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STATE·TEACHERS·COLLEGE·

PLANNING

ARMVILLE·VIRGINIA·



"YOU SAVVY
QUICK,
SOLDIER!"



DAD ought to know. Look at the wall behind him. Photo of Dad, straight and proud in old-style choker-collared blouse, Sam Browne belt, and second "loolie's" gold bars. And his decorations—the Order of the Purple Heart, Victory Medal, Croix de Guerre *with* palm.

"You savvy quick, soldier," he says to his son as that chip off the old block in the new uniform proffers Camels. "These were practically 'regulation' cigarettes with the army men I knew. Lots of other things seem to have changed, but *not* a soldier's 'smokin'."

Right! Today, and for more than 20 years, reports from Army Post Exchanges show that Camels are the favorite. And in Navy canteens, too, Camel is the leader.

Just seems that Camels click with more people than any other cigarette—whether they're wearing O.D., blues, or civvies. You'll savvy, too—and quick—with your first puff of a slower-burning Camel with its extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor, why it's the "front-line" cigarette—past, present, and future!

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU
EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR AND

28% LESS NICOTINE
than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of *the smoke itself*

● What cigarette are you smoking now? The odds are that it's one of those included in the famous "nicotine-in-the-smoke" laboratory test. Camels, and four other largest-selling brands, were analyzed and compared . . . over and over again . . . for nicotine content *in the smoke itself!* And when all is said and done, the thing that interests you in a cigarette, is *the smoke*.
YES, SIR, THE SMOKE'S THE THING! SMOKE CAMELS!

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCO



BUY CAMELS BY THE CARTON
—FOR CONVENIENCE,
FOR ECONOMY

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to
5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Dedication

TO THE SENIORS, WHO, BY THEIR IDEALS AND THEIR
ACHIEVEMENTS, HAVE MADE A PLACE FOR
THEMSELVES IN THE HEARTS OF THOSE
THEY LEAVE BEHIND, WE FONDLY
DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF
THE COLONNADE



Looking West from White House

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. III

MAY, 1941

NO. 4

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VOLUME III

NUMBER 4

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Cover by Peggy Hughes

The Columns

SENIORS

For four years you have been among us, giving of your best to Farmville, serving the college and promoting its interests. Such service will not stop when you are graduated; rather, you will have greater opportunity for service in a larger school. In the words of our beloved president, Dr. Jarman: "Here at the college, *being* and *doing* have been stressed, keeping in mind always that we are not only educating teachers, but citizens as well". As you go out into a larger realm of living, we who are left behind shall endeavor to fill your places,

inspired by your high standards and your ideals. It is with a sincere realization of all that you have meant to us and to Farmville that we dedicate this, our first issue under the new staff, to you, Seniors of 1941. We wish you well in all things that you undertake.

A FINAL WORD

We are happy to have Dr. J. P. Wynne as guest writer for The Colonnade. Dr. Wynne is head of the Department of Education here on the campus. He was recently honored by an invitation to serve on the faculty of Harvard University during the summer months. His message to the graduates appears on page 5 of this issue.

PASSING IN REVIEW

Among the seniors contributing to this issue are Ernestine Meacham, Bess Windham, Edith Nunnally, and Frances Hudgins, all of whom have poems appearing, Caralie Nelson, who records things we shall all remember, Anna Johnson, Pat Gibson, and Margie Rice. Mrs. Margaret R. Lawrence's delightful children's poems appearing on the middle pages are illustrated by Dottie Rollins of the out-going staff. Prattles are by Frances Pritchett, also a former staff member.

BOOKS

In his recent criticism of The Colonnade, which appeared in the March issue, Mr. John Beaty, Professor of English at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas, wrote: "I think the magazine shows a little infiltration of decadent sentimentalism in its book reviews." Mr. Beaty's most recent book, *Image of Life*, is reviewed in this issue by Frances Keck. In it, she explains the term "decadent sentimentalism". Other reviews are by Carmen Booth, Elizabeth West, and Anna Johnson.

IN CONCLUSION

May we remind you that The Colonnade is sponsoring another short story contest to run through the summer months. Submit your entries before October 1st, and don't forget to *write for The Colonnade!*

A GLORIOUS SUMMER TO EVERYONE!

Allene Overbey

To the Graduates

JOHN PETER WYNNE

Dr. Wynne, Head of the Department of Education on this campus, has been invited to serve on the faculty of Harvard University during the summer months.
—Ed. Note

I appreciate the invitation from the editor of the Colonnade to say a final word to the graduating class. It is a privilege to write for the magazine and a pleasure to speak through it to the most professionally-minded senior class, I think, graduating from the College in recent years.

Every year thousands of students are graduated from our American schools and colleges. Usually we think of graduation time in terms of the past or in terms of the future. Sometimes it is considered the culmination of an educational career, while at other times it is considered the beginning of a life career. As a matter of fact, Commencement Day has reference to the past as well as to the future. Like any other day in the experience of any of us, it is the last of the days that are gone and the first of those that are to come. Human experience is continuous in time.

However, the distinction in thought between the past and the future, between the end of a career in an educational institution and the beginning of a career in some vocation or in some other educational institution, should not be conceived in terms of a change in the quality of experiences that are desirable and educative. The experiences of the members of the senior class during their four years of college life should be con-

ceived as continuous and should not, therefore, be appraised, judged, or evaluated, on the basis of standards any different from those to be used in evaluating their experiences before they entered college or after they leave it. The specific experiences will, of course, be different, but the qualities which make an experience good, desirable, or educative, in the home, the nursery school, the kindergarten, the elementary

school, the high school, the college, or in one's vocation, whatever it may be, are the same. Of these qualities that seem to me most important, six are especially worthy of your consideration.

First is the quality of *contingency*. You should desire for yourselves and for others experiences which are pervaded and suffused with the quality of *contingency*. You should feel about things, think about them, and act toward them as events in complex situations that are constantly changing. Consequently, you should feel, think, and act toward them differ-

ently, as conditions and circumstances vary. Without such flexibility, you will always be discontented in a world of change, always challenging the inevitable, always on the losing side. If you have permitted yourself to consider things or events as fixed, complete, the same forever, without regard to conditions and consequences, my wish is that you change your way of feeling,



Dr. J. P. Wynne

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thinking, and acting. My further wish is that you seek the same sort of flexibility and contingency in the experiences of others—your employers, your children, and other people's children—that you seek for yourselves.

Second is the quality of *sociality*. You should secure for yourselves and others experiences which widen the areas of human interests and concerns. You should have your experiences tinged with courtesy consideration for others, and sincerity. You should participate in the ever-widening circle of human activity. You should wish, also, to extend this widening sociality in the experiences of others—not merely certain cliques and gangs, but everyone everywhere. If you have lived a narrow life, shut in with yourself, or with some special group, my wish is that you see yourself now in terms of the ever-widening possibilities of social life. May you become broader, more cosmopolitan, and more democratic, and aid others in doing likewise in all of their human relationships, wherever you may be, in the home, the church, the school, or in the field of business and industry.

Third is the quality of *acceptability*. Your experiences should be acceptable, satisfying, and a joy to you. They should not be repugnant, repellent, and disagreeable. You should so conduct your own affairs that you are happy, interested, and comfortable in the performance of duty. You should not expect to be happy every moment, but the activities in which you engage should, on the whole, be acceptable to you. If they are not, you should do something different, or do what you are doing in a different way. My wish is that your experiences be pervaded with happiness all the days of your life, and that you will seek in the home, the school, and the church, and in all the situations of life, to increase this same quality in the experience of others.

Fourth is the quality of *purposefulness*. Your experiences should embody purposes. If you cannot find any purpose in what you are doing, your experiences are not good, desirable, or educative. You should do

something else. One cannot expect everything he does to be purposeful from beginning to end, but he should find some purposes emerge, and third you will seek considerable length of time. My wish for you is that you engage in such activities as will enable you to have experiences in which purposes emerge, and that you will seek to provide such experiences for others, whoever they are, for whose guidance and direction you may in any way be responsible.

