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State Teachers College
Farmville, Virginia

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

The PLANNING

FARMVILLE VIRGINIA



January, 1941

"SMOKING THE WAY I DO, I SURE APPRECIATE THOSE EXTRAS IN SLOW-BURNING CAMELS,"

—says Bob Fausel, ace Curtiss test pilot



A PLANE that's never been off the ground before—never been put to the test of actual flight. What will happen in that first power-dive? That's the test pilot's job... Bob Fausel's job... to find out. It takes more than sheer nerve—it takes extra nerve... extra skill and endurance. Bob Fausel *has* those extras... gets the extras in his smoking, too... with Camels. He says: "That extra flavor in a Camel always hits the spot."



TRYING to tear a plane apart in mid-air is only part of test pilot Bob Fausel's job. There are long hours of engineering conferences... long hours of smoking. "That's where Camel's extra mildness and extra coolness are so important," explains Bob (*center, above*). "Camels are more than mild—they're extra mild—easy on my throat."

Cigarettes that burn fast burn hot. Camel's s-l-o-w way of burning means more coolness, of course, plus freedom from the irritating qualities of excess heat. Smoke Camels and enjoy extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor—yes, and extra smoking (*see below*).

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

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCO





*"Who in the moment of Victory . . .
... Covets neither profit nor honours."*

—JOHN GERSON

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. III

JANUARY, 1941

NO. 2

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The Colonnade

VOLUME III

NUMBER 2

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Cover photo by DAVIDSON'S

The Columns . . .

THE COLONNADE'S cover for this issue presents an interesting study in blue, designed by Peggy Hughes, to add, she said, "a bright note to these grey skies of winter." The photography represents a novel arrangement of still-life and a rather optimistic outlook for the season. We hope you like it.

THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE of Joan of Arc is as familiar to us as are the columns surrounding it. As Patron Saint of Farmville, she should have, we thought, first consideration for our new frontispiece. Embodying virtue, humility, courage, and service, Joan of Arc is a challenge to all of us in the year just begun. We are proud to represent her as such.

IN THE FALL ISSUE, Harriet Cantrell, as a future citizen, questioned: "Why can't we keep the political merry-go-round in the background when an international storm hovers overhead?"

Dr. James Elliott Walmsley, Professor of History and Social Sciences here on the campus, offers an interesting and unbiased answer to the above question in his editorial on page 5 of this issue, suggesting, among other things, a well-defined democracy as a means to an end.

AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS we find familiar signatures, and at the same time, we welcome several newcomers. Edith Nunnally, in her prize-winning story, brings to light the maxim "All things come to her who goes after them", and proves its worth on a co-ed campus. "Unmanifest Destiny" by Harriet Cantrell, a staff member, needs no further explanation, nor does Caroline

Bargamin's "Dust Be My Destiny". Caroline, a freshman, is early showing her ability as a creative writer.

Another first contributor is Elizabeth Goodwin. Her "Stardust" combines a life-time romance with a day at the races and places high odds on both.

"Hogiah" is the true experience of a Chinese gardener as told by Lula Power who resided in Korea for a number of years. The photograph came from Lula's album. Marian (Chubby) Heard relates a tale of a little duck who, robbed of his home by modern machinery, found charity among friends and thus avoided both the W. P. A. and the "draft". "Crippey", by May Wertz, is the story of two "pals" from a tenement section and a man with a white shirt and a heart beneath it who came into their lives and made a place there.

REVIEWS are by Anna Johnson, a senior, Margie Rice, author of the first prize story "Wood Magic" which appeared in the fall issue, Margaret Mish, a sophomore, and Mary Parrish Viccaglio of the freshman class. THE VANISHING VIRGINIAN is an interesting and humorous account of an old Virginia family; while the second Virginia review, RICHMOND HOMES AND MEMORIES, suggests the worth of many of our capital's land-marks, which are fast being destroyed, and records cherished memories of the days before and after the war between the states. The current reviews are found on the library shelves and should prove an incentive for an interesting Sunday afternoon in the Browsing Room.

CONGRATULATIONS to the winners of the November poetry contest! First and second awards went to Edith Nunnally and Lula Power, respectively. Both have other contributions in this issue. Third place went to Carolyn Rouse for her well-timed verse, "Winter". Anne Williams, who has proved her poetic ability in previous issues, received honorable mention, as did Alice Goode Cahoon and Jo Brumfield. We wish to thank all contestants for their splendid response, and we are grateful to Frances Hudgins, a staff member, for her management and to the faculty members and students who served as judges.

THE MIDDLE PAGES are again the work of two staff members, Bess Windham and Cottie Radspinner. The illustrations appearing are by Dot Rollins and Elizabeth Ann Parker. We welcome to our staff Elizabeth Tennent and Anne Williams, art and poetry editors, respectively.

AMONG THE ARTICLES to appear in our final issue in March is Ernestine Meacham's dissertation on "Life" modeled after the style of Gertrude Stein. Ernestine has been a faithful contributor to the Colonnade. She took first place in the short story contest in 1939 and has received recognition in The Spastic Review, a national magazine.

WITH A NEW YEAR come resolutions, opportunities, and bet, perhaps, of all, a clean slate. We, the staff, wish you success and happiness during the year 1941. We are backing you in all your resolutions, hoping that you will be among the first to WRITE FOR THE COLONNADE!

P. S. Sympathetic understanding to the staff of the Alumnae Magazine. We know!

Allene Overbey

A Present Citizen Answers

BY JAMES ELLIOTT WALMSLEY

"A Future Citizen" has gone far in a forthright way in assessing one of the patent weaknesses of America's democracy in action. We are violent in our political speaking but not bloodthirsty in our elections; we are extreme in criticizing candidates but we do not "liquidate" the defeated. Mr. Roosevelt goes to Washington to work, Mr. Willkie goes to Florida to rest; we are superficial in our argument and also are neglectful in our standards for officeholding. All this we concede to the Future Citizen.

Should she not go further and analyze our fundamental fault? Why do we listen to demagoguery and vote by tradition? Can we call for democratic unity without a soul-searching study of what is 'democratic' and what is 'unity'? Most certainly democratic unity cannot come from mere exhortation, much less can it be imposed from above or be created by force.

Only he can speak winged words of democracy whose lips have been touched with a coal of fire from the altar of intelligent patriotism, only he can lead in citizenship who has been caught up by an irresistible force.

Too many of us are proud of our country because it is a democracy and define democracy as what our country has to be proud of. Some of us think democracy is equality, though none of us believes in that; others locate it in our method of choosing a president, though we know that Gustaf of Sweden is even more democratic than Roosevelt of America; others would define as democratic a country that feeds its hungry and houses its homeless, though we know that imperial Rome did an even better job at this; still others say that democracy is marked by free speech, provided that free speech agrees with our opinions. To be brutally honest, those who prate most loudly of democracy know least of its significance.

But why should we be citizens? Why should we, in the words of the elder Roosevelt, "love America, work for America, and if necessary fight for America"? Because it is the only major country in the world today that is democratic either in word

or in deed. Then it behooves all of us, present citizens with shame, future citizens with hope, to apply our hearts to wisdom, to seek the essentials of the democratic faith that is in us, to think clearly, resolutely, and honestly along democratic lines.

Brushing aside empty forms and discarding outworn traditions, we can say that democracy is not a form of government, it is a way of life; it is not, as Fascists proclaim, freedom for inferior minds to rule, it is freedom for superior ideas to prevail. Well do Nazis know that intellectual freedom must not be allowed, for truth is victor in any contest of minds. Freedom of thought and expression is the fundamental condition of democracy, which brings us one step nearer to a definition.

We live in a changing world. If we allow ourselves, as some educators would have it, to be adapted to this changing world, we are becoming fit for a totalitarian age. If we are consciously fitting ourselves to take charge of that changing world and to help mould it nearer to our heart's desire, we are becoming democratic. If our country permits this, if it allows every citizen to exert his power, be it little or big, to shape that world coming into existence, then we are democratic, our country is a democracy, and we have a clear cut idea of what we mean when we speak of that



James Elliott Walmsley

sacred idea—democracy.

This is to see even at a distance what is democracy, "and we needs must love the highest when we see it." To know democracy, to love democratic ideals, to be as intense in our zeal as Nazi or Communist, is to make of our citizenship a steady glow that warms our hearts into giving our lives for a cause that we understand and not into just fighting for our side. This makes of us citizens who can be broad and tolerant, and yet true and tried, who can respect the opposition if it is still loyal to the country that lies back of the party, who can keep their heads when all about lose theirs, because democratic citizens are not driven to duty, they are aglow with patriotism.

Such citizens have been found among us.

“Unmanifest Destiny”

HARRIET CANTRELL

THE old woman walked patiently along the well-trod path from barn to house. Her face was an intent pattern of far-off thoughts. The two milk buckets filled to the top with their frothy contents did not impede her swinging stride. Her gaunt frame was like a big spring, resilient against years of labor and heartache.

