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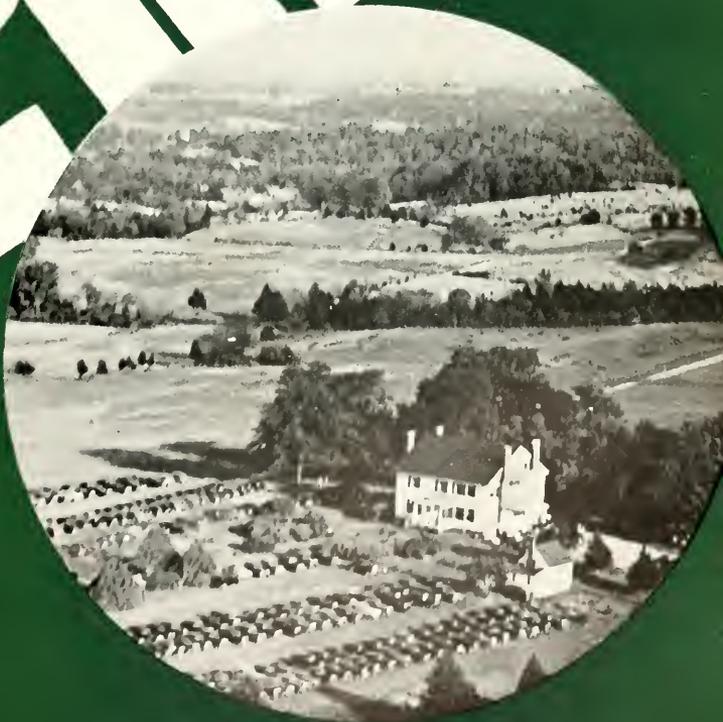
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STATE·TEACHERS·COLLEGE·

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ARMVILLE·VIRGINIA·

PLANNING



March, 1940

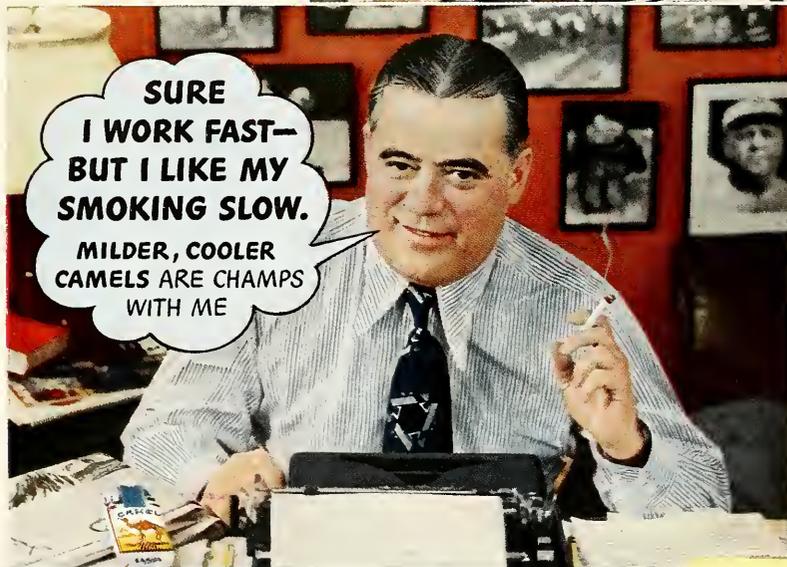
"I GET

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

in slower-burning Camels," says Bill Corum, famed sports writer and columnist



SURE I WORK FAST— BUT I LIKE MY SMOKING SLOW. Milder, cooler Camels are champs with me

LIGHTNING-FAST in the press-box. Why, Bill Corum's been known to file 3,000 words of sizzling copy during a single big sports event. But no speed for him in his smoking— slower-burning Camels are Bill Corum's cigarette.

And here's Bill at work in the quiet of his office. Bill...typewriter...books...pictures...and Camels— slower-burning Camels. "I find them milder and cooler— and thriftier," he says.

Copyright, 1940. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

BILL CORUM'S sports news isn't just printed . . . it's *sprinted* . . . at lightning speed from press-box to press and the Five-Star Final. But when the candid camera catches Bill in his office with a cigarette—well, "No speed for me in my smoking," he says.

His own common sense and experience tell him what scientists have found out in their research laboratories—that "slow-burning cigarettes are extra mild, extra cool, fragrant, and flavorful."

Cigarettes that burn fast just naturally burn hot. And nothing so surely wrecks the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance as excess heat. No wonder you get a hot, flat, unsatisfactory smoke.

The delightful mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor of Camels are explained by this important finding— Camels proved to be the *slowest*-burning cigarette of the sixteen largest-selling brands tested! (The panel at the right explains the test.)

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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

Camels — the cigarette of Castlier Tobaccos

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. II

MARCH, 1940

NO. 3

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VOLUME II

NUMBER 3

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The Columns . . .

Artistically Looking

On the cover is an aerial view of Longwood taken during last year's May Day program by Mr. Clyde Fischer of The Farmville Herald staff. Notice the several rows of parked automobiles in the foreground.

The illustrations, excepting the two middle pages, are linoleum prints drawn and cut by Patsy Fletcher, Theodosia MacKenzie, and Lillian German. The middle pages are excerpts from "anybody's" scrapbook put together by Theodosia MacKenzie and Catherine Radspinner.

Under Cover

Miss Mix, who for many years, was a member of our Faculty, has written her impressions of a musical concert which she heard in New York City. She has been

residing there since her retirement last year . . . Nancy Saunders is a freshman. Her story was number two in the short story contest . . . Mary Mahone, that faithful senior contributor, is back again. Her story, "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds" which appeared in the November issue of this magazine was reprinted in this month's *Prism*, Lynchburg College's magazine . . . Mary Carrington Power knows what she's talking about in "Korean Moodong". As a missionary's daughter she has lived in Korea many years. She is a senior . . . Betsy Briggs and Betty Hawkins give us two "mental jitters" stories . . . Margaret Wright's story is her first contribution . . . Harriet Cantrell is back again . . . The four girls just mentioned are sophomores . . . Sophomores are enthusiastic contributors . . . The books were reviewed by Yates Carr and Mary Jane Jolliffe . . . New contributors of poetry are Jennie Meggs, Lula Windham, Anne Williams, Kitty Newman, Catharyne Wolff, Elizabeth Walls and Harriet Cantrell . . . Frances Pritchett collected Chips.

Swan Song

Good-bye is such a sad word. That is, when it's said sincerely and that's the way we mean it. This editing business hasn't been so easy at times and we haven't always kept our temper. (Ask our publishers!) There are at least a dozen new gray hairs in our head—but it has been such fun! The co-operation of the members of the staff, the efficiency of Jane Rosenberger, your contributions, the advice of Mr. Grainger, Miss Jennings, and other members of the faculty, the patience of our roommate, the memory of Ann Dugger, and the bright outlook for the *Colonnade* in the hands of Allene Overbey, are things for which we shall be forever grateful.

Our most frequent criticism has been about stories with sad endings—we will not let this story have one—Good luck to the new staff and Happy "Everyday" to all of you!

Johnny Lybrook

At the Organ Recital of M. Dupre

GRACE E. MIX

Sitting spell bound in Monsieur Dupre's audience . . . our good friend wonders just what power has brought this great number of people together . . .

OUT of the noisy haste and rapid stride of city life, men and women stepped quietly into the spacious auditorium to sit in silence and listen to one of the world's famous musicians, Monsieur Dupre, organist of the Church of St. Sulpice in Paris. I was among them, and yet I wondered what power it was that brought us all together there. Some of us were evidently musicians, able to follow minutely the weaving of the harmonies which the master's fingers brought forth from the great organ. In one corner, was a long-haired, thin, pale-faced man, an artist himself, who followed with wrapt attention the development of every theme of Bach or Chopin or DeBussy. Near him and leaning eagerly forward, were young men, students, with brief-cases filled with musical compositions.

On the other side of the hall, a placid old lady listened with closed eyes. Near her, another woman, unfortunately deaf, tried to catch the tones of the organ with a hearing device held a short distance from her face. In extricating it from her handbag, she rustled the papers in the handbag's depths in such a disturbing manner that her neighbors looked at her with glances that would have annihilated their victim if they could have reached her.

Here and there were bored-looking women who had evidently come from curiosity. They sat awhile and then left suddenly as if remembering an important engagement. In one corner of the gallery, a young woman listened with eagerness to every note, apparently following the master's performance with musical intelligence. By her side, a tiny girl sat quietly, with no restless fidgets, watching the movements of the musician's hands and the surprising dexterity of his feet, whose rapid attacks and withdrawals contributed a large part

to her interest in the performance. I wondered whether the child was one with great musical promise or whether the mother's tactful suggestion of a "treat" that might follow good behavior at the concert was the reason for such unusual tranquillity?