Fifth is the quality of *creativity*. In a sense, all experience in which learning occurs is creative. One who learns anything must create changes in himself, but my wish for you is that your experiences shall be pre-empted with a sense of security in dealing with the new and the untried, that the wonder and curiosity you experienced during childhood shall grow more sensitive with the passing of the years, and that you may help others realize in their experiences this same quality.

Sixth is the quality of *intelligence*. Experiences that are not pre-empted with intelligence are inadequate. Experiences may represent the blind functioning of impulse or habit. But fortunately, one does not have to choose between caprice and routine. Thorough intelligence one can dramatize in imagination possible courses of action which impulse and habit suggest, and select those which intelligence dictates to be the most desirable in terms of probable consequences. My final wish for you is that you exercise intelligence in all the decisions and choices of life, and lead others whose experience you in any way influence to exercise intelligence in making their decisions and choices.

In concluding my many-sided wish for the Class of 1941, I recognize its relationship to the Golden Rule. It assumes the validity of this well-known principle. But it goes further. The Golden Rule indicates that you should treat other people as you wish them to treat you. My wish indicates the ways in which you should deal with yourselves, these being the same ways in which you should deal with others.

*"What next?", asks the man next door.
"What next?", echo the masses.*

What Next . . . Wonders the World?"

PAT GIBSON

DEEP from out the bowels of the earth arises the piteous cry of oppressed and shackled mankind, while we, as seniors, stand poised on the threshold, or on the precipice of life. "Blood, toil, tears, and strife" run rampant to the farthest corners of the earth, and everywhere uncertainty rules supreme. No one knows what is going to happen to our country in this year of Our Lord. No one knows what is going to happen to any country. Man's love of power has spun a web around our crystal ball which only time and right can tear away.

Facing us is war with all its accompanying sacrifices, dangers, and sorrows. This struggle—and we will do well to admit our involvement—is an all-out battle for the right to keep our liberties, our form of government, and our democracy. We want to preserve for posterity not only freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom of public assembly, and freedom of press, but also the right to have freedom to think, freedom to dream, and freedom to achieve. And it is our energy, our skill, and our labor upon which depend our fighting, winning, and surviving the war.

America is fast waking up, and men are adjusting themselves to what they now recognize and concede as inevitable. Every straight-thinking American sees ahead years of hard work and worry, and there'll be no flinching and grousing when the bad days come. Our morale is bolstered by our faith in the innate decency of the human race. Man was not created to expend his labor, energy, or skill in destruction and slaughter. Civilization must not go into a backslide because some men are afflicted with a temporary blindness to all reason.

Man is far from perfect, but God is on his side. Therefore, we are not without hope.

Are we depressed by the picture? Hardly so. Rather, we are fortunate to be starting out upon life's broad highway at a time pregnant with possibilities and challenge. As the great West was the frontier to our forefathers, so the right of decent living is ours today. And we, as teachers or counselors of youth, have our fingers on the pulse of democracy. Ours is the job of creating within American youth a consciousness of the American democratic way of life, not a superficial acceptance of it, but a deep insight into its fundamental beliefs. We must create within them a desire to live this way of life and convince them of its superiority over totalitarianism before we can be assured of a wholehearted acceptance of it. No man upholds that which he deems unworthy, and we cannot expect him to stand up for something in which he does not believe.

Some of us eagerly look forward to starting on this unknown and venturesome journey, while others would cling to the comfort and security of Farmville's red brick walls. All of us have basked in the friendly atmosphere of the college, and all have a rather qualmish, insecure feeling about leaving. It is for this reason that, when the time comes to leave, we are not going to say "Goodbye". The word holds too much of finality. Even after a short time at Farmville one cannot help absorbing something of the intrinsic spirit of the place. For this reason we can never break the ties it has upon us. There is a part of Farmville in all of us, and we leave a part of ourselves here. The part of it which we take can never be separated from us, and

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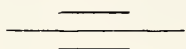
the part of us which we leave here will always draw us back.

We may take strength from our patron saint, Joan of Arc, who faced days of darkest disaster and despair with unbelievable resolution and courage. Today, as never before, we need fortitude of a like quality. Ours is not to be an easy life, and it is up to us to make it the best life possible. In the words of Clare Booth: "There are no hopeless situations; there are only men who have grown hopeless about them." This thought, coupled with the Chinese proverb, "You cannot prevent birds of sorrow from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair", may well

serve as the fundamental basis for our present day philosophy.

At this time of the year magazines and newspapers feature columns of "Advice to the Graduating", all of which say much the same things in much the same way, the main difference being the author or size of type. But no one can tell us exactly what we must do. Only we ourselves can decide. We are still at liberty to do as we choose. Untold opportunities await us, and we are eager to take advantage of them. We like the feeling that we are going to have something to do with the running of this crazy world, and we hope we are going to help to make it a better place in which to live.

What next?



Pen Poise

"I wish there weren't any such things as bodies. I wish I could take mine off and walk around in my soul."
Ernestine Meacham

"A thought began working at the back of my head and kept coming till it got to the center where I think with all my mind."
Ernestine Meacham

"She's graceful as a fairy queen . . .
As free and light as dew . . ."

A. G. C.

LET ME LIE UNDER THE TULIP TREE,
LET ME SLEEP AS I PLEASE,
LET THINGS BE SMOOTH AND SLOW FOR ME - -
LIKE SUMMER MELODIES.

- - BESS WINDHAM

"My thoughts are falling leaves . . .
Oak leaves, tumbling and spinning . . .
All artistically confused."

J. C. S.

"Violets spring beneath her footsteps
Gushing waters wait her touch . . ."
Warwick A. Mitchell

"The new moon is a shining sickle
Piercing the weird vast darkness . . ."

J. C. S.

"Night,
From nowhere, silently
Bring your tranquil calm to me."

J. C. S.

"Space
As far as I can see
Filled with potent mystery . . ."

J. C. S.

Things I Shall Remember



FOUR years—each month and each minute crowded with precious memories! Some I hold too dear to talk about just now. Some I shall remember only after years have taken me far away from Farmville. Some I shall tuck away for safe keeping to look at only when I'm alone. Others I should like to share with you before I am graduated.

That day in the fall of '37 when I unpacked my trunk in 108 Library Hall with a big lump in my throat.

The times I've walked up High Street and stopped at Butcher's for ice cream.

Dr. Jarman, the symbol of all we love and hold dear at Farmville, talking to "his girls" in Chapel.

The friendly greetings on the halls as we dashed from class to class.

Miss Mary signing permissions, pouring tea, or just talking to us in her office as friend to friend.

Bowed heads in Prayers at the end of a busy day—then the earnest voice of a student sharing her thoughts about God with us.

Telegrams, calls, specials on the Home Office mantel that held so much of happiness and sorrow for each of us.

The long talks with friends when we opened our hearts to each other.

Tiny bits of conversation coursing through my mind—scenes from college events passing in review—scattered notes from songs drifting back to me.

Then graduation — invitations — friends — parents — degrees — smiles — Auld Lang Syne — tears.

Yes, I shall remember and in remembering hold each more dear.

