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STATE·TEACHERS·COLLEGE·

PLANNING

LE·VIRGINIA·



OUT IN SANTA BARBARA, West Coast girls play a lot of polo. Peggy McManus, shown about to mount one of her ponies, is a daring horsewoman... often breaks and trains her own horses. She has carried off many cups and ribbons at various horse shows and rodeos.



PEGGY SAYS SPEED'S SWELL IN A HORSE

SPEED'S THE THING IN A HORSE, BUT I LIKE MY CIGARETTES SLOW-BURNING, THAT MEANS CAMELS, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES ME THE EXTRAS!



PEGGY McMANUS (above) has won numerous cups for "all-round girl"... studied ranch management at the University of California. She's a swell dancer, swims, sails...is a crack rifle shot...handles a shotgun like an expert. She picks Camels as the "all-round" cigarette. "They're milder, cooler, and more fragrant," Peggy says. "By burning more slowly, Camels give me extra smokes, Penny for penny, Camels are certainly the best cigarette buy."

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

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!**

...but the cigarette for her is slower-burning Camels because that means



NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST—people feel the same way about Camel cigarettes as Peggy does. Camels went to the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd and the U. S. Antarctic expedition. Camel is Joe DiMaggio's cigarette. People like a cigarette that burns slowly. And they find the real, worth while extras in Camels—an extra amount of mildness, coolness, and flavor. For Camels are slower-burning. Some brands burn fast. Some burn more slowly. But it is a settled fact that Camels burn slower than any other brand tested (see left). Thus Camels give extra smoking...a plus equal, on the average, to five extra smokes per pack.

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Camels—the cigarette of Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. II

MAY, 1940

NO. 4

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VOLUME II

NUMBER 4

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The Columns . . .

Last Year's Staff—

Greetings from the new staff to every reader of the Colonnade! As we begin our work for the year, filled with enthusiasm and high expectations, we cannot forget Johnny Lybrook and her staff. We congratulate them on the splendid work that they have done this year, on the co-operation they have shown, and on the record they have left to us to maintain.

Dedication—

A hearty greeting and a sad good-bye— and within the two, four unforgettable years of undying friendships, recurring laughter, and fond memories. And so, to you, Seniors of 1940, we dedicate this issue of the Colonnade, with a keen realization of all that you have meant to us—to Farmville—and with the hope that your Commencement will be a real one, bringing you the best that Life has to offer. By your high ideals and your achievements, you

have left to the incoming seniors a challenge. May they accept it willingly and nobly!

About the Cover—

The staff had a brain-storm, and Mr. Williamson caught the idea when he photographed the still-life symbol on the cover. "Bacculareate", appearing in this issue on page 18, gives the thought that we wish to convey. Written by the Father of a Senior, it is a study in the symbolism of the picture.

Previews—

Seen in passing . . . Mary Mahone with a grand climax to her literary contributions in her latest story, "Drew's Children" . . . Helen Reiff with a colorful description of a night in Atlantic City wound around "Dr. Pedigo—Alias" . . . Marie Eason reminding us of lasting impressions that will likely be ours in "Things I Will Remember" . . . Frances Alvis helping us to view "Longwood" in its past as well as its present beauty . . . Marian Harden fitting a modern love story against the background of the Old South in "It's a Long Lane" . . . Lula Windham accepting the friendly challenge of the "Kappa Alpha—Hampden-Sydney", which appeared in the November issue of the Colonnade, with a retaliation, "Back at You" . . . Isabel Williamson in a pensive mood, composing "Requiem" . . . Johnny Lybrook confirming the age-old quotation, "In the Spring . . .", et cetera . . . Betty Hardy musing over a semi-paradox on "Love".

Other poems appearing are by Bliss Fowlkes, graduating sophomore, and Dot Wright. The Virginia books are reviewed by Catherine Wood and Sara Cline. We call attention to Jeanne Haymes' review of *Flowers of Evil* as translated by Edna St. Vincent Millay and George Dillon. Hats off to Dotie MacKenzie for the feature section!

In Conclusion—

May we wish for each of you the richest and most delightful of summers. Here's hoping your vacation will be the perfect situation for a prize short story! Bon voyage! And don't forget to write—
for the Colonnade!

Longwood

FRANCES ALVIS

APPROXIMATELY a mile south of the little town of Farmville is an estate which is picturesque in the way of the traditional old South. The white frame house, graciously hospitable with its front and side porches, its gardens and stately boxwood in the rear, and its expanse of lawn and imposing shade trees, lends an atmosphere which leads one to expect a grinning darky to appear with mint juleps at any moment.

The acres to the front which may at one time have been cultivated as farm land have been graded and replanted for golf greens. Through the woods at the right go bridle paths, and to the far right, nestled down in a grove of trees, is a natural amphitheater for outdoor entertainments. Flowering, woody by-paths lead thence through the woods to a rocked-up wishing-well-of-a-spring, and still further down the brook, bordered by gnarled old trees, is a camping ground with a vine swing and huge stone fire-places. Near at hand stands a modern and indispensable log house commonly known as "The Cabin."

Going back through the woods, gorgeously bright with flowering white dogwood and with the purple-red of the Judas tree, we climb a slight hill, pass the caretaker's doll-sized white cottage, and approach again the imposing dwelling from a different angle. Longwood, we are told, is the former home of the Confederate general, Joseph E. Johnston.

Longwood has a history more distinguished than we might guess when gazing admiringly at its surroundings of spacious lawn blue-dotted with periwinkles and brightened with japonica. It begins with Peter Johnstone, Sr., born in the Scottish



shire of Annadale in Dumfries, lyrically memorialized in romance and poetry by Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns. As a lad of seventeen, he emigrated to Virginia.

Full of courage and ambition, the young boy settled on the James River at Osbourne's Landing in what is now Chesterfield County, and became successful in the mercantile business. His strict and ceaseless adherence to business left him little chance for romance until his fifty-first year when he wooed and won Mrs. Martha Rogers, a young widow. Four years after their marriage in 1761, the Peter Johnstons (the Scottish "e" was dropped) moved to Prince Edward County and their home was first known as Cherry Grove. However, since one home in the country already bore that name, another was sought, and Peter Johnston named his new home after the old family castle of Loughwood in Annadale, Scotland, and Anglicized the spelling to Longwood.

Peter Johnston is now remembered in Prince Edward County because he donated one hundred acres of land toward the founding of what became Hampden-Sydney College, and because he served in the

House of Burgesses.

Of the four Johnston sons, we know most about Peter Jr. His father, though an ardent Tory, could not prevent this son from becoming devoted to his native America. Peter, Jr., zealous and young, not daring to consult his father, ran away from the little Hampden-Sydney College where he was a student and enlisted in the Continental Army under Light Horse Harry Lee. Here was begun a friendship between two families whose sons, Robert Edward Lee and Joseph Eggleston Johnston, were to fight side by side less than a century later.

In accordance with the English law of primogeniture, the family homestead of Longwood went to Peter Johnston, Jr., now lieutenant in the army and forgiven by his father.

The young Johnston soon arose to prominence in politics, representing his county thirteen times in the State Legislature. In 1788 he married Miss Mary Wood of Goochland County, and from their union were born nine sons and a daughter.

The eighth son was Joseph Eggleston Johnston, born on the site of the present house at Longwood. He, however, lived there only four years and a half, his father being appointed circuit judge at Abingdon, Virginia.

Then Longwood, with its 1181 acres, was sold to Abram B. Venable, a distinguished State Congressman and banker then residing in Richmond. Mr. Venable, however, was a bachelor and died suddenly in 1811 without having made a will. His vast property was divided among his kin and, by inheritance, Longwood fell to a nephew, Nathaniel Venable. Shortly after, however, Longwood was burned. During the late 1820's Nathaniel Venable replaced it with the present frame structure as a home for his family. Eight of his eleven children were born there.

