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The Colonnade, Volume lV Number 1, November 1941

Longwood University

STATE·TEACHERS·COLLEGE·

he COLONNADE

·ARMVILLE·VIRGINIA·

November, 1941

MARJORIE WOODWORTH
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
in the Hal Roach hit
"All-American Co-ed"
a United Artists Release

Let's Celebrate
IT'S CHESTERFIELD

Pass around the Chesterfields and it's pleasure time for everybody . . . smoking pleasure that only the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give you.

Chesterfields make good friends . . . they're *milder, definitely better-tasting* and *cooler-smoking*. Everybody who smokes them likes them.

They Satisfy

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. IV NOVEMBER, 1941 NO. 1

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The Colonnade

VOLUME IV NUMBER 1

Cover by Peggy Hughes

The Columns . . .

COMMENTS. . .

The following comment was published in THE JOURNAL OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION of the United States, October. 1941.

"National morale is the faith of a people in themselves, their purposes, and their actions. It is an inner strength that enables a people to undergo untold hardships to protect the values they hold dearer even than life itself. In a democracy, national morale is what the people make it as they live and work and play together. Nothing else can take its place. Wealth, science, industries, resources are of little value until taken hold of by men who are inspired by a common fellowship, aware that right cannot compromise with wrong, and ready to sacrifice for the cause of freedom and opportunity. Thirty million of America's oncoming citizens are enrolled in school. In peace or war, good times or bad, the schools build morale thru the development of the abilities, loyalties, and ideals of our people."

It is indubitably true that we, as future teachers and as future citizens of America, should realize the part we must play in our National Defense Program. Ours is an unending and a responsible task. We must not only strive to establish those qualities and ideals which characterize a democracy within ourselves, if such a democracy is to be hoped for, but we are responsible to those whom we are to teach. The teacher's influence is unlimited. The ideals and standards which she embodies are not confined to the four walls of the class room, but are carried objectively into the homes of the community. It should be, therefore, with an open realization of this influence, that we endeavor to promote the best for which our democracy stands; "One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

FOR FRESHMEN ONLY . . .

You have now become an integral part of our college machinery. You have adjusted yourselves well to the parts you must play, and the machinery can no longer function without you. This is your world, but there is another larger world for which you are preparing. Let that preparation be an ever-present factor in your minds. Give of the best that you have to give, both to your college and to your outer world, and the best that both worlds have to offer will be brought to you in return.

UNDER COVER . . .

Among our faithful contributors, we are proud to list Dr. James Elliott Walmsley, Professor of History and Social Science at the college. Three years ago Dr. Walmsley gave to the freshman class his three wishes of the fairy. Fortunately, the fairy shows no partiality to classes, and she graciously passes them on to you.

Other articles appearing are by Margie Rice, author of the first-prize short story, "Mully", May Wertz, Anne Fitzgerald, Elizabeth McCoy, Dearing Fauntleroy, and members of the Colonnade staff. Book reviews are by Mary Hunter Edmunds, Ella Banks Weathers, Rachel Abernathy, and Jo Brumfield.

IN CLOSING . . .

The editor wishes to express sincere appreciation to Mr. J. Barrye Wall, Miss Mary White Cox, Dr. J. L. Jarman, members of Hampden-Sydney and Farmville publications, and all others who helped in making the convention of the Virginia Intercollegiate Press Association a success.

Allene Overbey

Dedication

TO FRESHMEN
PAST AND PRESENT
IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION
OF THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS

Time is the monster;
Time, the immortal saint
Moving across our lives
Without restraint.

Freshman

James Elliott Walmsley

"WELL, you will get over it but you will never look the same." So said my grandmother when I found myself in the middle of a childish crisis. You will get over being a Freshman, even if it takes you nine months, but you will never be the same. You will face great visions and you will grow with them into a greatness beyond your fondest hopes, or you will shrink and skulk and sink into a softness that will shame your recollections.

Friends gave you gifts when you "went off to college"; I give you the three gifts of the fairy:

First, a scorn of the "half-baked", a fierce resolve never to stop with "good enough", a passion for "being the best you are," and courage to think honestly even when it hurts;

Second, a flair for keeping your enthusiasms. The world is waiting for you, not cynically, but hopefully. It needs your enthusiasm even more than it needs your knowledge. It can be made over into a world of peace and beauty—if you will it so;

Third, the real fairy's gift, to see visions. "Old men dream dreams, young men see visions." Only the one who can see what is not yet there, only that one can do what has not yet been done. For it doth not yet appear what we shall be.

May one who is entering his fifth Freshman year at Farmville speak to you of his wishes and desires for you?

I wish for you happiness, but not too much. You need enough sorrow and failure to temper your steel.

I wish for you a few friends. When someone asked Charles Kingsley the secret of his mellowed life, he answered, "I had a friend". But you cannot afford in friendship to be promiscuous.

I wish you a few enemies to prove that you are a vertebrate, not an amoeba.

I wish for you a strong, abiding love for Alma Mater, who gives you of her best and demands of you your best. She does not claim to be perfect, but she has the knack of getting a certain type of girls and of giving them something that goes with them through life.

I wish for you a great human love that will teach you life at its fullest, and courtliness and love of truth and all that makes a man.

I wish for you a faith in an eternal power not yourself which makes for righteousness, and which is fair, honest, and reasonable.

And, lastly, don't be too serious and too sensible. "Keep limber and loving and a little bit looney."

And when you, too, have gone around the college quadrennium four times, may you love your college for what it has done for you and for what you have done for it.

Tryst

I'll never see a moon
New in the sky
Without a thought of how,
With twilight nigh
I'll live again that day
So long ago
When night was drawing near
And the moon was low.

We stood together there,
Upon a hill,
When twilight shadows made
The world stand still.
And in silence, then
We made our vow,
Which faithfully we kept
Each year 'til now.
And now I stand alone
Upon the hill —
And a mocking bird nearby
Blends his solemn trill
With the whistling coming near
Across the moor,
And the new moon smiles at what
I'm waiting for.

Anne C. Williams

"And there on the floor, in a torn old smock, sorting through papers and putting them in drawers, sat Mully."

Mully

BY MARGIE RICE

First place in the Colonnade's Summer Short Story Contest

EVERYTHING was the way it sounds in books and movies, because it was the first day and we were remembering all the good things and none of the bad. It was warm, but not sticky—just spicy, with a bit of haze. You knew it was no longer summer, but the first of autumn.

Front campus was thick with people. They overflowed onto the sidewalks opposite school and streamed off into the downtown streets—old girls, new girls, parents. And on leaf-strewn front campus, little black boys bobbed in and out, carrying big bags out of all proportion to their own size.

They left the bags on first floor Main because they weren't allowed in the dormitories. Inside, the sounds which had been absorbed outdoors by the space came bounding back at you from all four walls—dear, familiar sounds: suitcases rumbling as they were dragged along the halls; Wilson's little cart clicking on the floor boards, delivering trunks; Mrs. Leyden ringing for a maid; doors opening and shutting; and hundreds of voices mingling with other sounds. Out of this background rose insistent bits of talk reviewing old, remote scenes, or foreshadowing new ones.

"Peedee!"

"Good-bye, Mother."

"Why didn't you write?"

"Look at her sun tan!"

"There's Dr. Hendricks."

"Show these girls room 56—"

"Dr. Hendricks, you don't remember me—"

"Good-bye, Mother."

"A bid to mid-winters!"

"When do we eat?"

"Good-bye, Mother."

Watching the freshmen enter through the wide, double doors of Main, we checked them off on a long list—the promising, the shy, the popular, the pretty, the leaders, the followers, the humorous, the tacky.

We found two candidates for freshman class president and one who would surely make May Court. There was one to fill the evening shoes of Nan Darden, the glamour lass, and another to lead the rowdy crowd on second floor Back, now that Mazie Lake had gone.