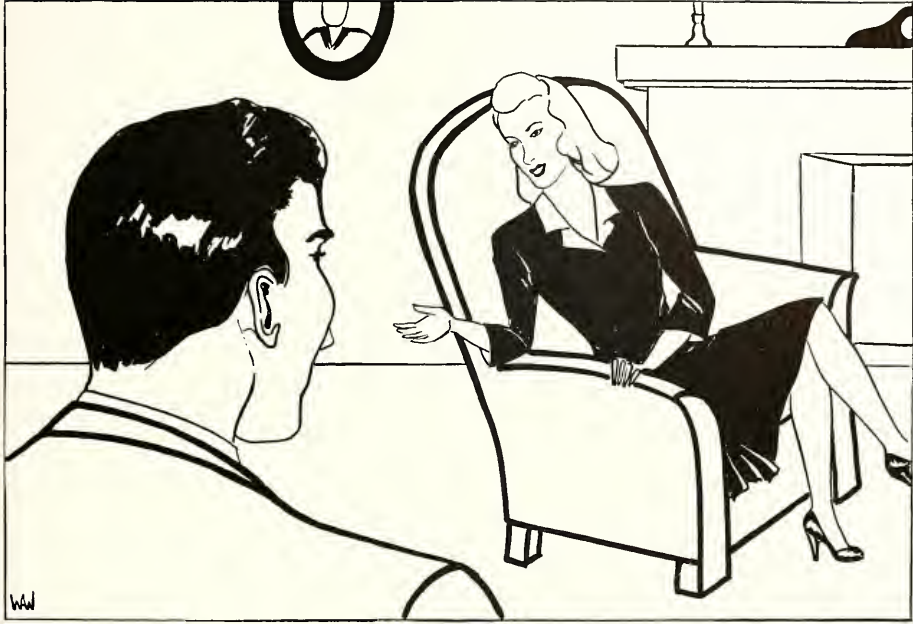


CARALIE NELSON

Late Spring

You came—as unobtrusively and late
As Spring, after a winter which had left
My spirit chilled, frost-bitten, and bereft
Of feeling, and my heart, even as my gate,
Dripped icicles at your touch. The tardy Spring
In penitence her loveliest gifts displayed,
Then chuckled at the havoc she had made
Of my poor heart, which cannot choose but sing.
The hardness of the winter past has made
The glory of the springtime doubly sweet.
And so with love, this long-awaited thing
Has brought a wealth of courage; unafraid
I face the future; now is life complete.
Because you came, within my heart there's Spring.

EDITH NUNNALLY



*"And you're Mr. James.
Didn't we come here the same day or something?"*

Seventh Day

ANNA JOHNSON

HE walked restlessly around her room, past the window closed against the unceasing rain and cold outside, around the dark iron bed with the purple striped spread. Presently she noticed the blocked pattern of the warm rug and began to set her feet down carefully in each block. If she were alert she didn't once touch the heavy lines that marked the linoleum into squares. Strange how it filled one's mind—just a carefully planned step. She didn't stop until the bell rang downstairs for dinner.

As she pulled a comb through her hair and ran her lipstick over her lips, the door across the narrow dark hall opened and shut. "That's Mr. James", she thought.

"Wonder if Mrs. Greenway will tell it again tonight?" She turned off the dim light and went out into the hallway.

She hurried into the dining room where the other boarders were waiting. There was someone standing behind her chair—an old man in a rumpled flannel shirt.

Mrs. Greenway, from her place at the head of the table, called to her,

"Come on in, Miss Mason. I set another place right around here for you—by Mr. James, here—thought you two might enjoy each other's company. Oh, Miss Mason, this here's my brother, Ed—Ed, this here is the other new boarder I was a-tellin' you about. She and Mr. James both came the same day and filled up the last two spare



rooms I had." She looked around the table and smiled. We're migh-ty glad to have 'em, aren't we, folks?"

"I knew she'd tell it again. She'll never stop. After all, it's been a week since we came, and she has told it every day. What do people care anyway?" She broke her thoughts off and laughed to herself. "Why do I let a little thing like that worry me? If it just weren't raining, or if I just had carfare so I wouldn't have ruined my shoes, or something." She reached her chair and sat down before she glanced at the other people.

On Mrs. Greenway's right was her blonde daughter, who was a telephone operator in a cheap hotel up town. Next to her sat her brother, also blonde but with thick, heavy-set features. She watched the way his big broad hands held his knife and fork. Joe was a truck driver with a construction gang and had the best appetite of all the men at the table. Farther down the table was Mr. Wallace, a small town news-shark who was trying to get a place on the Evening Sun.

Next to the hopeful reporter was Hank Henry, veteran vaudeville soft shoe dancer. He was stirring his coffee, the spoon scraping noisily across the bottom of the cup, while his beady eyes anxiously watched the steam floating up. She stared, fascinated, as he began gulping the hot, black liquid. He paused between swallows to sigh heartily, then began the peculiar gulping again. He continued until he had drunk all of the beverage, tipping his head far back for the last drops. Then he set his cup back in the saucer with a heavy rattle. Hank ate every meal that way, drinking first, then eating, and then finishing his repast with another cup of coffee. "Makes the food taste better that way," he always remarked to strangers.

The girl heard the sharp, nagging voice of old Miss Dunne as she began her usual monologue of the day's happenings. Someone was always "unthoughtful" to her. Mrs. Mullins, a fat, kindly old lady, was the brunt of her woeful tale.

"Miss Mason, can you reach the salt?"

It was young Mr. James.

She handed him the heavy shaker,

whereupon he said, "Won't you have some?"

"No, thank you", hurriedly. She didn't meet his eyes.

She picked up her fork and began turning the food on her plate. She glanced now and then to the right. All she could see were his hands, long, slender, well-kept. What a contrast they were to Joe's across the table.

After she had finished eating, the girl slipped away from the table and went into the living room. The clock on the mantel chimed half-past six as she switched on the radio. Nothing but a news-broadcast came in clear, and she listened only half-heartedly. She heard Mabel clicking upstairs, her high heels and the numerous silver bracelets on her wrist tapping rhythmically. There was the sound of the front door creaking open and men's footsteps leaving the porch. That left Mrs. Greenway and the two other women in their usual conversation around the cluttered table. Where, then, was Mr. James? Had he gone with Hank to the corner drug store?

Behind her someone said, "Pardon me, but aren't you Miss Mason?" The deep resonant masculinity of the voice pierced her heart. She looked back over her shoulder and smiled.

"And you're Mr. James. Didn't we come here the same day or something?"

"That's right. Listen, if she tells that story again I'll scream."

"So help me, my friend, I'll scream with you."

"Shake on that, Miss Mason," and he put out his hand in a firm clasp.

Somewhere inside her something crumbled. She had a friend! For one entire week she had been shut up with herself—no one but old worn-out personalities about her. Here was someone her age, someone with humor, with good fellowship, with sincerity. She must say something to keep him from leaving her, for, alone again, those jumbled pieces inside her would fit together and make the wall solid again. He said the words for her.

"Do you like to walk in the rain, Miss Mason? I won two dollars in a slogan contest today. There is a movie somewhere near, isn't there?"

SEVENTH DAY

"Oh, yes, I love to walk in the rain." She thought a moment and said, "There are two theaters close by. Let's look in the paper to see what is playing."

"Swell. I have a paper upstairs. If you'll just wait while I get it—"

She heard him taking the steps two at a time and laughed at his boyishness. "He must have been lonely, too", she thought.

He came tearing back and spread the sheets on the table. They flipped a coin and chose a double feature.

"Run for your coat," he said, "and we'll make the early show."

Another dash for the stairs and her room. Her coat and hat were still damp, but no matter now. Her heart kept saying, "I have a friend; I'm not lonesome any more". She was careful of her lipstick this time.

Outside the rain had dwindled to a thin mist. They walked along quickly, heads back to catch the cool dampness. They skirted puddles and dodged umbrellas and taxis, joking about Mr. and Mrs. Public doing the town in such weather.

Inside the theater they sat shoulder to shoulder, turning now and then to comment jokingly. She liked Mr. James very much, she decided. He was nice looking, had a pleasant personality and decidedly good manners. Nice profile, too, she thought. "Just a big, nice, average kid" was her summary. He turned and grinned at her and said,

"Let's go, shall we?"

They walked out in the middle of the second feature.

"It's stuffy in there, and the show is lousy. Let's drop in a drug store for a milkshake, huh?"

"Swell, Mr. James."