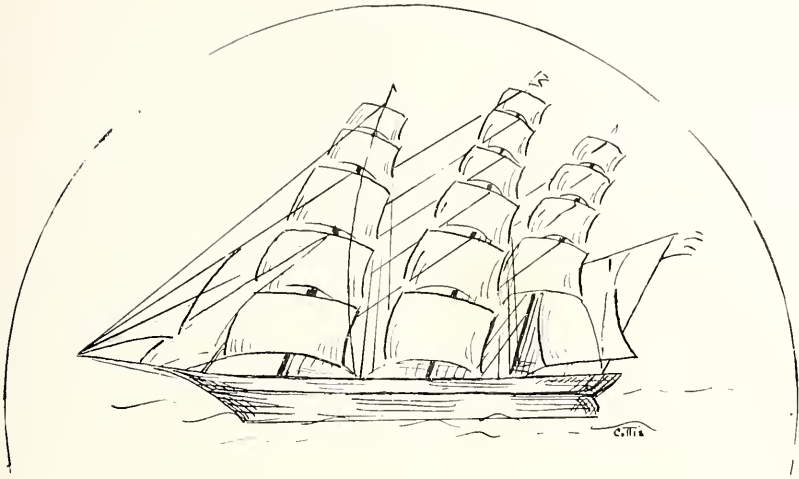
In April, 1873, Longwood changed hands again. This time it was deeded to Wright Barber in whose name it stayed until 1920 when it was purchased for \$20,000 by the State for the Farmville State Teachers College.

To the late Mrs. J. L. Jarman, wife of President Jarman, goes much credit for her foresight in seeing the possibilities of Longwood as a recreational center. It was she who first proposed the buying of the property and she directed much of the beautifying of it. It is largely due to her influence that the house is so tastefully furnished, and the surroundings are permeated by an atmosphere of true Southern hospitality.

The Pendulum

My soul,
 Forever like a broken pendulum
 Swings itself
 On impulse—
 Down to earth,
 Up to heaven,
 Back to earth again.
 O Thou, the Jeweler of all men,
 Regulate my soul.

EUGENIA RAMSEY



Drew's Children

MARY MAHONE

*"Martha loved Alex, but her first duty was to Drew's children.
Should duty triumph over love?"*

THE grandfather's clock ticked softly to itself in the square, dark, paneled hall. Under the massive oak staircase was a small door, and from behind it came soft muffled Negro voices and the clatter of glass and silver. In spite of these far away sounds the house seemed to be waiting. Even the bright zinnias on the table under the mirror were waiting. Then the stained glass shadow on the floor was broken.

"How cool the hall is!" said Martha cheerfully. She was slight and dark and she smiled at the zinnias as she pulled off her hat and ran her fingers through her hair. Two children stood behind her near the door and stared at her, but they didn't reply.

Martha peeped at them in the mirror. They were handsome children. Andy's stocky build and dark hair presented a pleasant contrast to Marte's slim form and delicate coloring. Now, however, they both looked sullen. Marte's eyes wore a hurt

expression and her lower lip trembled; and Andy, standing with his feet apart, his fists thrust deep into the pockets of his white slacks, scowled at the floor.

She hoped they weren't going to be too troublesome about Alec. They were such babies, but Marte at fourteen and Andy at sixteen considered themselves adults. They also felt it their duty to correct their mother when she didn't measure up to their standards. She had thought it funny when there was nothing important at stake. Now she realized that these little incidents had set a precedent for the outburst of this afternoon.

As she stood before the mirror re-arranging her dark hair, her mind flashed back to the incident of the afternoon. She and the children had driven to Grandmother Stevens' house in the suburbs for the afternoon. It had been very pleasant; the children had played croquet on the large green lawn while Martha had visited with her mother. It was while they were sitting

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under the big old oak tree, having lemonade and home-made cookies, that the storm burst.

Gram was smiling and fanning when she said, "How's that nice Alec, Martha? When are you going to marry him?"

Marte looked startled and said in a tight little voice, "Don't be silly."

Andy, his mouth full of cookies, made muffled noises and then choked. The three women bustled around getting more lemonade and patting him on the back. As soon as he could get his breath, Andy started on a tirade, the sum total of which was that their mother's first duty was to her children, that their mother was too old for love, and that she was still in love with their daddy, anyway. His face growing redder and redder, Andy finished by intimating that his grandmother was in her dotage.

Then Gram lost her temper for the first time in twenty years. She ignored the children and spoke to Martha. She said in a low voice that Martha's children were badly brought up little savages and she wouldn't see them again until they had learned to behave. Then she took the cookies and went into the house.

The children, startled, followed Martha to the car. Neither one had spoken since Gram gave her lecture.

Martha stiffened her back, forced a smile to her lips, and turned to face them.

"Suppose you run upstairs and freshen up for dinner. Uncle Alec will be here." And as they exchanged looks, she added in a firmer voice, "If you feel that you can't be civil to him, don't come down to supper."

The children, unused to stern tones, looked startled. Then without a word, they climbed the stairs.

Martha went down the hall and into the kitchen, where William and Jerry, the Negro couple who were cook and butler, were preparing supper.

"Miss Martha, you sho is looking peeked. Don' you wan' me to fix you a pick-you-up?"

Martha smiled. When William fixed her a little "pick-you-up", he usually fixed himself a rather large one, too. So she just said, "Not tonight, thank you, William."

After she had discussed supper arrange-

ments, she ran up to her room to dress. As she ran the water for her bath and laid out her clothes, her mind wandered back eighteen years. She'd been eighteen when the family took a cottage at a new summer resort. They had gone to the mountains for years, but now at Martha's insistence they tried the coast. There Martha had met Drew. He was just out of law school and was taking a short vacation before entering his father's firm. He was big and sunburned with his light hair bleached almost white by the sun. He adored sail boats and dancing, and soon Martha was added to the list. They were married in November. It had been a perfect match from the standpoint of romance; they were two charming and handsome young people who adored each other. Later they had two beautiful babies, but they never got past the honeymoon stage, for they had no troubles and no problems, it seemed. They just played house happily until one summer day a squall hit Drew's boat and everything was over. With the smash, Martha went to pieces completely. In fact, she was ill for months. Then when she began to get better, she lavished all her love on Drew's children. She became almost neurotic, but the old family doctor had finally got her straightened out. With the healing process came a maturity she'd never experienced before. Drew had been her first love, and their marriage had been more like "living happily ever after" than real life. There had been no cares, no shocks to make her mature until Drew's death. And as she became a woman Drew's image faded and he became unreal.

Alec had been Drew's best friend all his life, and when she became Drew's girl, Alec became her friend. Since Drew's death he had been the most comforting friend in all her circle. He had stood by her like a rock. After she had pulled through her crisis and returned completely to normal, she enjoyed Alec as an escort. Then in the last two years she had realized that she loved him. There was no hurry. They weren't madly in love, but they loved each other with a deep quiet love that was an excellent basis for a lastingly happy marriage.

The children were old enough now not

to make such great demands on her time; so she and Alec had decided to be married within the month. The children had always adored Alec; of course they would not object. Coming suddenly back to the present, she realized she'd been dawdling. With that she slipped into the misty gray-green chiffon that Alec liked, added a touch of the perfume he'd given her for her birthday, and went downstairs.

Andy's room was decorated like the inside of the cabin of a ship. Now he sat in the dusk on the side of his bunk and stared at the row of model sailboats that ran along the wall. Andy adored sailboats and these models were his special joy, but now he didn't even see them. A few tears ran down his face unnoticed. Even at sixteen, boys cry sometimes, and Andy was frightened. His life had always seemed so settled, so secure! But now he had all the fear and hatred of change that comes with adolescence. He himself was changing so quickly that he felt a strong need for something solid to cling to. The idea of his mother's marrying again had never occurred to him till now. With one short sentence, Gram had set the ground rocking under his feet. He knew boys whose mothers had been divorced and had married again, and they hated their stepfathers. Of course, Uncle Alec was a swell guy, but he might change if he married Mother. Everything was so nice as it was. Why did things have to change?

There was a knock and Big Fat Jerry's soft Negro voice called, "Mista Andy."

Andy dug at his eyes with his knuckles and managed an uncertain, "Come in."

All of big fat Jerry's two hundred sixty-three pounds came waddling slowly through the door. She moved softly on broad flat feet, turned on the little lamp, set a tray on a small table under the window, all the time talking half to Andy, half to herself.

"Yo' mama say you eat up here. You bin bad I guess. Bin a long time since Miss Martha hadda sen' you upstairs. I doan see why you doan act nice. The devil get boys what doan 'have deyselfs. You all musta done sumpin' mighty bad, Miss Marte she

in she room jes cryin', and she goin' ruin dat nice pink silk bedspread ef she doan stop it. William say when he pass de rolls, he hear Mr. Alec say sumpin' 'bout boat races tomorrow, but reckon he ain' botherin' hisself with no young uns with dey mouth stickin' out so far you kin turn a hoss and buggy on it. Yo expression goin' freeze like dat, ef you doan change it."

"Big fat Jerry, if you tell me my face will freeze that way, I'll—I'll put a frog down your back."

