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The Colonnade, Volume ll Number 2, January 1940

Longwood University

STATE·TEACHERS·COLLEGE·

The COLONNADE

FARMVILLE·VIRGINIA·

January, 1940

GOOD FRIENDS AGREE—

"THERE'S EXTRA PLEASURE . . AND EXTRA SMOKING IN CAMELS!"

NORTH, East, South, West, you'll hear the same story: One true yardstick of cigarette pleasure is *slow* burning! Kenneth E. (Nick) Knight *(below, left)* confirms the experience of millions of smokers when he says: "One of the first things I noticed about Camels was their slow burning. I figure that's why Camels smoke so much cooler, milder and taste so much better. Camels last longer, too." Howard McCrorey agrees on Camel's slow burning, and adds: "To me that means extra pleasure and extra smoking per pack."

Yes, the *costlier tobaccos* in Camels are *slower-burning!* And of course the extra smoking in Camels *(see right)* is just that much more smoking pleasure at its best—*Camel's costlier tobaccos!* Enjoy extra pleasure and extra value in America's No. 1 cigarette...Camels!

CAMELS—LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Cigarettes were compared recently...sixteen of the largest-selling brands...under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF... MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. II JANUARY, 1940 NO. 2

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The Columns

Congratulations . . .

The Colonnade staff takes great pleasure in announcing to its readers that the first prize of $5.00 has been awarded to Ernestine Meacham for her short story, "Entrance to Life", which appears in this issue. Ernestine is a junior and contributed to ***The Farmville Quarterly Review*** in her freshman year in college. The second prize of $3.00 went to Nancy Saunders, a freshman, for her "Turning Wheel", which will appear in the March issue of this magazine. The third prize of $1.00 was awarded to Jack Cock, another junior, for her "From a Magnolia Tree." This story will probably appear in the spring issue. Honorable mention went to Harriet Cantrell for "Work of Art" and "Home Coming" and to Marian Harden for "These Hands I Give."

There were some twenty-five or thirty stories entered in the contest. However, only a comparatively small number met the unwritten requirements of the short story as to length, plot, and character development.

The staff wishes to express its appreciation to the students whose contributions made the contest possible, and to Mr. James Grainger, Miss Lucile Jennings, Helen Reiff, Allene Overbey, and Emil Ellis who judged the stories.

Behind the Pen . . .

Dr. Francis B. Simkins speaks in this issue on the great problem of inefficiency in teacher-training schools and offers his solution in the article entitled "Teacher Training and Culture" . . . Miss Everett MacGowan, a summer school alumna, backs her story with the actual experience of many years abroad where she has been housekeeper for her brother who is in military service . . . Peggy Hughes, a sophomore, makes her grand entre by having two stories in this issue . . . You remember Mary Mahone and Helen Gray from their contributions in the November issue. Well, they're back again! And Anna Johnson gives you a tabloid short story, while Harriet Cantrell, winner of last year's Beore eh Thorn prize, gives you "Work of Art" . . . Virginia Barksdale, a sophomore bows . . . Frances Pritchard picked up the Chips for this issue . . . The books were reviewed by Mary Mahone, Helen Jefferies, and the Editor . . . New contributions in the line of poetry are Lorraine Swingle, Nancy Moore, Betty Hardy, Edith Nunnally—old contributors include the poetry editors, Bess Windham, Dorothy Wright, and Frances Hudgins.

About Other Things . . .

We call the attention of our contributors to the announcement of ***The Red Book*** contest on page 20. At least three or four stories will be entered by ***The Colonnade.*** Could you use $500.00? Then let us have your very best stories in these next two issues!

The picture on the cover is the Rotunda entrance taken in recent snow.

Thank you, for your criticisms last time! This is your magazine, you know, and it's your duty to tell us what you think.

Johnny Lybrook

P. S.—Sympathetic understanding to the Alumnae magazine staff!

Teacher Training and Culture

Francis B. Simkins

Students of Teachers Colleges are not "dumber" than students in other colleges.

"TEACHERS colleges, it must sadly be admitted, are poor in the brains and distinction of their faculties and in the abilties of their students." This is the discomforting opinion of Mr. Edward R. Embree, President of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. Indeed it is a startling accusation when one considers the accomplishments of American schools, most of whose teachers are graduates of teachers colleges.

Under the direction of these teachers the public schools have in certain directions made notable progress. Techniques for carrying light into backward social and geographical areas have been developed. Millions of all classes and races have been taught to read and to use intelligently the applications of modern science. In the vocations and the applied sciences, American institutions of higher learning have registered great triumphs. Indeed, so highly standardized are the schools of law, medicine, and engineering that there is scarcely a poor one left. The teachers colleges cannot be omitted from this record of achievement. They have accomplished their immediate purpose. They teach how to teach; they equip their students with the techniques necessary for professional proficiency.

Mr. Embree's criticism, however, assumes validity when it is realized that the accomplishments of American education have been largely of a practical character. The higher, more subtle, and less directly useful aspects of learning have been vainly offered the masses; furthermore, the public schools, in recent years, have rationalized this failure by loading their programs with trivialities. This accusation becomes fundamentally serious when it is realized that it is achievements in literature, pure science, philosophy, and the fine arts that have given the great aristocracies, nations, and races of history the distinctions which justify their dominance over their inferiors. If the common people desire to participate fully in modern progress, they must learn to appreciate and practice these aristocratic distinctions. For them to dominate without this accomplishment would carry society toward barbarism. It is the duty of the public schools to protect society against such a retrogression.

In the inculcation of the higher appreciations and practices, the so-called institutions of higher learning have made failures almost as grievous as those of the public schools. Somehow they are deficient in achievements which give quality and distinction to a progressive society. The supposedly enlightened have not seized the opportunity to lead the less cultured. Graduation from one of the nation's most distinguished colleges is no guarantee that the student understands or appreciates or even tolerates any one of the great arts or sciences. It is not even a guarantee that he likes to read good books. The imagination has not been stimulated in the direction of original achievements.

The teacher-training colleges have been more glaringly unsuccessful in the development of the higher culture than have the other colleges and universities. The teachers colleges have not compelled their numerous students to master those aristocratic distinctions which must become the property of the masses of men if democracy is to succeed. As Mr. Embree suggests, they have few productive scholars or scientists or creative artists among their teachers. Talented students are not enveloped in an atmosphere which compels a normal appreciation of liberal culture. Prejudice and even hostility against the humanities and the pure sciences are manifest. Such Philis-

tinism is understandable among the original low-brows—among those whose main satisfaction is the attainment of mere physical comfort. But why it is tolerated among prospective teachers is difficult to understand. Yet it does exist even among those whose mission is supposed to be the conversion of others to higher standards of culture. The situation is not dissimilar to that of the banker who hates money or of the farmer who does not like to grow crops.

This criticism of teacher-training schools, however, becomes constructive when it is realized that the fault is not beyond remedy. The students of these colleges are not cursed with a biological equipment inferior to that of the students of colleges dominated by a less commonplace standard of instruction. The defect is historical and environmental. It grows in part from teaching in the first normal schools the same subject matter taught in the elementary schools instead of teaching subject matter on the college level. Another explanation is the failure of the teaching profession to develop pedagogy into a science comparable to the sciences of the other learned professions, and to the failure of other branches of education to give teacher-training proper respect. It is due also in part to the emphasis on the practical at the expense of the things of the mind and the spirit. It is true that to change cultural attitudes is more difficult than to change mechanical and physical circumstances. But environments do change, and the changes possible in cultural relations are no exception to this rule.

There are many ways through which the atmosphere of teacher-training institutions can be elevated. More money can be given them; child study can be made more scientific; more respect can be demanded from other types of schools. Greater emphasis can be placed on literature and the arts. A passion for a new kind of esthetic righteousness can be developed similar to that which the professors of an earlier generation bestowed upon the moral and religious virtues. There should be a crusade against a self-satisfied contempt for those thoughts and attitudes making for higher learning.

As a teacher of the social sciences, I offer modest ventures in the fields of scholarly research as an aid in this battle. All that is required to effect achievements of this kind is the industry to collect facts, the intelligence to classify these collections, and the imagination to interpret these classifications. Doing these things is not the highest order of literary endeavor, nor is it the most difficult. An examination of the published results of the Honors Courses at Princeton, Harvard, and Smith demonstrate what effectively trained undergraduates can do in this type of research. Such endeavors have distinct advantages in the development of the mind and in the promotion of a true respect for the things of the intellect. The student is given experience in the discovery of truths; he is given the satisfaction which comes from mental innovation; and he is made a thorough master of at least one segment of human experience. It is doubtful whether one can be called well educated unless one has passed through the ordeal of scholarly or experimental research.

