11-1940

The Colonnade, Volume lll Number 1, November 1940

Longwood University

STATE·TEACHERS·COLLEGE·

The COLONNADE

FARMVILLE·VIRGINIA·

November, 1940

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. III NOVEMBER, 1940 NO. 1

CONTENTS

The Colonnade

VOLUME III NUMBER 1

The Columns . . .

About the cover . . .

There's something about fall that holds a singular meaning for most of us here at Farmville. For some, it marks a beginning; for others it means a continuation of things already begun. For each of us, it brings to light the ultimate goal for which each is striving. Our cover picture attempts to portray that goal, not in its own light, but in the light of all that it implies—far-reaching ideals and time.

Among other things . . .

For some months we have witnessed with more than sympathetic concern the wars among our neighboring nations. It is highly improbable that the United States, as one of the foremost nations of the world, will sit back and view the issues at hand without some active participation. What are your views as a future citizen? The editorial on page 3 gives you an opportunity to assert these views. Written by Harriet Cantrell, it is *one* future citizen's voice of concern over matters national and otherwise which seem pertinent to our welfare.

As to fiction . . .

Appearing in this issue are the first and second prize-winning stories of the Colonnade's summer contest. "Wood Magic", written by Margie Rice, combines a mystic element with human nature and produces a story of profound friendship. Mary Hunter Edmunds takes a true story of a Georgia negro and weaves a rather striking moral into it in "Thurty Cents". In the third prize story of last year, also appearing—Jack Cock's "From the Magnolia Tree"—a child brings a story of grim reality into her imaginative play and relates the effect of both impressions on her young mind. Virginia Barksdale makes two contributions to the magazine. "Joe" is the sympathetic story of a man who gave his best years to struggle for his place in East Side, New York. "Memorial Day Reverie"—a monologue—is an indirect argument against the vain-glory of war. "The Glove", written by a new contributor, Peggy Bellus, is a psychological study to be analyzed by the reader.

Reviews . . .

The books are reviewed by Martha Whelchel, Frances Keck, Mary Jane Jolliffe, and Harriet Cantrell. *The Negro in Virginia*, sponsored by Hampton Institute, is a colorful and impartial history of the Virginia negro. The two current books are: *Haywire, An American Travel Diary*, by the well-known English lecturer, Henry Bolitho, and *After Many A Summer Dies The Swan*, by Aldous Huxley. Mr. Huxley is ranked high among leading social satirists.

Poetry and the Paint Brush . . .

Bess Windham and Cottie Radspinner combine their talents to produce the middle pages for this issue. Several poems appear by former contributors and Felicity Apperly, a freshman, claims her place among our writers of poetry. Other poems appearing in the magazine are by Bess Windham and Ann Williams.

Illustrations appearing are by Elizabeth Ann Parker, a new-comer to the staff, Elizabeth Tennent, a freshman, and Margie Rice, acting as guest artist for her own prize story.

As A Reminder . . .

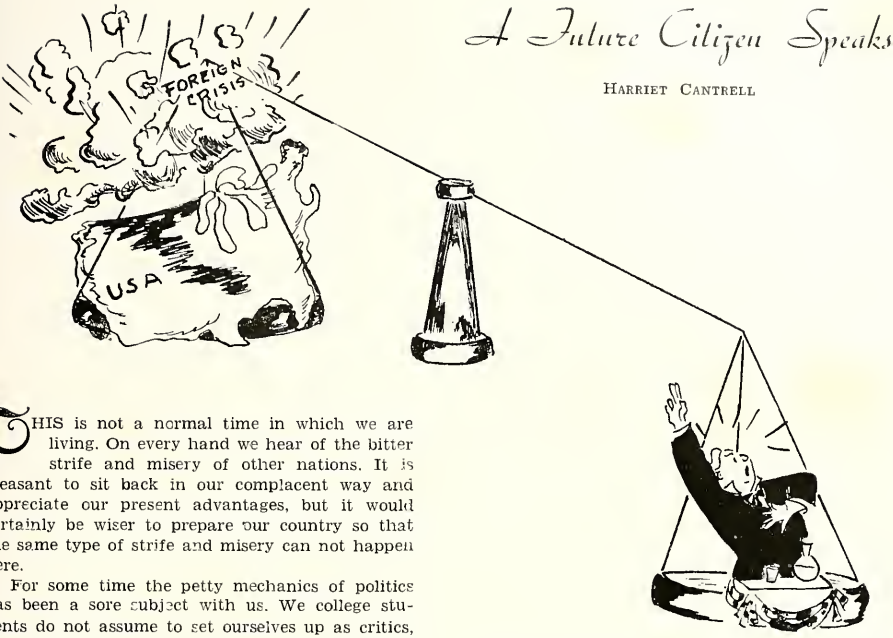
Among the articles appearing in the January issue of the Colonnade will be Dr. Walmsley's reply to the editorial on page 3, Edith Nunnally's "All Things Come", and Lula Power's "Hogiah", based on a true experience of a Chinese gardener.

We sincerely hope that you approve of the changes made in the magazine. We wish to impress upon you the fact that this is your magazine, and that its contents depend upon your contributions. The poetry contest closes December 1st. Submit your entries early and *Write for the Colonnade.*

Allene Overbey

A Future Citizen Speaks

HARRIET CANTRELL



THIS is not a normal time in which we are living. On every hand we hear of the bitter strife and misery of other nations. It is pleasant to sit back in our complacent way and appreciate our present advantages, but it would certainly be wiser to prepare our country so that the same type of strife and misery can not happen here.

For some time the petty mechanics of politics has been a sore subject with us. We college students do not assume to set ourselves up as critics, for we lack the knowledge, age, and experience. But it seems out of place that the important workings of the government can be deferred and even deflected by the haranguings of some politicians who have only their own axes to grind. It is true that each representative must take care of those constituents who put him in office, but it is also true that the needs of the nation must be considered first.

Most appalling to our minds today is the way political campaigns are carried on, particularly the "mud-slinging". To quote the demerits of the other fellow seems to be the sharpest political tool. Each aspirant for office seems to think that all he needs for success is to fling more mud on his opponent than is flung at him. Even in this war crisis, we can hardly do more now than view campaigns with our tongues in our cheeks, for they are rapidly gaining the aspects of a circus side show. A campaign is a vital matter and should be carried on with as little furor and shouting as possible. It is not an affair of the heart and emotions, but of an open mind.

Certainly the rivalry of two political parties should not transcend in the public mind the importance of the conditions that directly affect the safety of the nation. Campaigns are necessary in continuing the government in which we believe, but they should be relegated to their proper place, and not be allowed to become more important than the actual government. We should not be so unthinking that we do not recognize the issue at hand. Yet the war, in spite of its imminent significance, took a back seat during the national conventions a few months ago.

At this critical moment, we, the people of the United States, should be completely united, not torn asunder by petty political hatreds. Every ounce of our loyalty to our country and the government in power is essential to make us invulnerable to whatever catastrophe the future may bring forth. In the way of military preparations much is being done to make ready for such an event. Conscription is under way in accordance with the Burke-Wadsworth bill, and the production of arms is being rushed. We are heartily in favor of this and more. We frankly cannot understand the point of view of isolationalists who think such preparedness superfluous. Perhaps we will not have a war, but if we avoid it, it will be because of our invincibility, not because of any altruism on the part of other nations.

But it is not military preparedness only that we should stress. Our experience in the last war should have taught us this lesson: we must be economically strong enough to endure any hardship. We must have sufficient resources not only to survive a war, but to carry on after the duration of a war until we have regained a normal existence.

These are the issues that should be foremost

in our consideration. This is not a time to be emotionally swayed in any respect. We are constantly at our wits ends because of the scathing and vitriolic epithets thrown at one party by the other. And the American people as a whole have done as much to confuse the issue as have the politicians. We cannot forgive any American citizen who becomes bitter in his denunciation of a government official on one point alone without first weighing the other salient factors. However, we should censure any man who ignominiously puts personal gain before the welfare of the country. It would be ostrich-like, of course, for one to believe his interests secure unless the country behind him is safe.

It is, of course, expected that there is to be difference of opinion as long as there are two people left in the world. Nevertheless, it is ridiculous that relatively insignificant points should be the means of disrupting the nation. It is dissension among the American people that does most to weaken the country. From small arguments grow hates that give rise to dictatorships. We must solve political problems logically, not by the emotion of the moment.

In conclusion I ask, Why cannot campaigns be carried on in a logical, dignified fashion? The welfare of the nation is at stake, not the welfare of two political factions. Therefore, let no man be misled into thinking that it must necessarily make a great deal of difference which party wins. The change in party power means only this—a supposed change in a few minor issues. The country must progress, and for this purpose both parties are working. Why can't we keep the political merry-go-'round in the background when an international storm hovers overhead?

CONTEST

THE COLONNADE announces a poetry contest. Any phase of poetry is eligible. Submissions may be made through the Colonnade box or to Frances Hudgins, chairman of the contest. First, second, and third prizes will be awarded of $3.00, $2.00, and $1.00, respectively. All entries must be marked "Contest" and must be submitted before December 1, 1940.

Wood Magic

MARGIE RICE

"Some people can live with only one person close to them. Others need a great many people." Joad needed two, Peter and Allison; but Peter thought three was a crowd.