Andy was on familiar ground now. This was routine and it gave him confidence. There had always been comfort in the great shapeless mass of kindness. Suddenly she grinned, showing a broad expanse of white enamel set off by two gleaming gold teeth, center front.

"I got a powerful pretty piece of cold blueberry pie over here, and milk and cold beef and some of dem cold vegetables and oil yo' mama calls salad, but I reckon ef you feels like you look you ain' gonna want none of this."

She started to pick up the tray. Andy grinned.

"Don't you go off with that grub. Leave it right there, and when you get a chance slip me another piece of that blueberry hard tack, you old sea dog."

Jerry went out laughing but she sobered when she passed Marte's door and heard the sobs. She shook her head and went on down the hall toward the downstairs.

In Marte's pretty little room the appetizing tray sat on the low chest at the foot of the bed, untouched, and in the middle of the four poster bed Marte lay in huddled misery. She had cried herself to sleep. She had always been a delicate child subject to all of childhood's ailments in their severest form. But she had grown healthier as she grew older, and she had had no sickness now for sometime. She was a dainty, dreamy looking child, and her looks did not belie her nature, for she spent a large part of her time with a book in her lap, not reading but day-dreaming. The central figure of these dreams had always been the father she could hardly remember. He had been handsome. His pictures were still all over the house. He'd been gay and dashing—the

ideal Daddy. If he could come back, how she'd adore him! She'd be his favorite, she knew, and he would understand her. He'd buy her freckle cream when she asked for it, and he'd not laugh at her, ever.

Martha and Alec were out on the terrace in the long low chairs, smoking their after dinner cigarettes in the warm July dusk. "And so you see the position I'm in, Alec. They've always been fond of you; I can't understand this change. I don't know what to do."

Alec's words comforted her although she couldn't see his face.

"Martha, I love you. I won't let you throw our happiness away because of a couple of adolescents who aren't old enough to know their own minds. You promised to marry me. I'm going to hold you to it."

"I want to marry you, Alec. Maybe, it was just the shock. I haven't had a chance to say anything to them about it. Let me have a little more time to bring them around."

"Don't worry, darling, I'll wait as long as you say, on one condition—don't ask me to wait till you've raised your grandchildren, because I won't do it. Leave it all to me, and I'll see what I can think of to bring your two adolescents around."

"Let's see!" he continued. "Andy has finished high school. He's too young to go to college. By the way, I've got his Annapolis appointment for next year. He should be pleased to hear that. There isn't anything Andy likes better than boats, is there?"

"You know, Alec, he's obsessed with them. He takes after Drew there."

"Martha, would you give him up for about six months?"

"That's a long time, Alec. I don't know whether I could or not."

"You've got to start some time. I've got a brother in Australia, you know, and he has a son a little older than Andy. John's as crazy about boats as Andy is. He and his friends have a boat club. This winter they're planning to sail over to New Zealand and do a bit of camping and exploring, so they say. Anyway they're going to be sailing around Australia and New Zealand for about a month. John would be delighted

to have Andy down there. I've never given Andy his graduation present. Let me give him the trip. He can see the country. It will be good for him—make a self-reliant person out of him. He'll get back about the first of March, and you'll have him until he goes to Annapolis in June."

"Do you really think it will be good for him, Alec?"

"I certainly do. Call him and let's see what he says."

"Alec, do you think he'll be safe?"

"It's safer than water polo or football, and you don't object to those. If you like, I'll send the United States Coast Guard along to keep an eye on him."

A few minutes later Andy came out on the terrace, wiping milk and pastry crumbs from his mouth. He almost forgot his fears until he saw Alec. The uneasy feeling came back to his stomach and settled between the second and third pieces of blueberry pie. He sat down on the top step and waited stiffly.

"Andy, you haven't changed your mind about Annapolis, have you?"

"No sir."

"That's good. You go up in June."

"Gee, that's swell—" said Andy forgetting his stomach. Then suddenly remembering his manners, he added, "Thank you, sir."

"Now, what I've been thinking is that you ought to see something of the world before you go up there, else the sons of those Navy officers may put something over on you. I've a nephew about your age in Australia. He belongs to a sailing and exploring club. There are about ten boys in the club, and they take a trip every year in October or November. That's their spring, you know. How would you like to go down there, say the middle of September and come back some time in February? Take the trip with John and his friends and see the country? I'll give you the trip on one condition—"

"Now", thought Andy, "it's all about to come out. He's trying to bribe me to let him marry mother, or else he's trying to get me out of the way so that he can marry her while I'm gone."

"One condition," continued Alec, "You've

got to promise me not to bring back any kangaroos."

Andy laughed, and suddenly things didn't seem so bad. Uncle Alec was a swell fellow. Then his fears clamped down again. Suddenly he blurted out, "Are you going to marry Mother?"

"Well, that's up to your mother, Andy. I'd like to. I know what a fine man your daddy was, Andy; I was his oldest friend but you know when a woman's children grow up she gets lonesome. When you go to Annapolis, you won't be home for two years, and your mother will need a man around the house to take your place."

Andy felt uncertain. He'd never thought of that side of it.

"Do you want to marry him, Mother?"

"Yes, darling, but I won't if it's going to make you and Marte unhappy."

"Andy, there won't be any difference except that I'll move my clothes over, and I may be under foot a little more. I understand that you and Marte come first with Martha. All I want is to cut in on a little piece of her time and to be with her when you and Marte have other things to do. Don't answer now. Think it over and remember how lonesome your Mother will be when you and Marte are both away at school."

"Andy, dear, I was going to tell you myself very soon. I realize it was a surprise coming from Gram. Anyway, dear, I won't do anything you and Marte don't want me to."

"I think I'll go upstairs."

"Andy, that Australian offer holds good no matter how you feel about your mother and me. That's your high school graduation present. If you want it let me know."

"Thanks, Uncle Alec. Good night."

When Martha came upstairs, Andy called her.

"Mother."

He was lying on his bed with an old copy of the National Geographic Magazine in his hand. Martha smiled at him as he lay on his stomach on the bunk, his bare brown back toward her, and his long legs in blue and white pajamas, reaching to the foot of

the bunk. "How tall he's getting!" She thought.

"This picture looks pretty keen, doesn't it, Mother?"

"What, Andy?"

"I knew there was one on Australia and New Zealand; so I looked till I found it. They have all sorts of funny animals down there. Look at this."

"My, it looks just like Marte's old teddy bear, doesn't it?"

"Mother, do you really want to marry Uncle Alec?"

He had rolled over on his back and was looking up at her.

"Yes, dear."

"Do you like him better than you did Dad?"

"How well do you remember your dad, Andy?"

"Not very well."

"You like Uncle Alec, don't you?"

"I don't know. I did. I guess I still do, but stepfathers are awful."

"Darling, he won't be a strange stepfather. He'll be Uncle Alec just as he was before. Things won't be different. We'll be together just as much, but I'll have Uncle Alec to attend to things for me. Things like the time when the gardener tried to steal the car. He could do so many things about our money. He does a lot now, but if we were married, he could take care of all of it. Under his management all four of us would be able to take long trips together, instead of just our usual one day jaunts. And Alec can keep me company when you're away. As for your daddy, this hasn't anything to do with him. I think he'd like it. You know he chose Alec for your godfather. I believe he'd like for you to have Alec to help you along. When a boy grows up, there are times when his mother can't help. You'd have Alec then."

"If I said I didn't want you to, you wouldn't?"

"That's right, dear."

"Careful, Martha, remember Alec! What right have you to let a child decide your life? You're only thirty-six; you've got years ahead of you. It might hurt him if you went against his wishes, but he'd come around". But Martha's heart said, "He's my

baby; he's my first charge. I won't make him unhappy."

Andy persisted, "Even if you wanted to, you wouldn't?"

"Not if it would hurt you."

Andy gave a deep sigh, "Gosh, you're swell, I guess Gram was right. I was just being a pig. I guess it'll be even nicer. Will you let me go to Australia?"

Martha's heart relaxed, and she took a deep breath.

"I'll miss you, but I think you're old enough. Don't read too late, dear. Good night."

In her own room she called Alec. "I know it's late but I had to tell you that I've had a talk with Andy, and he's completely reconciled to the idea of our marrying. He just needed a little time to get used to the idea. And he wants to go to Australia."

"I thought he'd come around. How about Marte?"

"She hasn't said much. She was asleep when I came upstairs. I believe, when she finds that Andy is agreeable, she'll come around."

"I'll be over about ten to take you three to the boat races. Let's make it soon, dear. Good night."

When Alec rang the doorbell at ten the next morning, Jerry opened the door. Her broad black face was creased with worry.