Critics answer the proposal of such research endeavors by saying that the students of schools so culturally timid as teacher-training institutions cannot follow in the footsteps of the great Eastern colleges. The answer is that students of teachers colleges are not inherently inferior to those of other institutions. They may not have a background of preparatory education in select academies, but in general they have the same capabilities as students who have been required to graduate from Groton or Andover in order to enter college. They are as bright, as intelligent, and as energetic. They do things to express their abundant energies. They merely lack the proper encouragement for a more liberal practice of the higher learning. They need to be surrounded by the atmosphere and the tools of original investigation. If this is done, they, like the students of the select liberal arts colleges, can produce essays embodying the findings of scholarly research. These essays may not in themselves be of great importance, but they will be symbols of a significant experience. They will demonstrate that the prospective teacher has the attitude of intellectual and artistic enterprise. This form of research

Continued on Page 32

Entrance to Life

ERNESTINE MEACHAM

In a kind of Wonderland that even Alice didn't find!

My ownest own Mary!

How we've missed you since you left, and how hard I've wished for some good angel to spirit you back to us! Don't ever stop believing in fairies and miracles and all wonderful things, for they're all still in the world waiting for someone to happen to. You'd never guess what has happened to me! And though I know you'll be back in two more days, I positively can't wait that long to tell you all about it.

After seeing you off on the bus, Barbara and I shopped awhile downtown before going out to the house. When we finally got home, we found things in such a stir as you never saw—you'd have thought there was a wedding, a birth, and a reception in the offing! Mina was darting here and there making phone calls, Mommy was pressing yards and yards of delicious pink net. Fay was collecting silver slippers and evening bags; and everybody was telling me at the same time that I was going to a big dance at Mina's college with her and Tommy. As I hurried through supper, I learned that Mina and Tommy had got a date for me with a Robin Somebody, a friend of Tommy's; that the pink gown was for me to wear, as were the silver slippers and the dainty, pearl-sprinkled bag; that I had only one hour in which to bathe and dress. All the time I was protesting vigorously that I didn't want any old date to take me to any old dance, 'cause I was scared to death to go where all those people were, and I couldn't dance, I was being hustled through a bath, dressed, waved and curled, rouged, and perfumed. Barbara was on her knees, snipping extra inches off the bottom of my billowy skirt, Mother was trying to persuade me that this was what I'd always wanted and for goodness' sake to go on and enjoy a Cinderella evening, and I was prancing unhappily and declaring with every puffing breath that I was ***not*** going to that dance. Then Mina came in saying excitedly that the boys were down stairs. She brought in two breath-taking corsages — Tommy had brought her favorite Talisman roses, and "that boy" had selected two perfect gardenias in a setting of six soft pink rose-buds and dewy feather-fern for me. Oh, I loved it! Not quite so reluctant now, but shaken and scared, I felt myself a moth caught in a swirl of pink net with bewitching sparkles on the top — what top there was to it! I was being led down to face two frightening spiders. Tommy's familiar freckled grin made it easier for "Miss Bonny Sheffield" to meet "Mr. Robin Gray's" dark eyes and friendly smile; it even made it easier to grin at Tommy's teasing "My, the infant *is* bonny tonight, isn't she? And would you look at the beauty of Mina mine!"

But by the time I had stumbled over my dress twice and bumped my head getting into the car, I was ready to inform this Robin person emphatically that I'd go into the gym, so he could get in on my bid, and that I'd introduced him to any girls I knew

there; but dingbust it! I wouldn't dance a step! He only smiled and asked quietly how I liked my flowers. Sniffing in their "pretty smell", I had to say they were the most exquisite I'd ever seen. But I quickly resumed my belligerent attitude, and the closer we got to the dance the harder I balked. He never paid the slightest attention to my fussing, but I noticed with satisfaction that the kind look in his eye gave way to a sterner one as his jaw squared determinedly. Did you every try to carry on a spat all alone, while the other party smiled and answered pleasantly? Well, don't—it's maddening!

Oh, it was beautiful and painfully exciting to arrive at the entrance to one's first college dance (first of any kind for me) and to mingle with young ladies and men transformed by evening clothes into people just out of a novel! And with an attentive escort, too! The heroines of my fireside-corner adventures into life had experienced many such thrills, but I never had. And, Mary, no one but you—and, I think, Robin—will ever know how terrified I was. He must have sensed my impulse to dash away from all of it, because he clasped my hand firmly and held me to his side till we were inside. He ignored my pleading looks, and after we had gone down the receiving line, turned to me for his dance. You know I've danced with you girls, but never with a man before. However, Robin being rather a determined chap, Bonny danced. It was awful. All over his toes, on my long skirt, into other couples! Finally, Mina came up to claim him, and I scrambled away, looking for partners for him. It was a girl-break, you know. Well, I kept him supplied. A different girl for nearly every dance. By intermission-time I had exhausted my list of acquaintances and was swamped with relief as we left the lighted building and drove toward White's.

Everything was gay and easy as we laughed and chatted over our sandwiches. Mina was in an elfish mood, and she and Tommy kept us chuckling the whole time with their ridiculous nonsense. Often I'd catch Robin's eyes on me with a deliciously disturbing expression in them, but I calmed myself thinking it was only my imagination. Because I'd not been out with any man before, here I was, making a mountain out of a molehill! As we left our booth to return, I carried out the scheme I'd been cooking up—I left my bag on the table. Then, when Tommy and Mina got out of the car to go into the gym, I exclaimed innocently, "Oh, my bag! Robin, would you mind too much going back for it? I hate to keep you two from the fun, though. Go on in, and we'll come later!" They went in, as we drove off.

I was determined this time. After getting my bag Robin drove out Grove Avenue toward Windsor Farms. Moonlight fell in lacy blue patterns on the snow that still lay on the open places. We were out in the country beyond the Country Club before he answered my taunting "Yanh, yanh! yanh! said the little fox!"

"Little fox nothing! Do you think I didn't see your little trick? Shucks! But I'd rather ride now myself. So there!" And he shot me a mischievous look.

That sort of made my feathers fall, and I couldn't come back at him. So I just made myself small in my corner and looked out the window. Pretty soon he turned off into a little side road and stopped the car in a sort of grove that smelled of pine and cedar. In the silver blue light, the snow sparkled softly on ground and tree, and we could almost hear the silence about us. Robin turned on the tiny radio, and low, lilting notes of a Strauss waltz danced out to meet the wee tinkle of icicles that hung near the frozen stream. We sat listening a few magic moments.

Then turning to me, Robin began half-jokingly, half seriously, "Young lady, you need a talking-to, and I'm going to administer it! First off, you're entirely too self-conscious for your own good, for no good reason whatever. You think you are the only one who has anything to worry about, just because you don't move exactly like other folks. Well, I'd like to know how many there are of us who don't have some defect! But you can't go into a self-centered shell—you have to have confidence in yourself and ***know*** that you are just as good as the other fellow. To put him at his ease and make him interested in you, you must think of

him and show your interest in him. Life is unkind to those who get bitter and warped. You, Bonnie-child, are too sweet to let yourself get that way. Go out with people—I don't mean go to dances and parties all the time, but take them for what they are—a part of life. We all have to live together."

"But, Robin, if I get so scared that I can't think of anything but *me,* how can I go among people? I've tried like everything often and often!"

"Why be scared? If you realize the other person has feelings just as you do, and is probably as uncomfortable as you, the only thing to do is to feel easy yourself and put him at ease. It's hard as heck to do, but I'll be with you every step now, and you'll try now—for me?" Oooh, Mary, I felt almost as if Heaven had opened up, and I could see an angel's smile, when he asked that, his hand on mine. His eyes looked so deep I could feel myself falling into their depth and swimming around—I had to swing onto the door handle, honest!

Just then, a tiny little rabbit scurried across the clearing. He stopped and sniffed inquisitively at the wheel of the car, rose up on his haunches and peered around uncertainly, then off he went, lickety-split into the wood.

"He's gone to tell Mrs. Molly Cotton-tail a monstrous something-or-other, with two giants in it, has landed right smack in the middle of their Winter-Wonderland!" I whispered ominously.

"Yes. And they'll have to warn Titania and all the fairies, so they won't come here to dance and play tonight, or they'll all be killed alive! We'd better leave before they get Giant Giro after us!" Robin answered glancing around worriedly. He started the car, and as we left, I was sure I saw little figures tiptoe cautiously out into the opening—Robin said it was Puck and Mustard-seed reconnoitering for their queen.