Mully was just another freshman in her new fall suit. It was a good suit; we told her so that night when we made the rounds, running through the freshman halls, knocking on doors. With never a thought for our own unpacking, we walked into fifty successive scenes of cyclonic activity.

"This is my old room. Who lives here?"

Then we would read the names on the door.

"Betty and Alice, which is which?"

Finally we went to Jane Sawyer's room because she was Dibby Sawyer's little sister, and we wanted her to be a Delt. And there on the floor, in a torn old smock, sorting through papers and putting them in drawers, sat Mully.

* * * * * *

I think of that first time we saw Mully, and of the last, and of what she is now. Strange, but in all those years our opinion of Mully never changed. She was not the sort of girl people took a dislike to; nor was she the sort that many go into rapture over on first acquaintance. We accepted her; and, as we learned to know her better, she became one of us and we began to love her. But never once in the four years of our acquaintance did we suspect that little girl of being great.

She looked a little uncertain on that first day and said, "Hello." After a while she added, "Come in."

We looked on the door and said, "You're Millicent Mundy."

"Yes," she answered, "but please don't call me that. Millicent's a sissy name."

You couldn't say yes, and you couldn't say no. All of us looked at Jinx.

Jinx was the girl in the crowd who didn't care what you thought. She did what she wanted to and that was all right, because what she wanted was usually pretty nice. At any rate, it gave her a warm spontaneity which helped her make friends with all kinds.

"So now that you're starting out new," said Jinx, "you think you'd as well have a new name. Yes?"

"Well," admitted the little girl, "yeah, I guess."

"Well, I know," cried Jinx, "we'll call you 'Mully'!"

Mully drew a long, satisfied breath and then she grinned. "O. K.," she said.

Then we made a big ado over the name, writing it on the name-card and calling the hall 'Mully's Gully'. We tried to bring her out, because, after all, a room-mate of Jane Sawyer's might be worth rushing. But Mully simply would not come. She said, "Jane's down the hall brushing her teeth. Want me to get her?"

And since she knew the reason for our visit, we admitted shamelessly that we had come to see Jane. Peedee went to the door and hollered; and Jane, who had met or heard of most of us, came running. Jane was smooth; Jane was ***college***. She could take our light, exaggerated talk and give back with the same gay ease. We greeted her exuberantly; the evening was merry. Only in the corner, Mully sat quietly polite and reserved. Finally we rose to go.

"It's wonderful to have you, Jane."

"Be sure to come to see me, Jane."

"Going to the show with us tomorrow, Jane?"

"If I can help you with your schedule, Jane—"

"Give my love to Dibby when you write, Jane."

Just before the click of the door closed us into the darkness of the hall, Jinx leaned back to throw over her shoulder a "Good-bye, Mully."

And Mully merely grinned.

* * * * * *

We got used to that grin. It could mean

comfort, understanding, patience, resignation, pleasure after praise, or humble acceptance of criticism. Mully must have got a lot of criticism; yet after a long time she learned to be college like Jane—and, to a small extent, smooth.

Jane was a Delt from the start, not just because of the "in" she had through her sister Dibby, but because of herself—her loving and lovable nature, and her qualities of leadership. In the years of popularity she enjoyed as head of the Chapter, as Senior Marshall, as Secretary of Government in her Junior year, as Varsity Tennis, as Nobility, Jane could have had any roommate for the asking. Instead, she stuck to Mully all four years, and she let us know that it was her own choice, uncolored by any sense of obligation. Finally, being thrown with her as we were, we came to see in Mully what Jinx and Jane had seen from the start, and the Delts knew we must have her. In the fall of her second year we rushed her and got her; and we never once regretted it.

Mully had done a little polishing already. Her hair and her clothes and her make-up were much improved. We got in the habit of exposing Mully to many situations of social life, and helping her through them. The basis of good manners, concern for the other individual, was there all the time; but it needed nurture and exercise to make it easily discernible.

I wonder how that smoothness stands her now against the tide of living. When you remember Mully wading in the creek behind school, or watching the sunset through her crinkly eyes, with the evening breeze in her hair, it is hard to think of her with a New York manner. But there is the story—***one man show for rising young artist.*** This and the pictures of her with the quiet, good clothes and the unruffled air are proof of something.

Sometimes people who do not know her will say, "I guess you're really relieved that Mully doesn't ever come back. She must have changed completely since she left."

All of us know the answer to that.

"If she had changed, she couldn't paint."

At reunions the young Delts come around us with the words of the critics in the art magazines fresh in their minds. There are two ideas in conflict in the long living room of the old House we love so much. The young Delts think of Miss Millicent Mundy—tall and self-confident, moving with authority through a routine of lectures and benefits supposed to make up the life of an influential artist. We see her as a solemn, yet elf-like child with tangled hair, and kind, frank eyes, and short-fingered hands with the nails bitten close. Her name is Mully and she sits tailor-fashion at our feet.

The first is the world's picture of her; the second, we fondly hope, is true.

But the young Delts are young, and they believe almost unshakably in the ideas they choose to champion. So they come with their dream in their eyes saying, "Wasn't Millicent Mundy a Delt?"

And we smile and nod.

"Mully?—Yes. We knew her well. Jane was her roommate."

Admiration increases.

"All four years?" They ask.

"All four."

"That must have been awfully hard on you. Wasn't she hard to get along with? I mean artists are so temperamental."

Jane's eyes have the fond, reminiscent look they always get when that question is asked her.

"No," says Jane. "No, not Mully." And her mind goes back again to one night in college.

* * * * * *

Lying there in the dark, the sheets twisted under her, Jane thought it over for the hundredth time. "Why did it have to be someone so close to me? Why did it have to be almost my dearest friend?" And she fluffed up her pillow for one more useless try at sleep.

PYGMALION

You gave me your soul to call my own,
You gave me your lips for mine alone;
You gave me your eyes that I might see,
You gave me Life, in loving me.

—ALICE SPARGLER

Then in the darkness, Mully, who should have been asleep long ago, raised herself on her elbow.

"Jane, it's something you can't tell, isn't it?"

Jane hadn't realized how much she wanted to talk to someone.

"Yes, Mully. I wish I could."

"I wish you could, too, because you need to. But that's the tough part of your job."

"Mully, it's always been so impersonal before. This time it's—Jinx."

"I know. She told me."

"She's not supposed to!"

"Maybe she thought I wouldn't tell anyone. Anyone except you. Are you going to look down on her?"

"She broke a rule."

"A silly rule, too, isn't it?"

"Well—yes, for most people, but not for a few."

"Jinx is one of the most, not of the few."

"Are you saying I ought to vote not to punish her?"

"No. Neither would she. That's simply your lawmaking capacity, Jane. And as a member of student government, you have a sacred duty to condemn her. But people are bigger than laws, Jane. And as a person you are tightly bound to understand her and to love her in spite of what she's done."

"I love her still, Mully. But how can she keep from hating me when I have to stand and read the penalty."

"She can be bigger than that if you can, Jane. She's not going to hold it against you because you do your duty. But after you've done it, don't fold your hands and resign yourself to thinking your friendship can never be the same. If you put yourself in that kind of shell, she'll never get to you. But do your half and you'll only come out better friends for it. It's up to both of you."

"Mully, you're so comforting," sighed Jane, a little sleepy already. "You have a way of making the big things big and the little things little. It isn't just that you understand people; you can make others undestand them. How do you do it?"

"Jane, I was made by Providence with no worries of my own, just so that I could help other people with theirs."

"Wasn't she awfully hard to get along with?"

"No," says Jane.

* * * * * *

"Well," say the young Delts, who know all the answers, "I suppose her good adjustment was due to the fact that she always knew what she wanted to do."

But Ginny leans forward then.