"I sho is glad you is come, Mista Alec. Miss Marte, she sick. Doc Taylor, he upstairs with her and Miss Martha now."

"Where's Andy?"

"William done drove him down to Miss Stevens' for to stay till dey is quieter. Miss Martha will sho' be glad you is here."

"I'll wait in the library."

Martha had heard the bell and came quickly down stairs.

"Alec?"

"Yes, Martha. I'm here. What's the matter with Marte?"

"Oh, Alec, I'm so glad you've come! She is horribly upset about us. I never thought she'd take it so hard. She didn't come down to breakfast this morning; so I sent Jerry up with a tray. She found her in bed crying and she wouldn't touch her breakfast. When I went up to find out the trouble, she started screaming as soon as I came

into the room. She was entirely unstrung. I called Dr. Taylor, and he came over right away. Alec, I'm so frightened! She's been crying all morning, and she starts screaming every time I go near her."

"She's quiet now?"

"Dr. Taylor gave her a hypodermic. She's asleep."

"What does he say?"

"He hasn't said anything yet. He is coming down in just a minute."

As she spoke, they heard the doctor's slow step on the stairs. He came into the dim library with a little frown between his bushy white eyebrows.

"Hello, Alec, glad you're here. I wanted to talk to both of you. Sit down, Martha, and relax. You worry about these children too much. I don't want to pry into your affairs, but I would like to ask a few questions. You've talked to Marte quite a bit about her dad, haven't you?"

"I used to when she was tiny. It seemed so important that she remember him then. But I don't think it made much of an impression. She was very young."

"That's where you're wrong. It did make an impression. You were still wrapped up in Drew, and it was only natural that you should talk about him. But Marte was just at the right age to retain impressions. Did you ever talk about him later on to her?"

"Only when she asked me."

"That was fairly often, wasn't it?"

"For a while she seemed interested. Lately she hasn't even mentioned him."

"That's just it. She hasn't forgotten him. She's been thinking. Marte is fourteen. She's just at that idealistic stage that every little girl goes through. If it were a movie star or some living person it would be perfectly normal, and she'd soon outgrow it. But since Drew is dead, and she has no real memories of him, her imagination has had free reign. She's idealized him and day-dreamed about him to the extent that he has become almost a fixation with her. I don't know what the terms are, I'm just an old family practitioner, but I know she's had some sort of shock in connection with this day-dreaming of hers. Something has upset her mental picture of Drew."

Continued on Page 29

Requiem

Remembering is but a prayer
For strength, when cherished hours are past,
A plea that Time delay her course,
To let a frightened heart once cast
A ling'ring glance, renew its ties,
Reluctantly release its grasp.

The end a new beginning is—
Elusive memories I have tried
To hold—then realized my prayer:
That I may know somewhere inside
A comrade's heart there will remain
The sacredness of friendship tried

I wonder, then, just why I cried.

ISABEL H. WILLIAMSON

Things I Shall Remember

MARIE EASON

That summer night almost four years ago when Pudge and I decided to room together at Farmville.

That swift downward curve in the highway from Richmond and then—Farmville all spread out before me.

That feeling of complete solitude when I sat by the fish pool on evenings in spring, with the faraway stars overhead and the unreal echoing of girls' voices across the court.

That delightful feeling of Saturday night abandon tinged with the smell of chocolate candy cooking.

Dr. Jarman with cigar, red rose, and smiling face.

The Hanging of the Greens and the Rotunda with its dressed up Christmas look.

Irons, flowers, evening dresses, bath water running, girls, visitors, telephone calls, excitement all mixed up together—dance night.

The sight of Longwood bursting into view over the rolling lawn, as my horse emerged from the deep woods at the end of the golf course.

The quaint little Episcopal Church during the big snow, looking just like my dream of "the church around the corner."

The great tree which for four years I have viewed from my window—majestic in its winter bareness, and gloriously green in spring.

The big bell! Time to eat. Time for class. Time to leave class. Time for chapel. Time for a date. Time for a date to leave. Time to go to bed. The ding-dong of the big bell that could mean anything. Sometimes I didn't even hear it; sometimes I welcomed it; sometimes I hated it. I shall always remember it!

Things I remember! How could I forget these four years of brief interlude, separate, distinct, different from all other years, years I shall hold precious in my mind, to be taken out at odd moments, examined, laughed over, remembered with a glow.

Precious like jewels in my palm, they will sparkle and shine—these things I shall always remember!

Dr. Pedigo--Alias

HELEN D. REIFF

"Her husband could read faces; but only Linda could read his heart and make him see what was written there."

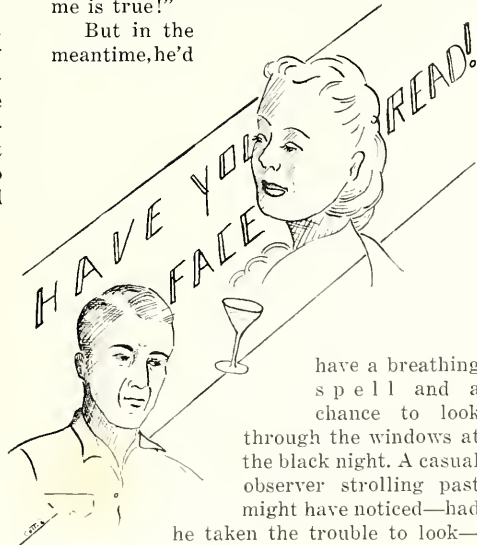
LIGHTS flashed, a band swung into a modern version of "Rigamarole" and in the distance could be heard occasional strains of "Stardust" played by the Hawaiian orchestra out front. Crowds of people hurried up and down. Some were in evening dress, others in slacks, munching peanuts. From the Baby Animal Zoo could be heard bursts of laughter: the monkeys were cutting capers again. In one booth where "Our Gang" was playing, the little children pointed in awe at the comedy dog and were invited to come up and shake hands with him. In another, young girls gazed wistfully at the original gown worn by Garbo in "Mati Hari"; and in still another a group of boys examined with rapture an exhibit of a model airport. The mist drifting in from over the sea made the air salty and soft. A night of midsummer on Atlantic City's Steel Pier was in full swing.

Half-way out under the covered section of the Pier was a long line of chattering women. They were all pushing slowly forward like an immense caterpillar of the jointed variety and the center of their attention seemed to be a lone man. About this unfortunate mortal, who was being so unceremoniously stampeded, there appeared at first glance to be nothing unusual. Indeed he bore the appearance of an average, middle-aged business man with graying hair, slightly stooped shoulders, and a calm face which showed slight traces of fatigue, due no doubt, to the excessive heat of the box-like compartment in whose doorway he stood. A large sign bore the words, "Dr. Dimitri Pedigo, Psychiatrist, Facial Analysis." At intervals he droned, "Step this way, ladies. Learn about your character from your face. Your features tell the story." As

they, in turn, stood before him, he indicated a spot on the wall behind him where they might focus their gaze for a brief moment, after which he handed them a sheet of paper and they passed on. The spinster with the thin, oval face received hers from Pile Number One, the fat colored woman's came from Pile Number Two, and the third pile yielded one for the young girl with firm, rounded chin.

"And that's that," reflected Dr. Dimitri Pedigo as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead and watched with obvious gratitude the retreating backs of the last women. There would soon be another swarm to wait impatiently their turns and then move on with, "Oh, gosh, keed, ain't he swell? It says I'm the type to marry a millionaire!" Or "And to think. He looked at my face two seconds and everything it says about me is true!"

But in the meantime, he'd



have a breathing spell and a chance to look through the windows at the black night. A casual observer strolling past might have noticed—had

he taken the trouble to look—

that the hands which gave out the sheets were much better suited to something than were the eyes which glanced a trifle to casually at each face. "A psychiatrist?" one would have exclaimed. "But look at those hands! The man's missed his calling. A sculptor, maybe—or else, an artist. Perhaps, even a doctor."

The time between rushes was long, for the ballroom, the five theaters, and the water circus claimed the attention of the crowd. When there was nothing else to do, Dr. Dimitri Pedigo once more became Neil Martin—the Neil who twenty years ago had stepped from the threshold of medical college with a light heart, and with the prospect of a brilliant career as a surgeon. There had been a girl, too—his beautiful Linda, whom he had worshipped ever since he could remember, and who had become his bride soon after he received his degree. On her his thoughts dwelt tenderly for a while—clear gray eyes, brown hair somewhat subdued into soft waves, a lovely tender mouth that smiled right into his heart, and somehow running through it all, soft strains of "Drink to me only with thine eyes"—that was Linda.