As we rode through the night, not caring for time or direction, Robby began telling me about himself. He lived with an uncle, who loved him as a son, and who had given him every advantage—education at Oxford, chance at Law, and, who when Robby had not taken to that profession, had helped him in other fields. The old man being as wealthy as he was restless, they traveled everywhere man could possibly travel, it seemed to me. Robby, when he saw how thirstily I drank in the things he told of Spain, Italy, and all the places he had seen, suggested that we take an imaginary trip together that very night.

"As long as I've known you—from afar", he said, (I never knew he knew me!) "I've wanted to have you see those places with me. Now, at last, we're watching the Statue of Liberty and the lights of New York dim away into nothing but mist, from the ship's rail—together! Let's go up forward and feel the wind and spray in our faces." And he drew me close to him, his arm warm around me.

Mary, the magic of that night hasn't left me! We rode bicycles through England and Scotland, turning into sidelanes and stopping in out-of-the-way places on the low green hills and in the meadows, speaking with peasants in small cottages; we climbed mountains, were lost for days in the snow of Norway and Sweden, and were found by guides eating with a family of ten—I milked a reindeer for supper there! In Switzerland we skied and yodeled, waiting for echoes of "I love you" to call back to us across the valleys. In Spain he begged me to let him fight a bullfight for me, but Ferdinand had left for Hollywood. I was afraid for him to fight a rough bull. We saw young girls, gaily decked in their best, walk around and around the Square in front of the Cathedral; soon young men would step up and ask their chaperones (old women of the family) if they might call. If a chaperone did not approve, no tears nor pleading from the girl could shake her will. In Italy we visited a fiesta (or whatever they call them) in honor of the Goddess of Fertility of the Grapevines. We saw bright-colored booths and stalls, clowns cutting capers, and merry girls and boys dancing in the squares. As we sailed for home from France, I had seen so much that even Robby's reminders of Jeanne d'Arc's birth place, Napoleon's palace, the Louvre, or the palace of Versailles couldn't make my tired head remember those wonders. By the time we reached New York again we were somewhere on Riverside Drive, and the car was standing

still where we could see the water. Snow was beginning to drift down again. Robby reached his hand out and smoothed the fur on my collar, gazing past me into the night.

"Nice kitty!" I murmured.

"No kitten at all!" he replied indignantly. "It's ermine. And you're queen, and I'm king of—all this." With a wide sweep of his arm, he took in the bend of the river and the wooded hill.

"Funny king!" I laughed. "Where's your crown?"

He felt his head with a comical expression. "Crown? Oh, yes, you knocked it off the other day when we were arguing about who was going to be head of our palace, and it's still in the shop. But never mind, little queen, I love you yet."

I threw my head back to look into his face and asked, "Even the way I am, you love me?" unbelievingly.

"Why, you crazy little girl! The way you are, I love you more than anything—more than if you weren't you!" Then, Mary, he kissed me.

Every step I've taken since then I've walked on tiptoe as softly as I could, so I wouldn't go through the rosy clouds. My foot nearly poked through when I learned Robby was a psychiatrist and was going to try to help me. But the night I asked him about it after a concert we attended together, he told me he'd seen me and known about me for a long time. He said he'd wanted to know me forever, it seemed. That really made me feel all sweet and wonderful, to be beloved just as is the privilege and right of every women. However, I'm not sure but my Robby had better stop psychiatry-ing and take up something-else-ing if he's going to fall in love with all his subjects!

Please hurry home and see if love and a new courage and faith in myself haven't made a different woman of

Your eager

Bonny

It Little Matters

It little matters how a man is painted—
Whether with red or yellow, black or white;
They are all colors God created
When He turned drenching darkness into light.
Open thine eyes, and let the thoughts that mar thy rightful vision
Escape, before thou findeth it too late.

ALIENE OVERBEY

Work of Art

Harriet Cantrell

"His face was drawn and fatigued, but he still bore the look of a man who had done his job well . . ."

THE hour was turning midnight, but the man still bent closely over his task. The curtains rose only halfway up the big plate glass windows of the establishment, and a neon sign from across the street cast alternating green and red shadows on his face—festive colors, incongruously stimulating his mounting inspiration in his work.

John West, funeral director, had almost finished preparing the horribly mutilated body of a young and beautiful woman. Within himself, he felt a sort of glowing pride. In his ten years of business in this small town, he had never had such a difficult case. His hours of toil had not been unsuccessful. The body of the woman had been unrecognizable when it had been brought in that morning, and now it had regained some human semblance—all life-like properties except that of its immortal soul.

John West dressed the figure carefully. The slight smile on the quiet face seemed to pass and come again in the flickering lights. He rearranged a small curl that had become misplaced. The very stillness of the figure held a sort of subtle grace, but even now the delicate features of the face were written across with selfish determination. A shallow soul had winged its flight away.

He regarded his completed task with a sort of impersonal disgust. John West, a stolid, dependable, upright citizen and a typical American husband, could not pass by lightly the breaking of an age-old law, or the weakness of character that his object portrayed. The consequences were heavy and swift. A misty night, a winding road and a speeding roadster were the instuments to decide her fate. The car had overturned down a steep embankment, leaving little chance for its occupants. The man had been killed, too. His famliy had taken his body home to a little upstate town.

John West could not understand it—any of it. He knew intimately of the lives of others like these. It was difficult to follow this train of events. She was too beautiful to have had her vanity and love of admiration destroy her life. What reason, too, had there been to punish her two small children? Her too-indulgent husband had not deserved this. Circumstance had inserted her wanton hand. With varying thoughts as companions, John West sat placidly by the casket. His face was drawn and fatigued, but he still bore the look of a man who had done his job well.

The day came, grey and wet, with a sullen gloom cast over the countryside. Last minute preparations were hurriedly made. Few were at the church, fewer still at the cemetery. These simple people did not feel kindly toward this woman who had been killed with her lover, who had neglected her children and her kind husband. John West stood beside the open grave and heard the last words pronounced over the body. He turned away to leave, but hesitated, lingered a moment. He heard the earth falling with dull thuds. This, then, was the end. This was final. He walked on.

As he moved toward his shabby car, several groups turned as if to speak, to question perhaps, but turned away again. Then an arm was laid around his shoulders; a friend's voice said, "John, old man, I'm so sorry for you and for your two motherless babies!"

Twin Gardens

The morning chores that called to me are done,
And rooms that buzzed mechanically are still.
The family reads or rests, but breezes till
The richest soil of my heart; and there for fun,
They plant a garden facing to the Sun
Where soon the flowerets burst their bonds to fill
My soul. A fragrant longing rises till
I sweep across the fields and look upon
A sylvan nook where sunlight spreads a sheen
Of purest gold from patches of blue sky.
Trees' greenest sequins wave and gently nod
And beckon me within the friendly scene.
They see the kindred in my heart, and I
On entering, come face to face with God.

FRANCES HUDGINS

The Gold Coin

Peggy Hughes

"Major Cunningham, though not superstitious, was one of those people who carried, more from habit than anything else, a small gold coin in his vest pocket for good luck."

ANNUALLY on February 21st, Major Cunningham and his wife have a dinner for their closest friends. It is given in remembrance of Major Cunningham's grandfather. When the custom was first established, the dinners had been rather solemn, but as time passed, the original purpose of the so-called occasion was slowly being forgotten; yet, the guests enjoyed the oddity of the meal. This year I was fortunate enough to be included in the guest list.

After the dessert each of us was given a gold coin. My neighbor on my left seemed as perplexed as I, but the elderly gentleman on my right, with a knowing glance, was the first to follow our gracious host into the drawing room for coffee. Evidently, it was not a new experience for that rather complacent old fellow, for he was an old friend of the family, and I knew that he had attended these dinners for years.

Being younger than most of the others, I retired quietly to a somewhat secluded corner to stare at those about me. Besides my earlier mentioned neighbors, there were several women guests—a Mrs. Cranby, and a beak-nosed school teacher of undeterminate age. Mrs. Cranby was a gentle old soul with soft wrinkles about her eyes and mouth. "Just the motherly type," I thought.

However, my attention was immediately attracted to a portrait above the large flaming fireplace. I presumed at once that it was Grandfather Cunningham to whom, in some way that I hadn't learned yet, I owed the preceding repast. He was a gaunt old man, but he had a kindly look about the eyes and a gentle dignity. As I gazed at the portrait, suddenly the old man seemed to be trying desperately to say something. For a moment I was startled, for his mouth appeared to move, but of course it did not—not this portrait of a graying old man. It must have been the reflection of the dancing flames.