"Now that's the queerest part of the story," she muses. "Because though she majored in art—though she knew she was good in it—Mully never planned to be an artist." And Ginny falls into a brown study.

* * * * * *

Ginny paused for a moment to sharpen her charcoal, and, looking up, caught sight of Mully's work. It was a sensitive piece, the drawing carefully studied, the rhythm delicately felt and expressed, the whole filling the space in an utterly satisfying way. The other work in the class seemed clumsy beside it.

"Mully," asked Ginny, "what are you going to do with your art?"

"Well," said Mully, not looking up, "I'll probably be working at it all my life. But just for my own amusement, I guess."

"But you're so good, Mully," Gin said earnestly. "It may sound trite to say it, but you ought to be giving your talent to the world."

"It takes more than talent to be an artist, Ginny," Mully turned her charcoal in her fingers. "It takes a lot of determination and hard work. People who are just talented don't make the grade."

Mully regarded the rain-grey landscape with sad, grey eyes. "I do want it, Ginny. But I want a nice warm studio like this, a sure supper each night, and time to play with my friends. I want it the easy way, Ginny. But that won't get me anywhere, you know."

"You can put over anything you really want to, Mully."

Mully's eyes came back from the autumn window, wide and unseeing.

"Yes," she sighed, still unyielding. "Yes, I suppose you're right."

"Of course, she always knew what she wanted to do?"

"No," says Gin, "She never planned to be an artist."

* * * * * *

Continued on Page 31

Dearest Betts:

Farmville, Virginia
Thursday, October 10

Dearest Betts,

I've been too atremble with excitement since I set foot in my little Room-with-a-View to record the details of the first week for you—(we look out upon a square of grass and the Infirmary walls, hence the name.) But tonight my roommate is endeavoring to learn the phonetic alphabet, and I, using my Busy sign—a sort of magic device we hang on the door to insure solitude—am going to coordinate my thoughts and tell you about "it"—what the speaker in Chapel today called the first great adventure of my life! So far, the most exciting episode was swinging down the fire escape of Student Building when someone told us it was the only way to the laundry.

We didn't let the first day go by peacefully. Oh, no! There was a room across from ours with a private bath and no one had come to claim it; so we were actually putting things in the drawers when Miss Mary passed by and asked us where we'd planned for the hall president to live. We were sort of deflated, of course, and spent the afternoon telling ourselves how attractive our improvised dressing table was. That night I'd planned to call Mother and assure her I wasn't homesick, but by eight o'clock everyone on the hall had come around, and we began to talk about our clothes, and the Handbook, and the Advice to Freshmen articles we'd been reading for months, and who our big sisters were.

The cake you so faithfully promised hasn't come yet—or, perhaps its aging in the post office, since I'm not at all sure what words we say when we exchange package slips for packages. I haunt the post office at all hours for mail. I even went one night at twelve o'clock to see if a letter from George had come. Mr. Reid, who is night watchman, laughed and laughed and said he imagined Miss Taliaferro slept like the rest of us. I must have thought mail was wafted into the boxes by a breeze.

Miss Mary made a speech at the first student body meeting and explained about everyone's not getting her favorite room and roommate. She said if she were a carpenter she'd gladly make all the rooms two-girl rooms; then she told the story of the furniture-moving while we squirmed in our seats. Later Ann went to her office for permission to go away and didn't quite do it the orthodox way. She left her Mother's note on the desk, told Miss Mary good-bye, and started out. Of course, Miss Mary was so startled that all she did was to ask Ann how she ever passed her orientation test. Small wonder, when she wrote in all seriousness, "All hail, Alma Mater, more power to thee."

In the dining room I'm still eating when the announcements are read, which is shameful. Mother'd faint if she could see the amount I consume in one day. I've already planned the menu for Saturday night when I'm home. Don't forget, you're going to be there.

Now, it's visiting time—ten o'clock, and then to bed. A bell wakes me every morning at six o'clock, so I have to add an hour somewhere. The great fear of my life is that I'll forget to do the right thing when the right bell rings!

'Bye for now and love,

LOU

By May Wertz

If . . .

If I had time to read an old book
That has lain for years on the shelf;
To turn down a country road in the woods,
Where the work of Fall's fingers is left;
To wipe the tears from the eyes of the lad
Whose shirt is all soiled and torn;
To read to a friend whose eyes are closed,
Whose face is tired and worn;

If I had time to sit by the fire
And dream awhile each day,
Or write a book, or a fairy tale,
Or watch a child at play—
If I had time—but then, one works
To earn one's daily bread.
The question is, should one live on dreams
When on bread we must be fed?

Carolyn Rouse

Revenge

BY VIRGINIA BARKSDALE

AT the corner the girl stopped running, glanced furtively over her shoulder, turned quickly, and hurried down the narrow, dark street. At the third house she paused momentarily, perhaps to catch her breath. (Was there an imperceptible squaring of the shoulders, a lifting of the chin?) Without further hesitation, she opened the door, noticing as she did so the familiar sign: "Kurt Schoen, Junior Attorney-at-Law—Second Floor." Straightening her hair and buttoning her jacket, she regained her composure, seemingly with an effort, and walked firmly up the stairs. At the door she knocked once and entered, without waiting to be admitted.

"Frieda!"

"Yes, Kurt, I'm here. Don't ask me to leave. Now that I've come, let me stay—if only for a little while."

"You little fool! Don't you realize what your being here might mean to me? Don't you know that since your father's arrest your whole family is under suspicion? The Gestapo watches your every move. You're a little fool with your despicable democratic ideas!"

"Kurt, please! Listen to me. Have these last months meant nothing to you—months in which you've passed me by in the streets not daring to speak? Have you forgotten that once you—yes, that you loved me?"

"Love? Aren't you being rather adolescent, Frieda? Love has no place in modern Germany. You're forgetting the glory of our state and thinking only of your miserable self."

"Kurt, I can't forget as you have done. I want your love. I want it because it means more to me than anything else in the world. But now it's gone. I hate the Nazis. I hate them. Do you hear me, Kurt? I hate them! I hate them because they are cold and bloodless—because they have no souls. I hate them because they have taken you away from me."

"Shut up, you fool! You can be executed for what you're saying! And get out of here! Get out before someone sees you. Suppose the Gestapo should be trailing you? Don't you realize they would take me too for harboring a traitoress? Think of that, Frieda! Think of what would happen to me—ME! Don't stand there! Go, damn you! Go, I say!"

She regarded him coldly. "Yes, Kurt," she said slowly, "I thought it was so. I know it now. I hate you, too. I hate you because you are a Nazi and because you are little and afraid."

At that moment there was the sound of gruff voices in the hall below, of booted feet on the stairs.

"The Gestapo!" Kurt shrieked, panic-stricken. "You knew they were after you! You led them here deliberately!"

Her slow smile was one of deep satisfaction.

The Contemptible Liar

DEARING FAUNTLEROY

(Honorable Mention in Summer Contest)

Mary Rodgers had given her heart to the stage.
Was hers the right to ask it back when the stage had grown tired of her?

A woman sat in her small dingy room, staring blankly out on the dirty street on which her cheap boarding house was located. She heard the heart-rending sobs of a girl in the next room and was left unmoved. She was old and hard, accustomed to seeing ambitious young girls, struggling for a career on the stage, break under the strain of over-exertion. Her thoughts reviewed her own past, as they so often did when she was alone.

She had been considered the most beautiful girl in the town—the envy of the girls and the toast of the men. She had surprised the town again when she had finally decided which of her many suitors would win. She had married Tom Moore, a young lawyer, and she had soon thrown him over for the stage. She often wondered how different things would have been for her had she not divorced Tom.

A knock at the door interrupted her thoughts. The girl from the next room entered. She was beautiful despite red eyes, mussed hair, and tear-blotched face.