JOAD was walking with his head down, and I touched his arm and pointed. "Does that belong in our funny wood?" I asked him.

Joad smiled briefly. "I never saw it before, but I think it does."

The words alarmed me. Others had known Joad's house, the gay outer mask of his personality. I alone had shared with him the secret ways of his soul; I alone had walked in his wood with him singing in the fresh smelling springtime; I alone had known its cloistered coolness in summer; I alone had tramped with him through dreamy autumn days like this one, feeling his loneliness, but scarcely breathing.

* * * * * *

Our mutual loneliness had brought us together. We met at a huge and fashionable party, where I had come seeking the gaiety that had been a part of my life before Peg died. But instead of gaiety, I found my first full realization of what my wife had meant to me, for always before, she had been with me at parties like this. Her poise had served for both of us; her presence had made everything seem charming.

Suddenly, in the midst of many people, I felt a loneliness that swept me like a wind. And when I looked up, I saw a man a little

older than I and a great deal wiser, with dark hair and dark eyes and a strong, sad face. Someone said that his name was Joad, but what I remember more clearly is the feel of his hand on my shoulder and the sound of his clear, low voice. He did not ask me how I did; he knew.

"And are you quite alone?" he asked.

I must have looked at him as a dog looks at a boy, begging to be mastered by him, for near him I felt a kind of hope.

"Quite alone," I answered.

And then I perceived loneliness in his eyes too.

"Then let me help you," he begged; "you can help me, too."

I had never before experienced such understanding.

"We won't be missed," I said, my eyes not leaving his. "Let's get away from here."

"I know a place," Joad told me.

Then he got his car and put me into it, and we drove to this wood and sat on this knoll, and I poured out to him all I felt about Peg and about losing her. I cried. It was the first time I had cried since I was ten.

After that we were always together. We bought the wood, and near it we built a house where we entertained our mutual friends. But the wood was ours alone and we shared it with no one, lest the indifference of another to its magic might break its spell for us.

Two years passed. A spring and a summer, and then came an autumn day like this one. Joad, his eyes deep, watching something far away, said, "You are my only friend." I turned away lest he see the tears in my eyes. Another spring, another summer, and now it was autumn again.

People told me that I had done wonders with Joad; that he was more friendly, more consistently happy, gentler to strangers, and easier to talk with. I knew it was so.

I knew Joad's heart. It was of circles, one within the other. The outer circle—almost a shell—was his clever, outward personality, his house in which he entertained his casual friends. Few ever penetrated beyond it. Within and beyond was his wood, and I had passed through and come to abide in it. Yet at times I glimpsed another circle that even I had never explored. I knew that this was Joad's core of loneliness. I had thought it would never be opened.

* * * * * *

Now he stood and watched a girl he had never seen before, and in his heart permitted her to enter this most private place.

The long, level rays of the evening sun touched the girl's head and drew in golden outline the contour of her short, dark hair. Her left hand hung loosely at her side with a single stick caught between the fingers. Tense with excitement at the beauty of the pale light before her, she had thrust out her right hand as if to catch the rays of the sun. That tenseness was the only action in her slim, straight body. Yet it told me that the most natural phenomena—light of the sun, sound of the wind, the fragrance of the earth, the ever-varying colors of the sky—held for her the same beauties that they held for Joad.

Joad stood watching as the sun sank lower. Then the momentary magic hush was over; the forest stirred itself. The girl, too, recalled her thoughts to real and immediate problems, and, bending down, began to break the low, dead limbs that grew from the pine trees, close to the ground. Watching Joad's face, I knew at once that it was already too late to exclude her from his heart. I wondered if I would love or hate her. I made one effort to avoid the issue that I felt approaching.

"She won't hurt anything, Joad. Shall we leave her to trespass in peace?"

I waited a long while for an answer. Joad's eyes did not leave her.

"No," he said finally.

He looked at me and smiled quite as he always did. I felt his hand on my shoulder.

"Come along, Peter," he said. Then, as I hesitated, he quirked an eyebrow quizzically. "I want you."

Together we turned and walked down the hill toward her.

She had not heard us, and we reached the foot of the rise before she sensed our presence. She turned and regarded us solemnly. I thought she was the loveliest thing I had ever seen. I could not hate her.

There was no fear in her clear eyes; no shame over-spreading her fine, thin features; no nervousness in her sensitive, strong hands. I think there would not have been, even if she had not read Joad's face.

Joad spoke first. "It's my wood, you know."

"And a very nice one," she agreed. "It's the nicest I've seen and that includes a great many."

"I'm gratified," said Joad, and added, "I think in the days when magic was alive, this wood was singled out to be a magic one."

"And is magic dead?" she asked.

"Let us say that in most people alive today the ability to perceive magic is dead."

"Then, according to some philosophers, it is dead."

"Not," said Joad solemnly, "while two or three are left alive who can perceive it."

I groaned. "Must we?" But I could not mistake the meaning of the words Joad had spoken.

* * * * *

"It was a lovely conversation," the young girl laughed, "but it couldn't go on. Won't you stay for supper?"

"Have you enough for us?"

"Not quite," she confessed, "but we can water the stew."

"Lead on,"I cried, but Joad broke in.

"Wait!" he called. "We cawn't have dinnah with a perfect strangeh, you know."

She made him a gracious bow. "My name, sir, is Allison."

"His is Peter," Joad said, jerking his head toward me.

"His is Joad," I supplied, imitating him.

By then we had reached the place where she was camping.

"Draw up a rock and sit down," she cried gayly, and began to pull parcels from a little leather knapsack.

"You look as though you had expected me," Joad remarked.

She looked him full in the face.

"Halfway I did," she said amazingly. "It's such a magic evening."

I interrupted.

"You invite us to be comfortable, milady; yet your actions plainly show that you desire us to make the fire."

She sat down abruptly on the pine needles. Her blue eyes teased and pleaded. "I'd be so pleased if you would!"

Joad shook his head.

"It isn't fair," he murmured. "How can one refuse?"

We were old hands at the job, and soon a fire was blazing. Allison moved about competently, getting things done and answering my questions easily.

"Do you do this often?"

"Invite strange men to dinner? You won't believe me, but this is the eighteenth time. However, most of my other guests had hardly reached their teens."

"What I really meant was do you like hiking about these woods?"

"Oh, yes. Every time my money runs low."

"A bothersome thing, money. How do you make it?"

"As I go along. I paint pictures and sell them. I sketch people, and they love to buy their portraits. I sometimes manage to convince a woman that she wants me to make her an exclusive gown."

She painted. Mentally I marked up one more thing that she and Joad had in common.

"And what do you do with your money? Waste it in riotous living?"

"I waste it, but hardly in riotous living."

"I imagine you have a hard time keeping yourself in shirts. You're probably always taking them off your back to give to someone."

"Are you implying that you think I run around like Lady Godiva?"

"You're evading the issue."

She seemed troubled.

"My greatest weakness, and you discovered it on the night of our first acquaintance," she sighed.

Her frankness demanded frankness in return.

"I wish I didn't like you so much," I blurted out.

"Why?"

I studied my hands.

"I don't know."

"Yes, you do."

"All right, I do."

I should have known by that that she understood; she knew I was afraid that she might replace me in Joad's heart, and she knew also how much it meant to me not to be replaced. But I did not know these things myself. I only knew that if I hated her it would be easier to separate her life from ours.

I withdrew, and Joad, who had been listening carefully, took up the conversation.

"If you can make money painting, why don't you settle down and paint?"

"Money isn't much."

"But being settled is."

"Yes. But I don't feel settled inside."

Joad stared into the fire.

"Yes," he said, "I know what you mean."

We had finished supper and laid aside the makeshift dishes. There was a silence, and then Joad spoke again.

"Are you going anywhere?"

"I'm going home to see my mother."

"Is she sick?"

"She is dying. I want her to believe, before she goes, that I am happy."

"Are you happy?"

"Are most people?"

Joad said something that I had never heard him say before.

"I am happy."

The girl seemed puzzled.

"No, you're not."

"You mean, 'No, I wasn't'."

She smiled very softly and conceded the point.

"That's what I meant. 'No, I wasn't'."

"But you are now?"

"Yes." Her gaze meeting his did not waver. Joad smiled.

"I'm glad. You could never make your mother believe you were happy if you were not."

Their talk was low and personal—almost a code. It seemed to come to my ears from a far-off place.

"Why did you leave her?" Joad asked.

Allison did not answer. Joad said, "I'm sorry. Do you mind?"

"No, it's just that I don't know why I left."

"Yes, you do."

For a space there was silence.

"I thought I had to live my own life, unhampered. I thought I belonged to myself, not to the past that my mother represented. I thought I had got all the happiness there was for me from the place that I was tied to, and that I would find freedom and happiness by cutting the strings and moving on to another place."

"And now?"

"People make happiness and people make freedom, too. The happiest people I saw were bound to other people. And they were the only free ones too. And those who were not joined were much too free so that they drifted about like Marley's ghost, and seemed to have great chains around them made up of their own thoughts and deeds."

Joad looked back two years and said, "I know." And I could have looked to one wild and lonely moment and understood, too. But I was thinking only in the present.