I was brought back abruptly by the voice of Major Cunningham. He held one of the gold coins in his hand, slowly turning it as he spoke so that it caught the lights from the fire and glittered as a madman's eye would do. Everyone was watching the metal and listening intently to the major when he related the following story of his grandfather:

"It was the day of the horse, the day of Negro slaves and plantations. It was also the day of superstition, especially among the Negroes. My grandfather, Major Cunningham, though not superstitious, was one

of those people who carried, more from habit than anything else, a small gold coin in his vest pocket for good luck.

"Once while the major was hunting, his horse refused to jump, and the major was thrown, with a broken leg as the result. Later, his manservant found that he had forgotten the lucky piece. After that, to satisfy the servant, Major Cunningham always carried the coin.

"Several years later the major was to journey to Alexandria to make a speech. On that day it rained and the roads were filled with mud holes and ugly streamlets, making it necessary for the major to start early in order to be at the meeting by twelve. His family bade him good-bye and waved until his horse was completely out of sight.

"At the noon meal the Cunninghams thought of their father making a fine speech in Alexandria and they swelled with pride, especially John Cunningham, Jr. He sat regally, watching his mother and sisters protectingly, for he was head of the family while his father was away. Nevertheless, he wished that his father would quickly return, for taking care of two somewhat silly sisters was a man-sized job for just a boy of fourteen.

"They had hardly started eating, when Maggie, the kindly Negro waitress, came running in. 'Missus Cunningham! The Major am gwain up de stairs!'

"Quickly the family rushed to the hall just in time to see a mud-bespattered figure ascending the stairway. Certainly the major couldn't have returned so soon, for it was only 12:15, but it was undoubtedly he. He walked as a man in a dream, moving vaguely towards his room, his arms limp at his sides, but his head held high in his proud stubborn way. There seemed to be an odd glow about his figure. His face was white and gaunt. He neither looked down from the landing nor paused but continued to the bedroom.

"Mrs. Cunningham, overcome with bewilderment, could utter no sound. She ran to her husband's room, but found no one there. The family searched the house from top to bottom, but found no trace of their father. His room was just as he had left it, ***and the lucky piece was on his dresser.*** He had forgot it in his haste for Alexandria.

"Not many hours had passed (enough, however, for a rider to get from Alexandria) when an unfamiliar messenger galloped to the Cunningham door. With deep sympathy reflected in his eyes, he looked at Mrs. Cunningham and said slowly, 'Madame. your husband passed away at exactly 12:15'."

After he finished the story, I realized that I was fiercely gripping the school teacher's hand. Her eyes were like black shoe buttons, newly polished. Her inevitable horn-rim glasses had slipped to the tip of her nose. She quickly withdrew her hand from mine. Mrs. Cranby with a tear on her cheek, sat with her hands folded in her lap. The two gentlemen eyed each other, daring themselves to believe the story, while I just patted my vest pocket where the gold coin nestled. Unconsciously, and yet as if drawn, I stared at the old gentleman in the portrait and to this day I believe he smiled.

Sketches . . .

Waiting

HELEN GRAY

THE woman, sitting on the edge of the hard leather sofa, conveyed suspense; she strained her head and neck forward, as though she were waiting for some sound. But there was nothing to break the monotony of the strange silence of her surroundings. There was only the steady, deliberate, unsympathetic tick of a large clock on the wall. Through a solitary window the cold November sun cast a square of bleak light on the gleaming marble floor. Almost as if they were reluctant to mar the cold, bright white of the floor and walls, the few pieces of furniture cast no shadows. A table in the center of the room bore on its shiny, polished surface an empty ash-tray and a half-dozen magazines.

Magazines! The woman, whose face was a picture of anxiety, wondered how anyone could read in this room, which was unmistakably created for waiting. Through an open door one could see far down the corridor stretching out like a long white ribbon with doors on either side. Now and then a nurse, clad in sober white, appeared in the corridor, noiselessly, on rubber soles, then disappeared, like a figure on the screen of a silent movie.

The dull, drab curtains at the window and the large, uninteresting portrait on the wall seemed entirely out of place, for the small room apparently despised adornment or human touch. There were no rugs, no lamps, no signs of comfort—in a place where comfort was most needed.

It was a room without emotion. Yet all the emotions ever known had been felt and experienced within those four walls: love, fear, hope, anxiety, despair, suspense, defeat, sorrow, pity—but they left no trace, no mark upon the room.

The clock on the wall was the very pulse of the waiting room, beating regularly, unceasingly; it had seen much of death.

After what seemed an eternity, a door in the corridor opened and a man walked into the waiting room. The woman arose from her hard seat and drew a deep breath. The slight noise echoed against the wall. The man spoke. The woman reached for his hand, and a sudden smile broke forth on her tired face; all tenseness left her body. Slowly she turned and looked up at the window. The November sun cast a shining square of gold on the white floor. She walked out of the waiting room and down the long corridor which stretched out like a silver ribbon. The hall, full of nurses clad in cheerful white, filled her soul with music. The clock ticked triumphantly, unceasingly; it had seen much of life.

The Enlightenment

ANNA JOHNSON

ON the deck of a small ocean schooner off the coast of California, a dirty, vividly dressed Mexican girl was dancing, swaying back and forth to the beating of tom-toms and the jangling of long gold loops hanging from her ears. On one of her swinging swarthy hands a huge emerald ring flashed in the sun, sending off a green eerie light. A group of sailors stood around laughing loudly and some-

times clapping.

Over by the rail, a girl stood apart with a sailor.

"Who is she?" she asked, nodding toward the dancer.

"Oh, some half-cracked sweetheart of a sailor that dances around boats for money."

"Didn't he love her? Tell me."

He spoke with the soft drawl of a Southerner. "Reckon he did, ma'am, but you see he was married when he met the girl. She was dancing in a cafe first time he seen 'er. He took 'er home that night though, and 'twasn't long 'til he was seeing her regular. She knew he was married, Miss, an' ever once in a while he'd get leave and go to see his wife." The man was rambling.

"But they was in love and wouldn't nothin' stop 'em. Well, it went on that way for about two years. I reckon it ended the best way it could. He was killed in a storm off the coast one day—body smashed in and all. He lived to get back to shore. See that ring she's wearin'? He bought it the day before he died and give it to her."

"Who was the poor man?" the girl asked musingly.

"Fellow by the name of Gale, Steve Gale."

He saw his companion's face whiten, "Ever heard of him?"

"I was his wife," she said quietly and turning, threw a coin to the dancer.

Coincidence

PEGGY HUGHES

IT was a crowded corner where I stood half concealed by a protruding fruit stand, with its mass of yellow, red, and green gleaming in the sweltering sun. The keeper, a bustling Italian, with a sharp eye for thieving young boys, stood polishing his prized Stark's Delicious. Shifting my weight from my left foot to my right, I lazily wiped the perspiration from my brow and gazed at the steaming mass of humanity that seemed to flow by as aimlessly as a muddy river in August. Every now and then, one from the mass, like a flying fish bobbing into the air, rushed forth and then disappeared. I laughed lazily at a tall woman who half dragged her husband, a small insignificant creature, by his lapel. In another instant my eyes immediately sobered at the sight of a motherly old lady who struggled with a brown paper bag from the top of which peeped some droopy leaves of celery. No doubt many sad, and perhaps, some happy stories were hidden in that crowd.

Suddenly my attention was attracted to a man dressed in a plain nondescript dark suit, moving cautiously. He managed to carry himself with seeming pride. He approached the corner and paused, feeling his way slowly. It was then I realized he was blind. When he felt people brush past him, he would step from the curb. Suddenly, another passerby pushed him rather violently. The blind man barely caught himself in time to keep from falling. He grasped his supposed offender, shaking him by the arm.

"Can't you see that I'm blind? Have you no consideration? For God's sake, man, watch where you're going!"

The man to whom these harsh words were directed stood quite still, as if to get his bearings, then bowed low, and with great sincerity replied, "I beg your pardon. I will try to be more careful." With these words he paused, moved from the man's grasp, and passed by me.

I stood still—so still that time seemed to stop. Then I noticed he carried a cane and tapped the ground with it as if feeling the way. I knew then that he, too, was blind.

Colloquy

Look down the river,
Tramp,
Look down the river.
"I'm cold
with a chill
of birds
flying south
and cramped
from
too much
resting."

Look down the river,
Tramp,
Look down the river.
"I'm old
with a
half-done
year
and tired
from
too much
silence."