"Well?" the older woman questioned in a harsh, cold tone.

The girl, calmer now, but still not entirely composed, said, "You've been in the show business a long time, and you've seen a lot of people come and go. I want you to help me. I have been here, in New York, for six months, and so far I've had only two very small parts in plays, and I have no further prospects. I simply haven't had the right break, yet. I know I'm good. I've worked hard and—and—" there her voice broke. The woman stared at her with cold, unsympathetic eyes. The young girl went on. "I must make good." After another pause in which she caught her breath, she continued, "I am engaged to a young engineer who wants me to give up the stage and marry him. He has demanded that I give him my answer tonight. Oh, I do love him, but my life is on the stage. I feel that if I keep on working I will surely get somewhere." Here she faltered again. "Oh, what must I do? I don't know what to do!" She burst into sobs.

The woman continued to look at her unsympathetically and contemptuously. When the girl had quieted down a little, she said, "Let me tell you a story. Once there was a girl whose name was Mary Rogers. She had a problem not unlike yours. She loved a young man very dearly, and she married him, but she still felt that her career came first. She asked him for a divorce, still loving him, and he consented. She came to New York, worked, as you have, and soon found herself a star—her name in lights. She stuck to her career. She was successful and happy."

Here she stopped and looked at the girl again, her eyes cold and strangely triumphant. She watched the girl's expression change from one of doubt and indecision to one of radiant triumph. The girl got up, thanked the woman, and closed the door on the cheap dirty room.

As she left, the woman smiled grimly to herself. "Mary Rogers," she said, "you are a contemptible liar!"

On Reading in Bed

Elizabeth McCoy

THE tattoo of the rain upon the roof was giving the tattoo of Gene Krupa on the drums a bit of stiff competition. I was in an ecstasy of delight—a thrilling book was before me, a large plateful of "Ritz Nabs" and a cup of steaming tea were beside me, and a luxurious pile of pillows was behind me, enthroning me upon a bed of "Beauty Rest" ease. A-h-h-h, comfort! I closed my eyes for a moment and allowed the pure pleasure of it all to flow over me.

Being the possessor of a very healthy curiosity, I could not permit my book to withhold its secrets any longer. Soon I was lost in the singularly gripping account of Emmy Ritter's experiences in a Nazi concentration camp. Gene Krupa produced the weird notes of Emmy's march to the gallows. Her footsteps, crunching through the crusty snow, were re-echoed by my rhythmic crunching of "Ritz Nabs". The roll of drums, proclaiming the end of a noble life, was contributed by the accommodating rain. But all was not lost—Emmy was merely imagining what her death would be like. Would she really die?

As Emmy shifted her position on her hard, lumpy cot, my pillows slid to either side of my bed, leaving me in a position in which I could well appreciate Emmy's plight. I thought that my sympathy for Emmy was a bit too realistic when she tried to imbibe a bowl of cold, greasy soup. Snapping back to reality for a moment, I realized that my tea had degenerated into a comparable condition. Emmy's rough, irritating gown was comfort itself compared to my cracker crumbs!

At that moment, Gene Krupa deserted me, inflicting "Uncle Zeke's Boys" upon a suffering world.

Crossly, I interrupted a fierce yodel. How fortunate I am that I don't have to endure that! I'll listen to the restful patter of the raindrops, I thought. But, no, even the rain had died, bequeathing to the earth a murky fog, a ghostly reminder of its existence.

Indignantly, I devoured the last of the "Ritz Nabs", deliberately allowing the crumbs to shower upon the now well sprinkled sheets. Rudely, I slammed Emmy Ritter's life in her face. How dare fate ruin my evening of comfort!

Pen Poise

"He unwound all lanky six feet of himself and stepped out."
Jane McGinnis

"I was just one big ache all wrapped in a bandage of white net."
Katherine Spencer

". . . time-mellowed saddle oxfords."
May Beaver Beall

"It pays to be gullible if you happen to be a freshman."
Emily Kyle Ainsworth

"She looked upon her extremely blonde beauty and entrancing personality as though it came with a pack of typing paper bought on Friday at Slazle's."
Jenevieve Dunnavant

"Miss Wright, who always spoke in capitals . . ."
Virginia Sedgley

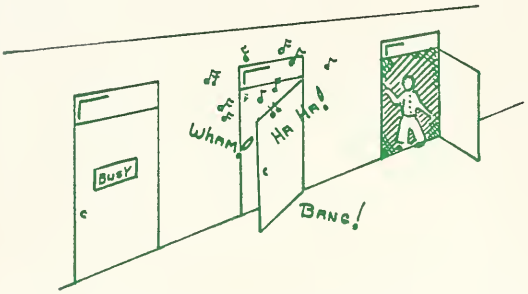
"Stella Wilson's dark glamor was supplemented by an expression of who-are-you-and-why in her black eyes."
Jenevieve Dunnavant

"From my memory album I can see him."
Elizabeth Goodwin

Campus

Campus cutting every day,
Throwing trash along the way,
Calling one who won't, a priss—
You'll learn better, little miss!

Gee, we think he's awfully nice,
We savvy his attraction;
But where'd he find the clinging vine?
She's slowing down his action!



Can't you see the busy sign?
Wherefore all the noise?
Wait 'till after ten to sing
And talk about the boys.

Say, remember now and then
While listening with rapturous sigh,
Others of us have young men—
There's just one line to V. P. I.

Verse by ANNE WILLIAMS

Hints

What do you think THEY'LL think of you,
Hanging over the railing?
You may know ALL about who's who—
As to what's what, you're failing.

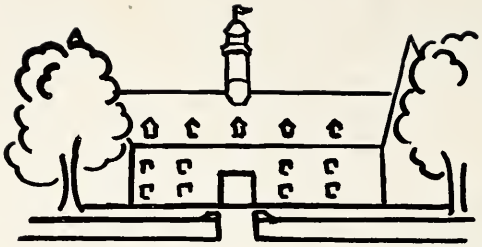
We're beginning to suspicion
That we see an apparition—
Entering the dining room,
An animated rag-in-bloom.

Yes, we mean no stoop, no squat . . .
Miss Mary does the squinting.
The dining room is not the place—
(We're rather strong on hinting.)

Who's that sitting on the steps?
The library clock has struck;
If Cinderella doesn't dash
She's surely out of luck.

Illustrations by Cottie Radspinner

IN OLD VIRGINIA



Williamsburg in Virginia

Rutherford Goodwin—August Dietz and Son, 1941, $3.75

THIS "brief and true report concerning Williamsburg by an inhabitant of the place", as the author states it, should appeal to all who are familiar with the town. It is an account of the most important occurrences in that place from its first beginning to the present time, sympathetically and skillfully written by one who loves his home town. The importance of Williamsburg in Virginia history is recounted—its beginning as Middle Plantation, its expansion into a town as the colonists pushed farther inland, the establishment of the capital, the founding of the College of William and Mary, and the elaborate building program which followed. We can see the growth of the American spirit of freedom in the attitudes of the people and their law-making body, the House of Burgesses, as representatives from all the backwoods settlements met at Williamsburg for social as well as political reasons.

After the removal of the capital to Richmond, the little town declined rapidly in importance. Since that time the destruction of the Civil War and natural decay have effaced many of the once lovely buildings and landmarks. The present restoration program, however, is making them again available.

The chief attraction of the book is the quaint colonial atmosphere, created by the use of old-fashioned spelling and phrasing, by the picture-maps, and by its unusual type of printing. The use of an ancient typographic style, uniform capitalization of nouns, and italicization of proper names gives the pages an antique appearance, completely in harmony with the ideas expressed.

The main story is very brief and simply written, but the material is well-authenticated by numerous documents to which the author makes reference. The latter half of the book is an appendix which enlarges upon the events of the other half. Statues, records, papers, acts of the assemblies, and old histories are quoted extensively to add authenticity to this charming history of Williamsburg.