As she neared a pile of rocks beside the path, a rhythmic swishing sound arose and grew louder and louder and slashed the air with an ominous gurgle. The ugly, spear-like head of a diamond-back rattler pointed toward her. Engrossed in her dreams, the woman plodded on. As she drew abreast of the rocks, she stumbled, and simultaneously the snake struck. She lost her balance and the milk pails swung forward. One of them struck first a rock in the way, and then the body of the reptile, deflecting its attack and flinging it into the weeds.

Instantly the woman recovered her balance and went on at her measured pace. Unmindful of the presence of the snake, she left the deadly thing crawling away behind her. A murmured grumble about the spilt milk escaped her lips.

She entered the kitchen and set the pails of milk on the table. She did not notice a huge brute of a Negro, hidden in the shadows of a corner. He stepped behind her, with an old Army automatic in his trembling hand.

“Lady,” he said, “you gotta tell me whar yawl hides yoah money. I gotta have it, and quick!”

The woman went on deliberately straightening dishes and kitchen utensils, readying them for washing. The Negro

stared at her, bewildered, his breath coming in short gasps. Slowly, almost without his realization, the hand holding the gun lowered to his side.

After a moment the woman turned to face him and a look of anger crossed her face.

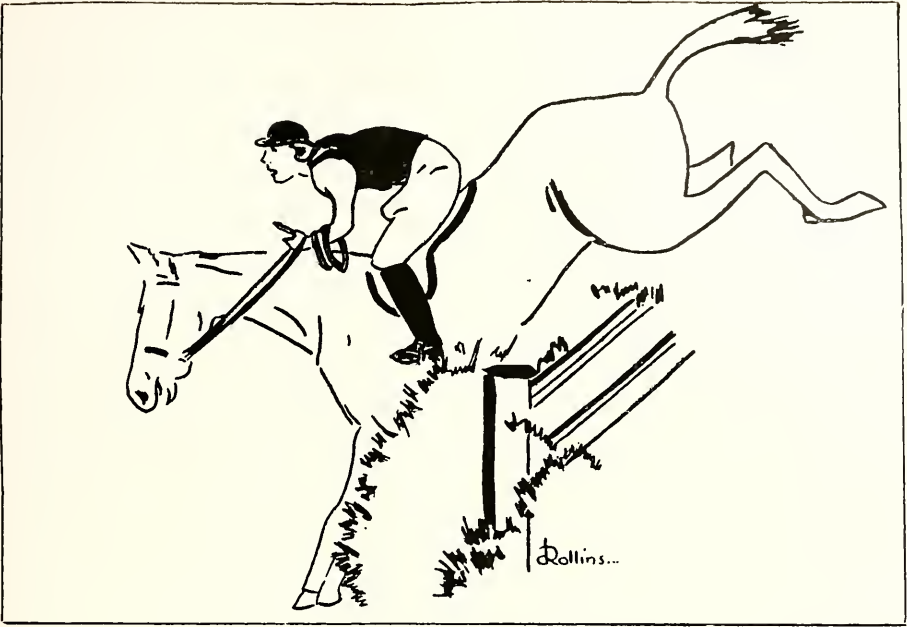
“You ain’t got no business being in here,” she said sharply. Then noticing his tattered clothes and haggard dirty face, she said, “You hungry? Poor fellow! There’s food a-plenty on the sideboard. Gather you up some ’fore I clean up and take it to the back porch.” His eyes wandered to the remains of a plenteous breakfast. At the sight of the eggs, bacon, potato cakes, biscuits, and a pot of coffee his rigid posture relaxed. His shoulders slumped and he pocketed the weapon without her having noticed it.

“Thank you, ma’am,” he muttered.

She left him and went toward the front. A radio going full-blast sent news of the world throughout the house. Her husband, a complete invalid for many years, sat in a big leather chair in the downstairs bedroom. He smiled as she came into the room. “Come in, Bess,” he said, “and rest a mite before you do more.”

Her nature rejecting the thought of luxury before her chores were done, she sat in a hard straight chair across the room from him and watched the dial light from the radio play tag with the early morning sunshine creeping through the windows.

In a moment she roused herself from her musing and said, “It ain’t that I’m complainin’, John, but I guess I ain’t much company for you. I miss so much—the radio and all—being deaf.”



“Stardust”

ELIZABETH GOODWIN

(Honorabic Mention in Fall Contest)

“Yes, Marchant was cold and hard, and cold as steel was his ice-blond daughter, Lita”. Their horses were thoroughbreds; but Pat and Price were out to prove that human beings can be thoroughbreds, too.

NEEDLESS of the overhanging branches and insecure footing she rode furiously, recklessly. Her horse felt the mood of his mistress, for the same wild blood and love of speed was born in both of them. Horse and girl were both Virginia thoroughbreds.

She was furious, disappointed, and hurt. Only her fury kept the smarting tears from welling up in her beautiful blue eyes.

She pulled her mount into a slow easy canter remembering that she must not let her own wild mood tire her horse.

Was there nothing she could do? Pat Noland had never felt her every move blocked before, she had always found a way, but this time there was no way, it seemed.

Yesterday had been wonderful, the first day of the Haden Horse Show—the horse show that was so much more important than any other, because it was the first major show at which she and Price had ridden the horses that they had cared for and trained from awkward colts to the most beautiful hunt team in Virginia. They had kept their horses out of the shows last year, waiting for them to reach maturity and perfection. They had named them Star and Dust in a sentimental moment when they were dancing to Dorsey’s version of “Stardust.”

Black as ebony, clean limbed, with muscles rippling under their satin coats, they were as perfect a pair as could be produced by a line of thoroughbreds. Pat

slowed down to an easy canter and allowed herself to slip into that day three years past when she and Price had recklessly bought the pair. They were long-legged, gangling, awkward creatures, but there was the fine bone structure, slender ankles, fine lovely heads on their proud arched necks, and, as Price had said, "A glint of the devil in their eyes." That morning came back to her as vividly as the rising sun. Price was just out of college, and she was ready to begin her junior year.

They had both fallen in love with the colts. She chose the one with the star in his face, and Price the one with the flecks of white marking his forehead.

They had been happy. Mr. Marchant of Marchant's Steel Works had given Price a job in his office—not a big job, but Price had worked steadily upward.

On thinking of Marchant, who was the wealthiest man in Loudoun County and a figure on Wall Street, she felt helpless. Marchant was also a horse-lover, but his love for horses was the same cold mercenary sort of love that he had for those few things of which he was capable of loving. He loved to see his horses wearing blue ribbons and winning cups. He had never felt that warm surge of feeling that Pat felt every time Star nuzzled her gently or pushed against her with his beautifully molded head.

Yes, Marchant was cold and hard; and cold as steel was his ice-blond daughter, Lita.

Pat didn't mind admitting that Lita was a superb rider or that the Marchant entry in the Hunt Championship was splendid. Nor did she mind admitting that it was splendidly handled in the capable hands of Lita and her sardonic cousin, Jack.

In yesterday's events the two teams, Pat and Price mounted on Star and Dust and Lita and Jack on Foxfire and Ginger, had been neck and neck on points all day till the last events put Pat and Price two points ahead. It was almost certain that if Star and Dust kept up their splendid performance, the Grand Hunt Team Championship would go to the black team.

Pat had distrusted Lita ever since they were eleven and twelve years old, for then Lita had deliberately frightened her pony

in a "hands and seat class" in the Warren-ton show. Shortly after that, the Williams family moved to the old Hempstead Plantation. Here Pat drifted away from her close friendship with Lita and found, in the dashing young fourteen year-old Price Williams, a playmate and riding companion.

Many were the mornings when they had ridden to the hounds: the smell of the warm earth and sweating horses was in their nostrils—the wind was in their hair, and the pounding hoofs and the baying of hounds filled the air.

Their friendship and their mutual love of horses had ripened into a deeper feeling. One day as they were unsaddling Star and Dust after a brisk morning canter, and as Price was helping her with a stubborn girth buckle, he had suddenly stopped and caught her slim shoulders,

"Pat, would you like a spring wedding or would you rather marry me in the summer?"

And just like that they accepted the fact that they would spend the rest of their lives together.

Last night Price had called her up.

"Pat?"

"Yes, Price."

"Pat, I have the worst news outside of the war situation, and I'm not trying to amuse you. Listen, old man Marchant has given me a choice of two things—either going to Chicago on business or quitting my job, and, Pat, you know what that job means to me—to us. I can't give it up, and I can't let you down tomorrow, nor can I let anyone pull a scummy trick like that on us. Of course, this is Lita's work. I knew she was hard-boiled, but I never thought she'd stoop to this. She knows that Dust won't perform well under a strange hand and that with me out of the way she will have a better chance to carry off the championship. Marchant promised me these two days off weeks ago, but he called me just now and told me to come to the office and prepare some papers to take to Chicago. I am to leave on the five o'clock plane in the morning. I have a strong notion to quit, but it might mean postponing our marriage, and I wouldn't do that even if the Kentucky Derby were at stake."