Look down the river,
Tramp,
Look down the river.
"I'm dull
from the
good
of still water
and slow
with
my thoughts
and my feet."
Look down the river,
Tramp,
Look down the river.

DOROTHY WRIGHT

The Kn

Ma

Sir Thomas had five lusty sons
And a gentle daughter, Anne,
Who'd been betrothed last Easter day
To wed a gentleman.

James and Peter, Paul and John
Were noble knights, 'tis said,
But the youngest was a stupid knave,
So they called him Woodenhead.

Their sister Anne betrothed was
To the finest in the land;
To valorous Sir Ruddigore
Betrothed to Lady Anne.

He was so brave, he was so fair,
Where'er he did appear,
The ladies swooned for love of him,
But he was Anne's true dear.

Upon next Easter day they'd wed,
So had they made their plan.
He disappeared on good Friday,
Alas, for Lady Anne.

A hue and cry o'er all the land
Was raised for Ruddigore.
To bring him back or lose their lives
Sweet Anne's four brother's swore.

One north, one south, one east, one west,
Upon the quest they sped.
They asked no help from the youngest son,
The foolish Woodenhead.

e Wins

ONE

Now when a year had passed away
Sir James said, "Home is best."
On his return he brought with him
A brown wife from the west.

When Easter time had rolled around
Sir Paul the search did spurn,
And from the south a black leman
He brought on his return.

"I'm growing weary of this quest,
And homeward I will go,"
Said John. And from the north he brought
A maiden white as snow.

Sir Peter turned in his eastward path,
Forsook the roving life;
Returned without Sir Ruddigore,
But brought a Chinese wife.

Alas! Alas, for Lady Anne
And her brothers' promise true.
She couldn't find Sir Ruddigore
And loud her lot did rue.

Sir Woodenhead, the stupid oaf,
Left home one early morn,
And came back with Sir Ruddigore
Before the second dawn.

The jailer of the captive knight
He captured for his slave.
She was a lovely fairy queen.
He wasn't such a knave.

That Was All

Virginia Barksdale

Of course he'd be surprised! Of course he'd be happy!—a thousand thoughts raced through Leslie's pretty head as she listened to her Philip's footsteps on the pavement and rose steadily to meet him

LESLIE was happy—serenely happy. As she lay there on her day bed by the open French windows, gazing past the little balcony out to the green freshness beyond that was spring, she began to reflect over the things that had come together to make her completely happy on that afternoon. Had she not that very day returned from the hospital after a long and serious illness? Had she not defied the doctors who had given up hope of her recovery? Yes, Leslie loved life, and she had clung tenaciously to that slender thread which had held her there. She had fought a good fight. And now she was on the way to recovery and the chance to enjoy once more the life she loved.

But more than anything, it was Philip who made her happy—Philip, her young husband who worshiped her and whom she worshiped in turn. She had persuaded the doctor to let her come home a whole day early just so that she might surprise him. She pictured him as he would look when he came in and found her. He would be so surprised, and she would laugh up at him as she used to do, and he would kiss her.

Leslie turned and looked out into the late afternoon. It was early spring. Tender buds covered the trees; brilliant colored crocuses showed here and there among the new shoots of grass. Life was beginning anew. Leslie loved it. It made her feel somehow that her own life, too, was beginning again. Never before had she stopped to realize the wonderful meaning of simply being alive. And such a short while ago, she had almost left this life behind her! She could not comprehend it.

As she lay there, she even allowed herself to dream a little of that mysterious, and yet appealing Future. She pictured the happy years that were before her—years with Philip always by her side. She smiled then, for Philip liked to tease her about her dreams; but she knew that he shared them with her.

The sound of a car in the drive brought her back to the present. Philip! How surprised he would be to see her! She would go to meet him! Carefully she raised herself from the divan. Steadying herself as she went, she made her way to the head of the broad stairs just as Philip opened the front door. He stopped short, looking up at her. How fragile—how beautiful she was as she stood there! How soft her golden-brown hair! How delicate the folds of her blue negligee!

"Philip, darling!" she greeted him.

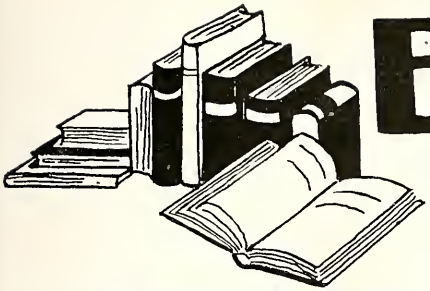
"Leslie!"

She took her hands from the banisters and stretched them to him.

And then—it happened so quickly—she fainted from the excitement and overexertion. Her slim body crumpled and slid to the floor.

"Oh, my God, Leslie!" Philip breathed as he leaped up the steps and caught her slender form in his strong arms.

But he was too late. She was dead.



BOOKS OF VIRGINIA

HITCHING POSTS FOR MEMORIES—

Nelly Cummings Preston. Copyright 1939, Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond, Virginia 299 pp.

NELLY CUMMINGS PRESTON is of particular interest to our readers not only because she is a Virginian but also because she was once a student at Farmville. The true reason for printing her book is revealed by the following words quoted from the fly leaf: " 'Hitching Posts for Memories' being the travel tales of two American women, who went out to see the world and having seen many things wish thus to corral some of their experiences." The author has no desire to establish herself as a professional writer. She has merely organized notes for the benefit of herself and her traveling companion, Sara Preston Dean, and their circle of friends.

Miss Preston describes thirty - one "hitching posts" as she calls the widely scattered places on the earth's surface she and her companion visited. The most impressive of her descriptions is that of Oberammergau, the Bavarian village where the Passion Play is presented every tenth year. "On the play itself," she says, "I believe I cannot say very much. It is beyond any word I have . . . I only wish that some other word than play could be used to designate this presentation of the Divine Story, so reverently, so humbly, so earnestly, so self-effacingly done, by these simple villagers."

Miss Preston gives unhesitatingly her opinions of strange customs in strange lands. But with pardonable pride she concludes that Virginia is God's best commonwealth.

She ends her book thus: "East, West, Home's Best."

HELEN JEFFRIES

JOURNEY PROUD—

Thomasine McGehee, Macmillan, New York, 1939, 397 pp.

ANOTHER novel of the Civil War should by all rights be a drug on the market at the present time. Yet "Journey Proud" can hardly be classified as "another" novel after attaining a leading place on the Book-of-the-Month Club list two weeks after publication. The author, Mrs. McGehee, is a Virginian by marriage only, but she has developed a keen enough interest in Virginians to write a first novel based on the experiences of her husband's family during the Civil War era. It should be especially interesting to those familiar with the Farmville vicinity to know that the character of George Machay is based upon the late Captain McGehee, a Civil War soldier of Charlotte County.

The story of "Journey Proud" concerns two families, the hard working, prosperous Machay, and the aristocratic Wyatts, united by the marriage of Thomas Machay and Ellen Wyatt and the birth of George Allen Machay. The story follows Thomas Machay's family from the days of gracious plantation living through the horrors of the war and well into the Reconstruction Period. In spite of the fact that the fortunes of the Machays move steadily downward through the years, the book has many happy moments and ends on a cheerful note. George, forced to leave the Machay plantation after the war, makes a new home for his wife and family and adjusts himself to post-war life. And so the book ends looking not backward to the lost glory of the South, but to the future.

The story itself is not new. It has probably been told as well before, but the people live and breathe and the reader lives with them, sharing their happiness and

their despair. The book leaves you with a feeling of having added a group of charming people to your circle of literary friends.

MARY A. MAHONE

FRANCIS WALKER GILMER: LIFE AND LEARNING IN JEFFERSON'S VIRGINIA

Richard Beale Davis

"GILMER was not typical of Virginia culture; he was its summary." It is with these words that Dr. Richard Beale Davis, a professor of English at Mary Washington College, begins his life of Francis Walker Gilmer, a Virginian of the early nineteenth century who as a lawyer ranked with his uncle, William Wirt. Besides being a lawyer he was an outstanding southern scientist, writing pioneer essays on the geology of Natural Bridge. He wrote also a number of essays on political economy and sponsored the first American edition of John Smith's "General Historie of Virginia."

As the sub-title, "Life and Learning in Jefferson's Virginia", indicates, the book is not solely a biography. It is also a vivid picture of Virginia in a significant transitional period. It is true that Thomas Jefferson exemplifies best of all that type of American culture which he desired his countrymen to share. But it is also true that his dreams could never have been realized without the useful support which he received from lesser men such as Gilmer.