RACHEL ABERNATHY

The Soong Sisters

Emily Hahn—Doubleday Doran, 1941, $3.75

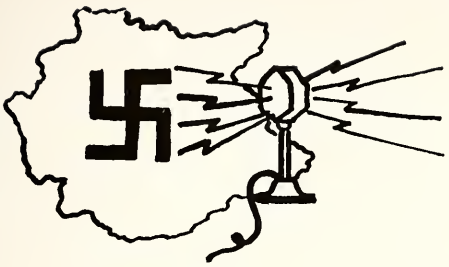
IN her colorful biography of the Soong Sisters, Emily Hahn has given her readers a delightful story of three contemporary Chinese women.

But perhaps you have never heard of the Soong Sisters. Their names are Eling, Chingling, and Mayling, but they are probably more familiar as Madame Kung-Hsiang-hsi, Madame Sun Yat-sen and Madame Chiang Kia-shek, respectively.

Miss Hahn tells most amusingly of the American education of the girls' father, Soong Yao-ju, to whom his American friends gave the name Charlie to avoid confusion in pronunciation. He studied hard at Vanderbilt University in order that he might spread Christianity throughout his country. He gave up the ministry, however, and set a new fashion in teaching.

Because of his charm and lovable nature his classmates loved him very much. He

Continued on Page 20



WAR— FACTS AND FICTION

Berlin Diary

William L. Shirer—Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1941, $3.00

"We can never be reconciled with this world . . . One of these worlds must break asunder."—Hitler.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE SHIRER wrote "Berlin Diary" in the midst of the European upheaval. He wrote it as he saw Europe rushing madly down the road to destruction. He wrote it from day to day, as he saw Hitler take the Rhineland through sheer bluff, as he watched Austria "done to death in the brief moment of an afternoon", as he saw the brave republic of Czechoslovakia forced by her "friends" to make the supreme sacrifice supposedly to preserve the peace of Europe.

Mr. Shirer's pen was busy as he watched Poland dismembered for the fourth time, as he was stupified over the rapid overrun of Norway and Denmark, thanks to the careful planning of the fifth columnists. He continued his record, though "sore at heart", as he viewed with horror the destruction in the Netherlands where the people dared to resist momentarily the German steamroller. Poor Holland and Belgium who, for fear of antagonizing Hitler, had prepared no defense to guarantee to each her neutrality!

Shirer reached the depths of despair, as he saw in Paris "the complete breakdown of French society—a collapse of the army, of the government, of the morale of the people."

He wrote on more enthusiastically as England took her stand, defied Hitler in not accepting the peace he so "generously" offered, and outwitted him by keeping her planes at home out of the reach of the Nazi bombers who tried unceasingly to lure them into the air in hopes of destroying them and preparing the way for the invasion of the Isles. She annoyed him by her night raids by air on Berlin that brought home to the astonished German people the fact that their country was not entirely invulnerable, and that gave the German people a taste of the medicine which they had been meting out in such unhealthy doses to the peoples of the Continent.

Mr. Shirer recorded the rapidly moving events of his seven years in Europe, 1934-1940, with all the conciseness and accuracy of a good newspaper reporter. But he did more than that. He gave a picture of the German people—a people who have been so carefully educated that they follow with dumb loyalty a man who is leading them to their doom—a people so imbued with the ideas fostered by Hitler of the mighty German race that they cannot understand why anybody would oppose the German might and right, a people who are "no longer human beings". Yet, Mr. Shirer said, the German people want peace. They want it of course with the "new order" operating to make Germany rich and secure. It is right that the "lesser breed" of Europeans should be enslaved to accomplish the order.

Mr. Shirer wrote in a direct way, giving great events, as well as the little and the pathetic ones. He told of the "mercy killings" of the insane children in Germany running into the thousands. He told of the Belgians, who, not caring for themselves but hoping for the destruction of the Germans, prayed every night that the English bombers would come over. He told of how often their prayers were in vain.

He contrasted the strong, healthy bodies of the German soldiers with the poor postures and unhealthy appearance of the British. He told of the impossibility of getting good tobacco, of the joy of eating

Continued on Page 20

This Above All

Eric Knight—Harper Brothers, 1941, $2.50

IT is edifying in these days to find in a novel the very essence of our day. Not the cheap fiction of old soldiers' tales, but the reality of today, sorrow and hatred intermingled with joy and love. Such a novel is "This Above All", where utter honesty brings a chill and a shudder experienced in the real sordidness of war.

What, then, is the war doing to the people, the individuals who must go on living, even though their lives have been completely disrupted, their standards entirely changed.

This novel of England today describes what the people of England feel when Nazi planes are rumbling overhead, leaving destruction and heartbreak in their wake. The cold terror that brings hysteria to the calm, cowardice to the brave. It shows that war is no longer glorious. War now means ruin, not only of material wealth but also of lives and hearts. Weariness and squalor, horrors that in later years will bring nightmares are not glorious; they spell ruin for thousands of lives.

The effect of war on people in every walk of life is seen in this novel. The utter futility of war is brought out strikingly—the economic futility as well as social futility. For what are people giving up their lives, their progress, their ideals, their freedom, their very souls? For nothing but the worst hell ever known on earth.

The story itself concerns a soldier on leave and a girl from the upper brackets of society who had joined the W. A. R. F. Excellent character sketches of various members of the girl's family with their problems caused by the war appear throughout the book. Clive, the outstanding character, is one of the better developed characterizations of modern literature. Having risen from very poor circumstances, Clive had educated himself and was well on the way to success and overcoming the bitterness and futility of his earlier years when the war deprived him of life. The development of his ideas and attitudes alone makes the book worth while.

ELLA BANKS WEATHERS

The Soong Sisters

Continued from Page 18

enjoyed telling his children of a Hallowe'en spent at Trinity College. Coming into his darkened room, he encountered a grinning pumpkin, a candle flame flickering behind the holes of eyes and a mouthful of jagged teeth. As Charlie had never seen a jack o' lantern before, he stopped dead in his tracks and stared. Then, walking over to the pumpkin, he smashed it with his fist. Fear couldn't stop the Chinese boy.

Eling, at fifteen, came to America and entered Wesleyan College in Georgia. Chingling and Mayling followed her in 1908 with a party of Chinese students, who were seeking an education in the United States. Mayling, only nine, was of course too young to enter college, but she insisted on accompanying her sisters.

Miss Hahn has presented an interesting account of the hardships in China. She describes the careers and achievements of the girls' prominent husbands. This is not a cut and dried history but an exciting and humorous narrative. Miss Hahn's characterizations are superb. The reader feels that the characters are with him personally and that he is part of their story. He laughs and bears hardships with this unusual Soong family.

If you have little interest in the Chinese, read Miss Hahn's story and let her create for you a new attitude toward them. If, on the other hand, you have already learned to appreciate China, you will enjoy reading this biography of her three famous daughters.

JO BRUMFIELD

Berlin Diary

Continued from Page 19

good food on his occasional trips to Geneva where he had placed his wife and baby in safety, of his growing a slightly pink beard when shaving soap was rationed in Berlin.

Thus, William Shirer, by smuggling out of Germany a few pages at a time at the risk of his life in case of discovery by the Gestapo, gave to the American reader an insight into the true happenings in present day Germany, when lies are more prevalent than the truth and the American is confused as to what to believe.