The master himself was buried in the great compositions which he was interpreting—removed, as it were, from the plaudits or critical estimates of his audience. And while I sat spell-bound by the music, my thoughts passed over the sea, to Paris, where stands Monsieur Dupre's own great organ in the magnificent church of St. Sulpice—to France where men are entering fields of deadly combat. For Monsieur Dupre, I thought, there may be months of exile away from that organ, for an ocean filled with perils is even now separating them. And yet, that organ will be there unless a mad world under the terrific force of war destroys the church of St. Sulpice. My thoughts came back to the organ recital. A theme by another musician had been handed to the master to interpret. He played it, toyed with it, elaborated it. Unsuspected beauties arose as he transposed it in various keys, inserting cadenzas of great brilliance and working it up to a breath-taking climax. Then he returned to the simple, initial theme again as the audience burst into spontaneous applause.

It was only when Monsieur Dupre slipped dexterously from his organ bench and faced the applauding audience that he revealed himself. Shy, humble, almost self-depreciating, he bowed profoundly. Evidently he was pleased that his audience was pleased, yet he seemed glad to climb back to his bench before the imposing banks of keys, where he was master again, not only of his instrument, but also of the great musical ideas of master musicians.

Continued on page 31

Two Poems

Rain

A hoary man all drenched and gray
Comes riding through the night,
And quietly spreads along his way
A train of dull, dead white.
One meager sound upon my roof,
When his horse drags his lagging hoof.

Through a night of raven black
An ancient witch comes flying,
The sweeping gray cape from her back
Sends forth a mournful sighing.
Drear sounds compose a gloomy refrain.
The man—the witch—they are rain.

LULA ROUSE WINDHAM

Madness

Wild cries swell in my throat—
I laugh aloud, insanely.
To the wind-blown storm I shout,
And challenge the storm to race—
Quick! Set the mad pace!

I run through the forest, over hill,
Until my heart bursts
With heart-rending thrill.
I sink to the ground and then—
Rise up! Face the storm again!

The storm, swift-moving leaves me
Forgotten in its path.
I strive to rise, but in vain,
For the race has been won by the storm—
I laugh, and I die with the storm.

AGGIE MANN

The Turning Wheel

NANCY SAUNDERS

*"Turn, turn my wheel!
What is begun at daybreak*

*Must at dark be done,
Tomorrow will be another day."*

"WHAT? Oh, that's the picture of Doctor Les. He's the man who discovered a cure for that unknown disease. A strong character? Some people might say yes, while some of them might say no. Why do I say that? Well, here is the main reason. You judge for yourself.

"Not so long ago I drove that ambulance standing in the driveway. Each time it left the drive it returned with one or two mangled bodies with hardly a breath of life in them. Quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson", Doc Les would have them back in the operating room patching them up and practically putting life back into them. He was the surest, the quickest, and most reliable doctor on the staff, but he was more interested in something else than patching people up. Sure he took his work seriously. Never did shirk a single duty either.

"About the time that he became so famous, an epidemic of an unknown disease broke out. The terrible part about this was that no one was able to discover the cause of the epidemic or how to stop it. This became Doc Les's other interest—the discovery of the unknown. Everyone said that he wouldn't have been so interested if Mrs. Les hadn't inquired about it one day and then remarked that she hoped the cause and the remedy would be found soon.

"Vickie Les was a perfect woman if ever there was one. She had charm, grace—everything a woman could ever wish for. Why I've seen her come into this hospital and

sit for hours at a time talking to poor men and women who were dying, trying to comfort them. She made Doc Les great because she inspired him in every way. She was the one thing in his life to which he was devoted beyond words. He lived his life for her.

"Doc had a lab over on Thirty-third Street, and every day after his work here had been finished, he would rush over to the



lab to work on his experiment. His only theory was that each victim of the disease had complained of something having bitten him. These bites caused paralysis of the body and later caused death. The main question was: What was *doing the biting*? Doc worked with all kinds of spiders, ants, and fleas and was ready to take up other species of insects when fate struck him a terrible blow. Mrs. Les had been on her way to the hospital, and her car collided with another car. Both were smashed. We brought her here as quickly as we could. The doctors said that if a very delicate operation were performed immediately she had a chance. Doc Les was the man to do it, but Doc Les wasn't in the hospital. When, at last, they found him in the lab, it was too late to help Vickie Les. She died easy—never regained consciousness.

"Doc took it mighty hard—went all to pieces. Said he could have saved her if he hadn't been fooling with such silly things as insects. Didn't go to the funeral 'cause he wasn't fit. Just raved and raved for weeks. The doctors put him to bed, but he wouldn't stay. He locked the lab and refused to go into it or to let anyone else go into it. It was awful to see him walk around here so silent and hard. Then he started drinking to forget. He didn't drink much at first, but later it got a hold on him. He'd come reeling into the hospital at all times. He didn't do very much work. Finally the staff asked him to take a three month's leave and go to Riverside for a rest. He was a good doctor, but he needed to get control of himself. He refused so violently that everyone was afraid to suggest it again.

"One night, rather late, as I passed by his office, I noticed that the light was on and that the door was open. I stopped, looked in, and there I saw him sitting at his desk, holding a picture of Mrs. Les at arm's length in front of him. He was talking to it earnestly, answering questions just as if it were asking them. I went on down the hall, wondering. The next day he told the staff that he had decided to take a little rest at Riverside. He asked them to clean out his lab and to have it ready to work in when he returned. Although none

of us understood the change, all of us were glad that he was going.

The hospital was a mighty quiet place without him. We were just getting used to his being gone when he came back all brown, healthy-looking, and smiling. That was a glad day for us and for him too, I guess. He hardly got settled before he began to work with his experiment again. He worked hard, but he remembered his health, too. He'd never work too late and he got his rest regularly.

"Things went on in the usual way for about four months. It was at the end of this time that Doc learned what caused the unknown disease. A tick, which lives on rats, was found to be the cause. When the tick bit the victim, it inserted a poisonous fluid which caused paralysis. When the paralysis reached the heart, the person died. He also learned that this poison could be counteracted; so he experimented until he produced the serum. It sounds easy when I tell you about it, but it wasn't as easy as it sounds. He spent many, many days and nights experimenting before he found the serum which really would have the required effect. The serum had to counteract the poison in the victim's system quickly, to keep the heart from becoming paralyzed.

"I'll never forget how scared we were the day that he tried it on a little girl. We were afraid that if it didn't work, Doc would give up everything. He had more perseverance than we thought he did. For six hours he stayed by the bedside of the little girl until he noticed great drops of perspiration breaking out on her face and arms. This was a sign that the serum was at least doing something. It was a long night, but by morning the little girl was much better.

"I'll never forget the reverent look on Doc's face as he walked from the patient's room to his office. I'll never forget the words I overheard him say to the picture of Vickie Les on his desk: "I did not count the hours I spent with you, I did not weigh my love by scales. I only knew, as even now I know, that my love for you made me do this wonderful thing. I remembered the verse of Whittier which we used to say together,

Continued on page 31

A Korean Moodong

MARY C. POWER

Missionaries will have to fight a long time before they will ever be able to destroy even a little of the superstition that haunts the souls of our uncivilized brothers . . .

THE faint beat of the drums and the clash of brass cymbals could scarcely be heard above the shouts and yells of the village marketers. I knew at once that a "moodong" was being held in the valley over the hill. Never did I miss a chance to see one of these weird ceremonies that the heathen Koreans hold for the dead!

Along the dusty little street the merchants were measuring out rayon and linen goods as they chanted in sing-song fashion. Farmers, each one jealous of the other, called attention to their chickens and "yards" of eggs, and now and then a drunken merry-maker would arouse shouts of laughter from his companions.

The strong odor of salt fish was becoming unendurable by this time. I listened carefully again. Yes, those drums and cymbals meant only one thing—a "moodong". If I hurried, I might arrive in time for most of the ceremony.

I had little trouble in finding the spot where the ritual was being held. Along the mountain path leading from the village, I found a distinct trail of small white paper circles, each with a hole in the center. These had been left behind by members of the family of the deceased.

"Ah," I thought to myself, "the evil spirit will have a difficult time trying to find the soul of this departed one!"

I knew that the evil one or "cusheen" must pass through each paper circle before he could even begin his search for the soul.

The throbbing drum beats and the clash of cymbals now became very distinct, and I knew that I was rapidly approaching the "sacred" spot. In a few minutes I had reached the summit of the hill and could see over the other side into the valley below me. The excited crowd was gathered

around a newly made mound of earth. In the midst of the group were those who were participating in the ceremony. A little to one side of the grave stood the various members of the family; and surrounding this group there were fifteen or twenty curious bystanders.