Mr. Davis regards Gilmer's almost-forgotten services in the establishment of the University of Virginia as a greater contribution to posterity than his literary writings. It was Gilmer who was appointed by Mr. Jefferson to employ the first faculty of the University. There were to be seven instructors who must be scholars of the world yet capable of making themselves understood by the sons of Virginia gentlemen. The task was not an easy one, for it involved searching British universities to find men to fill the positions. Taking the position of professor of law, Mr. Gilmer himself was a member of the faculty of the University for its first session which opened in March, 1825.

Mr. Davis has given us a full length picture of the days so often referred to as the "Dark Age" of Virginia Culture. To those interested in cultural history, this book has a definite appeal and will prove to be both readable and enlightening.

JOHNNY LYBROOK

Fragments

My life is but the briefest span
Across a few tomorrows.

ANN BRADNER

My love, before you wander
Keep this one fact in view—
That you are not the only one,
I, too, can be untrue!

EDITH NUNNALLY

They say young love is fleeting, dear,
How true it was with me
I little care that you're not here
To share my frivolity.

MARION HARDEN

Your song was like a temple bell—
Only, it rang but once:—at even-tide.

BESS WINDHAM

The song of a thrush,
The sight of autumn colors
Drifting lightly to the ground,
The gentle caress of a breeze on my cheek,
The sting of rain on my face,
The warmth the sun imparts,
The sound of water slipping over rocks . . .
With my faith in man gone,
These keep my faith in God alive.

LORRAINE SWINGLE

He loves me, he loves me not—
I count on straws each day,
But if he had—O Father,
Would he have gone away?
He loves me, he loves me not—

ANONYMOUS

If our youth has been as the sun,
Brilliant, glorious, and true,
Why not let our age become the moon,
That our youth's sun brings light to?

ANNE COCKS

Bare, black arms of trees
Clutch with tiny knotted hands
At the gray mantle of heaven
Trying to twist it round their fingers
To keep them warm.

MARION HARDEN

Life is not all walking straight and tall;
It's the picking yourself up after you've had a fall.

BETTY HARDY

If I called you fool,
If I called you blind,
Oh, my dear,
Forgive this fool
So blind in love.

ANONYMOUS

Willow, over dark deep pool,
Heavily your greeness droops
Like liquid color mutely running
From a painter's brooding brush.

DOROTHY WRIGHT

The little secret vows I made
I have not kept today.
The books, and paste, and pins I used
Have not been put away.
My shoes lie capsized on the floor,
And all can see through the open door
The dust that's on display.

FRANCES HUDGINS

Two Poems

Prayer

Lord, let me ever strive to see
The beauty of the simple things:
A cat asleep beside the hearth,
As the polished kettle sings;
A family clock upon the mantle;
A father's gun above the door;
The little path worn in the spring;
A bright straw rug upon the floor;
Grandfather's picture on the wall;
A quiet field where a cowbell rings;—
Dear Father, let me ever see
The loveliness of simple things.

NANCY MOORE

Winter Afternoon

So this is where the summer bees have
flown
And the fragrances of withered blossoms
fled—
Melted as one into a buttered scone
And drowned with gold upon a piece of
bread.

At the table of a dining room at dusk
With candle light, and fire, and winter
broth—
Where one sits with folded hands, but wants
the husk
Of yellowed grain and stalk to hold aloft;

I know now why I linger here so long
For a jar of honey and a harvest song!

BESS WINDHAM

Nadya

EVERETT MACGOWAN

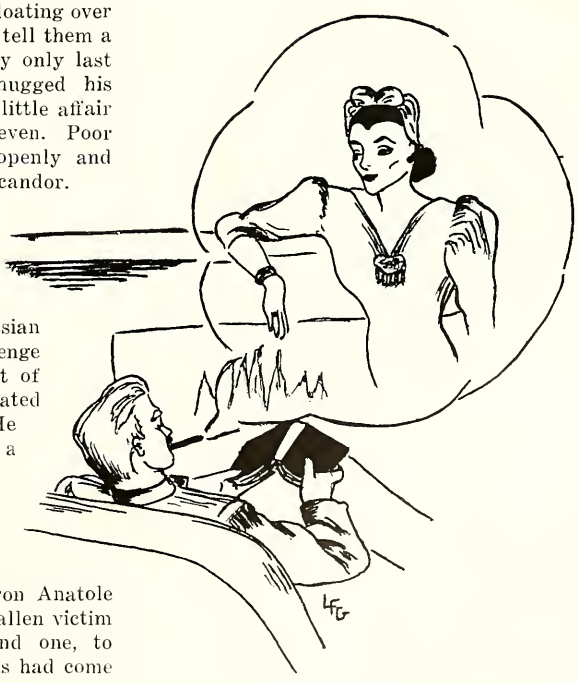
Like Kipling's Military Officers, Rear Admiral Thomas Bliss Lacey, U. S. N. had taken his "fun where he found it" with no idea that it may not want to be left there . . .

REAR-ADMIRAL Thomas Bliss Lacey, U. S. N., carefully trimmed and lit his cigar and settled back comfortably to enjoy his morning smoke. He felt at peace with all the world. It was pleasant to receive the good wishes of many distant friends on this, his fifty-second birthday.

No vain regrets marred his contentment. He had lived fully and was proud of his achievements. Bliss and Baxter Woodson, the two orphaned nephews he had brought up, were well launched on their chosen careers. Bliss would finish the Naval Academy in June, and Baxter was at West Point. The young scamps! He bore them no ill-will. What if their happy casual letters failed to conceal youth's unconscious gloating over age? Old age, indeed! He could tell them a thing or two, if he wished. Why only last year in Manila—he smilingly hugged his thoughts closer—there was the little affair of the charming Baroness Lieven. Poor Nadya! She had wooed him openly and persistently with true Russian candor.

Yet how strangely she touched the depths of one's soul, quickened the senses, revealed the hidden fund of wit and repartee. Say what you will, those mature Russian women have a dash and a challenge which is wholly delightful. But of course, she was only—he hesitated an instant—an adventuress. He wasn't to be taken in as easily as a boy of twenty . . . The Diamond Queen of St. Petersburg! Love! laughter, happiness, riches! Like sunbeams they had vanished—mirages on the quicksands of time. Baron Anatole Lieven, her first husband, had fallen victim to the Red Terror; her second one, to typhus. Since then, the Baroness had come to lean heavily on the good natured chivalry of British, French, and American officers.

To be sure, it had been thrilling to find oneself dancing attendance on the fascinating widow, with the rich throaty voice and the appealing smile. At once bold and discreet, her dark eyes flashed messages of love and surrender, of her utter dependence on a strong male creature for very life. In short, she was irresistible. The night of the General Staff Ball at Bageo, mind you, he had almost taken the fatal step. Caution, ingrained in every naval officer, once again came to the rescue and brought him back, panting but safe, to the placid shores of



single blessedness. After the first victory, the rest was easy. Strange, wasn't it, her re-appearing in Hongkong and Shanghai as the fleet made the rounds? A good sport, Nadya, he would never forget her, nor her parting words: "Dearest, I do not know how, but we shall meet again. It is fate . . . "

Admiral Lacey sat up with a start. Unnoticed, his cigar lay dead upon the carpet. A bell was ringing harshly, insistently. Lake, his man, entered and silently handed him a telegram. With shaking hands and a queer tightening of the heart, he tore open the envelope and read:

"Rear-Admiral T. B. Lacey, U. S. N.
625 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

Darling, Arriving Grand Terminal from Vancouver. Meet me at 11:40 Tuesday morning, April 17. Love.

(Signed) Nadya

Twilight

Oh, this is the hour that caravans
Move slowly 'neath the hanging sky
To make a home with roving bands—.
(And this is the time that night owls cry!)

Oh, this is the hour, at the end of the day,
Gay gypsies light their fires again,
And eat, and drink, and dance, and play—.
(And there is now some joy, some pain!)

Oh, this is the hour—how soon it's spent!
When the wood-cutter in the forest deep
Brings home his axe and wood, content—.
(And this is the hour when infants sleep!)

BESS WINDHAM

Peace

People are as far apart as stars,
And yet as close as trees.
Something in them crosses bars
When they fall upon their knees.

Each holding out his seeking soul
Of worldly crusts all bare,
Strives for peace a firmer hold
And finds it all in prayer.

BETTY HARDY

As Other Students Write

"I, Peter Ellyson . . ."

PHILIP COOKE

"The illumination, by which I write,
is the flashes of lightning." . . . .