"Oh, incidentally, Miss Mason, does everyone call you 'Miss'?"

"Well, I had a boss once who called me just plain 'Mason'. My very closest friends like 'Molly' better."

"'Molly', huh? 'Molly Mason'. Well, Molly, my friends call me Ted."

"Ted it is, sir," and she gave a mock salute.

Across double chocolate milks he asked, "What state are you from, Molly? Is it upper New York or Pennsylvania?"

She laughed.

"I can tell you're from somewhere else. You can't identify a native of the city. I'm from the Bronx-barn. Believe it or not, I've never been out of New York but twice, then to Jersey City. What makes you think I'm not a native?"

"Everything about you, but especially my past coupled with my extraordinarily active imagination. I'm from a small town in Ohio, new to city ways and such. 'Course, I've been here a few years, but it's still my first trip because I've never been back home. So the first girl I meet and like should, according to fiction writers, also be small-town, lonesome and lovely. You really are the last two, you know. Or at least, I think I'm right about being lonesome, and I'm certain I'm right about being lovely. But I guess I was wrong about being small-town. I'll always regret that you aren't."

"So that's the end of the story, is it? When you're old and retired, you'll go back to Ohio and dream away the remainder of your days wishing for what might have been."

They laughed easily together.

"And even in my dreams your fair face will return to haunt me. Oh, Molly, think, just think how unfortunate we are that you were born in the city. Think of how that one inconsideration of yours will change my entire life."

"Silly! Look, the jerker looks as though he's about to go to sleep on the ice cream refrigerator. Don't you think we'd better go, Ted?"

He put his hand across the table and touched her sleeve.

"Just one minute, Molly. How much longer does it go on?"

"Mrs. Greenway's, you mean? Oh, Ted, it's been horrible all week. I've had enough. Everytime I'd see you I'd want to shout to you to come back. How'd you know where I went?"

"By the telephone book. You left it open, and there was a faint impression of a fingernail around the name of Mrs. Hattie Greenway, Boarding House." If she hadn't had another room, I'd have jumped into the river. Molly, promise me upon your word of honor, never to quarrel with me again, Honey,

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Beauty

When can I know beauty? What is it, and where?
Why, Beauty is in all things—in air, on earth, and in the sea.
What do you see in the deep sweet glance of a mother,
Or hear in the trill of a baby's first laugh?
There's a world of Beauty in the feel of a kiss;
It shines in the dewdrop on the heart of a rose,
And nestles in the pink of a piglet's ear.
It pants on the wings of the tossing storm,
Flows on the strains of melody;
It swells the heart of you heavenward in prayer.

.

Then know yourself, your world, and God, and His love,
And you are Love, and Love is Beauty.

ERNESTINE MEACHAM

Cast and Forecast



SUN SET TOWN

I wandered through a far off town;
It was a sight to see.
The streets were neither grey nor brown
But blue as blue could be.

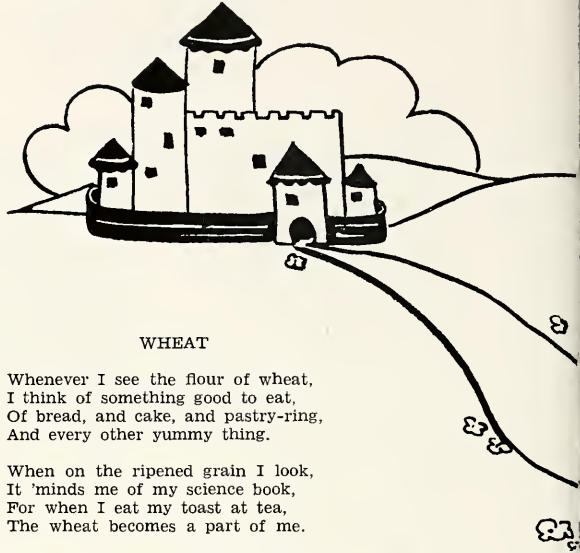
The houses all were castles grand,
The best I've ever seen,
And they were painted pink and
Red and lavender and green.

The grass was not like grass at all,
'Twas soft and white like snow.
A little stream ran here and there
As blue as indigo.

Gold dragons wandered through the town;
They were a sight to see
And I was not afraid of them
Nor were they scared of me.

I caught and rode the biggest one;
It's mane was fiery red,
It made a three point landing
In the middle of my bed.

So now that I am home again,
I'll close my sleepy eyes,
And soon in dreams I'll see again
My city in the skies.



WHEAT

Whenever I see the flour of wheat,
I think of something good to eat,
Of bread, and cake, and pastry-ring,
And every other yummy thing.

When on the ripened grain I look,
It 'minds me of my science book,
For when I eat my toast at tea,
The wheat becomes a part of me.

Of me the grain becomes a part
Of brain and blood and bone and heart.
Just how it does, I do not know.
I do not have to know to grow.

THE TOAD FROG

Funny little toad frog
With a mushroom for a house,
You sit alone all day at home
As quiet as a mouse.
A lucky thing that I'm not you,
For soon I'd have to roam.
I'd very likely eat my way
Out of my house and home.

THE CATERPILLAR

The text-books say that caterpillars
are butterflies-to-be,
So when I see one daily climbing
slowly up a tree,
I wonder does he climb for food
Or just to test the altitude.
No doubt 'tis best he learn some things
Before he ever gets his wings.





THE FAIRY DANCE

The fairies gave a dinner dance,
And I was not invited,
But since they do not know my name,
I couldn't quite feel slighted.

They laid a green moss carpet down
Around a silver tree,
And out of tiny acorn cups
They drank their jasmine tea.

Old lady moon lent them her lamp,
'Twas 'most as bright as day,
Until a dark and angry cloud
Drove old Miss Moon away.

The bumble bee was fiddler,
And loud did he complain,
He got his yellow fur coat wet
When it began to rain.

The fairies would not wet their wings,
They flew off o'er the heather,
And camped beneath a red toad stool
To shield them from the weather.

THE BIRDS SONG

Blue bells, pretty blue bells
Ring out your chimes at three,
Mr. Right-Robin came along
And sang his love to me.

Jack-in-the-pulpit will read our vows
Then we'll be up and away
So blue bells, pretty blue bells
Ring out your best today.

Our honey-moon we'll spend in the clouds
Near heaven we'll always be
We'll build our nest on an old shoe-string
In the crotch of the sweet apple tree.



BABY BIRDS

Four little Robins lived up in a tree;
They were as happy as Robins could be.

They were fine little birds, though their feathers were not;
They liked what they had, and they had what they got.

They didn't get spinach nor cod-liver oil;
They had neither blankets nor bottles to boil.

They didn't get liver or vitamins rare;
They didn't have olive oil smeared in their hair.

These little birds didn't know about germs;
They thrive very well on a diet of worms.

THE RAINBOW

At the foot of the rainbow is a pot
of gleaming gold,
Fairy Iris put it there,
Or so I have been told.
The pot of gold must still be there
I've never gone to see;
Just looking at a rainbow is wealth
enough for me.



Ginks



MARY STUART WALMSLEY

HERE was never a well defined gink. There was never an utter goon. These facts, however, do not keep ginkishness and goonery from being quite common in every locality. We all have some ginkish qualities. I shall briefly cite some of these, and illustrate the gink, so that he (or she) may be avoided, and my "chers lecteurs" who sense in the gink a kindred spirit may eliminate those qualities which make them so.

There are latent resemblances between the gink and the goon, but each is a distinct type. The physical appearance of the gink is almost entirely irrelevant. Many ginks are quite attractive looking. If there is any identifying feature, I should say it is, in the male, pink glasses; in the female, an oversized kerchief around the head from which bobby pins protrude at fantastic angles. Nearly all ginks register meaningless grins at frequent intervals.

One meets the pink glasses goon most often on blind dates. The removal of the pink glasses does not remove any of the ginkish qualities. These will appear frequently during the course of the evening. The gink says "howdy" as a greeting, and then leaves the evening to the mercy of fate and you.