I hastened down into the valley and stood a little apart from the crowd. My heart beat a little faster as I stood there.

"I should feel sorry for these poor heathen," I thought to myself; but instead of pity, a strange sort of excitement passed through me.

The sorceress, or witch doctor, was the center of attraction as she danced and sang, waving her arms gracefully above her head. Her long black flowing sleeves, trimmed in red and purple, swayed in the breeze as she twirled around first on one foot and then on the other.

I was just in time to see what I considered the most fascinating form of the ceremony. (Should I have thought it fascinating? Most people would have called it pathetic!) A bolt of brown grass-linen was brought to the center, and two of the younger men began to unwind it. The sorceress rested long enough to gulp down a bowl of "sool", which is rice whiskey. She needed this strong stimulant in order to accomplish the task awaiting her. Step by step she swayed toward the outstretched yards of material held above the ground by the two young men.

Suddenly the dancer thrust her body against the tightly woven cloth. She must rip in two the entire bolt, but she must not touch it with her hands. As she danced and twirled in circles, she continued to throw the weight of her body against the strong fibrous linen. Inch by inch she tore it, stopping only for more "stimulant".

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Members of the family began to wail and moan their "igo's" (oh, dear's). The amused bystanders laughed and shouted when the drunken sorceress tossed into the air the food she had been offered. Twice she fell upon the ground almost senseless, but more "sool" was rapidly administered. She must not give in before the entire bolt had been ripped in two, or surely the evil one would triumph.

The drummers beat with all their remaining energy, but even the noise of the drums and the cymbal's brazen clangs could not drown the loud wailing of the family. At last, with one desperate fling, the dancer ripped the remaining few inches of linen, and fell, exhausted, upon the ground. As she did so, her task had been accomplished. There was no look of triumph in her face; her body shook with sobs, and she rubbed her swollen feet.

The excitement of the crowd gradually died down. The drummers changed their rhythm, so that the beats became an indistinct low rumbling murmur. A fire was built, and one by one the clothes of the de-

ceased were thrown upon it. No heathen Korean, no matter how poor he might be, would dare to wear these garments of the dead. They are considered defiled so that if another wore them, they would bring bad luck to the wearer's own soul.

The sorceress slowly raised her head, and I caught a glimpse of her face stained with dust and tears. She was given food and drink, while the members of the family and their friends joined her in the feasting.

There were no wails now—no moans—no tears. Everyone was gay and happy again. I found myself wondering whether they had felt any true grief at all. If so, they had apparently forgotten it. Their duty toward the departed one had been done. Now his spirit could rest in peace. In the years to come he, too, would be worshipped by his descendants.

I climbed up the mountain out of the valley again, and as I started down the mountain path leading toward the village, I heard the last muffled drum beats,..... A piercing shriek of hysterical laughter floated down the mountain side.

The Mourner

Now is not the time to sleep—
Play the sad songs; let me weep;
Have no talk of happy laughter.
Now that it's the morning after,
There's no reason to be gay;
Let me cry my life away.
Others sing to hide their sorrow,
Then forget it on the morrow;
All those tricks one engineers
Are so foolish—I like tears.

HARRIET CANTRELL

His Mercy Is Everlasting

BETTY HAWKINS

*Nothing is quite so maddening as the constant beat of rain upon a roof . . .
Nothing is quite as uplifting as the glorious sunshine after rain . . .*



Scene I

DRIP, drip, drip—the slow monotonous of rain. Rain. Rain! God knows it has rained for four days. I've never been so sick of rain. Every day begins with rain, and rain sets in harder again at night. I want something of home life, sympathy, warm fireside, and my two kids sitting on my knees . . . If only the sun would shine! . . . Yes, I was a criminal once. I killed a man twenty-five years ago. They sent me up to the Big House for what seemed almost a lifetime. They told me then I was getting off easy. Easy? They didn't know the meaning of that word. Easy is it? Try it some time. I haven't slept without my

conscience eternally haggling me since the night I killed that man. Lord, I'd give my life gladly if that would only give that man his life back again. I've died a thousand deaths since then. It seemed such a cinch to kill a man and get even with him . . . But now I am back at our one-room shack, far out in the country.

During those days at Sing Sing I grew tired of looking at haggard, worn faces—faces that showed toil and hardships too great for them—faces grown old before their time. I married Mary twenty-six years ago. She came to see me at the Big House for a while. I haven't seen her since they let me out. But I only got out yesterday. Rain, Rain, Rain, forever pouring from that grey sky. What *does* a man do to keep from hearing the same, slow sound? I would do anything to drown out that noise or to see the sun once more.

There's a knife on the table. Its shining, cold steel tempts me. My fingers long to touch it. (With one quick plunge of that steel in my heart I could end my life). No—something has laid a hand on mine. Did I hear a voice? God, it was that eternal rain. I look out the window, but all I see is rain, fog, and mud. Down the road I think I can see Mary coming. What will she say when she sees me? Must I hide? Yes I will hide. My legs are trembling. I'd hate to scare her. She is coming. "Oh! God, please help her still to want me."

"John, you're back?"

"Mary!"

She looks as if she may be trying hard

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to keep from crying. I mustn't let her see me smiling. That knife—so sharp! Rain steadily pours. Will it never stop?

Mary is making a pot of coffee. Coffee might calm my nerves. I wish she would hurry. I haven't had a good cup of coffee in twenty-six years. Twenty-six years! It seems rather odd to say that. I guess our son is a grown man by this time. I would like to ask Mary what he is doing. But after the cool way she has treated me since she came in I don't think I will.

It is nine o'clock now and . . . Mary has gone to her bed and hour ago. The steady pitter patter of rain drops stills sound in my ears. Maybe it is an echo. Maybe I should see if the rain has stopped yet. No. I am wrong. It is more than just an echo. I have never seen rain pour any harder from the heavens. What's that poem about "God's in His heaven—all's right with the world?" Everything is not all right with the world. Mary has hardly spoken to me since I came back. I can't understand her. Maybe it is I. Maybe that knife over there isn't new. Probably Mary shined it with scouring soap, but it looks as if it would do a neat job of stabbing. If I could only stop thinking, but what can a man do to stop thinking? I reckon he can't control thoughts. Just the same, I'll bunk on the floor. This blanket ought to be warm enough. It is warm enough, but sleep won't come. Prison-release-freedom-Mary. The knife-

cold-hard-steel-rain, rain, rain—the slow monotonous of rain keep on, drip-drip-drip.

Scene II

After a seeming short sleep I was awakened just now by the smell of flap-jacks. That used to be Mary's favorite breakfast dish. I am starved.

"I guess I must've slept over time," I finally manage to say.

"Sleep ain't never harmed nobuddy," is all the response I get.

The clouds are just as grey and the rain has set in even harder. How can I stand this hut another day? I am not as hungry as I thought. Everything looks good but I am too nervous to eat. Mary completely ignores me. There is that knife again. Mary is looking now. God, she is too innocent. She's never been untrue to me. Why must I think of killing her? She still has her back to me, at the sink washing dishes. I grasp the handle of the knife with grim determination. I look out the door of the hut. At first doubtful then confident—SUNSHINE!

Maybe that's what it is. Nevertheless, I'll lay the knife down on the table and go to the door. Once more I breathe the fresh spring air. A robin bashfully lets forth in song. The sun begins to shine in all its glory. The slow drip, drip of the last drops of rain falls off the trees. Mary is softly humming.

"It's good to have you back," she says.

I Climbed a Mountain

I was as big as the mountain I'd climbed,

My feet in the valley,

My head in the clear-aired sky.

I was as big as the mountain

And my eyes seeing past the horizon,

Looked farther than planets and stars.

DOROTHY WRIGHT

Fulfillment

BETSY BRIGGS

The power of a woman's love over a man is the greatest influence in the world while a woman's hate will drive him to the most hideous crimes . . .

PAUL flourished his brush over the canvas for the final touch to his masterpiece and breathed a sigh of contentment and pride as he observed the fruits of many months of ceaseless effort. Solemnly he poured himself a drink and crossed the room to the window. There he stood, gazing out into the vast out-of-doors and watched the grey mist settle over the horizon. The untouched cocktail in his hand trembled a bit as his mind wandered back over the events of the past ten years.

Ten years! It had been ten years! Ten years since that May when they had been married—he and Lucretia. God! the time seemed interminable! Now when he looked back on all those years he wondered how he had stood it—ten years of Lucretia—jealous, treacherous, vindictive Lucretia—ten years filled with her suspicion, hate, and destruction.

For a tender moment he reflected upon his love for Nancy and a suppressed longing came into his eyes. Good, sweet, generous Nancy had loved her sister, Lucretia, very much, too much, perhaps, for her own good. How different life might have been for them all, if Dr. Palmer had not told them of the death warrant overshadowing Lucretia's life, and if Nancy had not urged him to marry Lucretia and fill her two remaining years with happiness. For Lucretia, too, had loved Paul—madly, possessively, yes, almost insanelly. So he had married Lucretia because he loved Nancy, her sister.