Afterwards, the evening returned to its original tempo. I realized suddenly that I had found the gaiety I had been seeking on the night when I had first met Joad. It was Allison's gift to us; yet I felt that while she gave to us with one hand she took away with the other. For between Joad and me there had grown up a wall of restraint, and Joad's very unawareness of it increased my resentment. I was foolish enough to think that Allison had put that wall there, and that my sullen withdrawal into myself was a result of it, not a cause.

So when the dishes were clean, and the fire had burned low, and we rose to say good-bye, I felt relieved; but Joad lingered.

"Allison," he said, "I'm thirty-six, and the whole thing is absurd."

"No," she told him, "my father was forty."

"And your mother?"

"Twenty-five."

"And you?"

"Twenty."

"So," said Joad, and being satisfied, he turned away.

"Joad?"

"What?"

"Are you—? But, of course, you're not."

Unconsciously, she rubbed the third finger of her left hand. Joad looked down and smiled broadly.

"Of course."

I called to him from up the hill.

"Joad! Come on."

But he was looking back again.

"Allison?"

"Yes?"

He rubbed the third finger of his left hand.

"Would it have made any difference?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Your conversation," I remarked, "is completely over my head."

"Peter, you don't want to understand."

Early in the morning, we came again to the place. Faint ashes from the fire remained. That was all.

* * * * *

The winters before with Joad had been units, completely good. We lived close enough to town to entertain and to be entertained. Between times, we had long, free, solitary hours in the house or the wood alone.

But this winter, I remember in a series of separate days. Joad had entered one of his paintings in the annual state-wide competition. Following our rules for exhibitions, Joad had sent his piece to be judged without showing it to me. It had won first place. On the morning after the opening, I went to see the painting for the first time.

Alicia Sigbert met me on the steps of of the museum.

"And all this time, I thought you'd been drawing Joad out of himself!" she exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me it was a woman's softening influence?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You don't know?" she asked amazed. Then, almost pityingly, "You'd better go look inside."

As I let myself into the vestibule of the art museum I realized that I had only hoped against hope that the inevitable might not happen. But as I stood facing Joad's canvas, I knew that the new laughter and happiness in him had been Allison's gift and not mine.

He had painted Allison as he had seen her first, the red of her jacket, soft and pleasing against the green pine tree. So, all that time when he had been shut in his studio he had been dreaming only of her. I tried to find something to tell me that it was not true. Opening my catalogue, I found the page with Joad's name on it.

FIRST PLACE: ***Portrait by a Lover,*** it said.

I did not want it to be true.

But it was.

The wall of restraint that had come on the night when we first met Allison rose again into being. I thought it was a straight wall between Joad's soul and mine; now I knew it was a circular wall that surrounded only myself.

Nevertheless, I drew myself behind it. It was not hard at that time to draw away from Joad. He was in great demand for parties. When we were with others, I could be quite impersonal with him. At home I complained of being tired. I was tired. I did not often sleep.

Perhaps it is hard for you to know what Joad meant to me. He gave me gifts out of his own soul—but more than that; he accepted gifts from me, gifts that I could not give to any other man, perhaps because no other man desired them. Not the mere, outer surfaces of personality—laughter and jest—did we exchange with one another, but the pearls that we could not cast before swine—deep thoughts in the mind and peaceful fellowship.

And I saw Allison bringing to Joad the things that I had brought him; I saw myself living within myself, because Joad no longer needed from me the best things of my spirit, and there was no one else to whom I could give them.

These things I saw or thought I saw as, on many days throughout the winter, I came to see Joad's painting where it hung. And one day that I remember particularly, Allison was there.

The sight of her startled me so that I did not have time to decide whether I wanted to talk to her or not. But she came to me.

"Peter?"

"Why—hello, Allison."

"Peter, are you in a tremendous hurry?" I was edging toward the door.

"I'm afraid so. Is it something important?" I knew I was being rude, but I didn't care.

"I could tell you in a hurry, but I don't think I will."

"How is your mother, Allison?"

"She's weak, but very cheerful, thank you."

"Is there something I could do?"

She spoke very softly.

"Yes, but you won't do it."

I felt uncomfortable and she knew it. So she smiled and put out her hand.

"Good-bye, Peter. I'm very glad to have seen you. Tell Joad hello, too."

But I didn't tell Joad I had seen her at all. I didn't want to see the light in his eyes for her, or hear the questions that I knew would follow.

We had a great many people at the house that night. It had been Joad's turn to plan this party, and it was a huge success. I found him leaning against the French window opened against the press of people in the room.

"Joad, you outdo yourself," I told him. "This is even better than the last."

He smiled his appreciation. "But I miss something, Peter. I want her here to-night. I want her sometimes even more than I am willing to admit."

"She's queer, Joad. I don't think she'd fit."

"They call me queer, too."

"They don't accept you. They come to your parties, but they never get close to you."

"Do they ever get close to anyone?"

"It's beside the point."

"No, it isn't. If I make a charming host —and they say I do—then she'd make a charming hostess. She's no queerer than I am."

His arguments were more logical than mine. There was nothing much to say.

"She'd make a charming hostess, anyway."

I had thought I would be happy to see such peace in his eyes. Now—

"Joad—"

"She won't come back."

Joad's eyes looked at mine and beyond them, angry, then pained, then only very sad. He crushed a scrap of paper in his hand and let it drop to the ground.

"No," he said, in an even, penetrating voice. "She won't come back."

I tried to tell myself that he had given her up. I tried to congratulate myself on a victory. But when he had gone, I took up the scrap paper and read it. It was addressed to him in care of the museum director.

> "Joad, I can't talk to Peter. I tried when I saw him at the museum today. And unless one of us makes him understand, we can never be together, and you will lose the friendship you had with him. Is there a magic for it, Joad? There must be."

So it was my fault that they were apart and that Joad and I were strangers?

Well, I didn't want him to love her.

But he did.

After a long time, it seemed, I shut the door on the last group of guests. One high voice floated in through a window.

"Was that little model of Joad's there tonight? He isn't serious about being in love with her, is he?" A man's voice answered. "She is probably much too young."

Back in the house, I heard a door slam, and I knew that Joad was gone. I followed and found him in the wood on his knees, facing the place where he had seen her first. He raised a wet, shining face as I approached.

"Peter, I want her," he whispered.

I looked at him a long time.

"Joad, come on to bed."

"Do I have to be without you both?" he asked?

But I did not understand.

"Come on to bed," I said.

But as Joad's birthday approached, I began to know that I could give him nothing except one effort to understand. On that day, I was in the wood all morning, alone. When I returned, everything seemed so simple that I did not know why I had not seen it before. I would talk to Joad and tell him all that I had thought and felt, and let him talk to me. They were thoughts hard to share, even with Joad, but in the end perhaps we would regain some of that perfect understanding we had had at the beginning.

I thought of the sentence in Allison's letter. "Is there a magic for it, Joad?" The wood had been the magic I had needed to open up my heart.

Joad was not in. There was a telegram

spread open on the table for me to read.

"Joad, will you come? Mother wants to see you once." Penciled underneath was Joad's message.

"I had to go. I'm sorry I didn't see you first."

I had been prepared to talk to Joad, not to wait for him. The house seemed lonelier now than it had ever seemed. The minutes were like hours. I went into the living room and built a fire and tried to read, but when Joad came in I was leaning on the mantel, my back to the door. I did not turn. He sensed my whole mood and came to lean on the mantel with me. I felt his eyes on my back.

"You've been so far away for so long!" he said.

One thing had troubled me.

"Was it all my fault?" I asked.

"No," said Joad. "Nothing is ever all one person's fault."

My head was full of confusing thoughts.

"Joad, I don't understand."

"Peter, do not be deceived. There are places in my heart where you have never been. Those are the only places that she took."

"It is hard to have wanted, and not to have possessed, your whole heart."

"Peter, no one can possess all of another person's heart. You did not possess all of Peg's heart. Allison does not possess all of mine. There are places there as much for you as for her."

Tenaciously, stubbornly, I clung to the fading thoughts.

"Joad, three is a crowd."

"Sometimes, Peter, but I trust you to know when that sometime is."

I had not yielded.

"Peter, there are places in your heart today that still belong to Peg. I've never troubled them."

I wanted to yield, but could not.

"Peter, you are not losing any part of me. You have had me, and you shall have me."

Suddenly, Joad caught me by the shoulder, whirling me around so that I had to face him. Emotion burned dark fires in his eyes; pain twisted his mouth.

"If you leave me," he said earnestly, "I shall be as lonely without you as once I was without her."

The little jealousies struggled once and died. I hung my head, and there seemed nothing in the world at all.

Nothing except Joad's voice saying, "You are my only friend," and I turned away lest he see the tears in my eyes.

Not a word had I uttered, and yet I had confessed my wrong and asked forgiveness and pledged new devotion. And all this Joad had done to me and more. My hand reached up and caught his strong, square wrist.

One thing remained to be done. Joad knew; he did not ask where I was going.

After a long while, it seemed, I found Allison's house and she was standing at the door. She was dressed in black.

"Allison," I asked, "did your mother die?"

It sounded stupid. I could have kicked myself.

"Yes," said Allison, "soon after Joad left."

I knew that she wanted to tell me something and was afraid to. I hated to think that I had put fear into those fearless eyes; so I asked her.

"Did she like Joad?"