His brilliant career soon exceeded everyone's expectations. Their New York apartment gave way to a home in Westchester which was in turn replaced by a veritable mansion on Long Island. But by that time, he was working mainly at plastic surgery. As the years passed, money loomed even more important, and this latest field had proved the easiest, quickest way of making money. Gradually, he had let his practice of general surgery slip away. Linda disappeared from the start, but he pointed out the fact that their cabin cruiser, the car, the retinue of servants, even the house itself were the outcome of this new, money-making device. And besides, what was wrong with plastic surgery? Women would pay fortunes to be beautiful or to regain the lost charm of youth. He was only too glad to patch up their faces and pocket their fortunes.

Eventually newspaper columns began referring to him as "The Society M. D.," "The Beauty Specialist," and "Martin—the Ladies' Aladdin". One day Linda con-

fronted him with tears in her eyes and stinging words he'd never forget.

"Oh, Neil", she had pleaded, "can't you see what you're doing to yourself? Don't you know you're a robot—a mechanical puppet that silly rich women are pulling with their purse strings? Are you going to go on like this forever—piling up money and patching smug faces that haven't anything behind them? Oh, Neil, think of what you could do. Think of the lives you could save, the homes you could rebuild, the joy—you could bring to the faces of little children! It used to be that way, Neil. You *know* it did . . . I don't care about the money, Neil!" She was scolding now. "I'd gladly see the house and everything in it at the bottom of the Sound, if I could only hold a lamp for you while you bent over a cot in the slums. I'd rather *die* than see you go on like this, making a fool of yourself patching up putty-colored faces." She had run from the room, weeping bitterly, and he had stood at the window for a long time, hands thrust deep in his pockets, a scowl on his face, until the light had begun to twinkle across the Sound.

Of course he wasn't going to give it up. He was getting along too well. Women were idealists anyhow. A lot of bunk. Ideals never made a motor launch go.

Only one fear gnawed in the back of his mind—that he'd lose Linda. But that soon went out the way it had come. Linda would never leave him. She was too loyal; besides she'd be the first to give in. He'd let her go; she'd come back. He wouldn't let a threat of divorce scare him. She couldn't think he would be fooled by such a ruse!

But from then on, Linda grew moody. She didn't say much when they were together—just looked at him with that terrible pleading in her eyes. She used to go out for long hikes or sails, and sometimes she spent the whole day off somewhere—he didn't know where.

Then, one day late in August while he was at the hospital, it happened quickly—like the pull that sets a bone. When he got home the house was in an uproar. He extracted from the servant a hysterical account of what had happened. There was a storm (he had loathed and feared storms

ever since then) and as it came up, Linda ran down to the beach and launched her boat. The servants called to her but she paid no attention to them. The last they saw of her boat was the white speck of the sail being beaten savagely by the gale that was shrieking madly. The storm passed out to sea in a short time, and coast guard cutters scoured the Sound but found no trace of Linda or the boat. A week later, the badly battered boat and a few articles of clothing were washed up several miles down the coast. They never found the body. That was all.

For a few months, Neil half-heartedly continued his work at the hospital, but his nerves were shot. He botched up several cases so that even his most loyal patients lost confidence in him and talked against him. The gossip columns finished the job.

Defeated, he roamed from one thing to another. He thought of traveling to a different part of the world and trying to get on a hospital staff that had never heard of him. He'd be the kind of surgeon that Linda wanted him to be. But he'd be without Linda! He couldn't do it without her—without her ideals to cling to and her smile of encouragement when things got black. Besides, with his nerves like this, he could never do surgery again. And yet how right she was to the very end! She'd always been right. Why did a man have to lose the dearest thing in the world before he could realize his mistakes? Here the soliloquy stopped and things went round and round in his head until by graceful luck some

more women came, and he began dealing with faces again. At times, he wondered if he had a mania for faces. He couldn't escape them even in this forlorn device for killing time.

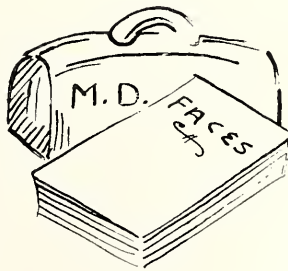
"Step this way, ladies. Learn your character. What type of face have you?"

At last it was almost time for him to go—just a few more women—then he'd be through for another day. Four more faces (out of the corner of his eye) three more faces, two more faces—oh God, was he going crazy? This last face! Clear gray eyes, brown hair somewhat subdued into soft waves, a lovely tender mouth that smiled right into his heart, and eyes that—"Dear Lord, please keep me sane." Somewhere from out of his memories an old song came into his numbed heart and quieted the tumult there:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine."

Slowly the pieces of his mind fell back into place again . . . Then, she hadn't drowned! She had known the only thing that would save him and she had done it. Her powerful stroke must have carried her to a cove around the bend. She must have kept tabs on him until now. "Dear God, it can't be true." He closed his eyes a moment, then opened them quickly. The gray ones were still there.

And then, with a lilt, a well-loved voice said pleadingly, "Oh, Dr. Pedigo, can't you please tell by my eyes that I'm always going to be the happiest woman in the world?"



One Man's Meat
Another Man's Poison



AND THE ANGELS
SING



THE MILINDA
JUNOS



A PRETTY GIRL
IS LIKE A MELODY

I WANT THE
WAITER



doubly lovely

MUSIC MAESTRO
PLEASE



Oh boy
there is a difference

Sophisticated
LADY



you darling

IN MY SWEET
LITTLE GOWN



MY, MY



WHOA BABE
WHAT CAN THE
MATTER BE?

YOU'RE
SLIPPING
SLIPPING
SLIPPING



Censored!



"SING YOU SINNERS!"

And the Queen's name was FIVE!



In the social dog house



Just a shy little violet!

WHEN THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS!

An apple for the teacher!



One-Night Stand



"THE CROWD ROARS!"

JUST PICTURE ME..



THEY SHALL LOOK AT

You

AND SAY: Can this be Moss?



Hey, fellows, here's a treat!



"Magnificent Record"



Accept This Friendly Challenge from Dixie

“Baccalaureate”

By the Father of a Senior

EARNEST contemplation of the Picture on the Cover inspires an interpretation of a Symbolism most apt to Graduation and Commencement. It is, in effect, a pictorial sermon.

Primarily, the beautiful Vase typifies “The School”, nurturing and emanating the various and sundry branches of Life, of Education, of Activities, and of Society, the whole creating a beautiful and pleasing pattern, happily conceived. The blossoms seem, at once then, to describe and denote Accomplishments, Friendships, and Gleaning of Knowledge and Character forming Attributes from Faculty and Associates alike—fruition of endeavors and associations, in fact.

The vase rests upon a table, simple in design, yet graceful and strong, giving the conviction of confident ruggedness. One sees this as speaking unequivocally of Background, of Tradition, of Faculty, and of the multitudinous elements which give a school its Honor and its ability to carry on through the years.

The cap and gown is, of course, the symbol of Education and Training for Life’s work, the primary objective of the School, while the Diploma bespeaks successful accomplishment and conclusion of this, the Formative phase of Life.

“Coming events cast their shadows before them”, and so the future appears in the background, somewhat nebulous in detail, and rightly so, for no matter how carefully planned, the future must remain

—nebulous. But, still, it follows in general pattern, that of the formative years in school and retains the pleasing appearance and happy conception and outlook. So will it be in Life. See how the foundation of the future, pictorially seems to rest, upon the projected shadow of Education and Training, as symbolized by Cap and Gown—a truism—and see and forget not that the shadow of “The School” goes on into the future, seeming still to nurture and emanate the general pattern, as it will through the years, the shadow somewhat dimmed but concrete nevertheless.

Obviously, the whole scheme is bathed in the warmth of a strong, clear, setting sun—the end of a day or a period—which is indicative of a clear dawn of tomorrow and must, therefore, fortify courage to proceed.

One sad note enters the picture—the fallen blossoms—few in number comparatively—but figuratively speaking of little failures, lost friends, and disappointments, such as unfailingly occur in Life—but observe at once the preponderance of blossoms remaining—and their shadow.

The empty chair tells plaintively but convincingly that one has not lingered to bask in the sun of past achievements but has courageously gone forth into the approaching night diligently in quest of the dawn and—the Future.

So interpreted, the Picture richly deserves the title—“Baccalaureate.”