Things had run smoothly enough until one evening when Lucretia had returned from one of her weekly visits to Dr. Palmer. Even now Paul could vividly recall the picture she had made standing in the doorway—white face, smouldering eyes, and tightly clenched fists. She had not said a word, but

the scornful smile on her lips had told him that she had discovered all—her doomed life—his pity for her, and his love for Nancy. The cynical look in her dusky eyes had told him that her former passion for him had now turned into bitter resentment and hate.

The two years' sentence of life had passed and Lucretia, who had now regained her health, had seemed to laugh at Paul mockingly, as if her hold on life and on him could not be broken. As her health had steadily improved, Paul had seen his own life doomed, but he had passively accepted his fate. Behind his every move he had seemed to sense Lucretia's ironical sneer, and only the thought of Nancy had kept up his courage.

The dreary dusk that was hanging over the atmosphere on this December day brought back the painful memory of that day when he had heard of Nancy's death. Nancy, who had so deserved to live, whose sacrificial work was so worthy, had been killed by a hit-and-run driver on her way to the clinic one morning. Ironically enough, it had been Lucretia who had brought him the tragic news. Never would he be able to erase the memory of her as she had told him of her sister's death, calmly removing her gloves and placing her car keys on the table with a satisfied air. With a shrug of the shoulders she had turned and had silently left the room.

How lonely those days had been following Nancy's death! He had long before abandoned all hope of their marriage and had even ceased seeing her. But deep within him the thought of her goodness had prevailed and had burned steadily, like a candle that refuses to flicker and die out. She had been his ideal, the only ideal which remained for him to cling to, and when

that ideal had been snatched from him by death, he had plunged himself deeper into his work with a determination to forget all the bitterness of the past and build for himself a new life founded upon his love of painting.

They had never had angry words—he and Lucretia—but everywhere Paul could feel her mocking presence, could hear her stealthy tread, and always he could see her revengeful eyes, laughing and sneering at him. Her spirit constantly haunted and hung over him until it seemed to bow him down with its heaviness.

His work suffered from this oppression. His patrons had quit him, demands for his pictures had grown more and more scarce until they had ceased altogether, leaving him dejected and downcast.

A feeling of contempt ran through him as he thought of Lucretia's surreptitious escapades with filthy, uncouth men, and of how they both had sunk to the lowest dregs of society.

His life at this point seemed empty but for one thing, his masterpiece. It had already satisfied his artistic soul, and soon

it would place him once again in a position of respect—one in which he could hold his head high and not be ashamed.

The room was silent save for the crackling of the flames as they went up the chimney; the sky was growing black—soon it would be time for sleep. He took a drink from his cocktail. It was good.

Suddenly, without having heard her entrance, he knew that Lucretia was behind him in the room. But he did not move. Then he heard her heavy though stealthy steps toward the fireplace. He turned just in time to see his newly-finished picture go crashing into the flames. Stunned for an instant, he stood motionless. Then, suddenly, as if a spring within him had just been released, he leaped toward her. His glass crashed to the floor. His hands wound fiercely around her throat. She screamed. Then all was silent save for the crackling of the flames as they went up the chimney.

They found her on the floor—dead. Paul was hovering over her, relief in his whole expression.

"I did it," he said, and they took him away.

'Tis Long

Bonnie, my dear,
'Tis long since we've met,
And 'twill be longer still
For I'm not ready yet—

Not quite prepared
To meet you again,
And offer a smile
Untwisted with pain.

Yes, Bonnie, dear,
'Tis long since we've met—
And 'twill be longer still
For I'm not ready yet.

ANNE WILLIAMS

One More Triangle

MARY MAHONE

Here are three versions of the same story—Eadie Smith thought "he's just country"—Letty Schultz thought "he's awfully nice"—He wrote to his brother "I'm not making enough to get married on."

Part I

GIMME a lettuce sandwich and a coke. Honest, May, I don't see how you do it. One chocolate sundae and I'd have to starve myself for weeks. Course I'm not reely what you'd call plump but I do have to watch my weight. But then I think any girl who doesn't watch her figure is awfully silly, don't you? Of course you'd reely look better with a little more weight on.

Say did I tell you 'bout Letty Shultz? Well, lemme tell you. You know she worked right next to me down at the store. Me in perfume and her in jewelry. Well just before Christmas this handsome feller comes in. Course we're pretty rushed, but I've never been too rushed to see a nice-looking feller when one's in seeing distance. Well, this feller was reely nice looking, tall, blond, big shoulders. You know what I mean. He wasn't such a snappy dresser, but, oh boy, did he have the looks. The bluest eyes, wow—well he stands over near the counter and looks kinda lost. So when I catch his eye I smile at him and ask if he doesn't want to buy some perfume. He says he don't think his aunt likes perfume. Course I thought he was just making conversation. You know—trying to make time with me talking 'bout his aunt like he didn't have a girl. Well you know I'm pretty quick on the up-take, Gladys, so I tells him I'll meet him when I get off and help him find a present for his aunt. Well, he's kinda bashful, and he says he don't want to put me to no trouble. But I can tell by his face he's just dying to take me up on it. He don't fool me with trying to look surprised. Anyhow I tell him where to meet me and what time, and he goes on out.

Ain't it funny how fellers always go for blondes, like me? Course I do use a rinse once in a while, but I think a girl ought to

do all she can to fix herself up, don't you, Gladys?

Well, anyhow I meets him at the Silver Grill, and do you know that big junk reely does buy a present for his aunt? Course I know or anyhow I thought then that he was still putting up a front. So he takes me to the movie, and after the show when I suggest going dancing he says its kinda late and he thinks we better go home. But don't get the idea he's a cheap skate, Gladys. He's just the bookish type, and he's a perfect gentleman. He didn't hold my hand in the show and he didn't even try to kiss me good-night. Course I didn't want him to kiss me. I don't approve of girls letting people kiss 'em without they know 'em pretty well. But you know how most fellers a girl runs into act.

Well, I invited him to come around to supper the next night. You know Joe's on night shift, and besides Joe's just a mechanic and this teller's nicer. You know what I mean, more educated.

Well, anyhow that feller is sure shy. He seemed real surprised that I asked him for supper, and he kinda stammered and talked around and I finally just had to tell him I wouldn't take "no" for an answer.

Well he came and he looked real nice, but he certainly was dull. There at supper he sits and talks to the ole man about farming the whole time. I might as well not of been there. But I did find out something about him. Seems he's from out in the Middle West and he and his brother have got a farm. Well, they got a uncle here in the city, and this uncle offered Hans (that's his name) a job in his business. Well, you can see how I figured, Gladys. The feller's just come to town. The only thing wrong with him is he's country. Well, I been wanting somebody new to take to the store party, what with Joe being on night shift,

THE COLONNADE

so I asks Hans. And after a while he says he'll go. I figure all he needs is a taste of night life and he'll come around. And I figure once he's seen me in a evening dress that'll sorta clinch things. What? Oh, Letty comes in later on, but I had to explain this to you first.

Well I was looking forward to that party. I figured that would fix things up right. I had a new red satin dress and I don't mean to be bragging, but I looked reely good. The dress was kinda tight through the hips and reel low in the front and back, and it had narrow rhinestone straps, and I had black satin sandals with rhinestone heels on 'em and black lace gloves. My hair was in little tight curls on top of my head, and I had a feather and rhinestone jigger in the top and long black earrings. I'm telling you it was reely classy.

Well, that was where Letty Shultz comes in. We got to the ball and I went in the cloak room and when I got back there was Hans and Letty and this sad looking bird all standing round talking. Well you know what Letty looks like, kinda tall with reel white skin and red hair, and the dress she had on just didn't have no style to it at all. It was just a plain black velvet with long sleeves and a high neck, back and front, and the skirt puffed out at the waist and was reel full. Course I don't blame her for hiding her shape. You know how she is. Anyhow it turns out this feller she's with is her brother. Naturally she hasn't got a boy friend. He looks just like her, long and thin with red hair and greenish eyes and a kinda lean face, but, anyhow, he and Hans had been to school together and they were reel glad to see each other and nothing would have it but we all gotta sit together. Well, if they wern't the dumbest people. Hans and this Shultz feller sat up and talked about school, and Letty just sat there and smiled and they didn't pay me no more attention than if I had been a wax dummy. And when they finished up the school they started in talking 'bout farming and cows and pigs. I got pretty fed up, and so I says something about how good the music is, and Hans gets up and asks Letty if she wants to dance. Yeah, Letty! Can you tie that? Well that's the way it was from then on and me left with the Shultz

guy, who's got a wife and kid, 'most the whole time. Well I jest couldn't stand it; so I said I had a headache and wanted to go home. Well, the two Shultz's decides they oughta go too; so we pile in a taxi and that Hans takes me home first and don't come in or nothing, just gets back in the taxi with them and leaves. Well, didn't see or hear from him for a couple a days, and I kinda cooled down. Joe was still on night shift, and I figured Hans couldn't help if Letty made a play for him. Well, I called him up, and, do you know, he said he was going out with Letty. That shows you the dull sorta feller he is. I wouldn't be surprised if they even got married.