I knew that Allison was glad I had asked.

"Yes," she said. "He made her happy. Won't you come in?"

"Please," I said. "I want you to tell me what you wouldn't tell me in a hurry, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind," said Allison, and she began to talk, but her thoughts were different from Joad's.

"There was a woman for you once," she said, "but that is over for you now. For Joad, it is a part of his life that is just beginning. You must not keep him back from it.

"Feelings like these were sharp and real to you once. Remember them now, if you can, and try to understand."

And then she said, "Some people can live with only one person close to them. Others need a great many people. Joad needs two—you and me. I need two. Do you remember the fun we had that first night.

Continued on Page 29

Autumn Wanderer

I walk endlessly while the clear day grows
And mellows out at nightfall,
While the leaves grow redder still,
And grass twists down for them to cover it.

I walk endlessly, and it seems that day
Has just begun each time night comes.
Within my heart I dread the morning hour
When trees will stretch like stalks with shrapnel boughs

To the winter day, grown brittle in the sky,
And walking will be drab and meaningless
With all the leaves away.

BESS WINDHAM

Hospitality

Find me a fellow who's awfully tired
Of street noise, and subways and everyday clatter,

Just someone you know who's long desired
A spoonful of broth on an old-fashioned platter,

And a place that's shaggy, and heathered, and briared
Accustomed to sun, and to rain's healing patter . . .

Entreat him to come in and be my guest . . .
I've a spot in the Highlands where we can rest.

BESS WINDHAM

"Thirty Cents"

MARY HUNTER EDMUNDS

A man does strange things when he's "up against it", and George was hard hit. He had a wife and family, and crops were poor . . .

AMID all the hullabaloo of the Saturday afternoon ball game, George Richardson was unnoticed as he shuffled over to where his wife, Belle, sat with the women and children.

"How come ya so long, Gawge?" she inquired off-hand, for her attention as everyone else's was riveted upon the game.

"Jus' kinda took things slow-like. 'Taint no use ter hurry ter dis ball game," he stammered in response.

"'T ain't like ya ter talk dat-er-way." For the first time Belle gave her husband a scrutinizing look and voiced her surprise at what she saw. "Gawge Rich'son, what ebber is de matter wit ya? Ya ain't sick is ya? Ya looks mighty pale-like!"

"'T ain't nuthin' but de heat, Belle, an' doncha yell hit so," George said quickly, looking around with evident anxiety to learn if they had been overheard.

However his fears were useless, for not a nigger present had eyes and ears for anything except that game. Ingram had hit the only home-run of the afternoon, bringing in the three men on the bases, and it was only a matter of a few minutes before High Rock would be beaten.

"Belle," George asked with assumed casualness, "why don' you an' de kids stay wit yo' sistah Jen fer tonight? Hit's er long walk ter home an' ya kin go ter church wit her tomor' an' come home in de af'noon."

"Naw, I reckon as I'll go on ter home wit ya. I ain't got ma dress ter wear ter church," she stammered.

"But, Belle, ya oughta go ter see ya granny. She ain't been feelin' pow'ful perk des heah days," he suggested hopefully.

Belle's suspicions were now fully aroused. "How come ya wants ter git rid er me? Is ya up ter sump'n, Gawge?" she demanded sharply.

"Ya knows I ain't up ter nothin', Belle. I jus' don' like ter see ya negleck ya folks," he answered hastily.

"Wal, maybe—Look we all's won. Look, Gawge!" she screamed with the rest of the Negro population.

* * * *

The next morning George had just let the cow out when Captain Fitz with five Negroes from his place and Jake Simmons from Dr. Kent's farm came into the yard and told him the news.

"George," Captain Fitz's face was serious, "have you seen anything of Uncle Pete?"

"Nawsuh, I ain't," George answered. "Is sump'n de matter?"

"Yes, George, there is. He didn't come home last night at all. In fact, he hasn't been seen since two o'clock yesterday when he left work to go to the game. You know that he always carries a tidy sum of money on him wherever he goes, and frankly I'm afraid he's met with foul play. The boys and

I are out looking for him now," the Captain explained.

"Wal, I reckon I kin halp ya den, 'cause I knows dis heah part ub de lan' like no udder body," volunteered big George.

"Good," said Captain Fitz. "George, if you'll lead us, we'll look over your place. I'm not trying to alarm you boys, but the old man had to pass here on his way to the ball park. If anyone did him harm, he may have hid him near here. At least, we must make sure."

"Jus' follah me, Cap'n Fitz," George said as he moved off toward the two-room house.

After a careful search both in and under the house, the little band scattered to the stable, outhouses, and barns. When they came to the last barn, they gave a hasty look, but did not enter because the dirt floor was covered with quick lime.

"Mistah Roy gimme hit ter buil' me er wall 'cross de lower place an' I jus' put hit in heah while I wasn't usin' hit," George explained.

* * * * *

Belle and the children came home in the late afternoon filled with gossip concerning the mystery.

"Kinda thought ya'd come on over ter Jen's fer dinnah, but I guess ya was out wit de searching party, wasn't ya, Gawge?" Belle greeted her husband.

"Wal, we did look 'round some dis mornin'," George responded as he rose wearily from his seat on the porch stoop.

Just then a plaintive moo greeted their ears, and Belle, turning inquiring eyes upon her husband, said, "Sounds like dat dar cow ain't been milked. Did ya milk Bessie las' night, Gawge?"

George gave his wife a blank look and stammered, "I don' rightly 'member iffen I did er no."

"Wha' ya mean, ya trifling nigger, ya don' 'member er no? I kin lay yer er bet ya ain't fed de chick'ns er nuthin'. Wal, speak up! Is dis heah de reas'n ya wanted me ter go 'way? I jus' bet ya went ter see one er dem black gals ov'r Doc Kent's place. Wal, ya kin g'on, see, 'cause ter me ya ain't wurth thurty cents!"

Up to this last statement George had taken his wife's outburst as one who was accustomed to it, but now he began to tremble, and the blood drained from his contorted face.

"Ya don' mean dat dar, Belle. I is wurth more'n thurty cents, ain't I? Belle, honey, say I is!" he cried in a pleading voice.

Belle now saw that there was something definitely wrong with her husband.

"Gawge, honey, ya sick. I knowed hit yest'dy, but ya said as how 'twas only de heat. I's gwin' ter put ya ter bed right now."

George, thoroughly shaken and whimpering like a child, blindly submitted to being put to bed by his wife and oldest daughter, Jane.

"Jake, chil', go fas' as ya kin' an' bring Mistah Roy. Tell 'im how's ya paw is sick an' fer 'im ter come iffen he kin," Belle said, giving her youngest a push that almost sent him into the dust.

George lay upon one of the two beds in the little room. The other was occupied by his four children. The room was stifling as the air came only through a small window above his head. He lay there, covered with perspiration and crying over and over, "Thurty cents, only thurty cents."

Jake returned in a little while with the report that Mr. Roy was over at Ingram to see the Sheriff about Uncle Pete, but that he had left word with Bill Hankins, Mr. Roy's hand, that George was sick.

* * * * *

Monday morning was always a busy time at the Richardson's shack. Belle had to rise early enough to instruct Jane as to their own wash and then go over to the Big House to help with the white folks. It was after she had gone over the hill that the Sheriff came and got him. George went without a word of protest after Mr. Roy explained that they were only going to hold him for an investigation. They only had circumstantial evidence against him, Mr. Roy had said. Although George wasn't at all sure just what that meant, he was certain it couldn't be the worst thing. At least they couldn't hang him.

"It is because you were so late to the game Saturday, George," Mr. Roy explained. "You say that you were working on your new wall, and you probably were, but everybody else but you was at the game

by two o'clock, and that was the time when Uncle Pete left his work in the wheat field. Now the Sheriff doesn't say that you had anything to do with it, but he's going to hold you until he investigates. You don't have a thing to worry about, because I'll be standing by you. I'll see to Belle and your children. You just go along with the Sheriff and don't make any trouble."

George even tried to return his boss's smile, but he failed miserably.

"You don't look so well, George. I am sorry I couldn't get over to see about you last night, but I had business in Ingram." Then turning abruptly to the Sheriff he added, "Take care of my boy, Bill. Don't let anything happen to him."

With this, Mr. Roy suddenly left George and the Sheriff and started across the fields toward his own home. He knew now that the boy was guilty. One look at his gray face, swollen eyes, and set mouth had told him all. He had done it for money, of course. A Negro, even a good one like George, would do anything for a few pieces of silver. Suddenly Mr. Roy became angry at Uncle Pete. Why had the old fool carried all his money around with him to tempt these helplessly poor youngsters? It wasn't fair that big, strong George should die for old crippled Uncle Pete. But they would hang him all the same.

* * * * *

George had been in prison more than a week, and still the Sheriff had found no evidence sufficient to hang him, although he was convinced of his guilt. He had tried again and again to get a confession from George, but the big Negro had remained silent and sullen or had only answered in monosyllables.

Belle had come to see him twice, but he had just looked through her and said little. Even when she told him he would soon have another offspring, he remained unmoved.

Mr. Roy had explained that if he pleaded guilty and begged the court's mercy, he would get off more lightly than if he acted like a stubborn child.