Often you can spot the ginks in college choirs. They usually sing tenor. An excellent hang-out for them is the drugstore. They are usually hanging over the counter, giggling foolishly. Sometimes they will gather in a booth and gozzle frosted malt-eds opposite a group of co-eds.

Enough for the pink glasses gink. Let us now briefly characterize the kerchief-kurler type. On lovely afternoons this

creature insists upon studying, and when night comes whines for the lack of entertainment. Her contact with the opposite sex is likewise brought about most often through a blind date. Two ginks on a blind date make up a situation indeed unfortunate!

The beautiful gink is probably the most dangerous. Some ginks have mastered the silly grin and are often found with very attractive people.

Ginks usually do not know much. When conversations turn to a higher level, the gink will interrupt with a suggestion as to some form of amusement, such as dancing, at which he is not usually very adept. It is impossible to stay very long in the company of a gink and not realize it—unless, of course, you are a gink yourself. The gink gesticulates wildly while talking, flops while relaxing, and does not seem to be able to control his muscles. He can be told by his foolish giggle when no one else is amused, and by his inability to see the point in a joke. His laugh can always be identified at the movies, the male's coming out in a guffaw-giggle, the female's in a loud titter. Ginks are very emotional. They get upset over elections and crow at ball games. They have little self-confidence. I used to have a gink for a biology lab-partner. She always copied my drawings.

Many other details could be cited to characterize ginks. They appear everywhere. The hopeful thing about being a gink is that you can outgrow it. Young ginks may become normal citizens by dint of much perseverance in the development of personality and improvement of appearance. Are you a gink? If so, take heart!

"Thar's been a heap of changes," Eph said.
And John 'lowed that there had.

Even Tenor

MARGARET R. LAWRENCE

APHRAIM and John sat in the shade of the willows just where the river eddied about mossy stones before pouring itself into the quiet pool. The willow tips trailed like moss strings in the water, and blue-eyed grass clumps bloomed along the bank. Across the river, corn grew tall and lush on the rich bottom land. It grew shorter and more sparse as it climbed the steep hillside to the west. From where the old men sat, the corn looked like a fringe of rushes bordering the crown of the hill. Beyond the hill-top, in the purple far-away, North Mountain spread itself against the sky. That was where all the fighting had taken place.

"How long ago was that, Eph?"

Eph didn't know. It had happened when they were little children. He remembered they had run the Yankees out. Yes, siree!

Pa had took the gun and gone down to the narrows. He wasn't a-goin' to have any Yanks marchin' through his corn field. Purty soon Ma filled the jug and followed him. If there was goin' to be any fightin', Ma wasn't going to miss it.

There hadn't been any fightin' on Pa's place. The corn grew as tall as it had always grown. They only saw the smoke risin' from North Mountain. It was too far away to hear the gunfire.

Eph and John often talked about the Yankees and the fightin'. They remembered it as

clearly as they remembered Susan, or Bes-sie's death, or the peddler who sold Eph the picture. For many years, they had planned to go over and see the place for themselves. A close-up view was what they wanted, Eph said. He wouldn't be at all surprised iff'en the bark wasn't still off'n some of them spruce trees, they builds so slow.

But they never had gone. With the corn to hoe in the summer and wood to cut in the winter, there never had been time. But next summer, mebbly . . .

Eph started to go alone one summer. That was the year John got married. Eph said there wan't no use for him to hang around now there was a woman in the house. He would only be in the way. But John said no. The corn field needed two hands and Susan wasn't big enough to help much. She was a little mite, sure enough. Susan put a bed in the loft, and Eph slept there. Eph told himself he would surely go when the children started comin'. He thought about John's children as he hoed the long rows of corn.

In the evening, after supper, Susan read the Bible aloud. She read about Judas. Yes, Eph said, that Judas was an ornery cuss, and hangin' was too good for him.

Susan died before she read the book through. Eph and John felt that if they had ever got to the end of



THE COLONNADE

the book they would have found that Judas did not hang himself. He was too mean to be sorry. It was the other eleven that done the hangin'. Eph said it was just took good fer him. John nodded. Yep, that-ar Judas was a plumb snake.

Eph said they'd ask the circuit-rider about it the next time he come by. He'd be sure to know. He must have read the book through to the end, or what business did he have preachin,' iffen he didn't know any more about it than other folks did.

Eph and John went over to the church one Sunday. But they did not ask the circuit-rider about Judas. There was a new preacher there that day. He looked too young to know anything for certain. They decided to drive over to Makensaw to see the circuit-rider as soon as the roads dried up.

The rider went off to foreign parts before Eph and John ever made the trip. How far is it to the heathen, Eph? Eph did not know. 'Bout five hundred miles, he reckon-ed.

That was a long time ago. They didn't think so much about Judas any more. Seemed like they just thought about Jesus when he was a little baby. Eph bought a pretty thing from a peddler one day. It was a picture of Jesus in his mother's arms. They hung the picture on the cabin wall. They never tired of looking at the little one clinging so close and sacred-like to his mammy's breast. He was such a sweet little one that they didn't like to think about what was goin' to happen to him when he grew up.

"Better get back to that corn," Eph said.

"Yeah," John nodded.

"That-ar corn takes a heap of hoein'," Eph said. "Especially since Old Bessie died."

When Bessie was a live strong horse, they used to hitch her up to the plow and drive her up and down between the rows. Farming wasn't nothin' with a horse to do the work.

On Saturday nights they'd hitch Old Bessie to the buggy and ride over to the store. There was always a checker game going on inside the store. On summer evenings they threw horse-shoes out at the back. Eph said that couldn't nobody right-

fully throw a horse-shoe any more. Eph and John had been champions in their day. These young-uns didn't take no interest, seemed like.

Even corn wasn't what it used to be. Their bottom land grew the best corn in the County. Eph and John used to talk of entering some of the biggest ears in the county fair. They knew their corn would take the blue ribbon and the ten dollar gold piece. They planned at first to pin the ribbon by the side of Jesus in the picture, and buy spectacles with the money. But Eph finally said that they would have their pictures made. They never had done that. They could stand together and hold the prize-winning corn ears between them.

It sure would be a sight for sore eyes, Eph said.

And John 'lowed that it would.

Every year they said they would surely do it this year, but they never had. One year the river came up during the big flood and washed the corn down so as it wasn't fitten to show. The next year the frost did a lot of damage. Then Old Bessie died, and they had no way of getting to the fair.

But what was the use of raisin' such fine corn? Nobody wanted it any more. Before the revenuers got so thick they couldn't raise enough to start to satisfy everybody. Now they just raised enough for their own likker and corn meal, and let other folks find it where they could.

"Better get back to that-ar corn before the sun goes down," Eph said.

John nodded.

"Bein'g's tomorrow is Sunday we'd better go down to the Narrows and see the bridge they're puttin' up."

John 'lowed as how they might do that iffen it didn't rain.

"One more dip afore we go back to the corn field," Eph said.

He rolled up his overalls and dipped his feet in the water.

"Feels good, but hit's bad for rheumatism this time o' year."

John dipped his feet under the trailing willow tips.

"Feels like snakes," Eph said. "Snakes is bad this year, wors'n I ever seen 'em. I guess hit's due to the weather. Seems like hit's changin' all the time. When we was

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On Privacy in a . . .

College Dorm

MARGIE RICE

IF I were suddenly to decide that I wanted privacy in which to compose these thoughts, I could, of course, go into the other room of the suite and settle myself. But I would only be well started and full of ideas for future paragraphs when the suite-mate would walk in. I would know without looking up. The suite-mate always slams doors.

To have a door slammed across the sense when the sensient mind is pursuing an elusive thought rather halts the mind in its pursuit, but never the thought in its flight. The chances are that I will go through life with that thought peering at me from behind trees, or sending back its echo from distant hills, but always several jumps ahead.