Say we better leave or we'll be late getting back to work. Say did you see the freshie smile at me when he gimme my change? Did you ever?

Part II

January 26, 1940

Dearest Moms,

Brother and I were so glad to know that you'd gotten our Christmas box all right. We both like our presents so much. Brother says you must be a mind reader to know that he lost his muffler right in the middle of our worst weather. We'd rather have things you've knitted than anything else in the world. My green sweater looks so nice with the black skirt Lois and Brother gave me. Lois looks as pretty as a picture in her blue sweater and she's crazy about the sweater for the baby. Lois is writing you a letter, too, to tell you all about your new grandson. He really is a love. Brother says he looks like me. They're going to name him after Dad since he's the first grandchild, but Lois will write you all about that. I've got a whole lot I want to write you myself.

You remember I wrote you that I was to the store's Christmas party. They have one every year, but I didn't go last year because I'd only been working here a month, and I didn't know any of the people very well. I don't like city people much. They act so funny. But I hadn't danced in so long and the store expects you to come; so I decided to go. Besides Lois wasn't well enough to go out and she and I both thought it would do

ONE MORE TRIANGLE

Brother good to have some fun. He didn't want to leave Lois, but she and I talked him into it.

I'm certainly glad I went, because I met a man I like. I want you to know all about it, just the way it happened. To start with, I bought a new dress. I thought at the time it was foolish because I don't have much use for an evening dress, but it was a bargain, and I couldn't resist it. It was black velvet made almost like an old fashioned costume. It had a hoop skirt and long sleeves, and I wore Lois's pearls with it.

Since neither Brother nor I had been to a party in so long, we decided to make a real night of it; and so we took a taxi over to the hotel. I had my hair set, too, just to celebrate.

When I came back from putting my coat in the cloak room (that is, after we got there) I found Brother talking to an awfully nice looking boy. He turned out to be that nice Hans Schlosser that Brother used to write us about when he was at State. Eadie Smith had brought him. You know I wrote you about her. She works at the counter next to mine, and I don't think she's very nice. She's plump with bleached hair and she chews gum all the time and flirts with men customers. But Brother and Hans insisted that we should all sit together; so we did, but I don't think Eadie liked it.

Hans looked sort of confused. He didn't seem to know Eadie very well and he just hung on to Brother. Hans was awfully nice to me and we danced a lot. He's a wonderful dancer and he's so good looking. I don't think Eadie was much pleased with that either, because while it was still early she said she had a headache and just had to go home.

Brother had been worrying about leaving Lois for so long; so we decided we'd leave too. Hans suggested we use the same cab. It was really rather funny because I don't think Eadie had a headache at all; but Hans was most concerned, and he said since she felt bad, he'd take her home first. Then he insisted on our going home next. He said he wasn't in any hurry. That gave Brother an idea; so he asked Hans to come in, and in he came. That was really the nicest part of the evening. Lois put on her new Christmas house coat and came in,

and we all sat around the fire and had coffee and cake. Lois used to know Hans, too. They were all in school together and they had a wonderful time talking.

Lois asked Hans to Christmas dinner. He said he had to have that with his uncle and aunt but that he'd come around late. And he did.

We went out and danced Christmas night and twice between then and New Year's Eve. On New Year's Eve we really celebrated. You might have heard us on the radio. We were in the Black Hawk Restaurant when they broadcast the program from there. It was the nicest time I've ever had. I've had a date with Hans every other night since then, too.

Don't say anything about it to the rest of the family, but I'm getting to like him a lot and I think he likes me too.

Please tell all the family I miss them so much and give Dad and Joe a special hug for me.

Lots of love,
Letty

February 28, 1940

Dear Fritz,

I have been thinking over what you said about being tired of farming. I've made up my mind I was never cut out for anything else. Uncle Otis is very disappointed in me but I just don't get excited about wholesale groceries. I think I was born to grow things, not sell them. Anyway Uncle Otis says you can have my job here in town. You always liked the bright lights, and I was always the country boy. I never have understood why Uncle Otis offered me the job instead of you. Anyway he's ready to remedy his mistake and I'm ready to remedy mine. I'd like to take the farm over if you really want this job.

I might just as well tell you that a longing for the country isn't my only reason for wanting to come back out there. This job doesn't pay enough to get married on. Now I've gone and told you the wrong end to. I'm trying to say that I met Lou Shultz just before Christmas and he's got a sister that is really a prize. Letty is a beauty. She looks like Lou, but she's pretty anyway. We both like the country much

Continued on Page 32

SORRY!

DO NOT CRUSH

Relax and be lovelier!



Hamden-Sydney
Small Christian College

Virginian Sponsors
Dance January 20
Panhellenic Dance
Will Be Feb. 9



Dick Trumbull of Hampton crowned Esse Mather, Maral Crain queen Tuesday night, February 6, with the usual nuptial which climaxes the annual festive occasion.

Well, I'm Elected



V.P.I. V.I. STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

ISSUED BY CHAS. BETHUNE CO. 4344 d

W.P.I. 1939

MEMBER No. 18

SEC. J

SEAT 76

STATE TEACHER FARMVILLE BI-WEEKLY

Student *Mae*

Subject *6*

Stude

Subject *11 grading - 4th grade, for 1*

F. *6*

Below passit. grade for the

Echoes from an Empty Space
AND WE DO MEAN EMPTY!



After Dark

write to me, love, Dick

money for the month 1/2

love letters & ...

Mother.

AIR MAIL

RECEIVED

NOV 23 1940

VA



She Won't Settle Down

OPENING HOPS 1939

1940 HOP COMMITTEE
VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

THANKSGIVING HOPS 1939

1940 HOP COMMITTEE
VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 25
AT NINE O'CLOCK

WM. H. COCKE HALL No. 70

Golf Gossip



HERE I STAY!

Y
W
C
A



SHANNON'S
PHONE 224

A coed is an appetite wrapped up in a fashion coat and wearing dirty shoes. Froth.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Dated Dec. 12, 1939

Call Session

See week's program

13 through Dec. 19

Please see the Executive Board.

Please, by.

Situation NOT Wanted

WEC

Personal... But Not Confidential

DR. SERVICE

is a full-time service and is available at all times for the purpose of providing the most efficient service possible.

Prescribed at 2:00 P.M. 4 NY 10

MISS



Cotillion

Ban Aeolic Dances at Island

2:20 p.m.

By Cottie and Dodiz

Essex to Elizabeth

If things had been a little different then,
And you had not been born a stately queen;
If we two had as childish lovers met
Upon a simple English village green,
And sung of love to ancient country tunes,
And laughed and danced around that village green;
If I were but a man born to obey
And you were but a maid, and not my queen;
If we, as lovers, only had our hearts
And not our future destiny at stake;
If we could love, and in our loving, trust
Instead of hate and fear for England's sake;
If you'd been but a maid, and I a lad,
What sweet pure joy in love we could have had.

ANNE WILLIAMS

Homecoming

HARRIET CANTRELL

Home becomes a dream after we have left it . . . Dreams are always nicest when they can lie quietly in our mind undisturbed by realities . . .

SEVEN years is a long time. I felt a vague regret as the train jerked on towards home, and I wondered what I had missed and whether what I had accomplished had been worth it. Four years of college had kept me away in the winter, and I had worked during the summer. After that I had meant to come home, but it was pretty hard to get East when I was writing advertising copy in California. Mother wrote me often even when I could not find time to answer, but not even her letters could satisfy all my queries. At least, at that moment they couldn't. I hadn't really thought about it before. I felt rather ashamed.

The train passed Kirkston, which is about two miles from home. I took down my bag and put my hat on. I had that funny feeling one has about something one is afraid may not come up to expectations.

I didn't see any familiar faces as the train pulled into the station, but then I knew Mother couldn't meet me. She wrote that she hadn't been very active since that fall a few years ago that fractured her hip. Still I had never noticed how drab and dirty the little station was. It was that time between night and day that accentuates both the beautiful and the unbeautiful. There was nothing beautiful here. One couldn't see the mountains for the warehouses on both sides of the tracks.

I was still standing there beside my bag when the train pulled out. A colored boy came over and wanted to carry my bag for me, but I decided to carry it myself and walk. Home's only about a quarter of a mile from the station.