"Oh, Price, of all the detestable tricks Lita has pulled, this is about tops. Oh, the —"

"Hush, darling, we can take it; after all, it doesn't mean quite *everything*."

"I'd better hang up before I explode, Oh, that —"

"I wish I could come over and talk with you, but you see I simply can't."

"We had counted on it so long and worked so hard! This just about upsets our entire plans of the last three years, doesn't it?"

"Chin up, girl, thoroughbreds have shock absorbers, you know. Get Tim to ride Dusty and win that cup for us!"

"Price, you know it's no use. Tim can ride, but Dusty is temperamental, and he won't perform with a strange hand on the bridle. I'm withdrawing our entry in the morning."

"But, Pat—" Click. The receiver went up.

.

It has taken some time to get control of herself, and she had sweltered all night with an attack of that notorious, fiery Noland temper. She had risen at four, saddled Star and ridden hard in an effort to work off some of her fury in the soothing rhythm of the saddle.

It was folly to enter Dusty with Tim as jockey. She felt utterly helpless.

She headed Star for home at an easy gait. When she neared her home, the home she loved, with its great white columns, Star cantered easily up to the hedge that separated the house from the stables. She felt a surge of pure joy as Star gathered his muscles and flashed over the hedge in a graceful arch.

"Just the way you would take those jumps today, darling."

"What you mean, Miss Patricia? 'Would!' Dat horse and Mister Price horse gonna bring home de blue today."

"No, Moe, Mr. Price has been called away. You needn't even bother to take Star to Haden, because I'm withdrawing our entry."

"Law, Miss Pat, you can't—"

"That's all, Moe. Give Star an extra large pile of oats, clean his feet carefully,

and give just as good attention to his coat as if he were being shown today."

Black Martha met her at the door—

"Miss Pat, Miss Pat, Mr. Price been calling fo' de last half hour. He say fo' you to call him de minute you gets in."

Pat tapped the toe of her riding boot nervously as she waited for the operator to connect her.

"Hello, is this you, Price? What has happened? Why aren't you on your way to Chicago?"

"Listen, Pat, I hate telling you this, but I'm a man without a job. I might as well begin at the beginning. Jack came into my office last night about eleven to gloat over the fact that he and Lita practically had the Hunt Cup on their trophy shelf. He gave me the benefit of that leering grin of his and said, 'Sorry, old fellow, too bad your business comes before pleasure. On this occasion Lita and I will be glad to relieve you of the cup you want so badly. Of course, we would have won the show today, but what little competition we did have has backed out. What's the matter? Bluffing business because you're afraid to lose?' When he said that, what little control I had snapped, and I let him have it full on the chin."

"Oh, Price, you didn't!"

"Wait a minute, that isn't all. That uppercut to the jaw lifted him up from the floor about a foot and he landed squarely into that broad expanse—Mr. Marchant's stomach. Marchant was coming in to do a little gloating, too, I suppose. I wish you could have seen them when they finally untangled and managed to get up. Marchant was shouting 'Get out, you swine! You're—'; No, I'm not fired, Marchant. I quit. And so, Pat, I'm a man without a job."

"Price, I'm glad you did it. After all, you can't take but so much off anyone, and now you are free. You don't have to work for a beast whom you could never respect."

"Pat, have you withdrawn our entry?"

"No, I had intended to as soon as I got to the house. But, you will ride now, won't you, Price? Don't worry about the job, you can surely find another."

"I'll see you at the show grounds. Just promise me you won't worry. We'll show

the Marchants just what we can do. I know Lita will be furious with her father. Good-bye, dear, for a few hours."

"Good-bye."

Pat ran lightly out to the stables. In spite of Price's misfortune she felt happy. They'd win, she knew they would!

"Moe, blanket Star and tell John to bring out the van and take him to Haden. I'll follow in the station wagon. Everything is changed. Mr. Price and I are riding today. Blanket him carefully, I doubt if he has cooled from my ride yet. Give him a good warming up before I get there, but I'll come as soon as I can."

.

She felt the same old thrill that she always felt when she was about to enter the ring. She and Price were mounted and sat waiting on their prancing horses.

"This is what we have wanted for so long, Price. Look at the crowd; even the Griffiths are here. Griffith may own the finest stables in the South, but he doesn't own a pair like our 'Stardust', does he, Price? Today is our day. We must do our best."

"Here we go."

They rode into the ring, a perfectly matched pair, on perfectly matched horses.

They rode magnificently, rising and sailing over the jumps in absolute rhythm. They cleared the last and highest jumps as clearly as the first. A perfect ride, a perfect pair! They rode from the show ring amid cheers and applause. The crowd thrilled at their riding, the like of which they had never seen before.

Lita rode proudly into the arena beside her cousin. She was a beautiful rider, and she rode with an unrelenting, steel-like grip on the reins.

Foxfire was nervous and fretful. He was an ill-tempered horse at best. In fact, he had always been rebellious and until a few weeks ago, he had always flown into a tantrum if anyone struck him. Jack and

the trainer had been teaching him to respond to the quirt, and now for several weeks he had shown no sign of rebellion. Foxfire barely cleared the next to the last jump. With that Jack lashed him smartly on the flank.

Just a few inches from the jump, Foxfire braced his four feet and stopped short. Jack sailed over the horse's head, his body landing in a heap on the ground. The frightened horse turned and ran madly around the ring, fully expecting further lashing.

They carried Jack from the ring to be met by the furious Lita.

"Oh, you fool, see what you have done!"

And while the doctor examined him for possible injuries, Lita gave vent to her fury. Except for a jolt and a foul fit of temper he was quite all right.

The excitement of the fall over, the winning team was called back into the ring and the Grand Hunt Team Trophy was presented to Pat and Price.

"We worked and planned for this for three years Pat, and here we are where we've always said we'd be—in the winners' circle! Not even the loss of my

job can spoil the happiness of this moment."

"It's too wonderful to be real."

They rode from the ring victorious, successful, happy.

Through the crowd of congratulating and admiring friends, strode a short prosperous looking man.

"How do you do, Mr. Griffith?," said Jack shaking hands.

"Congratulations to you both! I think I have never seen a finer display of riding ability and careful training than you and this young lady have shown today. Jack, I've been thinking about this for some time, and while you were riding today I made my decision. I need a good man,—a man who knows, loves, and understands horses—to supervise my trainers and to take charge

A VISIT

Yesterday I watched dark clouds
Float across the sky,
Knowing not the place they went
Nor yet the reason why.

Today I saw bright colored clouds
Playing in the blue,
And now I know, since yesterday
They visited with you.

MARY LOU SHANNON

Continued on Page 28

Hogiah

LULA POWER

*An account of a true experience of a Chinese gardener
as told by a former resident of Korea.*

ONE afternoon as I was lazily reading in our Korean summer-house, my eyes kept returning to Hogiah who was working in the garden. Here and there he sauntered, carefully arranging the wild lilies of the valley and azaleas which we had picked on the mountains earlier in the day. When I looked up again, his back was turned to me; I could see only his blue padded coat and long sleeved jacket and his long quilted trousers bound tightly around his ankles. I wondered how he could bear the heat. At last wearying of my story, I walked over to him and said, "It's too hot to work in the garden, Hogiah. Tell me something interesting. What did you do when you were a little boy in China?" He thought for a while and then said,

"Well, today I have been thinking about something that happened many summers ago. Look at my face, my hands, and my arms. See these horrible scars? Many people my age have scars from smallpox, but have you ever seen anyone as terribly disfigured by them as I?"

I looked at his face. The sun seemed to bury itself in the deep, round scars, making them appear ugly, purple mirrors. I had never been aware of their depth before. Staring in awed silence, I finally asked, "Why are yours so much worse?" Then he told me this story.

"I was born in Tsinan, a little village on the outskirts of Canton. The people there were always merry. They worked all day long in the fields—hoeing and weeding their few acres by hand. A few worked in

dingy little shops where they would hammer out trinkets or whittle wooden farm implements. At night everyone came to the general market place where the odor of damp vegetables lingered in the still moist atmosphere. Here the children would play and the older people gossip.

"But the little settlement was not without its troubles. Bandit raids were frequent and there was a continuous fear of drought and famine. Yet there existed happiness and good cheer which is so characteristic of our people.

"In the year 1886 a plague swept through Tsinan. It was smallpox—that terrible disease which has always been dreaded by the Chinese even more than leprosy. At first no one was greatly alarmed, but as the days went by, more and more of the villagers were stricken. Every day, long funeral processions would slowly wind up to the graveyard which was located on the hill. My father said that smallpox had visited the little town before, but never before had he seen so many people ill or known so many to die.