Well. What's to be done. It's Gertie's door, and she has a perfect right to slam it. Also, what I am probably sitting on is Gertie's bed, and what I am probably doing is shaking ink out of this unreliable pen onto Gertie's counterpane, Gertie's saddle shoes, and Gertie's rug.

To arise and leave at this point would be safe, but hardly subtle. Rearranging my person to cover the ink spots, and hoping to catch them where they may be washed off, I begin to pass the time of day with Gertie. The time of day is 10:00 P. M.; the bulling hour, ah-ha! Gertie is not in the mood to study; I am the kind easily led into a bull session. Soon it is 1:00 A. M. All thoughts have deserted me, and I roll wearily into bed.

Or suppose we assume, for the sake of argument, that Gertie is in the mood to study. Then she sits at the desk and kindly makes no remarks, while I continue to splatter Waterman's Blue on the wall and the Concerto in D Major. We have both cased into that kind of half-conscious



concentration wherein one believes he is studying but feels no particular pain.

Then somebody wants a match.

We have a match, but nobody knows where it is. We begin to tear the bureau drawers apart; we expose the contents of the desk; we lay bare the floor. Finally someone fishes a match out of Gertie's slippers and we sit down to discuss the last dance or the next week-end.

Perhaps, after the company has been enlarged to six or eight, and the conversation has taken the form of a rehashing of what I already know, I may decide to seek a quieter place to study. My room is impossible. There Lily and Anna are holding forth on Life with a capital "L"; or, if it were Thursday or Friday instead of Wednesday, Lily might be using fish glue and smelling up the place, or singing scales for tomorrow's music lesson.

That leaves the bathroom.

A cozy place, the bathroom. From behind the shut doors come under-currents of sound indicative of human life. But in my immediate landscape, I and a few uncommunicative bacteria represent the only

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Shy Love

My love is shy, it can't find words to say
How dear you are, and how my every day
Begins the moment that I see your smile,
And ends when you have gone. A bashful child
My love is . . . young and eager to express
The things it feels of love and tenderness;
Yet still it has no words, so we're apart.
But, oh, my dear, just listen to my heart!

EDITH NUNNALLY

Remembering

Just the agony of sitting here
In silent grief,
And knowing that without you near
There's no relief;
Still, I'd not ask for more than this
Since you are gone . . .
No one could have a sweeter kiss
For dreaming on.

BESS WINDHAM

What's New



Image of Life

By John O. Beaty, New York; Thomas Nelson and Sons, 1940. \$2.00

Ed. Note: Mr. Beaty is a very loyal Virginian and retains his property and church membership in this state. He received his first two degrees, B. A. and M. A., at the University of Virginia in 1913, was awarded the Phi Beta Kappa key, and held membership in the Raven Society there. He later studied at Montpellier in France in 1919 and at Columbia, where he received his Ph. D. in 1921. His works have been in the fields of drama, poetry, and novel. He is at present head of the English Department at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas, having been associated with that department since 1919.

"DECADENT sentimentalism" may be a vague term to some, but Professor Beaty makes such an interesting analysis of the development of that literary attitude that all will enjoy this book. He traces the trend toward this view of life from the emphasis upon the upper classes, as in Shakespeare, to the present emphasis on the unworthy. This concise work, in Professor Beaty's characteristic clear-cut style, is enjoyable both for those who seek a deep understanding of contemporary literature and for the casual reader.

After calling upon the world to come to grips with "decadent sentimentalism", which he describes as "an exaggerated exhibition of feeling for the dangerous and degraded elements of mankind," Professor Beaty goes deeper into literary and national questions to discuss propaganda in literary criticism, showing how terms such as realism and naturalism have been misused. Sprinkled liberally throughout the book are forthright, fearless comments on authors, old and new. At times Professor Beaty tends to exaggerate criminal tendencies in literature, but his efforts seem primarily directed toward startling the reader into some really thoughtful study.

One of the most interesting chapters is that dealing with the "Tottering Block

House of Culture," in which the piling up of culture is compared to a child's playing with blocks. The author calls for the acceptance by Americans of a group of selected books in order that we may have a common culture and not feel cluttered with minor literary works. He selects work of Shaw, Barrie, Kipling, Galsworthy, de la Mare, Phelps, O'Neill, and others. Furthermore, he reduces the works of the nineteenth century to basic requirements or constants, until there are only twenty-two poets, authors, and playwrights left. Of course, other will be read, but these will be constants. This commentary may seem somewhat exaggerated, too, but it is worth much thought.

In a very provocative manner, Professor Beaty challenges women to drive out crime, cease maudlin sympathy for insanity and slayings, launch a clean-up campaign for magazines, open their eyes to insidious propaganda in colleges, and, in general, stamp out "decadent sentimentalism". Many of our sex may resent this shouldering upon them of the great onus of such a sweeping attack. Yet, he justifies his challenge by saying that women control democracies. This statement alone, like many others, is enough to start a vigorous discussion. The reader is apt to alternate between appreciative chuckles and indignant denials, depending on his sympathy for this or that book, poem, or play.

He concludes by saying that the true function of literature is to present an image of life as the heroic and dynamic thing that it is. "Decadent sentimentalism," he avers, is seeking to corrupt that image. Professor Beaty himself really tells in a nutshell what his own book is about when he says, "This book has examined the current state of literature." Into the brief scope of his work he has crammed pertinent literary criticisms, challenges, provoking charges concerning subversive activities in colleges, new hopes for radio and movies as literary

growths, and a rather one-sided program for solution of our literary and political problems. Even a mild, even-tempered woman would be perturbed at the fact that Professor Beaty not only blames her sex for decadent sentimentalism, but also calls upon her alone to remedy it. At any rate, *Image of Life* is one of the most stimulating works of the current season.

FRANCES KECK

In This Our Life

By Ellen Glasgow, New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1941. \$2.50

GAIN in her latest book, *In This Our Life*, Ellen Glasgow writes about the places and people with which she is familiar—Virginia, particularly Richmond, and Virginians. Disguised by the name of Queensborough, the city in the story is easily recognized as Richmond.

Writing with a realism often bordering on irony, Miss Glasgow treats with deftness the absorbing problem of attempting to adjust one's life to the changing order of the world. She pictures the difference between the slow-moving and gracious past and the tempestuous modern way of life. The reader is left to draw his own conclusions concerning which of them is best.

Clearly, concisely, and beautifully the author weaves a moving story around the complicated lives of the members of the Timberlake family. Although the threads seem to become tangled at times, the skillful hand of the writer keeps them free, and the plot moves unhampered.

Asa Timberlake, kind and unselfish, but too timid to take his happiness in his own hands, stands before the world as a pathetic figure so far as success in business goes. His wife, Lavinia, has become a hypochondriac and almost entirely self-absorbed, except for her protective interest in Stanley, their youngest daughter.

Despite the important role which Asa plays in the story, the interest is centered chiefly around the two sisters—Roy, quiet, reserved, and sincere, and Stanley, helpless, protected, and spoiled. Complications arise as Stanley, on the eve of her marriage to

Craig, an intelligent and serious young lawyer, elopes with Peter Kingmill, Roy's husband. Roy picks up the pieces of her own broken young life and helps Craig to regain his balance and carry on his career.

In her eternal and selfish search for a happiness, Stanley provokes the death of Peter, returns to break up the new-found happiness and understanding between Roy and Craig, and involves the family in even further unhappiness and grief. The doting, pathetic uncle, William Fitzroy, is able to provide the money and influence to keep her out of jail, although by her recklessness and weakness she almost causes the death of the ambitious negro boy, Parry.

Miss Glasgow has the power to look deeply into the human mind and heart and to reveal plainly her characters. They become real in the intensity of their emotions, and this offers an especial appeal to most readers. It is life in its most vital form that she is able to portray.