Back at You

LULA WINDHAM

Reply to "Candidates For The Firing Squad"
by a "Kappa Alpha—Hampden-Sydney"

Among the things I hate the most
There is the man inclined to boast
Of boating at the Briar Patch
Where he's, of course, the season's catch.

Another in my own abhorrence
Is he who moans I'm unlike Florence
Who keeps herself and friends alive
By pounding out a ten beat jive.

There is too in my category
The one who spoils a sober story
With laughs about remembered ones
Of unlike themes on which he puns.

No roll's complete without the kind
Who never yens his shoes to shine
And quite against my inhibition
He leaves mine in a worse condition.

And then there is the droopy chum
Who could be helped by chewing gum;
The spacious ads of Listerine
Are to him all sight unseen.

Another on my list of nine
Is he who slings a smoothie line—
Can't speak the current newsy way
But dotes on what "Confucius say".

While getting this thing off my chest
I don't admire, I must confess,
The man who wants a date and calls
To ask for it the night it falls.

I hope I'll never have the luck
To find that I am glamour struck
By one who when he takes me places
Concentrates on other faces.

But on my roster of pet hates
There is the one who drives his dates
Who would impress by acceleration
But only wins self admiration.

And yet for all of this objection,
Eve's very own was not perfection;
Whatever fair ones say they feel
They still confess that man's ideal.

“In the Spring”

I took up my pen to write;
And, try as hard as I might,
Among all the words that I possess
I couldn't find one that would express
The thing I wanted to say.
'Twas all about how much you mean to me
And how very much I'd like for you to see.
Without my telling you
You wouldn't believe it was true;
You'd say 'twas just a crazy line
Or another foolish mood of mine;
But honest I do,
I think, I love you.

JOHNNY LYBROOK

It's a Long Lane

MARION LEE HARDEN

George Arnold convinced a jury and sent a man to prison. Bob Carter did that and more; he convinced Cherrie that a lane is as long as you make it—or as short.

BOB CARTER stood in the dusty lane and waited for her. Soon he saw the top of her head bobbing up and down as she ran down the shaded path that led into the lane from The Mansion. Eagerly he watched her as she came toward him. She was small for her age—just twenty—small and like a waxen doll, with big gray eyes and a crown of black curls piled high on her head. He smiled as he thought of that impudent tilt of her nose that corresponded to the impetuous lilt in her voice when she laughed. Suddenly, his smile became bitter. "This is the way it always has to be," he muttered grimly. "I have to stand here and watch her come to me instead of my calling on her at The Mansion like a decent fellow, here I stand in the dust like an outlaw, just because they accused my fa—"



"Hello, darling, I'm here at last! Did you think I was never coming? Grandfather was so restless this afternoon, I have read to him ever since dinner. I tried to break away when I heard your call, but he wanted to know why I was in such a hurry and looked at me so suspiciously I was afraid at first that he had caught on, but I kept on reading, and at last he fell asleep. What

I have to go through with for you, dear!" She looked up at him slyly, and her eyes sparkled mischievously.

"Cherrie Tyler, you're a little rogue, and I never know whether to spank you or kiss you for stealing my heart away so completely." He took her hand, and together they walked up the dusty lane.

Cherrie's parents were dead, and her sole guardian was Colonel Tyler, her grandfather, an impetuous old gentleman, who owned the largest plantation in Louisiana and dominated it with the butt of his walking stick and the fiery flow of his voluminous vocabulary.

Bob Carter lived on a small farm bordering Colonel Tyler's plantation. Socially his family was one of the finest in the state of Louisiana, but misfortune had reduced them to hard working people

who were striving to eke out enough from the farm to pay off the mortgage on their home and give their only son an education. He was now in his senior year at the law school in the University, and the family placed all their hopes in him—all their hopes of clearing his father's name and re-establishing the tradition of the Carters in Louisiana.

Bob's father had been not only the cashier of the leading bank in New Orleans, the Central National, but he had been one of the most respected and admired men in the city. During the holocaust days of the depression something had gone wrong and fifteen thousand dollars could not be accounted for. Bob's father had been held guilty and sent to prison for five years. Colonel Tyler, Cherrie's grandfather, was one of the trustees of the bank. Since that affair, he had never spoken to any member of the Carter family nor allowed any one of them to set foot on his land.

Bob and Cherrie had been childhood sweethearts. He had ridden to school with her in her grandfather's private car. Ever since they were in the first grade, he had paired off with her in all of their childish games, had fished for minnows with her in the creek that ran between their two estates. He had fought her and fought for her throughout their childhood. It had been a generally accepted fact that they would be married when they were grown.

After the bank disaster, however, Cherrie's grandfather had strictly forbidden her to see Bob. In spite of his orders, they met secretly each time Bob came home—met where the shaded and dusty lanes crossed.

"This is the way it shall always be," said Bob morosely, as they came back to their meeting place from their walk, and he looked back up the lane. "The lane is so dusty and so long—too long for us to walk to the end of it, and we will always have to come back. You will always go up the shaded lane, and one day I shall have to go up the dusty lane alone."

"Oh, no, I will never let you go alone. I will always go with you, no matter how long it is. One day we shall come to the end of it, and there we will find happiness unspotted by another's hate and bitterness."

Bob shook his head, unconvinced, but took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly at first, then fiercely, as if he would never let her go.

He returned to school the next day, not planning to come home again until his graduation in June. It was the first day of April, the beginning of a new term and he had work to do. But one Saturday after-

noon, running into his room and grabbing a suitcase, he announced to his roommate that he was going home.

"But—but, you said you weren't going home until June," expostulated Buck, as he watched Bob cram his clothes into his suitcase.

"I know, I know, but I can't stay away any longer. Just think, man, I haven't seen Cherrie for almost a month!"

Buck shook his head, "You've certainly got it bad, haven't you? She doesn't know you're coming, does she?"

"No, but I'm sure she'll meet me at the lane when I call for her. You know, I've perfected that whip-poor-will call so well that you can hardly tell it from the real thing. Well, so long, Buck!"

But Bob did not use his perfected call that week-end. When he drove by The Mansion, he saw George Arnold's car standing in the lane. George had been prosecuting attorney in the bank case that had sent Bob's father to prison. He had seen a lot of Cherrie during the trial, and Bob knew that George was in love with Cherrie and that her grandfather was anxious to make the match. But, heretofore, Cherrie had spurned his attentions. Bob clamped his lips together in a thin line and pressed his foot hard on the gas.

He didn't want to appear too anxious to inquire about Cherrie when he got home, but he kept his silence with difficulty, and it wasn't long before he blurted out to his mother, "What is Arnold's car doing over at The Mansion? I haven't seen that fellow there since the case."

"He's been there quite often these past few weeks. He's taken Cherrie to several dances, to New Orleans to the movies, and to the Country Club. Mrs. Harris, Colonel Tyler's housekeeper, is worried about it."

Bob's voice was hoarse. "Cherrie's been in New Orleans and didn't let me know? So she's fallen for Arnold and his money, has she? She's let her grandfather put her under his will at last, eh? Well, if that's the kind of girl she is, I don't want her!" He strode out of the room, slamming the door behind him. His mother looked after him, tears of sympathy welling up in her eyes.

After his graduation he took his bar examination and accepted a position as

junior partner in a law firm in the city. His work was exacting but interesting, and Bob threw himself into it with energy. It helped him to forget and lessened that dull ache in his heart.

One night after a movie Bob was standing on a corner in downtown New Orleans waiting for a friend. It had rained earlier in the night, and it was unusually cold for August. Furthermore the street was deserted except for the passing of a car now and then. Bob moved into the doorway of the Central Bank Building to cut off the cold wind. Suddenly two figures loomed out of the darkness, "Stick 'em up, pal, we got a little job to pull off tonight, and we ain't to be the guys to get caught if it don't go through; so start marching." Bob looked hastily up and down the street for a policeman, but no one was in sight. To struggle would be useless—a gun was poking him in the ribs and one in the back. Two masked figures pushed him around to the side entrance of the building. Much to Bob's amazement, they did not break the lock; one reached in his pocket, pulled out a key, and when he had turned it in the lock, the great door swung open readily. By the light of a small flashlight they led him to the deposit room, pointed out a safe to him, and gave him the combination and instructions. The men whispered to each other in low undertones, "This is a cinch of a job with someone to do the dirty work for us. Now all we have to do is split with Biddles. I thought the old fool was going to forget to give us the key, but he gave it to me in a bankbook this afternoon when I came in and pretended to get some money out."