Still, employing wisdom given only to the ignorant, he kept his mouth tightly shut and said nothing. Thus they were all baffled and not a little embarrassed, for neither the body nor the weapon had been found.

When affairs were at this stage, the jailor one day chanced to remark to the "trusty" who was removing an untouched meal from the prisoner's cell that that was certainly a worthless nigger, that he was worth just about thirty cents.

No sooner had these words passed his lips than George sprang from the corner of his cell, rushed at the trusty, and grabbed the jailer by the neck.

"By Gawd, I is," he screamed. "Say I is wurth more'n thurty cents!" The frightened jailer was ready to agree to anything if only this maniac would let go his throat.

"Sho', I killed de ol' man! Sho'! Sho'! I did hit! Fer thurty cents! Thurty cents! Thurty! Thurty!" shrieked the half-crazed George as his huge body collapsed upon the floor.

* * * * *

"Yassuh, Mistah Sheriff, I needed de money an' I cut Unc's throat wit ma razor. Ma craps didn' bring me much las' year an' I gotta eat. So's I waited fer 'im an' done it. But y'all's wrong 'bout 'im carryin' money, 'cause I only got thurty cents. Lawd, Mistah Sheriff, I killed er man fer thurty cents. Dat dar jailer was right, an' so was ma Belle. Dey says I ain't wurth but thurty cents, an' I ain't 'cause I gonna die fer hit. Yassuh, dey gonna hang me fer thurty cents, but I ain't gwine go ter hell 'cause de Lawd only wants his thurty cents an' den I kin git inna heav'n. Yassuh, dis is ma pay fer de gold'n streets! Does yo' want ter know whar I hid ol' Unc'? Why, in ma lime I was buil'in' ma wall wit."

* * * * *

They found Uncle Pete just as George had said, in the lime. At least they found his bones, buttons, and three hundred dollars in gold which he had sewed into his clothes. They found also the razor which was to cost the life of a second victim, for George had been sentenced to die by hanging.

After his confession and as his days lessened, George was in very good spirits. He seemed positive that the thirty cents

Continued on Page 32

Driftwood

Big logs rotten to the core
Ship masts cast upon the shore,
Pieces of a broken door—
Driftwood.

Slabs worked loose from sloping decks,
Crates, and barrels, and bottle necks,
All washed in from shattered wrecks—
Driftwood.

Bedposts buried in the sand,
Broken chairs strewn o'er the land,
Remnants of a ship once manned—
Driftwood.

ANNE C. WILLIAMS

Victory

There it is, a piece of land
Green with growing grass,
Trampled by a million men . . .
I heard their footsteps pass.

I heard their songs, and joined their cheers
As "Victory" they cried;
But now I lie beneath the soil
Where brave men lived and died.

ANNE C. WILLIAMS


Q
Double and redouble your pleasure with the Smoker's Cigarette
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
Chesterfield
COOLER MILDER BETTER-TASTING
Do you smoke the cigarette that Satisfies
Q

Hullo . . .
Fall's a queersome kind of year . . .
Full of talk . . .
The skylark pauses in his flight and listens . . .
Small talk . . . gay talk . . .
Questions.

POETRY

"Poetry?" the old man slapped his knee;
His wrinkled face was strange to see.
"Define it?", he questioned with a grin,
"Why poetry is life from start to end."

Roaring seas and schooners old,
Pirates rich with stolen gold,
A dancing gypsy slim and brown,
Queenly despite her ragged gown,

That is poetry—that and more—
Tales of people rich and poor,
Splendid nobles, the common herds,
All these things put into words."

"Poetry?" the old man slapped his knee;
His wrinkled face was strange to see.
"Define it?", he questioned with a grin,
"Why life is poetry from start to end!"

ANONYMOUS

Some things are settled from the start
Without much hurrying . . .
But I can find no peace of heart
Without some worrying . . .

RHETORICAL QUESTION

Why must I rave and tear my hair
Over a lad who doesn't care?
Why must I wait and weep and moan
Over a stubborn telephone,
That will not ring, although I sit
For hours and hours and wait for it?
Why must I keep remembering this—
The lingering sweetness of a kiss
That's given like a brother? Why,
When there's a full moon in the sky
And darkness through the city steals,
Must I sit home and cool my heels?
And when he whispers, "You're divine",
Why must I fall for that same old line?

EDITH NUNNALLY

And so . . .
Many questions find their way
Up to the skylark
And go . . .
Drifting onward through the day

r k . . .

Illustrations Cottie Radspinner

Let's forget all this . . .
About love . . .
And talk about—
The weather.
You go strange places in this weather;
Spend hours just thinking . . .
Spend afternoons walking . . .
Sit, and let time swing a scythe
Through lives of people . . .

SOUNDS BEFORE THE RAIN

I sit upon my hilltop all alone and pensive;
The night wind whispers to me of happenings below:
The clatter of heels on a pavement,
Negroes dancing to music from a nickelodian.
Shadowy figures move about in lighted rooms with curtained windows;
Music comes from the radio of a car passing in the street;
The changing of gears as a truck climbs a hill;
A train whistle blasts through the night;
In the distance thunder peals, lightning flashes suddenly—
Silver pellets of rain cover my face and hands, on my hilltop.

Aggie Mann

Her room was like a little house . . .
With love all saturated . . .
Entering in it, man and mouse
Stayed on—infatuated . . .

OUR ROOM

Oh crazy, littered, but well-loved room,
What pictures and pastimes you treasure—
Clothes here and clothes there, on dresser and chair—
Victrola and records for pleasure!

Your little flounced curtains we chose with such care
And nailed from a trunk with a hammer,
Blue scarves and blue covers, and pictures of lovers
All framed on the dresser for glamour—

Book shelves all spilling with papers and boxes,
Light cords strung from the ceiling,
Rag dolls, dirt shreds, swept under the beds
Just give you that warm friendly feeling.

You're a crazy refuge to come to at night
From the woes of a world, gray with gloom;
But there's no friendlier gleam than the bedside lamp's beam
Shining out from our gay little room!

Felicity Apperly

ithey reach—who knows? . . .
o perhaps? . . . Or a star? . . .
h milky way?
) ong,
ilnext time . . .

Bess Windham

MEMORIAL DAY REVERIE

Virginia Barksdale

I am dead. But they do not know it. How can they know? How can they understand my kind of death—they who have never known what it means to live? They see the shell that is my body. They do not know that my soul has departed. I was too young to die; you were too. But war does not stop to consider age or who deserves death and who does not. I had been filled with youth and merriment and bubbling laughter and a wild desire to live until I met you. You replaced my superficial gaiety with a deep serenity, a happiness that was infinite. I was like a rushing brooklet changed into a still deep river. I lived only for you. They prate of love. They do not know.

I have a wealth of memories—memories of laughter, of music, of happy young people—and through it all, of you—memories of the distant echoes of war—of grim realities, heartaches, and anxieties, of loved ones gone, of the night before you left: gray rain, dinner for two, gold candles burning, clear-cut features smiling across the table at me . . .

"You'll be waiting," you said, "when I come back—just as you are now, your hair the same way, the same frock, the gold candles burning . . ."

I saw you march away. We who were left at home cheered you on. Our spirits were high that morning. We were swept along by the thrill of martial music, the flash of bayonets in the sun, long rows of khaki figures in perfect alignment. We saw only the mask of glory behind which war travels. But we were soon to learn.

You didn't come back. I waited for you. I kept the frock hanging ready; I kept the gold candles on the table. But you didn't come. You died a glorious death, they said. You brought down one of the enemy's planes; then you went down yourself. You were a hero. Let them call it glorious. Let them strive to lessen the horror. I know only that you died and that I died with you. I do not complain, for we lived our life, you and I, now it is over. I must keep on pretending—pretending that I still live on. They mustn't know. But each Memorial Day I keep our tryst. I fix my hair the same way, and I wear the frock you liked. I set the table for two; and I light the gold candles . . . .

From the Magnolia Tree

Jack Cock

A child's imagination is often very much alive;
but grim reality makes a more lasting impression on the mind.

BY the time I reached the monument my little bare feet were stinging from the hot sidewalk. My long dark curls hung moist and sticky around my neck. My face was flushed crimson with the heat, and my breath came quickly, for I had been running. What there was of the little coolie suit I wore was damp, and it clung to my warm body.

I parked my doll carriage in the shade of the monument, locked the wheels, then climbed upon the base of the statue and stretched myself full length on the cool cement.

Laying my warm cheek on the cool surface of one of the cannon balls that circled the monument, I gazed long and lovingly at the doll in the carriage. She was asleep, I noted thankfully. Had she been awake, I would have felt compelled to sing to her, and I was tired. If she woke up after I was rested, I would gladly sing to her, for after all wasn't she my favorite dolly? And didn't I owe it to her since Grumpy had chewed off one of her legs? Grumpy was our pet dog — I named him Grumpy because of the expression on his face. It had not been more than a week ago that I had rescued Dolly from his cruel jaws too late. Now one leg was missing. Yes, if she woke up, I would sing to her.

I watched her a few minutes longer, then, shifted my eyes to the scene in front of me—the water and the boats. How I loved to watch them, especially the boats. I would imagine myself skipper of the largest fishing schooner on the Bay, and then I would sail far away to all the places I had ever read about or heard talked of—California, Portugal, Spain, Arabia, and Africa, but most often to China, where I would stop for days and days. There I rode in their funny carriages that had men for horses, and I talked and played with their yellow children. I worshipped their fat old god, fought their fire-spitting dragons, and climbed their great wall. I seldom tired of China. It was so different from the secluded life I led as the spoiled daughter of a small town lawyer.