One critic describes it as "an absorbing story, filled with a great deal of quiet calm wisdom presented in a masterly prose that reveals intact and undiminished Miss Glasgow's power as an American novelist."

CARMEN BOOTH



Seventh Day

Continued From Page 13

I couldn't stand another week without you."

"The same here, my great big hero. Next time I run away from our two-by-four apartment, drag me home by the hair and tie me to the kitchen range."

"You bet, and the next time I don't behave, just call the F. B. I. and send me back to Ohio. Ready to go, Mrs. Molly Mason James?"



Along the stacks

Winston Churchill

By Rene Kraus, New York; J. B. Lippincott Co.
1940. \$3.00

WINSTON CHURCHILL, the man of the hour, warrior, writer, prophet, and statesman, has captured the imagination and hearts of the entire world. The eldest son of a beautiful American mother and Lord Randolph Churchill, the most fascinating gentleman politician of his day, he has been in the public eye most of his life.

From the time of his cadet days at Sandhurst, throughout his years as newspaper correspondent and soldier in India and Africa, and during his work in British politics, his forceful personality and far-seeing vision have made him stand out—at times perhaps like the proverbial sore thumb.

His keen far-sightedness and quick, accurate judgment have led him to prophesy major catastrophes with almost uncanny exactness. This insight has earned for him the name of Cassandra, England having refused to awaken from wishful dreaming.

Putting his love for England above all else, he has withstood the ridicule of fellow-Britishers and the non-support of his political party and constituents. Only in her darkest hour did England turn to him for leadership—and found him ready.

Rene Kraus, the author, is perhaps as well-equipped to write this biography as any man living. At one time he was counselor to the Press Department of Austria, and is said to be the only member of the Press Bureau to escape the Nazis. He has been engaged in European politics for almost twenty years, and he has known Churchill and other British statesmen for many years.

At times the author tends to idealize Churchill, but perhaps this admiration for the Prime Minister's ability to turn a bad situation into good accounts for this.

The book is a clear account not only of the man but of the times.

ELIZABETH WEST

Madame Dorthea

By Sigrid Undset, New York; Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1940. \$2.50

ONCE again Sigrid Undset, Nobel Prize winner for Literature in 1938, brings forth an amazing picture of her native Norway, this time an eighteenth century scene. When *Madame Dorthea* was published, the serenity of the author's northern country was broken by war, and the renowned exile established herself in Sweden. Hers is the fate of those who dare to be right in the face of tyranny. At the age of fifty-eight, her courage endures, her pen remains fertile, and her fame is secure.

"Love is a pleasure, honor is duty." The old French proverb was the keynote of Madame Dorthea's short, sincerely happy marriage to Jargen Thestrup, manager of a glass works. In contrast to her first marriage to a man three times her age, her second marriage brought about a complete transformation of her personality. From this marriage there were seven children. Even after sixteen years of such bliss, Dorthea felt that she and her husband "were only at the beginning of all they might be to each other." But the unheralded, tragic end of the hardy executive left her alone with her young children.

To Madame Dorthea, the events of time and fate had not the power of destroying her life, and she vainly nursed the hope that somewhere Jargen was still alive. Months passed after his disappearance in

a snowstorm while searching for their two eldest sons who had been abducted by their tutor, Dabelsteen. The safe return of the lads, Vilhelm and Claus, and the strength and consideration of the former, were her only comforts in those dark days.

Gaining strength from the maxims acquired during her earlier marriage union, "We must fill the position in which we are placed as well as we are able—otherwise the world would be too terrible to live in," she was able to carry on her unassuming though effective community life. She found occupation in her task as nurse to a neighbor, and, for the first time, she faced the realization that Thestrup was hers no longer.

Through the difficult and trying days, Dorteia found a staunch ally in Vilhelm, her eldest son. He imparted to her some of his own bravery which gave her the needed

inspiration and help in the weeks preceding the division of the family. To Finland went Vilhelm and Claus to complete their education. The other five remained with her, her sole link between the old life and the strange new one.

The Norse wedding festival which Dorteia attended with her two sons furnishes a clear insight into the traditional ceremonies of Sigrid Undset's native land. The events that arose from the occasion serve to point out the strong parental yearning of a mother for the sons "not men nor yet children." Madame Dorteia's rugged strength, her insight and intelligence, her sympathy and understanding are clearly exemplified in all her deeds. She commands the respect of every reader as being typical of the strong womanhood of the country in which she lived, and of her creator, Madame Undset.

ANNA JOHNSON

On Privacy

Continued From Page 21

forms of life. I begin to write. Someone above me is rendering "Red River Valley" in a mournful voice, while someone under me seems to be jumping rope, but my mind pays no attention. It is pursuing a Thought.

Slowly, quietly, the door opens. Lily comes in and the thought goes out. I smile wanly.

"Poor Baby," says Lily (Lily calls me Baby), "you're trying to study. Well, I won't talk to you."

Then she steps gracefully into the tub.

"If the rain makes the flowers beautiful," sings Lily.

"Pray why don't it rain on me?"

I write down a noun. I scratch it out and try a prepositional phrase. That gives place in turn to an infinitive, and adverbial clause, and a gerund. Now I have scratched out so much that I have no ink in my pen.

"I wish Miss Doololly would lose her mind," says Lily.

"Who?"

"You know."

"Oh!"

I rise and depart.

Lying in bed, with the calm of darkness

drawn around me, I sigh and remember. Once, last year, I had an afternoon almost to myself. From one-thirty to four-thirty I sat and read a magazine and heard lovely music on the radio. At four-thirty someone knocked at the door.

"Do you have any peroxide?" she asked. "I'm tired of my looks. I want to dye my hair."

Even Tenor

Continued From Page 20

little-uns, the winters was cold and the summers was hot. The snow used to come up purty nigh to the window sills, and the drifts lay higher'n your head in the corn fields. Seems like it don't rightfully know how to snow any more. And the summers was so hot it would nigh frazzle you. The way things is now, you can't hardly get enough sun to ripen your corn in the summer time."

"The way things is changin' is purty fearful, when you think about it. But mebbe 'hit's all for the best."

John loved that it was.

Meaning of Love

Love's not the willful blindness
Of a short and gay romance,
Love's not to do one kindness
With a grinning countenance.
Love's as gentle as May showers,
As certain as the dawn.
Love bears blossoms like the flowers,
But love lives on and on.
Love for strength is like a mountain,
Broad it is as sky above;
Standing by Life's crystal fountain,
Love is God, and God is love.

FRANCES HUDGINS

Trust

One day when I have worked and tired grown
Of life and all its pleasures and its pain,
One day, I'll lay me down to rest and sleep,
And sleeping pass into that pleasant land
Which men call Death. I shall not be afraid,
For God will lead the way and hold my hand.

EDITH NUNNALLY



Soup Tactics

ELIZABETH MCCOY

SOUP being a favorite dish of the dietitian of S.T.C., and hence frequently being set before the students of that noble institution, it seems to be very timely that we discuss the various methods of approach. First, let us consider the "dip, scrape, slurp" type. The consumer assumes a firm grip upon his spoon, dips into his soup, and produces a rasping, grating sound by scraping said tool upon the edge of his bowl. Then the rising action begins; making a quick dash "twixt bowl and lip", he wedges his spoon between his teeth and, with a sudden in-draught of his breath, transports the precious porridge into his oral cavity. This action can be repeated with a rhythmical rapidity which is almost unbelievable. It is appropriate when slurping at "Sloppy Joe's".

Not to be overlooked is the "hit-or-miss" type, known in some localities as "devil-may-care". With spoon held in a lackadaisical fashion, preferably between forefinger and thumb, it is plopped gently, bowl downward, into the calm surface of the "zupe". This creates a slight splatter, consequently the "hit-or-miss" consumer can always be spotted by taking note of his spotted tie. After the spoon has been casually dragged to the surface, it is aimed in the general direction of the vestibule to the alimentary canal. Upon nearing said chamber, the spoon is given a slight flip, not enough to tax the strength of the flip-

per, merely enough to toss the soup, or as much of it as is possible, into the mouth. A large napkin is recommended which is most effective when tucked beneath the chin. This type gives one a feeling of casual luxuriousness, but it should never be used in time of depression as it is quite wasteful, and is especially satisfying when eating alone.