Bob strained his ears to catch every word. Mr. Biddles, the assistant cashier of the bank had been here long before his father had come in as cashier. He remembered that Biddles always seemed a little jealous of his father's position as cashier while he remained an assistant. Maybe he—but wait—

"Yea, you remember how slick we pulled that job for him back in '31, don't you? Nobody ever got wise. Blamed it as a misa—something—"

"Misappropriation."

"Yeah, misappropriation on that cashier, Carter; and the old goat had to serve

five years in the pen. We had to give Biddle a big slice out of that, though. It wouldn't be such a bad idea if maybe we don't give him as much as he wants this time."

"Shut up, you fool, this buddy might live to tell—"

"Ha, he ain't going to ever have a chance to tell nothing."

Bob could hardly breathe, his heart was pounding in his breast, and blood surged through his head. One thought kept beating itself into his brain, "Father — father's name is cleared—if only I can get out of here to tell someone—if only I can get out of here alive!" He worked quickly with clammy hands yellow in the beam of the flashlight.

The safe door opened. One of the thieves moved around to get closer to the safe and stumbled over a police alarm wire on the floor. The alarm cut the still night air like a knife. Bob dropped the money he had picked up and made a dash for the door, but he wasn't as quick as the thieves. One hit him over the head with the butt of his gun, but not before Bob had managed to tear off his mask. Bob sank down unconscious in a pool of blood.

When he regained consciousness, he was lying in a prison hospital. There was a dull throbbing in his head, and it took him several minutes to adjust his eyes to the whiteness around him.

There were several men standing by his bed—two policemen and the District Attorney. "Well, bud, it looks bad for you, caught red-handed lifting \$100,000 from the biggest bank in Orleans. What's the matter with you? Are you crazy? Trying to pull a job like that alone?" Bob groaned, "So the others got away."

He felt drowsy and wished those darn police would go away. But, no! He sat up suddenly. He *had* to tell them the truth about his father. He poured the whole story out in a torrent of words. They would have been suspicious of him, but they had his identification blank; they knew that Bob Carter was one of the best junior lawyers in the city and that he wouldn't pull a stunt like that. After some reflection he asked that he be allowed to handle his own case, and it was not long before a policeman

THE COLONNADE

brought him word that "The Chief" had granted his request.

On Bob's testimony Mr. Biddles was questioned. After a few hours of grilling he broke down and confessed his part as accomplice in the case of 1931 and the attempted robbery of the night before. He would not reveal the names of his accomplices, however.

In the meantime, on that same night, Bob's friend had come up just as the alarm was sounded. He had caught a glimpse of the criminals as they fled past him and recognized the unmasked men as one of a gang of notorious thieves that the police had been trying to apprehend for more than ten years. It was known that they were in league with an influential man in the city, but no one had ever been able to detect him. Bob's friend joined the police troop sent out to catch the criminals as he had been the last man known to have seen them. They were arrested over the state line in Mississippi and brought back into New

Orleans in two days' time. Foolishly they neglected to destroy the key and bank-book; so Bob held them as evidence.

The day of the trial came and Bob, pale from his injury, appeared before the court to defend the name of his father and himself. Just as Bob came into the court room, he saw George enter with Cherrie. All the rage pent up in him for months was unloosed, and he took the stand with a new determination to win; there were three irons in the fire now. The older people of New Orleans who were at the trial declared that they had never heard such a powerful defense speech in all their days. The name of his father was completely cleared, and Bob was exonerated.

But they were not the only results of the trial. Between sessions, the clerk brought a note to Bob. There were only ten short words on it, but they carried all the meaning in the world to him: "Bob, it's a long lane, but the end is in sight. Cherrie."



Love

If love were only sorrow,
No one would care to try.
If love were only happiness,
T'would be too cheap to buy.
So love is mixed with sadness,
However gay it be,
And love is never wholly bound,
And never wholly free.

BETTY HARDY

Understanding

One came to me in bitterness,
and I gave him laughter
as a child might with gentle joy;
but it fell clattering at his feet,
a vacant thing,
and he turned away from me.

Then I touched him with my hands
and, from pity swelling up, tried to
soothe away his scoffing;
yet, swiftly knowing my sympathy, he
fled as from a hated thing.

There came a time long after
when we met again,
he with his great bitterness
and I with mine;
I with mine reaching quietly
to his.
It was so that he surrendered
the hurt to me.

DOROTHY WRIGHT

Bells across the Tracks

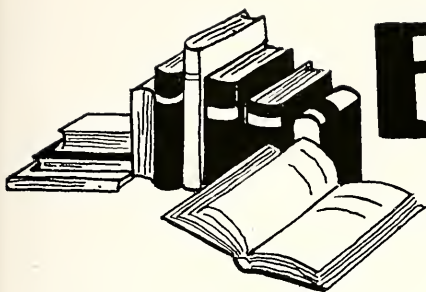
At even-tide when the sun glows in the west,
When my wash lies in clean stacks
And my spent and throbbing body takes its rest,
Bells ring across the tracks.

It's strange to me how they roll and peal until
They almost sweep me with them
As they pass to some other woman's window sill
And pour out their joyful anthem.

"It's asking much of George," says Mrs. Haymes,
"To drive 'way out here and back."
And yet she must admit I do take pains
If I do live across the tracks.

But the bells don't know or even seem to care
Whether 'tis mansions or shacks,
For they keep right on pealing, and Lord, they dare
To ring across the tracks!

BLISS FOWLKES



BOOKS OF VIRGINIA

OVER THE BLUE WALL

*Etta Lane Mathews—The University of
North Carolina Press, 1937. Price: \$2.00*

VIRGINIA college students will read with delight "Over the Blue Wall," a narrative covering three hundred years of the most interesting and dramatic period in our history. Beginning with Ponce de Leon and ending with Washington and Jefferson, Miss Mathews portrays in a colorful manner the Spanish and French explorers who entered the Mississippi Valley and the white men who first crossed the Blue Wall of the Southern Appalachians into the region south of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi.

In this story we see the Spanish come first following the rumor of gold which, like the pot at the end of the rainbow, was always beyond. Then the French came for the purpose of enriching themselves through the fur trade. The English, Miss Mathews says, "came over the Blue Wall into the Valley in answer to a challenge—the challenge of the lofty mountain range along their western border, which lay between them and the unknown, always looming up like a vast Blue Wall, mocking them and daring them to venture farther."

The story vividly tells of how little by little, the Indians were pushed from their hunting grounds; how streams and forests were made to serve the white man, and how "the land of the westward-flowing waters" became, before the dawn of the nineteenth century, a part of the United States of America. The story reveals the greatness of one Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, who looked beyond the "Blue Wall" and realized the great expanse that was to be America.

Miss Mathews presents these dramatic episodes not through long detailed chapters; but rather through short accounts of the various happenings, making each read as a short story. She has written in a clear, imaginative way that gives history the interest of fiction, at the same time conveying valuable information about the beginnings of the nation. Miss Mathews is a member of the library science faculty in the Florida College for Women. She is well qualified to present this vast historical pageant of the first settlements "over the Blue Wall."

KATHERINE WOOD

ST. GEORGE TUCKER—CITIZEN OF NO MEAN CITY

*Mrs. George P. Coleman—The Dietz Press.
Price: \$3.00.*

TO read the story of St. George Tucker is to know a man who, though of foreign birth, dedicated his life's energies to Virginia; to view a man whose eager mind escaped nothing of public or scientific interest in America and very little in Europe; to witness a man who fostered education; and to sympathize with a man who had many personal sorrows. Such was the life of St. George Tucker, who died in 1752, but whose spirit Mrs. Coleman has captured and embodied in this biography.

Born in Bermuda, St. George Tucker left the island at the age of nineteen and entered the College of William and Mary, receiving his certificate to practice law in 1775. The affairs of Virginia were then so chaotic that the courts had ceased to function and young Tucker, unable to support himself, reluctantly returned to Bermuda.

He found the island colony filled with alarm at the prospect of war between England and the American colonies. Because of his sympathy with the Colonies, he returned to Virginia—the state to which his life was to be dedicated.

In 1778 he married Frances Randolph, widow of John Randolph. The home life and loving intimate companionship resulting therefrom made Virginia more than dear to him. He found here all the joys of which his voluntary exile from Bermuda had deprived him.

Mrs. Coleman has portrayed exceptionally well the years following Tucker's marriage: his active participation in the Revolution as a colonel in a Virginia regiment; his deep love for his wife and children whose development he guided eagerly; his interest in inventing mechanical contrivances of all sorts; and his writing of

treatises and pamphlets on questions of law and government which occupied the minds of the framers of the Constitution.