BEFORE attempting to cross again that border into eternity I, Peter Ellyson, Gentleman, not understanding the cause of my present being, nor comprehending the horror that has lately befallen me, do hereby record my story, which at last draws to an end on this stormy and frightful night.

Of my life I have not much to divulge, except that it was much like that of any other educated man of my time. At sixteen, I entered the College of William and Mary to study law, graduating four years later with honors. The following four years I spent practicing at the county seat near my home. I had barely turned twenty-four when I moved to Richmond to be near the center of politics, in which I had become interested and also to take a partnership, which a friend of my father had offered me in a law firm. In the church, built over the fire-ravaged ruins of The Theatre, I took the marital vows. I was then one of the most prominent lawyers in Richmond—twenty-nine years old. A year later I ran for the esteemed office of Governor, and for the next four years was very much a public figure. I refused to run a second term in favor of continuing my law practice and being wholly content with my simple life. My wife and children were well, my practice flourishing. I lived in a well built house on Franklin Street and had many friends; I attended the Episcopal church regularly, the latter, one of the reasons I do not comprehend what has happened, and one of the reasons I curse with my dying breath that unholy day.

It was a custom of mine to have my wife fix a picnic lunch and place it in my knapsack whenever I felt in the mood to get away by myself. I would then walk some distance beyond the limits of Richmond to a clearing in the forest where flowed a clear, cold spring of fresh water. Once there I would bask in the sun, bathe in the cold water of the spring, eat my lunch—do as was my fancy. Towards nightfall I would sling the then empty knapsack over my shoulder and return home. I had been doing this for some years; consequently, on that day when I set out to my favorite clearing, I had no inkling of what was to come. Early that morning I had attended to the immediate business on hand, kissed my wife and children good-by, and had set off, whistling, up Franklin Street with my knapsack weighing lightly on my back. In an hour or two, I had arrived at the clearing, walking leisurely on the way, and proceeding to do what I had done many times before: I took my plunge into the cold spring water; I ate the excellent lunch my wife had prepared for me; I spent the rest of the afternoon reading from two volumes, which I brought along with my lunch

in my knapsack. If I remember rightly, for I am in no certain position to do so now, one of the volumes was entitled ***Waverley or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since,*** written by one Walter Scott. The second volume, if my mind does not deceive me more, was a slim book of verse by Alfred and Charles Tennyson, the title of which escapes me. Being a very rapid reader, I had finished the book of verses, some of which were good, and was well into Scott's novel, when I noticed that the light was waning. It was time for me to return home. I placed the two books in my knapsack, slung it, now empty of viands, over my shoulder and started home the way I had come.

Half the distance to my home had not been covered before I was forced to seek shelter beneath a tree beside the road, for a sudden thundershower had quickly come up and was breaking over my head. The sky darkened as peal upon peal of thunder shook the very earth on which I was standing. Lightning flashed vividly, as if it were a conductor's baton leading that wild symphony of wind, rain, and thunder. The storm broke in all its fury. I was beginning to feel secure if a little wet, standing beneath that tree, when I felt some great force hit me from all sides at once. Light, of a brightness I had never seen before, flashed before my eyes. My nostrils were filled with peculiar odors of burnt wood, ozone, and things that were new to me; my eardrums nearly burst under the pressure of the noise that filled them. I was physically picked up and thrown onto the muddy road some hundred feet from the tree. I had been struck by lightning.

To say that I was stunned would be stating a fact that contains more truth than poetry. I lay in the mud, rain beating in face, soaking me to the skin. The passing of time came to mean nothing to my surprised senses. I noticed dimly that the rain had stopped, that the sun, well in the west before the storm broke, was hanging hesitantly on the horizon, as if anxiously awaiting for someone to drop it into the night. In vain I tried to move; I could not. My eyes, which had remained open from the time I became aware of what had happened, refused to close. There was a complete ***rigor mortis*** in the eyelid and the eyeball. For some reason, as I found by experimenting, it had spread to all parts of my body. Incapable of any movement whatsover, I lay in the road and thought mad thoughts concerning Mephistopheles, and purgatory, and damning God.

Suddenly, in the distance, I heard the faint hoofbeats of a horse, coming along the road. I tried to shout, but no sound escaped from between my immovable lips. The horse came closer and closer, cantering easily. Then with an exclamation from the rider, the horse pulled up short. I heard the straining squeak of saddle leather, as the rider dismounted, the faint splashing noise of his boots, as he strode through the mud to my side. He said nothing. He stood looking at me for some time. Then speaking my name, as if he had just recognized me, he picked me up, slung me over the back of the frightened horse, mounted and galloped into town, carrying me home in that manner, as if I were a sack of meal.

The disturbance among my immediate household, caused by my arrival home in that manner, was something that no master of the pen could ever describe. On seeing me, my wife burst into a flood of hysterical tears, to which the children, taking their cue from her, added their treble lamentations. The servants dashed helter-skelter about the house, wailing and talking in whispers all at the same time. The chorus of sounds that greeted my ears, as I was being carried upstairs to my bedroom was ghastly. The horseman, who had brought me home, and whom I recognized, as he laid me on my bed and bent over me, as one of my best friends, tried, at first without avail, to bring about some order, or semblance of order. It was he who had the presence of mind to send a servant after our doctor; It was he who somehow calmed down my wife and children; it was he who had me partially undressed by the time the doctor arrived. To that friend I am eternally thankful.

On seeing the doctor, my wife burst forth in another crescendo of hysterics, playing upon her ability to weep with all the mastery of a great musician. For the space of time it took the doctor to place his

tube over my heart and place his ear to the other end, for the space of time it took him to feel my pulse, she remained silent. But, on hearing the first five words he had uttered since entering the house, she fell to weeping again. Those words, spoken simply and quietly, were, "Madam, your husband is dead."

The next two days were a horrible nightmare to me. Try as I would, I could not tell those about me that I was alive. I tried, failing, silently observed, and heard their preparations for burying me alive! In my will I had written that I wished to be buried in my favorite clothes. Clad in them, I lay in state in the parlor of my home, staring at the wavering light thrown on the ceiling by the flickering candles, and defying all efforts of those who wished to close my eyes. I could see friends, enemies, relatives, those of whom I had happened to make acquaintances, all pass within the restricted area of my sight. There were people for whom I had won cases, people I had defeated, my brothers, long faced and solemn, coming to pay their last respects—my sister, weeping as if her heart would break. Oh, God! Would that I could have risen then, taken her in my arms and kissed away her tears! But I could not.

Many times the sorrow-lined face of my wife passed before my vision; many times I tried, but could not move. On the second day of my lying in state, they put me in my coffin. Shortly after, the minister came and proceeded to read the service for the dead; then the lid was closed. I could still see the ceiling, for there was a small window above my eyes; I had so willed it. The coffin began to rock, as it was carried out of the house. Through my window I caught a glimpse of blue sun-lit sky, before the top of the hearse blotted out my view. The sound of the wheels came to my ears. I was rocked gently, as the hearse and procession moved slowly toward Hollywood Cemetery. The rocking and noise ceased. We had arrived.

Overhead I could see the arched stone roof of the vault. I was to be pushed into a hole and cemented from all earthly touch! My ears began to ring. Faintly I could hear my wife and sister weeping. I became aware of the sonorous voice of the minister reading, "Unto Almighty God we commend the soul of our brother departed, and we commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection unto eternal life . . . ." I was being lifted; grating, grinding into my ears, was the sound of the coffin, as it was pushed into the crypt, the sound of trowel on stone, as the entrance at my feet was being sealed with my namestone. I was being buried alive! With a scream, which even now rings in my mind, I lapsed into unconsciousness!

How long I remained in that state, I had no way of knowing. I came slowly to my senses, so slowly that at first I was not aware of the fact. With a start, I realized that I had raised my hand and had placed it on my forehead. I had moved! Cautiously I experimented to make sure that my hand was not the only part of my body that had regained its faculty of movement. When I had made sure that I could again command the movement of all of my extremities, I began to feel about my hellish prison for some means of escape. I found that, at the foot of my coffin, I had a space in which I might draw my legs up a bit and kick down. Thereby, I hoped to kick the end of my coffin out. After several tries, the end gave away with the soft sound of crumbling and rotted wood. I slid myself further down, placed my feet against the stone that blocked my only way into the world of the living. I pushed mightily. I felt a cool gust of air come up my legs, past my waist, to my face. With a crash, the stone fell to the floor of the crypt. I slid out of that dreadful prison and stood up. I was free!