"After a few weeks, those who were well spent their entire time helping with the sick. No longer did funeral processions pass by, but as the people died, they were carried up to the cemetery and placed on the hill. There were no rites: they were not even buried.

"Then my little brother Jim-Foo became very ill. But when he began to get better, I took the horrible disease. As the days slowly passed, I became weaker and



A Chinese Gardener

weaker. Every day my mother would walk up the valley and return with special herbs. She prepared these with great care, but they failed to help us. I remember a neighbor entered the hut one day and whispered to my mother, 'Seven were carried to the hill yesterday.' She looked at me, then sadly shook her head and busied herself brewing herbs. Soon after that, everything seemed very, very hot and dark; and it seemed as though I were falling—falling—falling. When I awakened, it was still dark, but it was no longer hot. Instead it was very cold. I called my mother and father; I called Jim-Foo, but no one answered me. Bitter herbs were no longer forced into my mouth. I stretched out my hand and touched something cold and still. I couldn't imagine where I was. Finally, the sun began to rise, and as the rays became brighter, I discovered that I was on the hill. I can't express the terror and anguish that filled my mind; nor can I describe my unsightly surroundings. The atmosphere of disease and filth was all around me. I wanted to run, but I couldn't stand up. Slowly I raised myself on my elbow and with great effort began to crawl. After moving forward a few feet, I fell back to the ground completely exhausted. In a few moments I tried again. When

I had advanced only a short distance I saw the form of my little brother, Jim-Foo, next to me. I simply could not go on. What would be the use without Jim-Foo, my only brother, my closest companion. But I tried again and managed to crawl a bit farther. I continued in this fashion for hours. The dry leaves and twigs brushed against my body. Memories of Jim-Foo crowded other thoughts from me. It was hard to believe that the graveyard was only one mile from our little hut. The more I advanced, the more exhausted I became. At last I could see our little house. It was only a few steps ahead, and yet it seemed very far. Could I reach it? Surely I could not give up when I was so close. When I reached our front door, I tried to call my mother. She caught sight of me and rushed forward, picked me up in her arms and carried me into the hut. From that time on, I was well cared for until I was strong again. The neighbors said I was given back by the spirits.

"You ask me how old I was when all this took place. I really don't know—perhaps I was five—perhaps six years old. This I do know, however, I was too young to remember very much about that fearful plague, but old enough never to forget."

Divine Companionship

Each day that we have climbed together,
 He gave me strength to meet the day.
 O'er plain and lowland, hill and heather,
 My hand in His, He led the way.

We came so gently up the hill
 I scarcely knew we climbed at all
 Till I looked back when the wind was still—
 Till I saw new vistas and heard His call.

FRANCES HUDGINS

“Dust Be My Destiny”

CAROLINE BARGAMIN

“I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, and he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God;

Then said I, Lo, I come; for in the volume of the book it is written of me; I delight to do thy will;

Be pleased, oh God, make haste to help me. Amen.”

AND even as he read, tears welled in my heart and flowed from my eyes; not tears of sentimentality or of sorrow, but tears of love, love for the deceased, love for the woman who had been my mistress, my guardian, and my friend. Even as the procession moved on, leaving her to rest in peace, I found myself haunted with the same thoughts and accusations which had raged within my soul from the moment I saw the prostrate figure of Mrs. Froane, pale, white, and stiff on the curtained bed. One eerie hand protruded from under the satin coverlet; her eyes were tight shut, as if trying to blot out some unpleasant memory.

“She couldn’t have died so suddenly,” I thought, shuddering. “She was so well, so happy when I carried her a glass of water that afternoon . . .” My heart stopped with my feet. I had carried the water—the water which she, laughing and talking of her medicine, had drunk. Sudden thoughts of murder rushed into my mind. But who? Would anyone have wanted to hurt her? The woman who had devoted her life to the unfortunate? Why, she was more unfortunate than any of them, she, with a husband like Bruce. And she had forgotten herself and her troubles in doing good for others. Who could possibly have wished and planned her death? And why?

Of course, there was Bruce, but . . . well, he wasn’t even at home then. The servants? No, they adored her. Then who

was to be suspected? Who had last seen and been with her? Who could have administered the fatal touch? . . . Who? . . . My thoughts faded, then swirled rapidly. I had seen her last . . . I gave her the water which must have contained the death potion. I could be held for murder. All I could think of was just the one fact . . . I must run. I must get away, far away, before some one should suspect foul play. But I didn’t run; I couldn’t. It was foolish that anyone should resort to flight. I knew my own innocence, but could I prove it? I had drawn the water straight from the faucet in the kitchen (madam never liked ice water), and no one had a chance even to touch it. I hadn’t put it down or stopped to talk at all. Then it couldn’t have been the water—but how else?

“Sudden relapse,” said the death certificate. But was it? No. She was well and happy.

Bewildered, I turned my steps homeward to the large, rambling, colonial frame structure which before this had seemed like a fairyland to me, the little girl from the St. Agnes’ school for incorrigible girls. I had learned to love it as a home.

Now it seemed gray, dense, and forbidding as I trudged up the steps, not knowing where to go nor what to do.

I entered the drawing-room and, lighting a cigarette, sat down to think it all over. The water-line . . . no, we had all been drinking the same water . . . Mrs. Froane’s rapid recovery . . . everyone’s apparent grief; it just didn’t make sense.

The door banged, announcing an arrival. Bruce Froane staggered in, and sat down across from me. He stared at me for a minute, as if not quite sure who I was. He reeked with the odor of whiskey. Bruce loved his liquor. With him it was no question of how much he could take. And now, in the face of death, he drank, heeding no

one and ashamed of nothing.

Expecting nothing from him, not even words, I broached the subject which mattered more to me than even madam's death.

"Mr. Froane . . ." I started, and stopped as he glared at me. "Bruce, I mean . . . I . . . well, . . ., I guess I won't be needed here anymore. I just wanted to . . ." Again I stopped. He came quite close to me, and put his arms on my shoulders, whether to steady himself or to give a gesture of affection, I didn't know. But I was inclined to believe later on that it was the former.

"Martha, you've been swell to stick by us, and it is only natural that people would expect you to go now. But I like you, girl, more than a little, and I'd like for you to stay on."

Then for the first time in my life, I was touched and deeply grateful to the man I had hated from my first sight of him. Yet there was doubt in my mind and fear as to the motive behind it all. It couldn't have been just kindness; Bruce wasn't made that way.

"Thanks, Bruce, but I . . . really . . ."

"You'd better stay. I shan't force you, but you'll wish you had if you decide against it." With that he left with a quick, decisive step, not the step of a drunken monster, for he seemed to have suddenly become quite sober.

How long I remained sitting there in the drawing-room, I don't know. It must have been a long time for when I finally arose, it was dark and the shutters had been drawn.

I had nowhere to go. There was nothing for me to do but to stay. I might as well tell him and get my orders.

I knocked on his door. Hearing no sound, I walked in, half-expecting to find him sprawled across the bed in a drunken stupor. The room was disheveled, as usual, but it looked as if someone had hurriedly tried to straighten it.

From a large oval mirror over one dresser, the eyes of Mrs. Froane looked down at me, pleading, inviting, as had been their custom up to the last. Startled by their life-like appearance, I sank to the bed, exhausted by a strange inner feeling. But I rose again at once. My hand felt under the spread for something which I dreaded

to find and yet knew I would find. There it was! A small, insignificant-looking bottle boldly marked POISON, STRYCHNINE.

My knees were weak, and I stood there, uncertain as to anything. Here must be the answer, and yet not the answer. Bruce evidently planned and executed the whole incident. But how? Why?

I stood there by the table, my back to the door, with the bottle in my hand, too stunned to move. That, then, was what had caused the yellow spots—the death symptom supposedly characteristic of Mrs. Froane's disease. And Bruce knew all this, for he had studied medicine before he was expelled from school. Oh, how clever he was, and how cruel.

And as if he were thinking the same thing or had heard me, the door opened, and the master himself, still cold and cruel, entered, locking the door behind him. My eyes met his in the mirror, and they drew me around magnetically, the bottle still clutched in my hand.

"Bruce, you . . ."

"I expected to find you here. Snooping? Yes, you have made a very good guess. I killed her. What did I want with a social climber? She went everywhere and dragged me along; she did everything, and I had to do likewise; it wouldn't have looked right if I hadn't, we being socially prominent and our hosts being my wealthy business associates. I had to eat their food, drink their whiskey, and smoke their cigarettes. A man can't do that and then turn right around and take their money, can he? No, it just isn't done in the best circles. It was to be either one thing or the other. I figured I'd just have to cut their company. I knew it wouldn't be easy to do, with Anne bringing them here so often. I worried as to what course to take. With her sudden illness, Anne gave me the answer. It was easy to fake a prescription, with my knowledge of medicine, and twice as easy to execute my plan. You see, darling, in your sleuthing, you forgot something, I guess. I always got the medicine for her."