The charm of this book grows out of the emphasis on the character of St. George himself, as Mrs. Coleman unfolds his eventful, abundant, and rich life. Not only is the material rich, but it is developed with poise and grace, a kind of tranquil assurance which makes one live almost every word of it. If one should attempt to explain why this biography is as delightful as it is, one would have to say that it is because the author has revived in a lively fashion the story of St. George Tucker and his Virginia.

Mrs. Coleman has painted against the background of the exciting days of the Revolution and those immediately following the portrait of a great man. To read this book is to read of one who belongs to Virginia forever!

SARA CLINE

FLOWERS OF EVIL

Charles Baudelaire, translated by George Dillon and Edna St. Vincent Millay—Harpers & Brothers, 1936. Price: \$3.00

LEWELYN POWYS says, "These two Americans have caught to perfection Baudelaire's terrifying genius. No finer translation has appeared in our language since Fitzgerald published the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. Edna St. Vincent Millay has once more vindicated her supreme poetic gift."

The person who lent me the book wrote, "I finally got up the courage to spend three dollars for *Flowers of Evil* by Baudelaire, and spent the next four wonderful hours reading it—out of this world. I shudder to think that I almost let three dirty pieces of silver stand between me and that experience. My reluctance at parting with mere money for such a set of dreams . . ."

My own reaction to Baudelaire's book was violent. *Why* and *how* have we managed to miss him for so long? I was so carried away by the almost rude beauty of the lines that Powys's calling the poet a "genius" seemed an understatement.

To me, the most exquisite of all Baudelaire's poems is "The Fountain", a part of

which I quote here:

"The fountain leaps and flowers
In many roses,
Whereon the moonlight flares.
Their crystal petals falling,
Falling forever
Are changéd to bright tears."

"Even thus thy spirit, brightly lit
With the strange lightnings of desire,
Once more into the infinite
Flings its pure forgetful fire,
As if the dusty earth to flee—,
And blossoms there, and breaks apart,
And falls, and flows invisibly
Into the deep night of my heart.

The fountain leaps and flowers
In many roses
Whereon the moonlight flares
Their crystal petals falling
Falling forever
Are changéd to bright tears."

Some of the poems are a bit too erotic for my taste, but there can be no doubt as to Baudelaire's mastery in portraying emotions. As we know, Baudelaire is supposed to have been a drug addict. Probably those poems written while he was under the influence of drugs have given this Frenchman the title of "terrifying genius". True or not,

Continued on Page 32

Drew's Children

Continued from Page 10

"Mother said something yesterday that probably caused it, for she asked me when Alec and I were planning to marry. The children had heard nothing to prepare them for the news. I am sorry, but both of them behaved rather badly—Andy much worse than Marte. Andy is all right now."

"I thought it was something like that. Martha, I've been your doctor all your life and I'm going to talk to you like a Dutch uncle. It's a good thing Marte had some sort of a shock when she did. You and Alec must not let this interfere with your plans."

"But—"

"Hush, now, and listen to me. If you humor Marte now, she'll never get straightened out. You can't stand by and allow the child's whole life to be warped. She's got to snap out of it and face reality. Let her rest, and don't broach the subject for a few days. I've sent for a nurse. Marte's not seriously sick in body, but it will be better for her to have a stranger looking after her. I don't believe you'd better try to see her. If she doesn't want you around, don't go in. Don't be upset or upset her. And, Martha, promise me this; if you really love her, don't give her any foolish promise not to marry Alec. That is important. Don't worry too much about it, child. I'll be around from time to time to keep an eye on her; and the nurse, Miss James, will take good care of her. I guess the best thing we can do right now is just to wait and see what develops. And it wouldn't hurt to pray a little. The good Lord's the best doctor in cases like this."

The next three days passed like a bad dream for Martha. Alec was at the house as much as possible and he was a great comfort when from time to time she realized his presence. Often she seemed not to see him at all. They were trying days for Alec, too, as he watched Martha's face grow white and tired.

After the first day there had been no more outbursts from Marte. She had accepted the nurse without interest. When she wasn't sleeping, she lay staring at the opposite wall with a set expression on her

small face. She would neither talk nor eat, and she flatly refused to let Martha come near her. Old Dr. Taylor was worried. He talked to Martha and Alec on the evening of the third day.

Again the three were in the library and the heat was oppressive.

"Martha child, I'll have to admit I'm licked. When I come tomorrow, I'm going to bring Dr. Johnson with me. He's the best specialist in this line anywhere in the state. This is entirely out of my line. Now, don't worry. Dr. Johnson will get her fixed up. And take care of yourself, Martha! You're white as a sheet. I bet you haven't been eating or sleeping. Make her eat, Alec."

Next morning while Martha was crumbling a piece of toast, Miss James came in. She looked compassionately and a trifle professionally at the dark circles around Martha's eyes. Then, making her voice brisk and cheerful, she spoke.

"The little girl has asked to see you?"

Trembling, Martha rose and hurried upstairs. Marte lay in her little pink and white bedroom. Her face was pale and drawn, but she smiled weakly at Martha.

"Mommy—"

"Yes, dear?"

"I've acted ugly."

"You've been sick."

"But I made myself sick; I wanted to scare you. I've been bad and selfish. You see I thought you'd be hurting Daddy if you married Uncle Alec. I've thought about Daddy an awful lot. I knew you and Daddy loved each other, and I didn't think you could love anybody else. You see I thought I needed my Daddy. Last night I had a dream. I dreamed that Daddy came and talked to me. I've dreamed about him often, but when I woke up this morning, I realized that he hadn't looked like the pictures of Daddy; he had looked like Uncle Alec. In all my dreams, Daddy had always really been Uncle Alec. I knew it then. I'd been silly to mind. I hope you and Uncle Alec will get married very soon. Why, Mommy, you're crying!"

Chips Picked Up by "Pritch"

"Pa, what is an optimist?"

"An optimist, my son, is a man who figures that when his shoes wear out he will be back on his feet."—Exchange.

I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl who doesn't like to wear
A lot of junk to match her hair;
Girls are loved by guys like me—
For who on earth would kiss a tree?

Q: "Why is a hen-pecked husband like a pronoun?"

A: "He stands for 'most everything.'"

Today's motto—Stop, look, and less sin.

"Should I marry a man who lies to me?"

"Lady, do you want to be an old maid?"

Is May in?
May who?
May-onnaise.
Yeh, but Mayonnaise is dressing.

Happiness is like a kiss—you can't have it yourself without giving it to somebody else.

"It's strange, when in a storm at sea
At which my courage fails,
To think this ocean even now
Is home sweet home to whales!

Freshman—I passed Caesar yesterday.
Senior—Yeh, did he speak?

Did you hear what the little-man-who-wasn't-there had for breakfast?
Ghost-toasties and evaporated milk.

"When were the so-called Dark Ages?"
"During the days of the knights."

The old lady entered the drug store and approached the young man who presided over the soda fountain.

"Are you a doctor?" she inquired, peering at the youth near-sightedly.

"No Ma'am," replied the soda clerk. "I'm a fizzician."

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CHIPS

"My wife explored my pockets again last night."

"What did she get?"

"Same as any explorer, material for a lecture."—Battalion.

Advice to Men . . .

When a woman spends your money, go ahead, you're safe. But if she is willing to sit at home to help you save, look out!—Va. Tech.

A professor we know claims he can remember way back when neck was a noun.

Boy—Daddy, if you'll give me ten cents, I'll tell you what the iceman said to Mama. Dad—(all excited) O. K. son, here's your dime.

Boy—He said, "Do you want any ice today, lady?"

Father—I never kissed a girl until I met your mother. Will you be able to say the same to your son when you become a married man?

Son—Not with such a straight face as you can, Father.

Stranger—"Why is it that none of these autoists around here put out their hands when turning corners?"

Cop: "You see, this is a college town, and the young chaps ain't octopuses."

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Flowers of Evil

Continued from Page 28

he is never tender; he is always either chaotically bitter or else unbearably sad.

Her part in this translation of Baudelaire's work is one of Edna St. Vincent Millay's finest achievements and George Dillon's part is no less distinguished. The poetry couldn't have lost anything in the change, because it couldn't have been more magnificent even in the original.

Flowers of Evil is definitely not the "bed-time-story" type, but neither is Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* nor Huxley's *Brave New World*.

Any library which has on its shelves *Grapes of Wrath*, *Point*, *Courter Point*, or *Of Mice and Men* will certainly not be overstepping the bounds of propriety by adding to the collection Baudelaire's breathtaking *Flowers of Evil*.

JEANNE HAYMES

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