Sometimes, when I grew weary of sailing around the world, I would follow the old man of the sea and his mermaids down, down, down to the very bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. Here I played strange games with the baby mermaids, and chased fish until I was exhausted, then I would curl up in a huge clam shell, cover myself with the cool seaweed, and sleep, while the mermaids sang to me, and made beautiful music with shells from the ocean bottom.

Today, however, I had no heart for sailing, and I was already too tired to play with my friends in the sea. Instead, I rolled over on my back to search for cloud pictures, and to delight in the escape I had just made. I laughed wickedly to myself. It was so easy to give old Benty the slip. I love her dearly, but she just wouldn't play make-believe with me. She would frown at me awfully and say, "Chile, de debil's got aholt o' you. Don't nobody live at de bottom o' dat ocean." You see, she just

didn't understand. She couldn't even find cloud pictures with me! That was why I ran away from her and came here.

Today the clouds were great big and fluffy, the kind I liked best. I could always find Grumpy in these, and sometime I even found the awful dragons. In the distance I thought I saw a bear, but when it came closer I saw that it wasn't a bear at all. It was old Benty, only she was white in the clouds instead of black. She was chasing something, and I laughed, for I was quite sure that it must be me.

Sailing along behind her came Grumpy. Naughty doggie, but I waved to him just the same. He didn't wave back; so I turned up my nose at him and looked the other way.

What I saw in this direction caused me to sit up quickly, and to almost fall off the statue. Then I scrambled to my feet, and began jumping up and down. Sailing above the tall buildings that were down town, came the biggest blimp I had ever seen in flight. For once I was struck dumb. I stopped jumping up and down and just stood there with my mouth open and my eyes popping. I couldn't even wave. Once, when I was swimming at the beach, I had waved to a seaplane that was flying low, and somebody had waved back, but today I just looked.

On and on it came and the closer it came the bigger it got, until I could see the tiny windows in the cabin, and I was three blocks from it.

I was still staring at it in that rather stupid way when it stopped. At first I couldn't be really sure that it had stopped, it was moving so slowly, but then I knew it had. I was delighted. Surely it was going to land. But where? Not in the middle of the street. And then as I sensed that something was wrong, my giant air castle folded up before my very eyes and began to fall. Straight down it went, and just before it went out of sight behind the trees, I saw it burst into flames.

The crash that followed was like a glass of ice water thrown in my face. I leaped from the base of the statue, and flew toward the place where the giant ship had fallen. If the hot sidewalks burned my feet I did not feel it. My thoughts were on the blimp and what I would find at the end of the street.

A man came running from around the corner. Another man opened the screen door of his house and came out on his porch.

"What's all the commotion, Bob? Fire?"

"No, dirigible cracked up."

"Good God, man! Where?"

"Corner of Victoria and Armistead."

"God!!—Hey, Amy—."

I turned to look at the man on the porch, but he had gone back in. I wondered if he had ever been to Sunday School.

Now I could smell the smoke from the wreck. As I came closer, it got in my throat and made me cough. It stung my eyes and went up my nose.

Somewhere, not far in front of me, a woman screamed so horribly that I stopped in fear. I went cold all over, and then hot, and then cold again. What could it mean? I had never heard anyone scream quite like that before, and I found I was shaking a little. But she didn't scream again; so I went on—not quite so fast—for that scream had made me cautious.

I could see the wreck now. It was still burning, and I was glad. I liked to watch a fire. Once I had watched a lumber company burn to the ground.

I looked for the woman who had screamed, but she must have left, for I could not find her. I looked for the silver covering on the blimp, but that was gone, too. I looked for someone I knew, but the faces I saw were all strange.

People were beginning to crowd around me and in front of me. Mostly men and big boys. Someone pushed me. I lost my temper. I screamed at them. I beat on strange backs with my fists. What right had they to get in front of me? I was there first.

Then I saw a Magnolia tree not far away. There was a Magnolia in my back yard. I had climbed it more than once. The branches were low and easy to reach. I started for the tree. Yes, it was like the one in my back yard. Quickly I pulled myself up into the branches, and crawled as far out as I dared on one of the lower limbs. I could see everything.

The huge ship was still burning, everywhere except the cabin part. The fire hadn't reached that yet. While this thought was still sinking in, I saw the cabin door open and two hands appear, then two arms. They seemed to be reaching for something. A man left the crowd and ran toward the wreck. The hands grabbed hold of his arms, and then I saw a head. Just the head. I couldn't see his face. There was too much blood, but I could tell that he was sobbing. I had never seen a man sob before. I felt sick and frightened, and I wanted to leave, but I couldn't tear my eyes away. It was as if they were glued in that position, so I just stared until something else attracted my attention.

It was the fire siren, and when I looked up, I saw the engine racing toward the wreck. In front of it were six policemen on motorcycles,, and behind it came the ambulance from the hospital.

The crowd fell back to make way, and then closed in behind them after they passed.

The crowd was yelling now, and some of the women were crying. It was all the police could do to push them back from the burning ship, and make room for the firemen to work. There was so much noise that it made my ears feel queer and my head throb.

Then I saw a car drive up, and my father get out of it. I wanted to run to him, but he was on the other side of the wreck, and I was afraid. I began to cry. They were pulling another man out of the cabin now. I didn't want to see him, but I couldn't look away. It was horrible. I was quite sure he must be dead. He was so still, and white, and twisted. They carried him to a man with a little black bag. He must have been the doctor, for I saw him look at him a minute, then shake his head, the way Mother had done the time I brought her my kitten the car had run over.

They were pulling out another man. He was crying like the first one, and his face was all cut and bloody. And then, I saw that one of his legs was gone, torn off. I thought of Dolly and her missing leg. I felt weak and queer inside, and I knew that I had seen enough, that I couldn't stand it any longer. I wanted to get away from that noisy pushing mob, away from that blazing ship, and away from those sobbing, bloody, twisted men. I thought of Dolly again, and of how long I been gone. S'pose the brake had slipped, and her carriage had rolled into the water. S'pose . . . . I was crying hard now. I slipped out of the tree and started to fight my way through that sea of legs. I shoved, and scratched, and kicked. I had to get through. I wanted my doll. I wanted to go home. I wanted my Mother.

The Glove

PEGGY BELLUS

MARTHA looked down at her hands and smiled, but hers was a smile of pain rather than of happiness. A few seconds passed during which she continued to stare at the hands clasped tightly in her lap. This childish habit of lowering her eyes in critical moments had its root somewhere back in her early childhood.

She was aware that the young man had stood up and was moving around his desk toward her.

"Martha." He hesitated. "Martha, I—"

The girl stood up abruptly and started to put on her gloves.

"I'm sorry too, David," she said, "but I'm glad we've talked it over—aren't you?" He nodded.

"You're a peach," he said as they walked toward the door. She smiled her thanks to him, and David looked somewhat relieved.

"I'd like to take you to lunch," he said, "but . . . "

"Thanks. I couldn't really. Good-bye, David." She touched his arm lightly and was gone before he said another word.

Martha walked quickly through the outer office and swung open the big door into the hall. How noisy was the click of her heels on the marble floor of the empty passage-way! She pressed the elevator button, leaned against the gray wall, and sighed. She wished passionately that she could breathe out all the pain in her heart.

Martha had dreamed of going to see David in his "very own" office ever since the day he graduated from college three years ago when he asked her to marry him. Today was his first day in his own office and she had been to see him—just as they had planned, and said good-bye—as they had never dreamed they would.

A month ago Martha had accepted a position in the office of the Telegraph Company, so that she could be nearer to David, but she had seen very little of him. He had been so busy. Martha began to wonder if David was trying to avoid seeing her.

On that very morning she had found out when a lovely lady had come into the telegraph office and handed her a telegram to be sent to Mr. David R. Noble — her David! The telegram read:

> "—Darling—Just arrived. Meet me at Hotel Commadore for lunch one o'clock. Love. Alene."

Martha had gone directly to David to ask him about it. He was telling the truth when he said Martha was the stronger and finer of the two. Martha knew it but she loved David in spite of all his faults and weaknesses. She had always loved him and she always would until the day she died.

There were tears in Martha's eyes when the elevator stopped on the main floor, and in spite of all her efforts there was a tear on her cheek when she pushed the revolving door that opened onto the noisy street corner. The wind was bitter. Martha clenched her hand. Had she left her other glove in the elevator? Oh, well, no matter.

She stopped at the corner and waited for the light to change. She heard the shrill whistle of the policeman, and, without lifting her head, stepped down the high curb and started across the street. She looked down at her hands and shivered. She thought listlessly, "I'm glad he never gave me a ring. I would miss it so now."

Suddenly the air was rent with the shriek of heavy brakes and the policeman's whistle sounded shrilly and forebodingly.

At the same moment up-stairs in his "very own" office, David R. Noble stooped to pick up a glove.