"Then you substituted poison for one of her doses?"

"Tut!Tut! my dear, don't show your ignorance. I wasn't taking any chances. I filled all her capsules with strychnine. I

couldn't afford to have my plan fail at that stage of the game—she wouldn't have approved of my money-making schemes—so I made sure it wouldn't fail. It was all very simple, my dear. I merely added a little color to each capsule, and you saw, yourself, how easily she was duped; any fool could have told the difference. I'll admit I was a little afraid even she would. I shouldn't have been—she and her trusting nature!"

"You cad . . ."

"I wouldn't be calling a body names, if I were you."

He sat down on the bed and carefully examined his cigarette, before he finally looked up at me, one eyebrow cocked.

"You see, if there were any investigation, I suspect that you'd be in a little warm water. After all, you were the last one with her. So what does that prove?"

"But you know I didn't kill her!"

"You couldn't convince a jury that you didn't. Even that bottle there is dangerous evidence. It has your fingerprints on it. That's where you made your second mistake."

"Yours are on it, also."

"That only goes further to uphold my story. You see, I'd say I found it and picked it up."

"You wouldn't do a thing like that!"

"After three years in my house you still don't know me! Yes, my dear, I would. But not without giving you a chance first. Here's my proposition. I've liked and admired you for months."

"You . . ."

"Don't interrupt and don't flatter yourself. I don't love you. You aren't that type of girl, or should I say, woman. But you'd make a clever little accomplice in my business."

"A crook . . . me?"

"I wouldn't call you that. Just a little more clever than the other fellow. As for you, after all, you have a record, you know, and your type's always handy."

"But . . . I was framed."

"That's what they all say.

I say, once and for all, marry me, and I won't have to embarrass you by taking this little matter to court."

"You snake!"

"Well, what's your answer?"

"No."

"I wouldn't be so hasty. I'll give you a little time to think it over and to change your mind."

Bruce left the room, sarcastically glancing back at me over his shoulder.

But my answer was final.

And, strange to say, I wasn't frightened. I knew I was

innocent, as well as Bruce knew it. And God knew it.

The trial was rapid . . . only two days. The jury voted unanimously. The verdict neither startled nor frightened me.

In three days I am to die in the electric chair, only twenty-three steps away. More than once I have heard those steps paced off by doomed prison-mates, some guilty, and some framed as I was. My time is near. As for Bruce Froane, may his days be happy, as they would be, for a man with no conscience.

CREATION

Honorable Mention

I felt the need
Of someone's face
To fill my dream's
Vast empty space.

I knew not where
To look for him,
But as I slept
In shadows dim . . .

I visioned men
With dreamlike care,
And, all at once
I saw you there.

ANNE C. WILLIAMS

"Be ye not afraid,
I am God, and he
Who cometh unto me
Shall have life, everlasting."

... Snow

Hullo! . . .
Snow flakes fall
Like quiet thoughts . . .
Funny . . .
How thoughts . . . can be . . .
So silent!

*They caught me standing in the snow
And waited there to see
If I, the dreamer, dared to show
What had enchanted me.
I flatly said some florist truck
Had dropped a rose for me
Then grimaced at such foolish luck,
To hide my ecstasy!*

*Memories, too, return like the snow . . .
. . . So many memories . . . to remember.*

REGRET

I picked a rose today
and peered within its soul,
And drinking greedily,
its scent I stole.
I touched its petals
with exultant hush,
And stood there . . . worshipping
its crimson blush.
With bitter tears I weep
to see it die.
Ah, who has really lost a soul,
the rose or I?

ANNE C. WILLIAMS



*I've often spent a quiet day
Like this when snow was falling
And wondered how I'd find the way
When death comes to me—calling.*

MY FRIEND

Death was my friend.
He waited not for me to beckon
But came as did my breath, involuntarily.
He called me gently and I hearkened to his call.
Tenderly, as a kind protector,
He put his arm around my tired shoulders.
He stroked my cheek,
As we walked home together.

MARY FRANCES BOWLES



*The snow flakes :
So long ago
Strange how quite
Moments go
So long,*

BE

Flakes...

*I walked alone my restless way,
No place could ever keep me long,
Till she gave to the silent day
New beauty with her baby song.*



A THING OF BEAUTY

I've wandered in the evening
Over the purple lea;
I've heard the hoot-owl calling
From the limb of the tallest tree;
I've seen the moon in the dusk of night
And wished upon a star;
I've watched the goose on its southward flight—
And meteors shoot afar
But never have I known a thing so sweet
As a mother's lullaby
When she halts the sound of intruding feet
And hushes her baby's cry.

AGGIE MANN

*A certain magic in the day
Made this become a treasure—
The moment that I heard you say
Loving is a pleasure.*

IN ANSWER

If your love is so great and your heart is so true,
Then why do you doubt me, my dear?
I never will tell you that I love you too
While the theme of your love notes is fear.

To be cautious is wise: now I will grant you that;
And wisdom rates high above sinew.
But the fellow who wrote about "faint heart ne'er
won"—
Was nobody's fool! Now, continue.

PEGGY BELLUS



Illustrations by
COTTIE RADSPINNER

bed

next time

WINDHAM

“Crippey”

MAY WERTZ

AT the corner where Rose Avenue and Ninth Street meet, a leaning signpost suggests in wavering letters the names of the streets. The citizenry of the place have long since forgot the names on the sign. However, the crooked street is still choked with tenement houses and disreputable buildings hugged closely together. It has long been known as Noisy Alley.

All day long roving mobs of boys, bent on harrying susceptible victims, add to the confusion and disorder of the place. Of the lot, Crippey Binns and his pal Jeff were perhaps the queerest. A too-short withered leg, which dragged a little as he limped along, was the source of Crippey's queer nickname. He was abnormally small, and his face beneath his unkempt brown curls might have been a choir-boy's except for the hardness of his mouth. Jeff, a ruffian nearly two heads taller, loomed in ridiculous contrast. His face was already set in harsh lines. The two were always seen together. Whatever human love or compassion there was in Jeff, he lavished it on the dwarfish crippled boy. Crippey managed to keep close to him, and he admired the cunning and defiance of his friend in the scraps which were their daily amusement.

Days in Noisy Alley were much alike for the two, and brought no serious change other than the addition of a few more colorful invectives to their already forceful vocabulary or a few more petty deeds which more and more enraged Hardy and Jackson, the 'cops' on the beat. That is, until Mr. Goodwin came and built his Recreational Center. The very words had made the boys howl with derisive laughter. They got close enough to the respectable brick building to see the clean locker rooms, the shiny floor of the basketball court, and the rows of chairs in a small auditorium before they mobilized their contempt in a thousand flaunts at the newcomer. The very idea of an outsider, and such a saintly

one as Mr. Goodwin, who was short and blond and wore a white shirt and coat even on hot mornings, attempting to lure them into his "game" room! That was ridiculous. They took no more notice of the posters he put out than they did of his persuading voice. They belonged to their own world—a world in which one evaded the law and captured small prizes.

Then one day Mr. Goodwin discovered that Crippey could sing. No one knew just how it happened, and Jeff swore it would never have happened if he'd been there. Mr. Goodwin persuaded the crippled boy to come each day for singing lessons. It was not long until he was going to a big church uptown and learning to sing in the choir. Because of this, Crippey's social status fell to zero with his old friends. Jeff was more hurt than the others, and when Crippey walked up in a timid attempt to explain, Jeff swore and turned on his heel. He might have known a kid like that—a weakling and a cripple—would fall for the honeyed words and ways of an uptowner!

Life became a tragic comedy for Crippey, who, though he loved his new teacher and the beauty of the singing, was miserable without Jeff. In Mr. Goodwin he found all the strength and purpose he'd seen in his old friend; yet every ounce of it was focused in such different directions. When he coached the basketball team, or fought the opposition to his precious Center, tooth and nail, he was every bit the man Jeff was. But making Jeff see this was a harder thing, and matters went from bad to worse.

When Jeff realized that he missed the companionship of Crippey he was disgusted with himself. He roamed the noisy blocks with the rest of the gang, but as they passed the red brick building and heard the clear tones of Crippey's voice and the stronger voice of the teacher, he was possessed with a fierce jealousy, and an overwhelming

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"All Things Come . . ."

EDITH NUNNALLY

(3rd Prize in Fall Contest)

"You've got to go after what you want in this world." And Pat went.

HERE it lay on the mantel, for every girl in college to see, and Pat took care that certain persons did see it. After no less than ten of her friends had said, "Pat, you have a 'special' in the office," she replied, "Thanks", and casually went after it.