MARY HUNTER EDMUNDS

Good-bye, Sandra

JANE LEE SINK

(Honorable Mention in Summer Contest)

SOFT music mingled with excited young voices floated out from the brilliantly lighted room to meet the darkness and the insistent patter of rain without. Leaning near the window in the darkness, but hidden by dense foliage, was a thin tired man, his worn coat clutched tightly about him. Gazing with rapt eyes the occupants within, he seemed unaware of the rain that enveloped him and the shudders which convulsed his gaunt frame. His gray eyes followed everywhere the figure of a young girl, scarcely twenty, who danced gayly and gracefully, looking all the while into a pair of dark eyes, very near her own. It was Sandra Parker, and she was dancing with Ned Townsend. Tonight her approaching marriage to Ned was to be announced, and here was funny old Ned, serious as an oyster, while she was as gay as though the laughter of the universe was bottled up into her heart and just singing through her veins. Her eyes flashed delight to all who hailed her as she floated over the floor, and her full lips framed cheery greetings. Ever the merry eyes returned to the quiet Ned whose gaze never left her face. The music stopped suddenly and the two walked quickly and lightly off the floor, out of the vision of the lonely man without, whose eyes strained after the two young people as they vanished into a door beyond.

The thin tired man shifted his position, leaning now with his back to the house, his eyes no longer searching within. He shook his coat vigorously, settling it more closely about him, while with cold hands he searched for cigarette and match. Inhaling the smoke gratefully, he set to musing. Yes, Sandra was still very lovely, and had all the things that he could never have given her—a magnificent home, fine clothes, a good education, and now a rich and successful fiance. A sensible one, too, if he was any judge of character. My, how happy she was and how pretty she looked in that soft pink dress which swept the floor like the great swell of a wave as she danced, and how prettily the light danced in and out of her bright curls! . . . His heart trembled as he recalled the many times he had witnessed her growing ups, her many happinesses, and now her full maturity, and with it the brimming cup of all happiness! It seemed like only yesterday that he had stood under this very window watching her light her tenth birthday cake. She had braids then, and he smiled tenderly at the remembrance of those big saucer eyes and the parted lips that glowed serenely in the candle light as she lighted each candle with the reverence and awe of a high priest. Her graduation party was an unforgettable event, too. Sandra's face that night had a far away look as though she were standing on tip toes, peeking into the future . . . almost as if she already knew about the four full years at Vassar, and her year abroad. Of course, there had been the sad times too, such as the time she had scarlet fever, and the summer she had broken her leg, and the year she failed algebra. But then those were witnessed through another window, and this was the happy window tonight!

"Oh, Sandra dear, may all your days to come be 'happy windows'," he prayed silently. Like a bad

> It may be that I will be strong
> And may not slip at all,
> But if by any chance I should,
> God, catch me when I fall.
>
> —A. C. W.

dream the vision of Sandra as a baby, her dimpled fist in his, saying, "'bye, Daddy, come soon" came to him. That was the morning he had left her, after he had signed the adoption papers. He had promised wealthy and socially prominent Mr. and Mrs. Parker of New York and Southampton never to see Sandra again, never to meddle or interfere. Sandra had never set eyes on him since that day. But always he had been there for the heart aches, the small and the great joys of his daughter's life, even though it meant stealing about like a criminal in the night. He felt that He who judges all men did not begrudge him this, his only happiness.

The orchestra was starting up again and his eyes once more caught sight of the eager Sandra, arm in arm with Ned. They danced as though to live meant to dance. He hoped that they would keep safe and happy abroad. These were such troubled times; the new world would have been a better home for them. She would probably come back to America from time to time. And in years to come—but his left lung was acting up badly now, and the Doctor hadn't been very cheerful on the last visit. He sighed wistfully as he thought of the vast ocean that would separate her from him forever. With one last lingering look, the thin tired man walked away into the cold dreary night, while a peal of thunder tore from the heavens as if in protest.

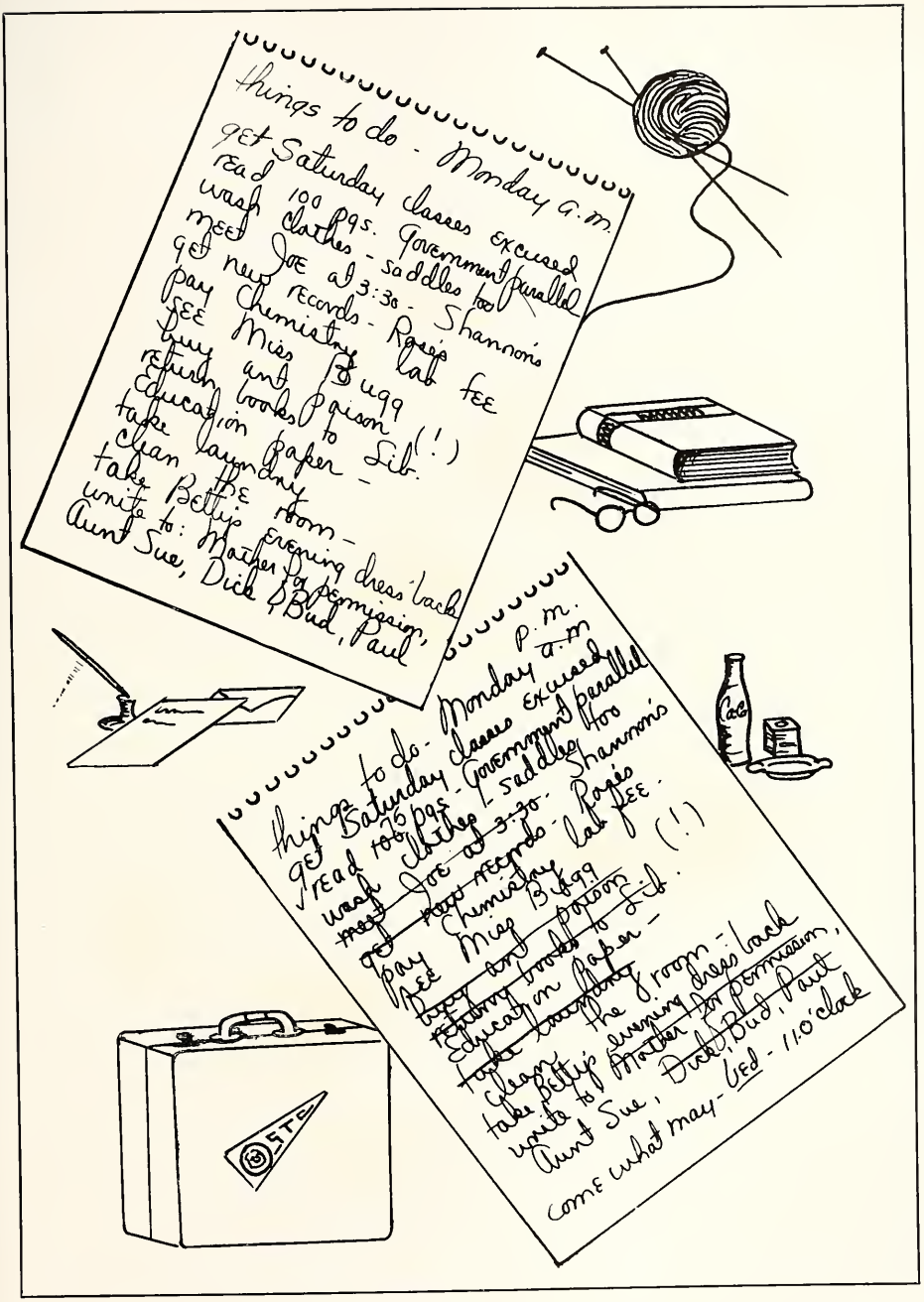
Between Editor and Reader:

EVER since you came to college you have been constantly reminded to write for the campus publications. Their staff members confront you at every turn, and if you escape a staff itself, you are "rail-roaded" right into themes and compositions by the English Department. Perhaps you dread the next day's assignment because it requires you to "take pen in hand, etc." It is here that we would like to digress, if we may, in order to prove a point, which, contradictorily enough, needs no proof. We should then not attempt to prove, but rather to clarify.