Of great social value is the "dip out to dig in" type, or "Emily P. can't beat me." The diner assumes a haughty position, back straight, head up, chin in. He lifts his spoon in a genteel manner, the final digit delicately curled. Swinging spoon outward from the body, lightly he skims the surface of the contents of the soup bowl. The circle is continued until the mouth is reached: then with the lips parted slightly, the edge of the spoon is inserted, and the soup is his for the tipping. This type is commonly used among "le nouveau riche" and the would-be snobs; it is very appropriate for use at boring formal banquets—the intricacy of the operation greatly relieving one's ennui.

This discussion covers but a few of the fascinating ways in which soup may be guzzle—er uh—enjoyed. It is an inspiring subject for research, and it is my sincerest wish that this sketch may spur some aspiring student to top rank as a "consome critic".

The Delicious Joy of Sneezing

MARY HAYMES AND CATHERINE RUCKER

WHAT rapture have we in the world today which can compare with the delirious joy of sneezing? "None," we say on first thought, and "None" we repeat with emphasis after further contemplation.

For one thing, a person never knows when to expect a sneeze, or, to be quite blunt about it, what to expect. Thus, to all its other charms is added an element of suspense. Also the sneeze is the most democratic, the most impartial thing left in this mad world. Who is the man, be he president, dictator, plumber, or South Sea Islander, who has not at sometime succumbed to this delightful paroxysm? If there is such a man, our hearts leap down for him.

To appreciate fully this gentle art, we must be familiar with its intricacies, its generally accepted formula, and the different types of sneezes and sneezers. The latter may be roughly classified into two categories.

First—those who are too dignified to lose control over such a plebeian pastime, and thus permit themselves one prim, unyielding snort.

Second—Those who recognize the inevitability of it all, and abandon themselves to it, and come out smiling.



As to the sneezes themselves, there are three stages in the ideal sneeze.

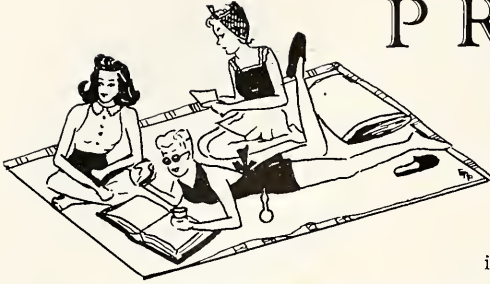
First, the prelude—that tantalizing tickle in the nose which rises to the devastating climax. (We've heard it hushed about that some people, by intense concentration on a purple cow, actually attempt to break off the sneeze before it even gets started. That's degrading! We have no sympathy for these people and we hope all their children have hang-nails!)

Now comes the body of the sneeze, which may sound like a tramp steamer's bellow of distress, a family of hippopotami enjoying the Saturday night bath, or a slamming door.

Third is the epilogue—your ears ring, your senses reel, you are a thing apart. Whether you are master of your fate or captain of your soul at this stage is a moot point. Herein lies the charm of sneezing. You are absolutely on your own, nothing can stop you, regardless of what the disciples of the purple cow say!

But however you sneeze, the joy is unbounded. Science has stated that all bodily functions cease as a sneeze escapes. Naturally, this momentary rest brings about a renewed vigor. It's wonderful, and we love it!

PRATTLES



By "PRITCH"

First Dumb Hunter: How do you detect an elephant?

Guide: You smell a faint odor of peanuts on his breath—Exchange.

: — :

A girl can be gay in a little coupe
In a Ford she can be jolly.
But the girl worthwhile,
Is the girl who can smile
When taken home in a trolley.

: — :

Man, very hoarse with cold, not able to speak above whisper, knocks at doctor's home at night and the doc's wife comes to the door. "Is the doctor home?"

Wife, also in whisper, "No, come in."—Exchange.

: — :

A simple countryman saw a gaudy plumaged parrot on the roof of his cottage. He climbed to capture it.

The parrot looked at him and said sharply, "What do you want?"

The countryman touched his cap. "Beg pardon, sir, I thought you were a bird."—Exchange.

: — :

A woman arriving in this country after a short jaunt to Europe came to the customs office on debarking from the steamer.

"Anything to declare, Madame?" asked the official.

"No," she said, "not a thing."

"Quite positive?" insisted the official.

"Quite," she replied angrily.

"Then, Madame," quipped the official, "am I to understand that the fur tail hanging down under your coat is your own?"—Exchange.

Captain—"All hands on deck. The ship is leaking."

Voice from forecandle—"Aw, put a pan under it and go back to bed."

: — :

"You have lost another pupil, sir."

"How's that?"

"Your glass eye fell on the table."

: — :

A back-woods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost. "Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said as he looked in the mirror. "I never knew he had his pitcher took." He took the mirror home and put it in the attic, but his actions did not escape his suspicious wife. That night while he slept she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror.

"Hum," she said looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasing."

: — :

Everything goes to him who orders hash.

: — :

"Do you always look under your bed before you say your prayers?"

"No, darling," said the old maid, "I always pray first."

: — :

During a grouse hunt two sportsmen were shooting at a clump of trees near a stone. Suddenly a red face popped over the top of the wall.

"Curse you, you almost hit my wife."

"Did I?" cried the man aghast.

"I'm terribly sorry—have a shot at mine over there."

: — :

And then there was the Scotchman who sued for divorce because his wife washed out his shaving brush.

PRATTLES

"Lesh go home now, Joe."

"Naw, 'm afraid to go home. Wife'll shmell m'breath."

"Hol' your breath."

"Can't. Sh'too strong."

The three-year-old boy had taken his mother's powder puff and was fixing his face as he had seen her do—"You mustn't do that dear", she said, "Only ladies use powder; gentlemen wash themselves."

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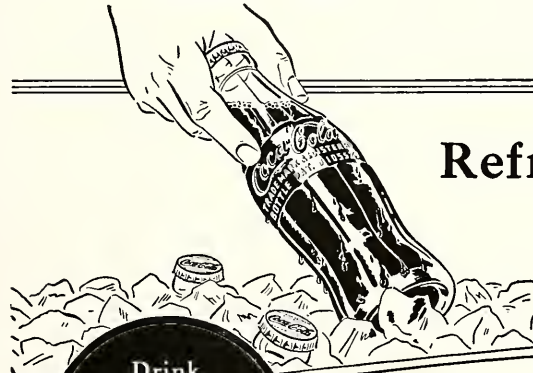
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Virginia

A vintage advertisement for Chesterfield cigarettes. The central figure is a woman with dark, wavy hair, smiling and looking back over her shoulder. She is wearing a white, short-sleeved racing suit with a red scarf tied around her neck. She holds a checkered racing flag in her right hand. In her left hand, she holds a lit cigarette. The background is plain white. The text is arranged around the woman, with a large '1st' in red script and 'CHESTERFIELD' in bold black letters. Below this, it says 'for Milder, Better Taste and Cooler Smoking'. At the bottom left, there is a paragraph of text and a signature 'They Satisfy MILLIONS'. At the bottom right, there is an image of a Chesterfield cigarette pack.

ELLEN DREW
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
currently starring in Paramount's
"Reaching for the Sun."

1st
CHESTERFIELD
*for Milder, Better Taste
and Cooler Smoking*

FIRST is the word for everything about Chesterfields... from the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos to the most modern manufacturing methods. You will find in Chesterfield everything you want in a cigarette.

More and more... Chesterfield is called the smoker's cigarette.

They Satisfy
MILLIONS