I passed Darby's grocery store and Mr. Darby was standing in front. He hadn't changed except maybe the lines in his face were deeper. I thought about the time Bob Martin and I had broken his store window

passing a football on the way home from practice. I said, "Hello, Mr. Darby. My, but it's good to see you." But he just said, "Johnny Carlton, 'bout time you come home," and turned around and walked into the store. I guess if Mr. Darby had had any reason to be glad to see me, he mightn't have said any more. I don't know.

At the top of the hill you can see the bend in Willis River. I stopped and looked for a long time. We boys used to swim down there and there were a lot of flat pebbles on the bank that were fine to skip across the water. Harry Davis and I had a fight there once, and that was the place where I first told Julie Kingsley I loved her. I wondered what had happened to Julie. We wrote for a while after I went away to school, but then we didn't any more. Barton Mountain is past the river. That's where the moon comes up, and it was full and a pale yellow, tonight.

As it was getting late, I went on. I passed a few of the people that I had known, but it was dark and they didn't recognize me. I passed Sid Young, Phyllis' younger brother, and he looked at me a minute, but walked on. I guess seven years does change a person, and Sid was right much of a baby when I left. He used to bother Tom Parker and me a lot to take him riding in the Model T we bought and fixed up. And because Phyllis was about the best friend a guy could have in a girl, we did.

I knew then I shouldn't have come back. I remembered too much, now that I was here—and they were the best memories. Being here might damage them as such, and I should have kept those memories intact. Mother wanted me: that should have made up for all this, but it didn't.

I could see our house now. It was built way back from the street. The biggest oak

Continued on page 31

Two Verses

Nature's Uplift

We see and love works of thy thought,
The sun, the trees, and rippling brooks.
Our lives would be just lived for naught,
If life were only learned from books.

Of all the works thy hand hath wrought,
Beneath the sky of blue and gray,
By nature more than man we're taught
To lift our soul from day to day.

ELIZABETH WALLS

I Saw God Today

I saw God today!
He stood in the dawn's misty light.
He lifted the gray shades of the night;
He drew across the morning sky
A curtain of gold, that dazzled my eye.

I saw God today,
As I stood in my garden fair.
He gently unfurled for me there,
The velvet rose's crimson hue.
On its petals he left
A drop of dew.

I saw God today!
At sunset with His brush
Changing the sky from blue to the rose's
blush;
I gazed spellbound in breathless awe,
For it was God I saw.

JENNIE MEGGS

Eight Times Seven

MARGARET WRIGHT

*"A little child shall lead them" . . . how many times Jerry Miles did not know . . .
He only knew little "pris" had given him hope and courage to face a slowly darkening world.*

"**M**ISSA Jerry!" The person addressed turned with a start. Preoccupied, he had failed to notice the shuffling footsteps of "Ole Jim" as he approached the steps of the apartment house.

"Why you scoundrel! I guess it's hard times again." The warm handshake of Jerry Miles and the genuine pleasure he displayed at seeing "Ole Jim" warmed the old negro's heart, and his face beamed with joy at the sight of his former master.

"Yassuh, I guess you'd call it jus' dat. Y'ain't got any jobs I could kinda try my han' at, is you?" Turning his hat around and around in his hands, he peered

earnestly into the countenance of "Missa Jerry" with the faith and wistfulness of a puppy. In shifting from one foot to the other he displayed the shabbiness of his clothes—ragged shirt sleeves, coat torn and patched, and shoes run over on the sides.

At Jim's question Jerry Miles's face darkened. The furrow in his forehead, which had become deepened of late, was pinched again in thought. Suddenly he flinched in pain, and put his hand to his head quickly. Just as suddenly as it had come, the pain left. Jim, still turning his hat around in his hands, but looking down at his shuffling feet, was ignorant of the momentary pause.

"Jim," Jerry's voice trembled slightly. He smiled feebly. "We're in the same boat." The old man wasn't accustomed to shocks, and it took several minutes for this to soak in.

Finally he muttered, "You mean y'ain't got one neither?"

"If you mean a job, you've hit the nail on the head."

"Missa Jerry," Jim's voice was gruff with disappointment. "Y'ain't done nothin'"—he swallowed hard—"nothin' wrong, is yo'?" The concern of Ole Jim was amusing.

"No, nothing wrong," assured Jerry. "It's just my eyes. They've signed my resignation for me. I'll have to find something other than advertising to earn a living. Nope, Jim, there's nothing I can do for you. Not this time anyway."

"Yassuh, Missa Jerry. I guess we unnerstan's how each other feels, now and I'se powerfully sorry 'bout . . ."

"Say, wait a second." Jerry broke in on the old man. "Come to



think of it, the boss mentioned needing a furnace man for about two months. If you're interested . . ."

"Missa Jerry!" Jim's voice was deep with emotion.

"Here's the address. I won't need these anymore." He pulled out his business cards, handed "Ole Jim" one, and tossed the rest of them on the pavement. "Well, Jim, so long, and the best of luck!"

"Much obliged, Missa Jerry, much obliged." Tears of gratitude trickled down the wrinkled, old cheek. "And God take keer of you and little Miss." Jerry waved his adieu as old Jim packed away, still bowing and wiping away the tears.

Slowly the commercial artist climbed the two flights of stairs, weary, confused, and sick with that pounding in his head. Usually the turning of a key in the lock brought the patter of little feet, a kiss or a bear-hug, and sometimes, "Daddy, haven't you got a surprise for me?" But such wasn't the case tonight. Too tired to notice particularly, he missed the enthusiastic welcome of his ten-year-old daughter without realizing it. Relaxing somewhat, he sank into his easy chair, discouraged and tired, thinking disconnected thoughts.

Not since he had faced the realization that he had lost his wife in a flu epidemic had he felt such weight of discouragement bearing down upon him as he felt now. Somehow the vague recollection of having to explain to his daughter, then seven, that her mother had gone to heaven and was not coming back, flashed across his mind. It had been hard, but the faith and earnestness of Gerry had soothed the feeling of loss somewhat. Wasn't it strange that a seven-year-old could give a man something to live for—when everything seemed lost? But this was a different situation—no job—whipped as for the future—

"Mistah Miles?" Sally's soft negro voice broke the heavy silence of the room. She touched the artist lightly on the arm.

He remained motionless, but murmured in a low tone, "Yes, Sally, what is it?"

"It's Miss Gerry, sur. She's been cryin' 'n' carryin' on evah since she come home f'um school." Sally's voice rose in distress. "And I caint do nothin' wif huh."

"Is she ill? Where is she? What's

wrong? Don't stand there." Then he realized that he had missed her when he first came in. In a frenzy he pushed Sally aside and rushed to his daughter.

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy!" Little Gerry flung herself into her father's arms, and turned a tear-stained face to his.

"What is it, Pris?" She was christened Geraldine Elizabeth Miles. Geraldine for her father, and Elizabeth for her mother, but he called her Pris, because of the way she wrinkled her nose. "Pris, what is it?" he repeated.

"Daddy, it's my 'rith—'rithmetic—" Again sobs shook her small frame.

Jerry's relief was so great, and his nerves so shattered that he laughed hysterically. This only upset his daughter more. Gathering her up in his arms, he quieted her sobs.

When Gerry had washed her face and combed her tumbled curls they sat down to their evening meal. The anxious father chatted through dinner about the weather, and "Ole Jim" and inquired about the latest news of the characters in the "funnies." He was particularly careful to exclude school from their conversation, because he knew the mere mention of it so soon after her recent distress would cause her chin to quiver. By the time Sally brought in the lemon pie, school and its unpleasant recollections were completely forgotten.

"Nope, Pris, no games tonight. Amuse yourself and we'll do something nice tomorrow."

"A picnic, maybe, Daddy? That would be so much fun. And Daddy, could we have olive sandwiches?"

"Yes," was the vague response. Jerry's mind was miles away.

"Where can we go, Daddy?"

"Run along, Pris, and fix it up with Sally. Your old Daddy's tired." Gerry needed no persuasion to run and tell Sally all about it.

* * * *

Later that night Jerry tip-toed in to put up the window and spread the blue blanket over her bed. Softly he tip-toed out. Just as he was about to close the door he heard a giggle escape from the supposedly sleeping child. "Daddy, did you think I was really asleep?"

Jerry, rather taken aback, exclaimed, "Pris, this is no time for you to be playing. You should be in bed asleep."

"You haven't tucked me in," answered Gerry in her saucy manner. "I can't go to sleep until you do." He softened as she smiled. She was still such a baby.

Remembering his scare earlier in the evening, he became thoughtful and finally said, "Pris, I want you to promise your daddy something." His seriousness aroused her curiosity.

"What, Daddy?"

"Promise me that you won't let anything upset you as much as your arithmetic did this afternoon."