"Gosh," she thought to herself as she walked back to the Beta house, pretending to be absorbed in reading the letter, "suppose the girls knew that this letter isn't really from Pete, even if it is post-marked University. Suppose Carl knew all about Pete—what would he say?"

She thought of the night just a few weeks back, when she had been down at the University and she and Molly, curled up on Molly's bed, had arranged the scheme. It had been Molly's idea, but Pat remembered she had been quick to agree upon it.

"The situation is," she had explained to Molly, "that I can't get Carl to show more than his usual brotherly interest in me. I can get plenty of dates with others, but not one with Carl." She ran her fingers through her curly brown hair and continued, "I thought if I made the 'top' sorority he'd be impressed. All he said was, 'Nice going, Little One.' He's too darned busy with running that newspaper even to notice me. Besides, he thinks I'm just that sweet little girl he's always known, who just happened to come to his college. If he only knew!"

"What you need is another man to stir up interest."



"Exactly! So I came down to the University this week-end. You've got to help me with something. After all, you know, you've got to go after what you want in this world."

The something had been another man. At Molly's suggestion they chose Pete Ashbrooke, undoubtedly the most important man on the University campus, but virtually unknown at Pat's small college except by reputation. The rest had been simple enough. Pat mailed Molly weekly packages of letters, and every day a letter, post-marked "University Station," came from Pete. On Sundays there were "specials".

There had also been a box of candy, and once a large bunch of white violets. The latter set the whole campus talking and brought three dance bids, besides a mention in the "Campus Side-Glances."

"I really have carried this scheme out neatly", Pat mused, as she headed toward the College Shop to meet the gang. But it has certainly been expensive. Whew—my allowance is nearly gone, and it's just the middle of the month."

As she neared the shop, she rehearsed her speech to the gang. The "special" had said that Pete would be unable to attend the Beta formal. "I wonder—should I send flowers or candy?" she thought and almost immediately decided on candy; it was less expensive. Getting that "special" on Friday and another one to come on Sunday would mean an additional drain on her rapidly dwindling allowance.

"Hey, Pat, it took you long enough. Look what we found." Several girls met her at the door and headed her toward a back booth where a merry crowd of boys and girls were laughing over "cokes" and playing the nickelodeon. A tall, slender, blond rose to meet her. His face seemed vaguely familiar.

"Hello, Pat, thought I'd surprise you and arrive early." He smiled as he held out his hand.

"Oh, hello," she managed to get out. For a moment Pat thought, "This can't be real, but it is. What shall I do?"

"Why Pete, this really is a surprise. How did you—er, that is—what are you doing here?"

Forcing a smile, Pat put out her hand bravely, while her eyes begged him to understand. He smiled back and with a mischievous grin replied, "Well, I dropped in here, first, thinking perhaps I'd find you. One of your friends recognized me and said you were coming down; so I just waited. We've had a fine time getting acquainted."

"Wasn't it a coincidence, Pat, that I'd seen the picture of Pete that you have? I recognized him immediately," Louise put in. Pat sat down suddenly.

"Oh, if I only hadn't put that picture on my dresser," she thought. "I might have known this would go too far."

"I'm awfully glad I got here in time for the dance, Pat," Pete's eyes laughed as he watched the look of consternation that was on her face. "I was afraid for a while that I couldn't get here until tomorrow."

"Yes, we'll have fun", she replied and added to herself, "How did I ever get into this mess?"

Looking back over the week-end, as she and Pete strolled leisurely about the campus. Pat was forced to admit to herself that things could have been worse. He had been a perfect peach about everything. When she'd finally got him alone that awful Friday afternoon and tried to explain, he'd been very understanding. He had smiled as she ended, "You see, I had to do something. You understand, don't you?"

"Certainly. It wasn't your fault I decided to visit some of my frat brothers this week-end. I must admit that I was a

little surprised at the welcome I received. Imagine finding that you've been sending special delivery letters, candy and even flowers to a girl you've never met! I couldn't resist seeing you. Incidentally, let me say, it was a pleasant shock." He smiled as she blushed a little. "But tell me," he continued, "did your scheme work? Is the lucky man showing the proper interest?"

"Oh, yes, that's coming along fine. He'll probably be at the dance, tonight," she hinted.

"Fine. I'll play the devoted swain and make him jealous."

Pete played his role like a professional. He held her tightly and sang in her ear when they danced. When Carl broke on her, he immediately broke back. Tongues were wagging, and Pat enjoyed it to the fullest. Pete and Carl tried to outdo each other until the situation really became funny. Smugly, Pat congratulated herself on her cleverness.

As they sat talking in the Shop, Pat remarked, "Thanks to you, Pete, the entire week-end has been grand, it really has. I wish you didn't have to rush back."

"I'd like to stay over, Pat, It's been loads of fun. Perhaps I can drop in on you again soon. It wouldn't do to let your ardent admirer cool off too quickly. People would suspect. Speaking of people," Pete went on, "isn't that your friend, Carl, coming over this way?"

Something in the way Carl was smiling made Pat wonder for a moment. She said hastily, "Hello, Carl, you met Pete the other night, didn't you?"

"Why, yes. Say, Pete, you forgot to pack your toothbrush; so I took a chance on catching you before you left. Figured you'd be here."

Pat looked at Carl in amazement, then demanded, "What? You two! I don't understand."

"It's very simple," Carl answered as Pete began to smile, "Pete and I are not only good friends, but frat brothers. I was at the University a year before I came here, remember? Why shouldn't he spend the week-end with me?"

Pat felt her face turning crimson. Fer-
vently, she wished she were a thousand

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His Presence

Second Place in the Colonnade's

November Poetry Contest

Tonight God walks the corridors
And treads across the spotless floors,
And in black stillness everywhere
The sick can feel His presence there.
To some He gives release from pain,
To some, the promise He'll come again.
To those who bow their heads in prayer
He gives new strength, their pain to bear.
To those who are o'ercome by grief
He gives a calm, and sweet relief.
And those who deep in slumber lie
Smile in their sleep as He passes by.
He fills the place, by means of birth,
Of those He takes away from earth.
As I lie here, I do not fear,
For in my heart I know He's near.
He'll turn my darkness into light.
God walks the silent halls tonight.

LULA POWER



Mose

ELIZABETH VINCENT

“**M**OSE, when you finish feeding the horses, get those three kittens, and put them in a bag and drown them.”

“Lawdy, boss, don’ make me do dat, please, suh! Dem cats will hant me sho. Dat’s one animal I is skeered to mess around wif. Won’t you, please, suh, let somebody else do it?”

“Now, Mose, don’t let me hear any more of that foolishness, and do as I tell you. Understand?”

Mose spent a very miserable morning and never had he been known to find so many tasks. He was still hoping against hope that if he delayed his unpleasant duty long enough, something might happen to save him.

Already there were ten cats around the barns, and Mr. Holland refused to have the number increased to thirteen. Not that he had any superstition about the number, but he did not think the supply of rats and mice available would meet the demand of so many cats. Therefore, drowning the three new members of the cat tribe seemed the only solution.

All morning Mose pattered around, cleaning the barn loft, shucking corn, caring for the animals—anything to keep from attending to the kittens. Every now and then he would mutter something to himself, which sounded like, “Dem cats got nine lives; so how’s boss ’spect me to kill ’em, no way?”

In the afternoon Mr. Holland, passing through the barn, heard the kittens mewling. He was thoroughly disgusted. When he finished talking to Mose this time, delay was no longer possible. Mose went to find a bag and string, collected the kittens, and turned reluctant feet toward the river.

In his nervous worry, as to what form his “hants” might take, Mose did not tie the sack at all securely. For the time being, his fingers seemed to be all thumbs.

When all was ready, he went to the water’s edge, heaved his squirming burden over, and started running home before he even heard the splash.

That was one long, miserable night for Mose. He pulled the covers over his head, and tried to think of watermelons, but he could still see cats’ eyes coming toward him in the dark. Finally, he moaned so that his wife threatened to get the fire-poker after him if he didn’t shut up. Since he was much more afraid of her than all the cats in the world, he continued his misery in silence.

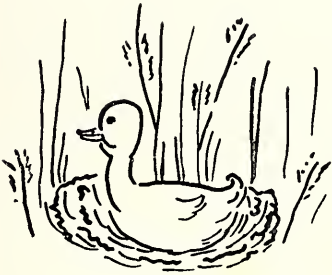
When Mose reached the barn the next morning, he was met by one of the same kittens he had drowned yesterday. The man was horrified. He gave one long look, one longer yell, and started running.

The kitten was kept, and called Mose. There was no confusion of names on the farm, however, for the other Mose is probably running yet.

Little Duck Finds a Home

MARIAN LEE HEARD

RIGHT on the edge of a big, black forest was a barley field. In case you've never seen any barley, it looks very much like straw and grows in long waving stalks. When the North Wind came out of the big, black forest, as he often did, he



would blow against the barley stalks and make them tremble and sigh.