Joe

Virginia Barksdale

JOE lingered a minute over his coffee and doughnuts. He wasn't a man to notice women. Twenty years of struggling along on too few dollars a week —even the best of riveters have to struggle —had taught him that women weren't for him. A man in Joe's position couldn't afford to have high ideals, but somehow, from somewhere, he had acquired a notion of wanting his wife to have better things than he'd ever been able to offer. Maybe it was an idea left over from earlier days, because when he stopped for a minute and thought hard enough, he could still vaguely remember a shack down by the waterfront that had served as his home. He could still remember Ma bending over a scrubbing board; eight kids always hungry and never having enough clothes; Pa trying hard, but never quite getting them all fed; and Pa getting discouraged about once a week and coming home terribly drunk. That was a long time ago.

Joe had been out on his own since he was ten. The years had all been lean ones—at first picking up a few pennies here and there running errands for anybody that needed a boy with willing feet; and then a couple of years in a reform school for some mischief he'd got into. He couldn't remember now just exactly what it was—some boyish prank. But he could remember those years at the reform school. He could remember how they'd crushed his youthful eagerness. He came out feeling old, aged before his time; but he also came out with a desire for a respectable job and a respectable place to live. The first work he found was a riveting job. He had stuck to the trade. He was the steady, dependable kind that people came to know as "good old Joe." Now he felt a certain pride in being known, too, as "one of the best riveters on East Side."

No, Joe was not a man to notice women, but he did notice on this particular morning that the girl who brought him his coffee and doughnuts was not the regular waitress. That fact in itself was not startling. Girls come and go in doughnut shops. It was the girl herself who was unusual. All of this didn't occur to Joe at the time. Women just didn't impress him so much as that. It wasn't until he was on the subway that he realized her hair hadn't been bleached nor was it stringy. It was black, and its soft waves hadn't been the result of a cheap permanent. The next morning he remembered to look at her more closely, and for several mornings after that he just sat and watched her and ate his coffee and doughnuts rather absently. By the end of the week, he had observed that her hands were small and white, that her laughing blue eyes were a lovely combination with her black hair. Her name was Mary. It was her eyes that attracted him most of all. It had been a long time since he'd seen a girl with laughing eyes. They all had tired, dull eyes that reflected their tired, dull existences. But Mary was different. It wasn't only her eyes. Everything about her was different. She had a freshness that in Joe had spent itself in a reform school—a freshness that East Side girls don't ever get. She wasn't the type to be working in a greasy, smelly doughnut shop. With a few breaks she ought to get a high class job somewhere—as a stenographer, maybe.

One cold, rainy morning Joe sat in the doughnut shop longer than usual—waiting for the rain to let up a little, he carefully explained to himself. That was the morning he got up courage to speak to Mary.

"Messy out this morning, ain't it?"

She smiled when she answered. "It is disagreeable, but I don't mind the rain."

He might've known she wouldn't be the complaining type. "Sorta new here, ain't ya?" he ventured.

"Well, I've always lived in New York, but I haven't been working here long."

"It ain't much of a place to have to stay twelve hours every day."

"But I was glad to get the job — any job."

He had to go catch the subway then; but after that she always smiled and said good morning when she brought his coffee, and he always said something about the weather.

That was as far as their friendship ever got, because one afternoon Joe happened to pass a news stand and saw Mary's picture on the front page of a paper. His heart did a queer little flip-flop, and he didn't even wait for his change as he dropped a dime into the newsboy's grimy fist. The poor girl must have got herself into a pretty bad mess to be having her picture on the front page. He felt a sudden rush of tenderness. It was a strange feeling for a tough guy like Joe. He wanted to help this girl, no matter what she'd done. He believed in her innocence—a girl with eyes like that was bound to be innocent—and he wanted more than anything to prove that he was her friend. He ducked into Nick's spaghetti joint to read what had happened. Unfolding the paper, he started reading beneath the picture. He didn't finish.

> Pictured above is Mary Sheffield, socially prominent debutante of last season, who plans to devote her time this season to social welfare work. As a preparatory measure, Miss Sheffield has been working in a little shop on East 174th Street observing the people among whom she will work . . . "

The next morning Joe went to work without his coffee and doughnuts. It was the first morning he'd missed in nearly twenty years.

Surprise

JANE LEE SINK

WE all loved her very dearly. Her blue eyes were wide with wonderment and the sturdy flaxen braids hung defiantly down her little back. She was a serious tot with great purpose and wisdom.

It was a bright afternoon, and Mother, humming a gay tune, was busily preparing the dining room for evening guests when she was interrupted by the buzz of the front door bell. There on the mat stood little Louise, our neighbor's three year old child, with her arms laden with lovely roses. She held them out to Mother, who received them exclaiming delightedly: "Wheeza, thank you, so much! They are beautiful!" Not having any time to spend on the child, Mother said, "bye bye" and gently closed the door.

The flowers added a festive, cheery glow to the table, and Mother was contentedly admiring the effect when the bell rang again. It was Louise! She looked very resolved and thoughtful as she stood there intently regarding Mother, "What do you want, Wheeza?" Mother asked very kindly.

"I want the f'owers," Louise murmured.

"My dear!" Mother exclaimed, "I thought you gave them to me."

Louise looking up with benign innocence, stated calmly: "I only wanted you to smell them."

Worth Investigating

prop up on these

THE NEGRO IN VIRGINIA

Sponsored by Hampton Institute. Writers' Program of the Work Projects Administration in the State of Virginia. Hastings House, New York, 1940, $2.50

THIS book is a veritable encyclopedia on the life and history of Virginia negroes and a valuable contribution to a better understanding and appreciation of the Negro. Compiled by a staff of negro and white scholars, it states plain truths with the least possible bias. Dusty court records, fast dimming memories of former slaves, and faded letters and diaries are used to reveal to us colorful stories of the lives of negro forefathers and their part in the history of the country. The concluding chapters are an enlightening discourse on the present day Negro—what he has accomplished and what he is up against. The authors prove that Virginia negroes have always been outstanding among their fellows. The accounts here presented of such persons as Booker Washington, James Bland (author of "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny"), Bill Robinson, Ella Fitzgerald, and Dorothy Maynor are evidence of this fact. It would be well for every white Southerner, and particularly every Virginian, to read this book for an unprejudiced view of the subject. Throughout it reveals the philosophy of the American Negro. This philosophy is not one of defiance or cynicism as it might so easily be, but a quiet patience based on the hope that some day the Negro may at least "come into a fair share of the fruits of his labor."

MARTHA WHELCHEL

VIRGINIA

A guide to the Old Dominion, compiled by the workers of the Writers' Program of the Works Projects Administration in the State of Virginia. Oxford University Press, New York, 1940

"THESE paragraphs should be read as evidence that Virginia is looking forward in a consciousness of her responsibility to justify her past". So says Douglas Southall Freeman in his introduction to the ***Virginia Guide.*** Within its six hundred and seventy pages are concise descriptions of many different achievements under the headings of history, agriculture, negro problems, industry, education, folklore and music, art, architecture, and the theater. The seamy side as well as the pleasant is impartially disclosed, and so Virginia is revealed as it really is, not as story books often portray it.

The Guide contains also brief but excellent descriptions of the various cities of the state, giving a history and also naming the places of significance in each which one might wish to visit. Tours covering the entire state, giving the mileage and types of highways and hotel accommodations, are a boon to the tourist. Many pages of excellent photographs depict a cross-section of life in Virginia. The old estates, for which it is famous, scenes in the mountains, scenes of the Valley, along the highways, and in the towns are all here in permanent picture form.

There is little doubt that the ***Virginia Guide*** will become indispensable to those many persons within and out of the Old Dominion who are interested in its landmarks and how they came to be.

MARY JANE JOLLIFFE

This Tip is a sure WINNER—

Make These Current Novels Your Next Bet

AFTER MANY A SUMMER DIES THE SWAN

Aldous Huxley—Harper & Brothers, 1939, $2.50

AS an anodyne for long dramatic novels, mystery stories, biographies, dissertations on current problems, and great romances, here emerges Aldous Huxley's latest book, ***After Many a Summer Dies the Swan.*** The book, a satire, frank and unashamed, is just brutal enough to escape frothiness. Fundamentally it deals with immortality, but the most lasting impression from it is of a fantastic, erotic, and beautifully spun novel which is also a satire of contemporary American whims and oddities.

It recounts the adventures of one Jeremy Pordage, a visiting English scholar and bibliophile, who is employed by an American motion picture magnate. Jeremy reacts passionately, and perhaps, a little shyly, to all the robust Americanisms to which he is unaccustomed, and the more or less subtle insinuations used to curry favor with the powers-that-be.

Mr. Huxley has long been ranked among our leading social satirists, and here he maintains his usual completeness and perfection of form. He jibes at his fellow human beings not with bitterness, but rather with awe and commiseration.

Many Americans resent deeply the scoffing of the English, at our antics. Well, we do our share of ridiculing them, and "Turn about is fair play." I could not but be amused at poor Jeremy's bewilderment in encountering these billboards in rapid succession: JUMBO MALTS . . . DO THINGS, GO PLACES WITH CONSOL SUPER GAS . . . AT BEVERLY PANTHEON FINE FUNERALS ARE NOT EXPENSIVE . . . SCIENCE PROVES THAT 73 PER CENT OF ALL ADULTS HAVE HALITOSIS . . . . JESUS SAVES . . . . CLASSY EATS, MILE HIGH CONES. However, it is not "slap dash" that gives the book its individuality, for most of it is done with finesse and charm. Ironic though it is, and completely unbelievable, it is nevertheless as absorbing as any book I have read in the past year. Aldous Huxley's word selection is irreproachable, and his character delineation is excellent. I thoroughly enjoyed never knowing what my next emotion would be, for I was constantly beseiged by conflicting reactions of amusement, pity, and sheer horror.