"But I do try. I just—"

He interrupted her abruptly. "Pris, I want you to listen, and see if you get what I'm trying to tell you." He proceeded with not a little difficulty. "Everyone has to make the best of a bargain, even if it's a bad one. Do you understand?" Obviously this was no easy undertaking for the artist. Gerry shook her head, and looked quite puzzled.

In desperation he looked around the room for help. His eye lighted on the picture of Handel as a little boy playing the piano at night in his attic.

He began again. "You remember the story of Freddy?" This was their familiar name for George Frederick Handel.

"Oh yes, and he had to practice at night because his father didn't want him to play the piano." Gerry had grown to love the story because she loved music, and because the story, so vividly impressed upon her imagination by the picture, made her want to practice.

"Well," continued Jerry, who felt a little better after that response, "your multiplication tables are a bad bargain, but you want to be as good a sport as Freddy was, don't you?" She nodded her assent. "I want you to show as much spunk and make the best of your bad bargain."

Gerry's mind was relieved about her arithmetic, and she was wide awake by this time. "Tell me the story again, Daddy?"

"It's too late, Pris. You'll be too tired to go on the picnic tomorrow." The thought of the picnic satisfied her, and with a little

yawn she snuggled down under her warm covers. Jerry leaned down, kissed her goodnight for the fourth time, pinched her cheek, and walked to the door.

"Daddy, do you know what?" Gerry piped up as the light switched off.

"No, what is it, Pris?" Jerry was beginning to feel the effects of his hard day.

"Daddy, you haven't made me a story with pictures in a long time."

Jerry, quite exasperated by this time, "I know Geraldine, but I've been busy lately." He never called her Geraldine unless she had been naughty.

"You aren't mad with me, are you, Daddy?"

"No, I'm not angry with you. Go to sleep, and maybe I'll write one about the multiplication tables some day." This rash promise was made more or less as a last resort, and was the kind you don't expect people to take you up on.

"Really 'n' truly, cross your heart 'n' hope to die?" The father's patience had been tried to the limit.

"Geraldine, I think you had better go to sleep now." This last was rather stern, and she settled down.

"Yes, I will." Softly he closed the door. "Sweet dreams, Daddy."

"Sweet dreams," he muttered in reply. For the second time he sank into the easy chair worn out from worry and physical fatigue.

For a while he slept fitfully, but only to awake with a start at the sound of a bus passing, or the horn of a car. And when he did sleep he dreamed of "Ole Jim" crying, because he had done him a favor, or Gerry worrying about eight times seven.

When he was awake his thoughts were jumbled. He had to have a job. What could he do? How could he do anything for Gerry without a job? Would his eyes keep him from doing anything?

It was madness. The silence was heavy, as if the whole world was listening to him think, and laughing in scorn behind his back.

Why was everything so still? He turned on the radio. That jangled his nerves more than the deadly silence. He had to pull himself together. He had to do something. He paced feverishly up and down, over to

the window and back again. Stopping at the window to light a cigarette, he looked down on the street below. At least there was activity there—cars passing by, and people walking home from the late movies. Would it be possible to calm his restlessness in the milling crowd below?

Thinking it was worth a chance, he grabbed his coat and hat and left the apartment. Instinctively he turned toward town. He walked slowly, dejectedly, unconscious of those around him.

As he had left the apartment the fresh air had cleared his mind. But the sight of his business cards, which he had tossed carelessly to the pavement, only made him feel his discouragement more keenly.

Gaily decorated windows breathed an atmosphere of happiness, with the expectation of the yuletide season. The Christmas spirit could be felt in those who passed on the streets. But the gayety and the happiness were far from being felt in the heart of Jerry Miles.

He wandered aimlessly, not knowing and not caring which way he turned—passing shops with gifts—gifts of every description—he looked at them all, but did not see them. As he passed a toyshop window, a rag doll caught his eye. That was what Gerry wanted for Christmas. He stopped for a moment and gazed at the other Christmas gifts for children, displayed in the window. There was a jumping jack, some tin soldiers doing the goose step, and a doll house. Over in one corner were illustrated books. One was about an elephant, another about the dog who would not wag his tail. He remembered how he had written stories for Gerry. One for her birthday and one for Christmas until she was eight. His mind drifted on. From then, he had been too busy to bother. He certainly would have plenty of time now. This thought occurred to him rather cynically.

Then a great change came over the artist. A new idea gave him strength and courage. As the idea grew, so his attitude changed.

"I can do it; I know I can." His step

now was quick and brisk. The colors in the windows, the people he passed, all had a new meaning. "She's given me my sight," he thought. "Yes, she's given me my sight."

Somehow the steps weren't as hard to climb as before. The silence of the apartment was soothing now.

Once he tip-toed into Gerry's room. Going to her bookcase he looked through the shelves eagerly. Yes, they were there, everyone of them. The story of Porky the Pig—all of them.

He closed the door to Gerry's room, then opened it to whisper, "Pris, I love you."

Going to his desk he pulled out an old file, and ran through the papers hurriedly. Finally the artist drew from the stack a thin envelope addressed to him and dated four years ago. What a blessing! Along with his art he had imagination—an imagination which had created characters and stories for Gerry. His eyesight might fade, but he would not lose his imagination.

He had been a fool. Here it was in black and white, an offer from the Brandt Publishing Company for a contract on his terms for writing and illustrating children's literature. At the time, he had turned the offer down because he saw a brighter future in commercial art. Before, his books had only been a side line, and he had done it mostly for the pleasure it gave Gerry. Now that his eyes prevented him from the intense technical work and long hours required for art in the commercial field, he could turn his side line into his major work.

"Well, that's that." Putting his pen down he looked over the letter he had just finished. "Mr. Jerry Miles," the artist addressed himself, "You are no longer a commercial artist. You are about to seek your fortune as an illustrator of children's books."

He sealed the letter and tossed it on the desk. He paused by Gerry's door on the way to his own room. He smiled and thought, "Yes, Pris, I think you'll like my multiplication table story."

Fragments

The greyish moth-like mist of the night
Flutters against my face
I can see only the ight
Of street lamps. Even the stars
Rush unseen apace.

FRANCES E. HUDGINS

All night I wrote a poem to the sky
On wings of doves it broke and fell.
Each day I send to God a prayer:
It wings its way to Him
Unbroken.

BETTY HAWKINS

When I can speak to you
With a steady voice
And a calm heart,
And look at you
With a quiet eye,
Then—perhaps—
I can tell you
That I loved you—once.

KATY FRIEL SANDERS

Evening vespers and a single star.
Candles and a beauty that stands apart.
'Tis then that troubles are afar
And God can come into my heart.

A. G. C.

I planted a dream in my heart today.
A dream that will never come true,
Oh, can't you understand, my darling,
That this is a dream of you—

HELEN TRAVIS

A dream is merely a fantasy exiled by
reality to oblivion.

HELEN WENTZ

Dream! Oh, Fate, is that all I can ever do—
Just dream of Life's yesterdays?

KITTY PRICE

Life is like a little worm
Crawling all day long,
Squirring, turning, twisting,
Trying to get along.

DOROTHY CRUTE

Nothing to offer in return
For the day You gave!
Forgive me, dear God,
I'm ashamed to pray—
I stood still today.

JOHNNY LYBROOK

If I should ever cast a stain
Upon those dear to me,
If I should ever bring them pain,
I pray that God will not see
That I have slipped below the bar
And hitched my soul to a falling star.

ANNE WILLIAMS

Peace! the kind of peace that steals over
one at sunset
Erasing the ugly things of Life and leaving
in their place God's beauty.

AGGIE MANN

The wind-whipped rain beats the face of
the pond as
The protesting ripples race to the water's
edge.

POLLY HUGHES

How elegant is the night
Stealing through the village streets
Enfolding in her star sprinkled mantel
Each house, each tree, each child, even me.

KITTY PRICE

I could not endure the happiness,
Nor could I bear the pain,
It would be certain torture
Just to see you again.

JANE SCOTT

Verses

CATHARYNE WOLFF

Moon Wind

Moon wind,
Fingering furtively our hair,
Slipping into our clenching hands,
Moving between our lips coming to meet;
Moon wind,
Born in the dark quiet of cool grasses
And the light of the moon,
Fitfully reminding
How the night
Will wait and watch
For many hours;
Moon wind,
We don't fear you.

A Wind for Walkers

A wind for walkers
Pushes back eyebrows,
Sings in the hair,
Courses through the cheekbones;
A steady passing wind
Borrowed from mountain tops.