There are two words in the English language which hold a particular fascination for us: they are "original" and "creative". There is little difference in the literal meaning of either, and yet, each has its special identities. To us, originality is a quality to be prized, and we doubt that we are alone in our opinion. That thing which you originate is yours and yours alone; it gives you a distinction, and human nature inspires a craving for individuality. The remarkable feature of originality, too, is that it is common to everyone, paradoxical as that may seem. Finally, the thoughts that are in you give rise to creation, and therein lies your power for success.

Now, back to our point. It is not for the standing or progress of the publications that you are urged to give expression to your own ideas. The publications were organized for your benefit, to give you an outlet for self-expression and self-assertion, and to give you a chance to make yourself known and heard among a large and diverse group. We do not, then, in view of all this, urge that you write for a publication so much as we urge that you realize the opportunity thus afforded. Don't condemn your talents before you've tried them; don't bury your originality alive!

The Editor


things to do - Monday A.M.
get Saturday classes excused
read 100 pgs. Government parallel
wash clothes - saddles too
meet Joe at 3:30 - Shannons
get new records - Rosie
pay Chemistry lab fee
see Miss Bugg
buy ant poison
return books to Lib. (!)
Education paper -
take laundry home -
clean the room -
take Betty's evening dress back
write to: Mother for permission,
Aunt Sue, Dick, Bud, Paul
things to do - Monday P.M.
get Saturday classes excused
read 100 pgs - Government parallel
wash clothes - saddles too
meet Joe at 3:30 - Shannons
pay Chemistry lab fee
get new records - Rosie
pay Miss Bugg (!)
buy ant poison
return books to Lib.
Education paper -
take laundry home
clean the room - take back
take Betty's evening dress
write to: Mother for permission,
Aunt Sue, Dick, Bud, Paul
come what may - Wed - 11 o'clock

Thoughts While Riding

It's nice to ride along a country road,
To watch the mountains blue against the sky
Change to mere brown hills with trees and rocks—
By nearness changed to something which we know.

For we can only know that which we see.
We understand a grass-green hill; it takes
A soul sublime to understand a peak
Aflame against the gold of sunset glow.

MARY STUART WAMSLEY

Abraham

Allene Overbey

HIS beard was white, as the snow-capped mountains that watched him age. The blue in his eyes had faded to a grayness not unlike that of the quiet twilight that ushers in the night, and his eyebrows fell softly over them, as though to shade them from the light of day. There lingered about his thin lips a faint smile, reminiscent of his former days, before his wife had grown tired and gone ahead to wait for him. His name was Abraham.

As he slowly wended his way up the narrow path that led to the summit of Deep Mountain, he stopped now and then to gather the small blue flowers that grew about the edge of the path. Amy would have gathered the flowers, he thought. Amy always kept flowers in the house. It somehow gave a man something to look forward to, coming in from the field, to enter his own house and find flowers on the table. It helped a man to get acquainted with God, being close to beautiful things like that.

Amy herself had been like a flower, so fragile and delicate. He remembered he had told her that, many years ago, when they were young and filled with a love of life. She had been out gathering flowers along the path when he chanced to be coming down at sunset. He had not spoken for a while, and she hadn't been aware of his presence. Somehow, he couldn't bring himself to break in upon the picture that she made there; and when he did, he had simply said: "My Amy is like the flowers she gathers for her table." And Amy had turned and smiled to him and understood.

Abraham looked back down the mountain to the little log house by the stream. In days before, he could have turned and seen the smoke curling in little elfish figures from the chimney. He would have hurried with his work then, for when that was done, he might go back to the warmth of the fire and to Amy. But there was no smoke now, and there was no Amy to go back to. He must go up to find her now.

She had always loved the mountains; that is, always since the day when they had been married and he had brought her there to live. They had never left their land for longer than a day's visit to a neighboring family since they had come there. Amy had seen the log house in the distance that first day, and she had pressed his hand and said: "That is our home, Abraham, and we shall never leave it." And it had been their home, and they had dreamed in it the dreams of youth, and later they had seen visions.

When Amy's smile had become fainter, and he had seen his precious flower growing more and more delicate with every passing year, they had not spoken of the change. Amy would catch him watching her, and she would turn and smile to him and understand.

One evening when they started up the path to meet the stars (she always liked to walk to meet the stars), Amy had looked at him that way and smiled, and then had said, still smiling: "Abraham, the mountains are my home, and when I go, I want to rest in a bed of blue flowers at the end of the path."

Abraham reached the top and placed the flowers on the simple grave which he had made for Amy. He was more weary than usual from his climb, and, though he knew he shouldn't linger, for it was growing dark, and his nearest neighbor, John, would be looking for the light in his window, he sat against the tree to rest a minute before descending.

* * * *

John reached the end of the path that led to the summit of Deep Mountain, and there he found him. His

beard was white, as the snow-capped mountains that had watched him age. His eyebrows fell softly over his closed eyes, as though to shade them from the brightness of the lantern in John's hand. There lingered about his thin lips a faint smile, reminiscent of former days before his wife had grown tired and had gone ahead to wait for him.

Rose Symbolism

Roses red and white and yellow,
Roses petal-frail—
Gifts of God and lover's symbols,
Sweet and heaven-pale.

Hiding blush of lovely maiden
In their crimson hue,
Hiding whitest face, grief-laden . . .
Palest roses do.

Yellows bright and gay and gaudy,
Laughter in their masses . . .
Red in same and White (pale . . . haughty)
Weep as Yellow passes.

—A. C. Williams

Lover's Vision

I have seen God!
Oh, yes. I know 'tis true.
I saw Him in the radiance,
The joy of you.

He made a form divine
And, as it grew,
He hallowed it with Loveliness
And named it you.

Anne C. Williams

Monday Blues

I hear a voice drone on and on,
So quiet and so deep;
'Tis teacher's voice on Monday morn—
It lulls me off to sleep.

Psychology and English, too
Are pelted at my head,
But they can't enter there today—
My thoughts are all for bed.

"O sleep, it is a gentle thing,"
Beloved by you and me,
But best beloved on Monday morn
In class at S. T. C.

ANONYMOUS

BABBLE

by HABBLE

Little saucepan, don't you cry!
You'll be a bomber by and by.

●

A fly and her daughter were walking on the head of a man who was very bald.

"How things change, my dear," she said. "When I was your age, this was only a footpath."

—*Awgwan*

●

"Where have you been, Bill?"

"In the telephone booth talking to my girl; but, darn it, someone wanted to use the phone and we had to get out."

●

Sergeant: "All leaves have been called off."

Buck Private: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Sergeant: (angrily) "Who said that?"

Buck Private: "Patrick Henry."

●

Motorist: (to a man he just ran over) "Hey, look out back there!"

Defeated Soul: "What's the matter? Ya ain't coming back, are you?"

●

He: "How about a little kiss, girlie?"

She: "No, I have scruples!"

He: "S'all right. I've been vaccinated."

—*Voo Doo*

He made a run around the end,
Was tackled from the rear,
The right guard sat upon his neck,
The fullback on his ear.
The center sat upon his back,
Two ends upon his chest,
The quarter and the halfback then
Sat down on him to rest.
The left guard sat upon his head,
Two tackles on his face,
The coroner was then called in,
To sit upon his case.

—*The Coyote*

●

At The Uppidy Dog Show

Miss 400: "That doesn't look like a police dog to me."

Owner: "Shhh, he's in the secret service."

●

"Pop, the kid down at the corner said I looked just like you."

"And what did you say, son?"

"Nothing, he's a heck of a lot bigger than me."

●

Lazy Poet to His Gal

You are a wonderful
Marvelous pal,
Ditto et cetera
And so forth et al.

●

"But Stanley, nailing grandpa's wooden leg to the floor isn't considered architecture."