Then the little duck who lived in the middle of the barley field would scurry over to the pile of barley straw which he called his home. It wasn't a real home or even a nest, but it was the best he had, for, you see, he was a very strange duck.

In the first place, he lived all by himself. He had no mother to make him preen his downy white feather or dry his funny, webbed feet when he went walking in the dew. Whenever he waddled in and out of the barley rows for a frisky romp, he was always by himself, for he had no brothers or sisters. He was quite alone in the world except for the friendly barley stalks that whispered overheard.

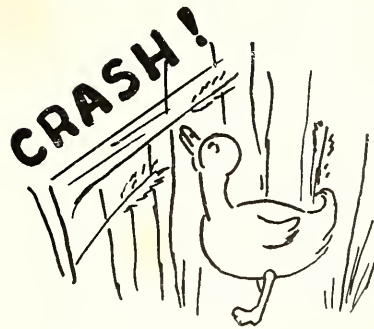
One bright morning when the little duck was out looking for his breakfast of grubs and insects, he heard a loud crash-banging sound that came nearer and nearer. Just as he was about to scurry away to his little home, he saw some of the barley stalks shiver and fall to the ground. The noise got louder and louder. The little

duck saw then that the crash-banging noise was cutting down his friendly barley stalks!

All at once he began to run as fast as his short legs and funny webbed feet would carry him. As he ran down the barley rows, he sobbed, "Quack", in a sad little voice because that was his way of saying, "Good-by," to the barley field that had once been his home.

Finally, he came to the edge of the field and found himself on a little winding path. Not knowing where he was or what to do, he decided to follow the little path. He waddled along with his head bent down, and now and then a tear would slide from his bright shoe-button eyes.

At the end of the path he came upon a fence. Inside the fence were the most surprising sights! There were things running around with webbed feet, downy feathers, and funny, flat bills. Then he looked down and saw that his *own* feet were webbed, *his* feathers just as downy, *his* bill as wide and flat. *Then he knew!* He was exactly like them! The little duck began to hop up and down and cry, "Quack", as loud as ever he could.



The things inside the fence looked at him and they began to "Quack," too, in the most friendly way. The little duck tried to

squeeze through the fence, but he was too fat. Finally, he saw a little hole near the bottom of the fence, and after much pushing he was on the other side.

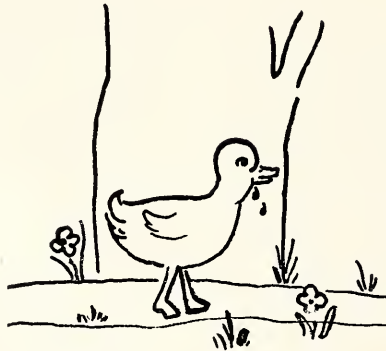
The other ducks crowded around him and all began to quack at once. The smaller one were friendly and asked him to play games with them, but the larger, older ones looked doubtful. The little duck showed them his trick of hopping on first one short leg then on the other. They looked surprised and began to try to do the same thing. Instead of hopping on one leg, though, the larger ducks began to teeter and fall. This made all the others laugh. Soon the little duck was busily chasing insects with the rest.

After a day that was all too short, night began to fall. The little duck's heart sank to the bottom of his snowy stomach, for he had never been away from his home in the barley field at night since he could remem-

ber. But before he had much time to worry, the big mother duck began to call the little ones together and led them into a wooden house. The little duck waddled along with the rest, not knowing what else to do.

Inside, the ducks began to settle themselves in piles of straw. The little duck found himself in a nest with the other baby ducks and the big mother duck.

The others began to nod and blink, but, somehow sleep did not come to the little duck. He sat very still so as not to wake the others. Then he saw what he was looking for. Through a small chink in the wall of the barn, he saw a patch of purple velvet sky with a small, frosty-white star twinkling against it. A lump rose in the little duck's throat as he thought of the friendly barley stalks and his deserted nest. Then with a soft little "Quack", he snuggled closer to his new-found family and was fast asleep.



So Goes Virginia ---



Richmond Homes and Memories

Robert Beverly Munford, Jr.—Garrett and Massie, 1936, \$3.00.

HERE is the quality of Old Virginia, indeed, of the Old South, in this reminiscent book on Richmond by Robert Munford. From family conversations, old records, and inquiry among older members of Richmond society, he portrays the social life of the city far back into the 1700's. The author's main concern, however, is with the 1890's of which he himself was a part.

The people of this period strove to preserve the ideals and standards of ante-bellum society in a world which was beginning to change. In so doing, they created a culture which is now referred to as "old Richmond."

Mr. Munford sees this culture typified by the charming and gracious homes of the period, and describes both the entertainments held in them and the customs of the inhabitants. But these homes are now being destroyed so rapidly that Mr. Munford, when his manuscript was being revised, had to note in his preface that when he wrote that a house was "still standing", he meant that it was still standing in 1935.

Without actually saying so, Mr. Munford conveys his feeling of sadness at the passing of the old. Though he writes without distinction of style, setting down his facts paragraph after paragraph, this nostalgia serves to hold his book together. This keeps it well above the level of monotony and endears it to all those Virginians who are reluctant to let go the old fashioned in entertainment, the old conception of correctness and gentility, and the old standard of personal worth.

An outstanding feature of the book, is the relating of the ancestry of each person mentioned, and showing thereby the relationship of the old families to one another in a manner so typically Virginian that the reader cannot suppress an indul-

gent smile. Yet this constant cross-reference to persons either far in the past or in the present gives the story time and place, and thereby eliminates the necessity of the rigid adherence to specific dates usually found in books of this kind. These personal recollections give an intimate flavor and relieve stiffness.

Mr. Munford's main purpose has been to set down a personal account of this gracious period, lest it be forgotten completely or remembered only from the dry pages of formal history books.

He has made a distinct contribution to the history of old Richmond.

MARGIE RICE

The Vanishing Virginian

Rebecca Yancey Williams—E. P. Dunton Co., New York, \$2.50.

IN the manner of Clarence Day, Rebecca Yancey Williams has written of life with her father, Captain Bob Yancey. Her book is most amusing and charming.

"Cap'n Bob", as her father was affectionately called, was commonwealth's attorney in Lynchburg and held this office for thirty-five years. His father before him had held this same office, thus giving Cap'n Bob the feeling that it was hereditary, as Mother Yancey stated. The Cap'n was the town's best story teller and the life of the party, for everybody was thoroughly fascinated by his yarns. Explosive swearing at the slightest provocation was one of Cap'n Bob's attractive vices which his daughter reports delightfully.

Mrs. Williams not only writes a biography of her father, but she gives also a vivid and colorful description of life in a distinctly individualistic and entertaining family. Besides this, her picture of Pied-

Continued on Page 31



Have You Read These?

My Heart Is in the Highlands

William Saroyan—Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1940, \$2.00.

“**S**OMETHING’S wrong somewhere”, Johnny said. Perhaps this is the keynote of William Saroyan’s “My Heart Is in the Highlands”. The decision as to what is wrong with the drama is left with the audience. No one person can say exactly what the author meant by his characters and their experiences.

As one critic says, there may be a social meaning in this work not apparent to a casual public. But even the most careless of readers cannot help feeling the intense tragedy and pathos of the situation. “Seeing can mean feeling, too—even when you do not understand exactly what you have seen.”

The story is concerned with the threadbare existence of “the greatest undiscovered poet of modern times” and his eager, sympathetic, worldly-wise son, Johnny. Into these people’s obscure lives wanders Jasper MacGregor and his flute. The embodiment of despair and loneliness, yet ever hopeful of continuing his journey to the Highlands, he finds in Johnny real companionship and understanding. Johnny wheedles food for him from the kindly old grocer, Mr. Kasok, on credit. In return, MacGregor gives to Johnny, to the poet, and to the neighbors, the saddest and sweetest of tunes from his flute. The musician’s forced return to the poorhouse causes Johnny to exclaim, “Something’s wrong, somewhere, Pa!”

The amazingly tender conversations and scenes between the poet and his son show extreme understanding and respect on the part of both. As the father himself said, “Johnny is me in my youth again.”

That Mr. Saroyan’s work has been criticized for lack of clarity may be what led Brooks Atkinson to say: “Perhaps it is only important that he has created some lovable,

wandering characters and given an impression of joy, hospitality, loyalty and sadness.” But what stirs the reader most is that neither poverty, nor hunger, nor death, nor loss of their home causes these two staunch friends—Johnny and Pa—to lose their grip on life. “We can lick um’ Pa—we still got each other.”

Of this book, *Time* comments, “That worldly success means nothing, that artistic failure means nothing, that that which above all matters is man’s vaulting imagination, his perdurable dream, the spiritual geography of his heart.”