No leaf or futile butterfly
Will find the wind
Blowing
For birds and walkers



BOOKS OF VIRGINIA

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EDMUND PENDLETON

*Robert Leroy Hilldrup, Chapel Hill—The
University of North Carolina Press, 1939*

THE author of this life of Edmund Pendleton tells us in his preface that while preparing a report on the Virginia Convention of 1776 he became interested in the hitherto unsung personality of Edmund Pendleton. Feeling that this man's contribution to his state and nation deserved recognition, Mr. Hilldrup gathered data for this book.

Edmund Pendleton was born in Caroline County, Virginia, in 1721 and continued to live there throughout his long life. He early became a successful lawyer and at the age of thirty-one was elected to the House of Burgesses. He won important positions in the House and was soon recognized as a legal authority. For many years he served as President of the Virginia Assembly, a position of much influence and one which he filled so well that he became famous throughout the colonies. He was later president of the first Virginia Court of Appeals and was a founder of the Democratic-Republican Party. His well-known honesty, absolute fairness, and clear-thinking gave him a place of much weight and influence in the states.

The author achieves unusually well his purpose of making us realize how great Mr. Pendleton was. However, one finds the first portion of the book rather dry and lifeless. One gets tired of reading about the committees on which a man served and what these committees accomplished. As the book progresses, however, the author makes his subject more human. By showing the great respect which Washington and Jefferson

had for Mr. Pendleton, Mr. Hilldrup makes us realize how important this little-known Virginian was.

MARY JANE JOLLIFFE

THE TREE OF LIBERTY

*Elizabeth Page, Farrar and Rinehart, Inc.,
1939, New York*

MISS Page has dramatized in a colorful novel the struggle in the hearts of men who laid the foundations of American democracy in colonial times. She has chosen Thomas Jefferson as the best man through whom to present this struggle.

Miss Page's experience as a graduate student at Columbia University qualified her to present the vast historical pageant which is a setting for the love story of Matthew Howard and Jane Peyton. Matthew is a frontiersman from the Great Valley who has lived beyond the realm of government long enough to realize that true law gives a man the right to live and be secure. He puts no trust in the Tidewater aristocrats; yet at the same time he falls in love with Jane Peyton, a daughter of a Tidewater aristocrat. She has been trained to respect government on all occasions. Their married life is a struggle between the two ideas and the struggle is maintained in later generations by their sons. Peyton Howard is closely identified with Jefferson while James, an aide to Hamilton, in the Revolution, becomes the founder of a New England industry.

Miss Page spent much time in research for this book and her time was well spent. Many native Virginians have enjoyed reading of the struggles of their ancestors.

YATES CARR

Verses

Confession

"Hearts don't break"
I heard them say.
I laughed
To think that they
Could be such fools.
For
They had not been kissed by you,
Nor
Had they stood and watched
You go,
Knowing
You would not return.

JOHNNY LYBROOK

Miracles

Once I saw a mockingbird
Singing in a tree
All alone and quite unheard
Except by God and me.

Once I saw a mangy crow
Turn backward from a kill
And then I whirled and saw God go
Walking up the hill.

BESS WINDHAM

Chips Picked Up By . . . "Pritch"

When a girl starts calling a boy "Lamb", it means she is getting ready to pull the wool over his eyes.

Customer—"I thought I saw soup on the menu."

Waiter—"There was some, but I wiped it off."

Men in General—

Woman's faults are many.

Men have only two:

Everything they say,

And everything they do.

Baby Talks—

Darn he

I hate he

I wish him were die.

Him tell me him loved me,

But oh how him lie.

One day him left me

Without no because

Oh cruel, cruel world

How can it was ? ? ?

—Va. Tech

Beta (writing)—"I won't write any more, dear; my roommate is reading over my shoulder."

Roommate—"You're a liar."

Do right and fear no man!

Don't write and fear no woman!

Onward, Onward, time in thy flight!
Make the bell ring before I recite!

—Buccaneer

A skeptical man was Bill Feeter
Who wouldn't believe his gas meter.

He pulled out a match,

And gave it a scratch,

"Good morning," he said to St. Peter.

—Old Maid

Why is a bandage a bandage?
Just gauze.

—Log

The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to a visiting governor.

"Seventeen boys," explained the father, "and all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to readin'." —Kangaroo

The girl who speaks volumes usually ends up on the shelf.

On getting a husband. If at first you don't succeed, try, try a gun. —Old Maid

He—"I saw a man swallow a sword."
She—"That's nothing. I saw a girl inhale a camel."

"My boy friend doesn't smoke or drink or swear."

"Does he make all of his own dresses, too?"

Director—"Have you ever had any stage experience?"

Applicant—"Well, I had a leg in a cast once." —Old Maid

Lastly we hasten to point out that while every man has his wife, only the iceman has his pick.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November.

All the rest have thirty-one.

Do you think that's fair?

Rub a-dub-dub
Three men in a tub—
Do you think that's sanitary?

"Are mine the only lips you have ever kissed?" she sighed.

"Yes, darling," was the answer, "and the sweetest."

She was pensive when I met her
Sadness sat upon her brow,
But my check made her happy
And she's ex-pensive now.

THE COLONNADE

When a fellow breaks a date he usually has to.

When a girl breaks a date she usually has two. —Log

Mary had a little football man
Who had a tricky toe,
And everywhere that Mary went
Her man was sure to go
He followed her to class one day
Though not against the rule,
It surely made them laugh to see
A football man in school.

S. A. E.—“Do you know that S. A. E. maintains seven nomes for the feeble-minded.”

Rushee—“I thought you had more chapters than that.”

“Why are two little ink drops so blue?”
“Because they feel all wet!”
“No. Because their pappy is still in the pen finishing out a sentence.”

Midnight Oil Burner—“What time is it?”

Second Stooge—“Dawned if I know.”

Two men were seated together in a crowded street car. One of them noticed that the other had his eyes closed.

“Wassamatter, Bill,” he asked, “feeling ill?”

“I’m all right,” answered Bill, “but I hate to see ladies standing.”

Graduate—“I don’t think I learned much in this school.”

Dean—“What you don’t know won’t hurt you.” —Old Maid

“What fun have you had since you became a priest, Charlie?”

“Nun.” —The Virginia Spectator

When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail;
“Well, I never,” was his comment;
There’s a mule that’s been to jail!”

—G. E.

Victim—“Hey, that wasn’t the tooth I wanted pulled.”

Dentist—“Calm yourself, I’m coming to it.”

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A CREAMERY SHOULD HAVE

WE HAVE

THE BEST OF IT

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VIRGINIA

Homecoming

Continued from page 19

in the yard was gone. Mother wrote that lightning had struck it. We had a tree house up there—our club house.

The Goodwins lived next door to us and I noticed the gate hinges were still off line and it sagged at the end. Cobby, their old bull dog barked at me and then put his nose against my knee. I dropped my bag and put my arms around him, and he wriggled close to me. Gee, it's funny about dogs. He was just a pup when I went away. But we always took him everywhere with us. He was part of the gang. I felt better now, but still it wasn't the same.

The house was deserted-looking as I went up the walk. I thought Mother had probably gone to some neighbor's, but it hurt to think that. I almost started to knock, but I realized how silly that was and opened the door. Mother was standing in the hall, and she held out her arms to me. Wonderful smells were coming from the kitchen and old black Sarah stuck her head around the door. Tom and Phyllis and a dozen more were coming out of the back room toward me. And Julie. I hugged Mother tight, and I guess I cried a little.

I was home.

The Turning Wheel

Continued from page 6

"Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done,
Tomorrow will be another day;
Tomorrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honor or with shame
These vessels made of clay."

Vickie, I have finished."

"Sure, the paper gave him publicity, but he paid very little attention to it. He went about his work just as if nothing had happened to him at all. Everyone of us admired him more than ever, but the attention didn't turn his head one bit."

"The following week Doc was supposed to perform a very important operation.

When Mac went in to tell him that everything was ready, he found Doc sprawled across the desk, holding Mrs. Les's picture. Mac caught his shoulder to shake him, but it wasn't any use. Doc was dead! Doc James said that he'd been dead about three hours. Heart failure. Tears in my eyes? Naw! Must be that I have a cold coming. Awful climate for colds. I think that Doc Les was one of the greatest men 'mong men, but of course everybody has his own opinion. Me? Oh, I drive another ambulance now."

At the Organ Recital of M. Dupre

Continued from page 3

Then came the answer to my questioning thought—what power had brought all of these people together from the busy city to listen to the recital of Monsieur Dupre? It was that undeniable claim which music through a master spirit can lay upon the human soul.

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One More Triangle

Continued from Page 21

better than the city and we're ready to take out the final paper as soon as you get here to give us your blessing. So come on to town as quick as you can and remember, don't try any of your tricks with Letty, she's out of circulation.

No kidding, she's a wonderful girl and I can't wait for you to meet her. I know you'll be glad to get rid of the farm. Let me know when you will arrive.

Regards,
Hans

Most girls marry for life, only to find that the man hasn't any.

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