—*Los Angeles Collegian*

●

'Twixt the optimist and the pessimist
The difference is droll.
The optimist sees the doughnut,
While the pessimist sees the hole.

●

Photographer to victim: "Please look pleasant, lady, and in a few moments you may resume your natural expression."

Cannibal Prince: "Is it too late for dinner?"

Cannibal King: "Yes, everybody's eaten."

●

"So you've given up drinking, have you, Rastus?" said the grocer.

"Yes, sah," said the old fellow, "I ain't teched a drap in fo' weeks."

"Well, you deserve credit for that."

"Yes, sah; dat's jes' what I thinks, Mistah Brown. I was jus' gwin ter ax yo' if yo' cud trus' me fo' some groceries."

●

"Iceland," said the teacher in the geography class, "is about as large as Siam."

"Iceland," wrote John at examination time, "is about as large as teacher."

●

Dinner guest: "Will you pass the nuts, professor?"

Absent minded professor: "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk most of them."

●

"Do you want gas?" asked the doctor as he placed the patient in the chair.

"Yes," said the absent-minded professor. "About five gallons—and take a look at the oil."

Continued from Page 10

"Something very big must have happened," the young Delts say, "to have made her change her mind."

And this time they have guessed right. "That," says Ellen, who was president of the 'Y', "is one of the best examples I know of a hard experience that really turned out to be the best thing for a person. Mully had a sense of responsibility, all right. But like that social grace of hers, it was a hidden trait at first. All through college it was developing, but she never realized it fully. And she might never have taken it on herself to make the break with her old life, if it hadn't been made for her."

* * * * * *

Mully stooped quickly and opened the post-office box with nervous hands.

"It's a letter from home." She drew her eyebrows together. "It's awfully silly," she said, apologetically, "but I'm scared to open it. I've had a funny feeling about home for days."

Ellen took the letter and opened it. Mully read it as she walked down the hall, her footsteps grew slower and slower till they stopped altogether. As she looked up, her eyes widened.

"Ellen," said Mully in a quiet voice, "my mother's sick."

"That's too bad. Is there something we can do?"

"I think I'd better go home, Ellen."

"You can't do that, Mully. It's just three weeks till exams—the last you'll ever take—your senior exams." '

"Mother wouldn't want me to flunk them, would she? And they say she may improve. I'll stay till I hear more definitely."

It was Ellen, not Mully, who told the Delts what was in the letter. And they learned in the next few days how lonely, how untouchable human misery could be. The words of sympathy proffered Mully were turned aside—not without gratitude, but as firmly and inevitably as if they had been ivory spears hurled at a mountain of stone. She had lived on their level for four years, and yet above them. Now she had withdrawn into that higher place, while the gifts that the Delts brought in those hard days were left at the foot of the cliff. There was no ascent.

On the third day, the maid came and knocked on the door of Dr. Johns' classroom.

"Miss Mully?" queried Dr. Johns.

"Here, sir."

"You're wanted in the dean's office."

"Is it a telegram?"

"Yes'm," said the maid.

"You tell Mrs. Leyden that I want my telegram in here. I'll break the news to myself."

"Yes'm."

During the next few minutes, the air was tense while Dr. Johns went through the forms of teaching. Again there was a knock at the door. Mully rose, took her telegram, and read it through. I had never thought of Mully as having dignity before; perhaps she had never possessed it until that moment. But in that moment her spirit bowed before a fact, and she dropped her shoulders momentarily as if to receive a burden; then she straightened up a second later with strength to carry her load.

Mully excused herself and left the class-room. Only the subtlest change was discernible in her bearing. Yet those who watched her with loving eyes felt that she hed acquired the willingness to accept a responsibility.

Finally Dr. Johns said softly, "Class dismissed."

They knew from the experience of the past few days that the conventional flowers and sympathy cards would be lost on Mully. Jinx's suggestion seemed wild at first, but they finally acted upon it. They sent her the Van Gogh landscape that she loved. The card said, "This is our love. Remember that it is all around you."

"Something very big must have happened to change her mind."

"A hard thing came to her, but it was best."

* * * * * *

"And did she draw from that one thing strength enough to pull her through those first hard years?" the young 1941 Delts ask. "Was it that one thing that made her decide to stick by her art?"

That question has worried us at times. All of us look at Jinx. She gives her impish grin.

"That and a boy named Jimmy," she says.

"Who is Jimmy?"

"The boy who's always there. The one she swears she's not in love with—the one she'll end up by marrying. He is the only person I ever knew who could talk Art with her the way she liked to talk it. She couldn't have stuck it out without him. I had a letter from her about him."

Jinx, my sweet,

"It is very late, but I must unload all this. First of all, thanks for writing so beautifully. The Van Gogh painting means more to me than I can say, and I know you suggested sending it. Thank the others for me, too.

This will not be an easy week. We are dismantling the house now, storing and dividing the furniture. Since Father died five years ago, we have all been growing more and more independent. Now that Mother is gone, there is little here to hold us together; so we are going out to 'seek our fortunes'. It is rather a shame that families disintegrate that way, but they do. And though our family will always be very close, we belong to the world now, and not to that small community, the Mundy household.

Until tonight, I was their one big problem. They asked me what I wanted to do, and I couldn't tell them. I wasn't myself. Then tonight Jimmy came down to see me. He was very welcome. It isn't every boy who can give such comfort and ask for nothing in return.

"Jimmy," I asked, "What am I going to do?"

And he said, "Why, you're going to be an artist, Mully. You could hide from it, Mully, with a thousand lesser jobs; but if you ever took one of them you'd be unhappy."

I'll be back at school in a few days, Jinx, to take exams and go through all the exercises. After that, I'm going on to New York. That may seem a little silly, but at least in New York there'll be no one to tell me I'm good unless I really am good.

"Was it just her mother's death that made her decide?"

"That—and a boy named Jimmy."

* * * * * *

"And that's the whole story, is it? And all of you knew her. Has she ever been back?" the young Delts ask us.

"Only that once—for graduation," we say. And perhaps we all remember that in a different way.

Oh, that June with the sweet smell of roses and honeysuckle, candlelight and tears, and tradition! Then it was that Dr. Hendricks called the names of the graduates—Abbot to Zimmerman; and the speeches were made and the awards given. Yet Dr. Hendricks rose again, and something in his manner aroused the interest of the crowd.

"We have one prize," he said, "which is not given every year. It is awarded only for high merit, and that merit is not always found among us. But this June the Craig Award for distinctive achievement in art goes to Miss Millicent Mundy."

That was one of the proudest moments in the history of the Delts.

An hour later, we carried Mully's bags to the station and kissed her good-bye.

"Please don't cry," she pleaded. And with that she left us. Later she wrote, "I'll never regret my choice." That was the only time she ever came back.

"Regret her choice?" the young Delts muse. "I guess she wouldn't. Look at her place in the world!"

"But you miss the point," Bing says patiently. "Mully—the real Mully—isn't concerned with the glory of that outside world. If that were all she had, it would be as dust and ashes in her mouth. It's the fact that she's found herself. That is her real triumph! She used to say, 'In a painting you have to have all the parts properly related. You ought to be able to do that in life, too'. Once, you see, she could do that for everybody but herself. Now she has achieved it for herself as well. That's her real victory.

There is silence in the long, old living room—silence while an idea dies. The gilded, glorious Millicent whom the young Delts championed melts into air, and leaves at our feet our loved, familiar Mully with the quiet, understanding eyes.

Last Christmas she sent us for the chapter room one of her paintings. The letter with it read, "Look at this picture a long time. You will find it familiar, for all that is in it stems from those rich experiences you gave me ten years ago. . . I love you now with an unchanging love."

And on the back of the picture is inscribed: "To my dear Delts in gratitude for the many things, both great and small, that you have done for me."

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