ANNA JOHNSON

How To Read a Book

Mortimer J. Adler—Simon and Schuster, New York, 1940, \$2.50

HOW TO READ A BOOK, although written primarily for those readers who cannot read, is a challenge to literates. How to read, what to read, and why read are the author’s principal themes. The book is divided into three parts. The first tells the role of reading in relation to learning; the second, which is the body of the book, outlines the steps in learning how to read; the third relates the art of reading to that of thinking. Mr. Adler, digging deeply, unearths the basic principles of reading “actively” and then displays his finds in a helpful fashion that is free, for the most part, from pedantry, or haziness.

How to Read a Book, besides showing people how to read, also defends the classics, from which Mr. Adler draws his list of “the great books.”

Scrupulously honest and eminently sensible, this book is a real guide to freedom in “an age of propaganda and calculated irrationalism.” The author believes that learning how to read is a sort of self-education which affords an invaluable protection to society; and which is “within

Continued on Page 32

From Arkansas Flats

First place in the Colonnade's

November Poetry Contest

"I will lift up mine eyes", the psalmist said,
"Unto the hills from which shall come my strength."
Those hills, I picture them—a mighty length
Of purple, and the sky behind them red.
There is no soul but would be stirred by that.
But here is only land that's hot and dry
And stretches endlessly to meet the sky;
There is no sign of hills, for all is flat.
But yonder almost at my kitchen door
A pine tree lifts its branches toward the sky.
How could this lovely thing come from such sod?
I see it, and my heart finds peace once more;
My shoulders stiffen, and my head is high.
The pine tree reaching heavenward whispers, "God".

EDITH NUNNALLY

Winter

Third Place in the Colonnade's

November Poetry Contest

Winter! Oh, its loveliness makes me tingle
To every sparkling evidence that I see.
It has not a drab garment
For every frozen pond is silver cloth
Each icicle is a crystal chandelier
And bare black trees throw patterned lace
Across the sky's blue taffeta.
No, its garment speaks of royalty, I know
That's why I love it!

CAROLYN ROUSE

Crippey

Continued from Page 18

desire to kill the short blond man who had taken his friend from him. He it was who was responsible for Crippey's new hair-cut and patent leather shoes, for his estrangement from the gang, and, worst of all, for this new accomplishment—singing. And where did the two go when Mr. Goodwin's little car rolled up in front of Crippey's house and the two rode away down Ninth Street and up to the Boulevard? And yet Mr. Goodwin had the audacity to ask him to play on his basketball team.

It was about ten o'clock on a Sunday morning when Jeff heard that Crippey was to sing a solo at the big uptown church. Without actually knowing why, he found himself walking the long blocks up the Boulevard and slipping into the last pew of the big church. An atmosphere of hushed reverence made him shrink back into his seat. He'd never seen such beautiful colored windows or heard such music as that which swelled from the mighty organ pipes. And then the choir filed in. Jeff blinked his eyes once or twice before he could believe Crippey was really one of the singers. Could the angelic face, so serene and shining, and the starched white collar belong to the ragged, dirty Crippey he knew? And then Crippey began to sing — "Panis Angelicus" — . Strange, foreign words to Jeff, but they evidently meant something, for the church was hushed in a profound stillness. Jeff looked about him. Every face was lifted toward the curly head in the choir loft, and in the seat in front of him an old man wiped a tear from the corner of his eye. Jeff listened in amazement to the sweet tones as they swelled through the church. It was Crippey who was singing to these rapt faces, Crippey who was giving these people such stirring exaltation—such joy. He was speaking to them more poignantly than words could have spoken. Suddenly Jeff knew he was proud, intensely proud of Crippey, and grateful to Mr. Goodwin for what he had done.

He caught the eye of Mr. Goodwin who sat on the back row of the choir. The same pride, the same love for the crippled boy was on his face. Jeff ran his hand around

the back of his head. He wondered if Mr. Goodwin would give him a haircut before the basketball game Thursday night.

"All Things Come . . ."

Continued from Page 20

miles away.

"Oh, oh I never—you tricked me!"

"And how about you?" Carl replied. Both boys were obviously enjoying her chagrin. Then Carl grinned and added, "Forget it—it was a darned clever plot. Too bad I had to know the guy, but, you see, he's going to marry my sister in June."

Pat felt she could stand no more; this was the end. If only she could dissolve that "too, too solid flesh" right then and there! "In another minute I'll burst into tears," she thought.

"But, listen! Let's get things straight," Carl continued. "Now before a witness, will you go to the Junior Prom with me and leave the University men alone?"

Pete winked at her and drawled, "Well, I guess that goes to prove that all things come to her who goes after them."

"Stardust"

Continued from Page 10

of my thoroughbreds. I have always done this myself, and I still see to some of it, but I'm getting too old to run around and see that fine horses like mine have the proper care and the correct training that is due them. Will you accept the job?"

"Will I?" smiled Jack, "Mr. Griffith, that is the one thing that would really be play on a paying basis. I can't think of anything I'd rather do than supervise your fine thoroughbreds. I certainly will accept. When do I take over?"

"Why, immediately. I'd like to have Miss Noland's opinion and ideas in with this training, too. I suppose, however, we could arrange that."

"Mr. Griffith, I hope we can arrange that. Pat, if you'll just set the date, and Mr. Griffith, if you will just give us a few weeks for a short honeymoon . . . What do you say, Pat?"

And Pat was certain that this was the happiest day in her life.

My Loves

Honorable Mention

I wandered slowly up the hill
To watch the stars above;
As each one winked I felt a thrill
For each one was my love.

I wandered slowly down the hill
Back to the blazing town;
My lonely heart then felt a chill—
My loves did not come down.

JO BRUMFIELD

October

Honorable Mention

Oh, what a spend-thrift is a tree
During autumn's windy weather—
Flinging to every passing breeze
Gold—lightly as a feather.

ALICE GOODE CAHOON



PRATTLES

By "PRITCH"

"I want to buy a pencil."
"Hard or soft?"
"Hard. It's for a stiff exam."



Say it with flowers
Say it with sweets
Say it with kisses
Say it with eats
Say it with jewelry
Say it with drink
But always be sure
Not to say it with ink!

—Wataugan

Ed. Note: You said it!



"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage—"
"No, but they help!"



Folks who don't know which way to
turn have no business in a revolving door.



And what is more, people who live in
glass houses shouldn't throw parties.



H.-S. Grad: Webster said that taut
means tight. I guess I got taut a lot in col-
lege after all.

(Ain't it the truth!)



Professor (rapping the desk): "Order!"
Entire Class: "Beer!"



Thoughtful Friend: "My good man,
why don't you take the street car home?"

Illuminated One: "Sh' no ushe. Wife
wouldn't let me keep it in the houshe."

—Exchange

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

Va. Tech

Moral: The Gobblers'll get you, if you
don't watch out!



First Golfer: "The traps on this course
are very annoying!"

Second: "Yes, will you please shut
yours!"



Teacher: "Parse the word 'kiss'."

Pupil: "This word is a noun, but it is
usually used as a conjunction. It is never
declined, and more common than proper.
It is not very singular, in that it is usually
used in the plural. It agrees with me."
(Such wisdom; very edifying!)



Some girls show a lot of style, and
Some styles show a lot of girls.
(Some show!)



Ding: "What is a pig skin used for?"
Dong: "To hold a pig together."



Wine, women, and song are getting me
down; I guess I'll have to quit singing.



Mistress: "Mary, we have breakfast
promptly at 8:00 A. M."

New Maid: "All right, ma'am, if I ain't
down don' you all wait."

—Exchange



Boy: "Hello."

Girl:

Boy: "Oh, well."

"Now," she asked, "Is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up."

A meek little man rose to his feet. The lecturer glared at him.

"Do you mean to say you would let your wife be slandered and say nothing?" she cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized. "I thought you said slaughtered."



"A dog and his pipe are man's best friends."

Spectator



First Femme: "Whenever I get down in the dumps I buy a new hat."

Second Femme: "Oh! I was wondering where you got them."



"Who gave the bride away?"

"I could have, but I kept my mouth shut."

The Vanishing Virginian

Continued from page 25

mont Virginia wins the appreciation both of Virginians and of strangers.

I am sure that everybody who reads the *Vanishing Virginian* will agree that it is one of the most delightful books of the year.

MARGARET MISH

"How about a date?"

"Indeed, no!"

"Oh, I don't mean now. Some nasty, wet winter afternoon when there's nobody else in town."

—Exchange



"I love you—ouch!"

"I love you—ouch!"

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How to Read a Book

Continued from Page 26

the reach of ordinary brains."

Mr. Adler's ideas should strike a responsive chord in the hearts of those interested in America's cultural development, for even the best trained of us do not read as well as we should. Altogether too much emphasis is placed on quantity rather than quality in reading, he thinks. It is for this reason and many others that Mr. Adler censures the average American reader. The author considers a liberal education as a means to an end and suggests hard work

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