubs tomorrow!"

"What is your occupation?"
"I used to be an organist."
"Why did you give it up?"
"The monkey died."

* * * *

"Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?"

"A Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman."

Hospitality

Continued from Page 21

shifted his wad of tabacco from one jaw to the other and spoke.

"You been speaking kinda hasty, ain't you, Ed? It's a heap easier to talk big than it is to work big. You ain't just the kind of man I thought you was, but I ain't going back on my word. I was going to say that you and Esther could stay here with me if you'd work in the crops and make yourself handy 'bout bringing wood and water and sich. 'Course, since you warn't here in the spring you won't get a heap of cash, but you'll still get your board and sich change as you need for smokin' tobacco and little things. Ain't no need for much money 'round here. If you stay at home and tend to your work, ain't no time left for running all over the country."

Ed tossed his cigarette from him with an air of scorn. Miller read the look on his face and spat contemptuously.

Ed left the next day to look for a W. P. A. job that would pay not less than $100.00 per month. The Federal Government owed that much to him!

Miss Hattie

Continued from Page 8

with difficulty, "Thank you for telling me, Dad."

Once upstairs she fell across the bed. It was two hours before she began to cry.

* * * * *

After this Hattie always refused to see Lee Howard whenever he came. His letters were all returned unopened, and finally he went back to Illinois to work. Less than a year after he left, Colonel Caldwell died.

* * * * *

There is Miss Hattie over in the garden now helping Mrs. Caldwell out to the hammock. Her hair is white as her mother's, but her eyes are as steady and blue as ever.

Chips *Picked Up By - - - - - - Burton*

Lady: "Gee, it's tough to pay fifty cents a pound for meat."

Butcher: "Yeah, and it's a lot tougher when you pay twenty-five."

—Collegian

* * *

The only time you'll see a blushing bride these days is when the groom doesn't show up. —Spartan

* * *

PESSIMIST'S SONG

I do not know, I do not care
How far it is to anywhere,
I only know that where I'm not
Is always an alluring spot.

—Columbus

* * *

Junior: "What year is this for you?"
Senior: "Fifth."
Junior: "Taking your master's?"
Senior: "Naw! Just takin' my time."

—Gander

* * *

"My poor uncle, he plays the accordion every night and cries like a baby."

"Why? Does he play sad music?"

"No, the accordion keeps pinching his stomach." —Punch Bowl

* * *

My love have flew; him done me dirt;
I did not knew him were a flirt.
To you unschooled, oh let I bid,
Do not be fooled as I was did!
He have come, he have went,
He have left I all alone,
He can never came to I
I can never went to he
Woe are I—it cannot was!

—The Log

* * *

"Dear, I've set my heart on a Rolls Royce."

"Yes? Well, that's the only part of your anatomy that'll ever set on one."

—Octopus

"John, I'm sure I heard a mouse squeak."

"Well, do you want me to get up and oil it?"

* * *

The Spartan youth used to return with his shield or on it.

The modern youth returns with the windshield or through it. —Columns

* * *

And then there was the cynical editor who wanted jokes "preferably humorous."

* * *

Cast your glimpse on Nellie Green
Funniest gal you've ever seen
She's got a neck like an old smoke stack
Not as long, but just as black.

—The Log

Chollie: I was all bwoke up ovah a girl once.

Miss Knox: Oh, I see! Some of the pieces were lost.

* * *

Hook: I understand he married a cool million.

Cook: Yes. But he has been complaining ever since; he hasn't been able to thaw any of it out.

* * *

BONERS FROM A COLLEGE CLASS—

Q.: Tell something about Marconi.

A.: It is used to make a delicious pudding.

Q.: What is the Matterhorn?

A.: It's a horn that used to be blowed when anything was the matter.

Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution.

Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine, or neuter.

* * *

Professor of Science: When the leaves turn red in the fall is it because they are blushing for being so green all summer?

Freshman: No, they turned red because Jack Frost kissed them.

* * *

Johnny, bringing his father to class with him: Well, here he is, teacher.

Teacher: We are glad to have your father with us, but what is the object of such a visit, Johnny?

Johnny: Oh, I brought him for the "Pop Quiz." —Old Maid

* * *

Mae: How do you like this chimney sweeping job?

Joe: Oh, it soots me. —Buccaneer

* * *

He: Let's go to the drugstore and get a "dope"?

She: I have one!

* * *

Who yuh shovin'?

Dunno, what's your name?

—Mad Hatter

* * *

"Where you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir", she said.

"What, in that dress?"

"No, in this pail."

The Chesterfield glove, created by New York's smart designer Merry Hull...

Original and different too is Chesterfield's way of combining the world's best tobaccos to bring out the finer qualities of each. It's the *Chesterfield way* and that's why Chesterfields are milder than other cigarettes. They also have a better taste and more *pleasing* aroma. Chesterfields really satisfy.

Chesterfield

HAND-AND-GLOVE WITH MORE SMOKING PLEASURE