I stood on the cold stone floor of my tomb. Beyond the iron gate at the entrance, there was darkness, vividly lit time and time again by flashes of lightning. Wind howled with the eerie song of tortured souls; thunder echoed and reechoed in the coldness of the crypt. I glanced at the floor. A flash of lightning—I saw, smashed to pieces, the stone that once blocked my entrance into the world. I could make out my name carved in those bits. I laughed until the echoes of that laughter mingled with the roar of thunder to die into silence. I opened the iron gate and stepped into the

storm. I was again on my way home.

I was lost—confused—by twists and turns that I had never dreamed existed in the city of Richmond. Soaked, half hysterical at the frustration of my attempts to return to my domicile, I at last found myself before my house. I ran up the front steps, entered the front door, and went directly to my room. Dry clothes before I made my presence known, I thought, as I approached the dresser. I stopped. Something—something was wrong, out of place. I could feel it, but knew not the source of that feeling. In the whiteness of a lightning flash that threw my room in bold relief, I saw on my bed the form of a body! Who was there in my bed? What could this mean? I approached silently, grasped the covers, and tore them suddenly off the figure. A man, bewildered by the suddeness of my action, befuddled by sleep, looked once at me and, with a sobbing, choking scream, jumped out of the bed and ran out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Several minutes passed as I stood motionless. Again and again the lightning flashed. I knew that this was my room. I recognized pieces of furniture, but something—somehow, things had changed. Between peals of thunder, I heard the door open cautiously. The man, whoever he was, was coming back. I turned to face him. Light, the brilliance of which I had never seen, streamed in an ever widening beam through the crack. Slowly, ever so slowly, he opened the door, until at last he was framed in that doorway. His shadow stopped almost at my feet. In his hand was a flat piece of metal, which, before I could fathom for what purpose it was to be used, had belched flame and noise. It was a gun! The man's eyes, ever widening in terror, glared at my very soul, as he shot not once, but twice—thrice—four times! Terrified, he threw the gun at my head, turned on his heel, and ran down the steps. I heard the front door slam after him, as he plunged into the stormy night.

Cautiously I passed my hands over my chest; I found four round holes in the cloth. The man had not missed, and yet I did not feel any effect of having been hit! I was beginning to feel faint. I staggered over to my dresser, where I stood leaning on the top. I rested my head on my arms and tried to think things out. I did not know what to think. I had been buried for one night and a day at the most; yet when I had escaped from my coffin, things seemed to have changed. I could not find my way home. There was the strange man, the brilliant light, the mysterious gun that shot more than once without having to be reloaded, the strangeness of my room. What had happened? What had my entombment done to my mind? Was I dreaming some horrible nightmare? I raised my head and looked into the mirror that hung over the dresser. I could see nothing reflected because of the faintness of the light in the room. The lightning flashed — with a startled cry I jumped back. Instead of my face, I had seen in the mirror a white and grinning skull!

Frantically I tore off the gloves in which my hands were encased. Instead of flesh, I saw bone! I was a living skeleton! The storm outside seemed to grow in fury, as if mocking the awful discovery I had made. Half-crazed, I looked about the room seeking some explanation of what I had gone through. I glimpsed, on the top of what was once my writing desk, a calendar; in subsequent flashes of the devil's lightning I made out the date of the year—one—nine—three—eight—Good God in heaven, I had been in my grave one hundred years!

To you, sir, who I know did not understand the facts, I address this narrative. I sit here at the writing desk with some diabolical pen, which writes forever without need of an ink pot, in my boney hand. The illumination, by which I write, is the flashes of lightning; the music by which I try to arrange my thoughts, the crash of thunder, the beating of the rain, and the howl of the wind. Before me is the strange bit of mechanism, the likes I have never handled, undoubtedly a gun. As I draw my story to a close, I pick up this gun, not knowing whether it still has the power of destruction or not. I place it to what was once a head of flesh and blood. As the last scratch of my pen has forever been drowned in the roll of thunder—I, Peter Ellyson, with a prayer in my mind, will pull the trigger.

From "The Messenger", University of Richmond

Verses

Alone

Night shades falling fast around
Enclose me in their cooling folds
Bringing a moment of peace.

But the first faint faraway
Call of a whip-o-will drawing near
Thrusts itself into my aching heart;
And the path of the moon across
The gently rippling water at my feet,
Closes my eyes in painful memory.

For once we heard the whip-o-will
And, breathless, listened,
Our hands clasped, our eyes star-shot;
For once we stood where now I stand
And looked down the path of the moon
To a distant dim-lit shore.
Lover's vows we made there;
Nothing, we knew, could ever part us . . .

Heaven has left me only memory,
And a heart that aches.

LORRAINE SWINGLE

Memo: To a Man

Memo: to a man (Quote)
"I've forgotten you; please note
That my heart is still intact
Even though you gave it back.
('Course it has a crack of two
But my pride will serve as glue.)
I still think life's pretty swell;
You can go right straight to—well,
You know what I mean, I'm sure.
Here's your hat—and there's the door."
Memo: to a man: "please note,
I've forgotten you, (Unquote).

EDITH NUNNALLY

Chips *Picked Up By - - - "Pritch"*

He: How about some old-fashioned loving?

She: All right, I'll call grandma down for you.—Jack-o-Lantern.

* * * * *

The bold young lady walked briskly up to the elderly woman whom she took to be the matron of the hospital.

"May I see Mr. Jones, please?"

"May I ask who you are?" was the reply.

"Certainly, I'm his sister."

"Well, well. I'm glad to meet you. I'm his mother."—Stolen.

* * * * *

It isn't very hard to design a girl's bathing suit. There's nothing much to it. —Salemite.

* * * * *

General: What would you do if the corporal's head were blown off in battle?

Soldier: Nothing.

General: Why not?

Soldier: Because I'm the corporal.—Salemite.

* * * *

The famous detective arrived on the scene. "Heavens," he said, "this is more serious than I thought—the window is broken on both sides.—Observer.

* * * *

Date: There's a certain reason why I love you.

Skirt: ***My*** goodness!

Date: Don't be absurd.—Tiger.

* * * *

She looked as if she had been poured into her dress and forgot to say when.

Rock-a-bye-dumb-dumb
In the tree top,
When the exams come,
You will be dropped.

* * * *

LAMENT

I haven't any ankles,
I haven't any feet;
I'm just a little earthworm
One long hunk of meat.

* * * *

"I killed five flies yesterday — three males and two females."

"How can you tell a male from a female fly?"

"Well, three sat on a beer bottle, and two on a mirror."

* * * *

"The rug at our house has insomnia."

"How's that?"

"It hasn't had a nap in twenty years."

* * * *

"Now, children," said the teacher who was trying to boost the sale of class photographs, "just think how you'll enjoy looking at the photographs when you grow up. As you look you'll say to yourself, there's Jennie, she's a nurse; there's Tom, he's a judge and . . .

"There's teacher," broke in little Bertie, "she's dead."—Kettle.

* * * *

A lady was entertaining the small son of her married friend.

"Are you quite sure you can cut your meat, Johnny?"

"Oh, yessum, we often have it as tough as this at home."

"How did you break your leg?"

"I threw a cigarette into a manhole and stepped on it."—Voo Doo.

* * * * *

Man Motorist (barely avoiding a broadside crash): "Why on earth didn't you signal that you were turning in?"

Girl (who had crossed into her home driveway): "I always turn in here, stupid."—Buccaneer.

* * * * *

Libby: "Why do you call that a 'Runaway Cake'?"

Miss Jeter: "Because I put in three eggs and beat it."

* * * *

He loved the girl so much that he worshipped the ground which her father discovered oil on.—Mis-A-Sip.

* * * *

Guard: Sir, the prisoners are rioting again.

Warden: What's the matter, now?

Guard: The chef used to cook for a fraternity.—Buccaneer.

Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold): "I had a little brother seven years old and one day he took his new sled out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died." Silence for ten seconds. Then voice from rear: "Where's his sled?"

Teacher Training and Culture

Continued from Page 4

will provide a means through which the common mass of men may join the aristocratic and the privileged classes in understanding and appreciating the products of higher culture.

Father: "Johnny, I got a note from your teacher today."

Johnny: "You did? well, you can trust me; I won't tell mother."

Watch the change to Chesterfield
says **DONNA DAE**
CHESTERFIELD'S JANUARY GIRL
starring with
FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS

FORECASTING MORE SMOKING PLEASURE FOR 1940

Chesterfield

Change to Chesterfields and you'll get what you want... *real mildness* and *better taste*. You can't buy a better cigarette.