HARRIET CANTRELL

HAYWIRE, AN AMERICAN TRAVEL DAIRY

Hector Bolitho—Longmans, Green and Co.. New York, 1939

THE expectations aroused by the thoroughly American title of this all too short travel diary of the eminent young British biographer and lecturer, are more than adequately fulfilled. Mr. Hector Bolitho knows the country better than most native Americans.

Although the author lacks the delicious humor and charm of Margaret Halsey, he

Continued on Page 29

presents a truer, more accurate account of our country than she does of England. No reflection is intended on Bolitho's sense of humor, for it is penetrating, keen, and spicy. It makes the reader laugh aloud, not only at his words but also at his clever illustrative sketches. He has an amazing faculty for ferreting out American foibles, for exposing weaknesses and false prides, and for shrewd analysis of different sections of our country. He speaks of New York as a "cynical, unrelenting city" whose inhabitants are put into their place by a snow storm. He describes our trains as "cannibal stewpots, monstrous, barbaric, uncomfortable," and then balances the scales by remarking that, unlike British trains, one gets somewhere when one boards American trains. Mr. Bolitho continues his delightful depiction of his view of American life as he lectures over the whole country, paying tribute to American food, hospitality, kindness, culture, and intelligence.

Many Southerners will, no doubt, bristle over his opinion of the South, for he speaks of it with a detachment only possible to one who has not grown up here. He accuses the South of "clinging to the skeleton of the Civil War", of failing to carve out its place in the American way of life, and of countenancing the squalor and misery of the share-cropper and the negro whose fate is comparable only to that of the present war-striken Europe. It is a blot and an accusation that no Southerner, no American, can lightly toss aside. If his diary were not otherwise stimulating, lightly ironic, and provocative, it would deserve commendation simply for one concise sentence: "As long as lynching is countenanced in some parts of the Southern States of America, no Southerner may allow himself to have opinions of the Jew-baiters of the German Reich."

FRANCES KECK

Wood Magic

Continued from Page 11

Peter? It wouldn't have been the same without you. I need you as well as Joad."

Her eyes begged me to understand. I got up and put a coat on her and took her out to the car.

"Now," I said to her, "We'll both go to Joad."

She looked up at the lighted windows around her.

"Neighbors," she said softly.

"Will they understand?"

"It doesn't matter. Mother knows I miss her. And what she needed to make her happy was my happiness."

So we went to Joad, and when he looked up and saw us both there, I couldn't think of anything to say but, "Happy birthday, Joad!"

He came to us and put one hand on her shoulder and one on mine; he looked at her first, then he smiled at me and said, "I love you for it."

But I remembered what we had said about three's being a crowd.

"You two get away from here," I said. "I want to think."

"Sure," said Joad. "I know a place."

So they went by the back door out into the magic wood, and I put some milk and the left-over cake on the table and left the car keys there and went up to bed. It was the first time I had really slept in ages.

Prattles . . . . . By "Pritch"

He: "He's just after your money."
She: "Well, so are you."
He: "Yes, but I saw you first."

—Owl

* * * * *

The play last night was certainly a sad one.

Yes, even the seats were in tiers.

* * * * *

"Pard'n me, shtranzher—wherzh other side uva shtreet?"

"Why, right over there."

"Thash what I thought, but I wuz zhust over there and shomebody shed it wuz over here."

* * * * *

The following notice was inserted in a rural weekly: "Anyone found near my chicken house at night will be found there the next morning."

* * * * *

An owl, after primping before calling on his lady friend, stepped out of his nest to find it raining hard. Sadly he said: "Too wet too woo."

* * * * *

Here are some of the answers you'd like to give when an officer of the law stops you for speeding and says, "Where's your license, buddy?"

1. My name's not buddy, you stinker; it's Matilda Maria Finchback."
2. I haven't got the slightest idea; where's yours?
3. Why waste my time? In the end I'll give five bucks anyway.
4. License—license. What is a license?
5. Which do you want, hunting or fishing?
6. Oh, you're the messenger boy my little son said was following us.
7. I haven't got a license and what's more, the car is stolen.
8. How dare you, officer. You'll just have to take my word that we're married.
9. Beat it or I'll call a cop.

—Punch Bowl

Blue eyes gaze at mine—vexation.
Soft hands clasp in mine—palpitation.
Fair hair brushing mine—expectation.
Red Lips close to mine—temptation.
Footsteps—damnation.

—Gargoyle

* * * * *

Dear Pop,

Everything fine at school. I'm getting lots of sleep and am studying hard. Incidently, I'm enclosing my fraternity bill.

Your son, Pudge

Dear Pudge,

Don't buy any more fraternities.

Your pop, Pop

* * * * *

It's no wonder so many students get hard-boiled. They're always in hot water.

* * * * *

Diner: "What's wrong with these eggs?"

Waitress: "Don't ask me. I only laid the table."

* * * * *

"Drinking's your trouble and you'll have to stop." insisted the doctor.

"But what shall I tell my wife is the matter with me?"

"Oh, just tell her I say you are suffering from syncopation. That will satisfy her."

The wife was mystified, however, and looked the word up in the dictionary, then she understood for she found it meant an irregular movement from bar to bar.

* * * * *

His wife ran away with the boarder but he claims it is only a rumor.

* * * * *

Am I the first girl you ever kissed?

Now that you mentioned it, you do look familiar.

* * * * *

"What kind of a cigarette is that?"

"Baseball special."

"There ain't no such brand."

"Sure, there is. It was a grounder and I picked it up."

—Rammer Jammer

All men are not fools. Some are bachelors.

* * * * *

Prof, taking up quiz paper, "Why the quotation marks on this paper?"

Student: Courtesy to the man on my left."

* * * * *

Some music as we see it advertised.
"All Alone", with accompaniment.
"Home, Sweet Home", in A flat.
"I'm Coming Home", in three parts.
"I am Yours Truly", for ten cents.

* * * * *

A traveling salesman was registering at a small hotel and a bed bug crawled slowly across the page.

"Well," he said, "I've been bitten by all sorts of bugs in hotels but this is the first time I ever saw one crawl down to see what room I'd be in."

* * * * *

"Frequent water drinking," said the professor, "prevents becoming stiff in the joints."

"Yes," replied Johnny, "but some of the joints don't serve water."

—Exchange

* * * * *

Prof. in Ethics: "I will lecture today on liars. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter?"

Nearly all raised their hands.

Prof. "That's fine. You're the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no chapter twenty-five."

—Turn-Out

* * * * *

Prof. "Will you girls in the back of the room please stop exchanging notes?"

Stud.: "They aren't notes, sir. They're cards. We're playing bridge."

Prof.: "Oh, I beg your pardon."

—Exchange

Did you hear about the man who smoked so many Camels that his nerves got so steady he couldn't move?

—Buccaneer

* * * * *

"An inmate just escaped from an asylum. He was tall and thin and weighed 250 pounds."

"Tall and thin, and weighed 250 pounds?"

"I told you he was crazy."

—Missouri Showme

* * * * *

Speeder: "What's the matter, officer, was I going too fast?"

Cop: "No. I'm just arresting you for flying too low."

—Old Maid

* * * * *

Old Woman (to cripple): "My dear young man, you've lost your leg."

Cripple (glancing down): "Well, darn if I haven't.' '

Exchange

* * * * *

First Drunk: "Whatcha looking for?"
Second Drunk: "My pocketbook."
First Drunk: "Where'd ya lose it?"
Second: "Down the street."
First: "Why ya looking for it here?"
Second: "More light."
First: "Oh!"

Exchange

* * * * *

"World's Worst Situation: Deaf man in a bingo stand."

"Thurty Cents"

Continued from Page 15

would erase his sin and give him a place at the King's throne.

* * * * *

They led him down the corridor and through a little black door. They led him on to the scaffold and slipped the noose around his neck. They blindfolded him and suddenly lowered the platform on which he had been standing. The jerk loosened his tightly clenched fingers and from them a quarter and a nickel fell with a clatter upon the cement floor.

Had Saint Peter refused his admission?

YOU NEVER SEE HIM— BUT HIS EXTRA SKILL FLIES WITH YOU EVERY MILE!

WILLIAM H. MILLER
Flight Supt., American Airlines

THE ARMCHAIR above is his cockpit—but Bill Miller flies as many as 100 planes a day. North, south, east, and west from New York's LaGuardia Field *(air view upper right)* his radio control-room directs the course of *American's* giant flagships.

Flier, navigator, engineer, traffic executive all in one—yes, flight superintendent Bill Miller is a man with the extras—a man who *gets* the extras, too...the extra pleasure and extra smoking in slower-burning Camels.

For Camel's costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning give you extra mildness and coolness with a flavor that holds its appeal through the last extra puff. Camels also give you extra smoking per pack *(see right)*.

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

● 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!

GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS