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The Colonnade, Volume V Number 2, January 1943

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THE

COLONNADE



STATE • TEACHERS • COLLEGE



YOU'RE GEARED TO
Split-Second Time

WHEN YOU'RE TRAINING
TO WIN YOUR WINGS
AS A BOMBARDIER

BOMBARDIER. He's the *business* man of this bomber crew. His *office* is the "greenhouse" of transparent plastic in the nose of the ship. And he works there on split-second time. But when those "office hours" are over—well, just look below and watch him enjoying a Camel—the favorite cigarette on land, sea, and in the air.

ALL America's living at split-second time today...from the bombardier at his bombsight to the men who make the bombs like Jerry Lorigan below. You....and you....and everybody!

So it's only natural that most everybody's smoking more these days. Only natural, too, that taste and throat—the "T-Zone"—are more important than ever to cigarette smokers now.

But...take no one's word for it when it comes to your own smoking. Make the "T-Zone" test described at the left below. And let your taste and your throat decide for themselves.

A PACK OF CAMELS
IS STANDARD
EQUIPMENT
WITH ME. THEY
SUIT ME TO
A 'T'



FOR **T**ASTE,
FOR MY **T**HROAT,
CAMELS
ARE **T**OPS

JERRY LORIGAN, who forges bombs on a split-second schedule, is just as partial to Camels as the man who lays those bombs on the target. "I've smoked Camels for years," says Jerry. "They don't get my throat, and they don't tire my taste. They're tops!"



THE "T ZONE"
where cigarettes
are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

CAMEL

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. V

JANUARY, 1943

NO. 2

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The Colonnade

VOL. V

NO. 2

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The Columns . . .

STUDENTS! . . .

In order to comply with recent requests, suggestions and criticisms from you, we have attempted to make this issue strictly according to your wishes in every detail. We have chosen those contributions which seem to be the most accurate representation of what the Farmville girl desires in her school magazine. Assignments have been made with primarily the same idea in mind. Therefore, to you the students, we of THE COLONNADE staff, heartily dedicate this issue. However, if it does not meet with your approval we would like to make two requests. First and foremost, contribute to the magazine and let your contributions be an embodiment of your ideas. Secondly, send us a letter in care of the editor voicing your opinions.

FIRST OF ALL . . .

You wanted the literature to be localized. The most outstanding example of this is the Second Prize story, *In A True Light*, Jane Lee Sink's story of her friend, Ella Hutchison. *In A True Light*,

which appears on page six, is treated with a superb gentleness and richness of thought by its author. Its sincerity and informality makes Ella dear to us all. Upon reading it for the first time one feels that Jane Lee has dropped by one's room for a chat and is talking on one of her favorite subjects, "Pie".

Also, we have a debate on pages ten and eleven by Virginia Sedgley and Jane Sanford. It concerns the pros and cons of whether or not the modern trend toward "escape literature" should be increased. Each has given an alert and interesting slant on this controversial subject. After assimilating the facts decide the question for yourself.

After *Dunkirk*, our feature, was reproduced with few changes from a letter received by Elizabeth Goodwin, after securing the permission of the man, a soldier, who had written it. It represents his own feeling and conception of the war before Pearl Harbor. Yet its message is intrinsically applicable today.

HUMOR . . .

You wanted more humor. The middle pages offer that with a smoothly drawn hunk o' man representing an S.T.C. girl's vision of a Camp Pickett soldier enjoying his leisure. Liz Tennent, whose inimitable style conveys a marked trend toward an adaption of the impressionistic art of George Petty, has hit the nail on its proverbial head.

Then, we have scattered quips, pen poise and cartoons (plus Propwash, of course) through the issue for your enjoyment.

IN PASSING . . .

Jane Smith's story, *The Amber Earrings*, which won Third Prize in the Summer Contest appears on page thirteen. It is a charming story with a historical background which is sure to appeal to everyone. Elizabeth Goodwin pens a theme, full of feeling, and dedicated *To A New Born Colt* on pages twenty and twenty-one.

Shades of Love by Jane Knapton provides reading entertainment about us college guys 'n' gals.

The books most aptly reviewed are *Virginia Is a State of Mind* by Virginia Moore and reviewed by Mary Franklin Woodward; *Look To The Mountain* by Le Grande Cannon, Jr. and reviewed by Marilyn Bell; and *Thorofare* by Christopher Morley, reviewed by Betty Cock.

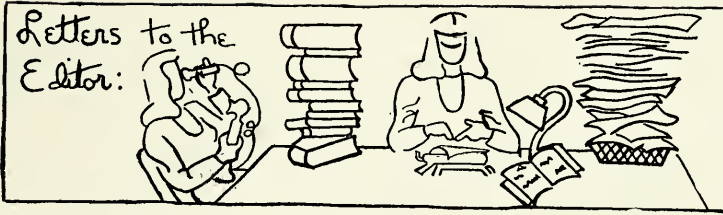
THE POETRY . . .

The poetry is up to its usual standards, but note especially *A Little Girl's Promise* by Carolyn Rouse on page twenty-one and the three poems on page fifteen by Lois Alphin, Mary Kelso Harman and Louise Putney.

MEANWHILE . . .

We wish each of you a most successful 1943, and we assume that you have all resolved to write for THE COLONNADE.

Winifred Wright



Send all letters to:
 Box 15, S. T. C.
 Farmville, Virginia

Or

Drop in THE COLONNADE box.

Farmville, Virginia

Dear Editor,

We are at war! Do we foolish girls realize this vital fact? The few who bother to think about it are constantly yapping, "What can I do to help? There is nothing for a mere girl to do." There is something a mere girl can do! If she cannot be driving ambulances at some far-distant front or stopping the life blood of a dying marine, she can let her country know her love and appreciation by proper respect to the flag.

It is a common failing—this disrespect for Old Glory. You will see it in any place. At a U.S.O. dance when the national anthem is sung, you see every soldier at strict attention—in full homage to our flag. The girls? They are twisting and turning, whispering and giggling, slumping in any old fashion. What is it? What makes them so unfeeling? Do they not want to pay respect to their flag? Where is our much-lauded patriotism? Why do they not stand straight and proud?

Our brothers and sweethearts are giving their lives to keep that tattered banner on its now smoke-enshrouded staff! And back home? There is this awful, disinterested, disrespectful, unthinking, shallow attitude. Flag etiquette has been taught to us—not long ago a whole chapel program was devoted to the flag. The student body surely knows what to do and when.

Let us awake! Let us show our spirit, our love, our patriotism. It is unthinkable for this unrealiza- tion to continue. Our country is to be the fore- most nation in the future—we are leaders—we must be truly proud.

Sincerely,
 Fay Johnson, '45

Farmville, Virginia

Dear Editor:

Very few of us even take a moment to stop and meditate upon some true values of life. We go from class to class, meeting to meeting, then, tired and worn out, to bed with never a thankful thought for our blessings, or a realization of what we could do to make life fuller. The way we meet the great trials and emergencies of life is determined largely by the way we live each ordinary day. Don't you think we could become better Christians,

workers, and students if we stopped just one time during the day and set before ourselves the ideal example of Jesus Christ? Couldn't we all come to Prayers after dinner and become an integral part of the group that worships together every night?

For some reason or other the same faithful group comes every night (with the exception of those times when a special program is given and the attendance is larger). Why shouldn't every girl in school have a place in this program as much as she does in a literary, honorary, or social meeting?

Often in studying philosophy, psychology, or history we quote, "Three main aspects of life are the religious, the educational, and the social", but do you know that some of our girls (although in answering such a question they put religion first) never take a moment during their educational and social activities to give their religion a thought?

One of the surest ways by which we may come to a fuller knowledge of God is the way of prayer. Prayers here at S.T.C. give us such an opportunity. Why can't more of us take advantage of it?

Sincerely,

Nancy Hall, '45

Farmville, Virginia

Dear Editor,

Although this is my first year at S. T. C., I have seen several past issues of The Colonnade. I must admit that these issues were very good, but as we all know "variety is the spice of life." That is why we all enjoy this year's Colonnade more than ever and hope that you will keep it up. Also, I think we are seeing enough of the seriousness of life in reality, so I think it would be a good idea not to have too much of it in our school magazine. Altogether, your first issue of this year is swell. There is a good variety of articles and wonderful illustrations.

The biggest criticism I have to offer is not of the magazine, but of the students. They should really be more appreciative of the splendid work that is being done by the staff. We should all wake up and try to contribute to the magazine, then it would have the variety we are asking for so often.

Sincerely,

Shirley Easterly, '45



After Dunkirk

As written to Elizabeth Goodwin by a man in the service in 1942

UPON a shell-torn beach at Dunkirk I saw the democracies of Europe dying. Only there across a narrow strip of water did men still have faith to hold their heads high, to face death itself rather than sacrifice their freedom, their honor, their belief in God and the truth.

As a year of dreadful night drew to a close, I gazed in sorrow upon a stricken, but, thank God, not a doomed world—a world gripped by fear, trembling before the power of the lie. England, at bay, still fought on, in spite of blasted cities, sunken ships and torn, bleeding souls. Alas, little England! But false, fleeting France and all her finery lay helpless beneath the heel of a ruthless foe. The guardian of her liberty had slept upon the ramparts while traitors plotted destruction from within. Wake up, America! I had watched the passing of a once proud nation, with dismay, aghast that once again, only through blood and suffering could men be forced to learn the age old lesson that freedom is not merely a way of life to be enjoyed and accepted but a treasure to be jealously guarded from enemies forever lurking at the gate.

Even in the great democracy of the west I saw men nodding dreamily while the world around burst into flames, heard voices across the ocean confident with their assurance, soft in their satisfaction, false in their judgment. Seeing and knowing the deadly danger I held high my torch, but through the murk of falsehood, the treachery of cunning propaganda and the mist of childish ignorance my people were unable to see its guiding flame.

Then I beheld the marvel, a small people dared to do what greater nations had lacked the courage to try. Men marched forth to defend their ancient altars against the boasted power of a sawdust Caesar. With pride I watched them storm mountain passes as they had done in olden times against greater odds and hurl back the Facist legions to preserve democracy for the world. And now I prayed that the fires blazing from Greek mountain-tops might set the world aflame to wipe out dishonor and tyranny from the face of this earth.

Alas, my hopes and prayers were in vain. Once more, from the heights I saw the fire of freedom blotted out by the forces of evil.

From the desecrated ruins of ancient temples I turned my eyes to the west. There too, men had built a temple dedicated to liberty, to government by the people, for the people—its white dome rising proudly against the sky. The flag which symbolized its ideals had never yet been lowered in any hour when freedom's cause was endangered. I took heart, believing that no power from within or without could force it to be lowered now. Yet, seeing what had happened to other free men, I trembled for I knew the time was short. Britain in dire straits, France overthrown, Greece crushed, WAKE UP AMERICA!

IN A TRUE LIGHT

JANE LEE SINK, '43

Second Prize in Summer Short Story Contest

THE first time I saw her was in music class; she sat a little to the left of me, one row down. Her eyes were closed, and she was singing softly. I was, as per usual, bored to tears with music, especially when it involved my creation of it, and thus did not even affect an effort, though Miss Purdom caught my eye again and again, as she waved out the beats. I was engrossed in wondering about this pensive faced girl. Later, as class was dismissed I watched more closely and saw the sunny haired girl who had been sitting next to her lead her from the room, I turned to the girl near me inquiringly. She whispered back, "She's blind!" All the way to science class it beat on my mind like a fever. "Ugh!" I concluded, "how horrible!" And yet she looked so cheerful and content . . . "Strange world", I mused . . . I somehow felt I had to meet her.

The next time I saw her was in English class about two days later, and I wangled an introduction. After that whenever we met, we always exchanged a few words of greeting, and gradually the strangeness wore off as we were talking and joking like old friends. One day when I returned to my room, I found her there with Edith Sibold, whom I later affectionately renamed Screwball! I was delighted to see them; they were my first callers. Screwball was jolly and sweet, and I grew to love her as time went on, as dearly as Pie; for Pie is what I named the blind girl, though she bore a perfectly good name . . . Ella Hutchison. At first we called her "Ella-Pie", but

this soon gave way to simply "Pie". Screwball and Pie roomed together and a greater team you couldn't find anywhere. Pie with her gentle patient manners and Screwball with her quick sense of humor and devil-may-care eagerness. I guess what I admired most about Screwball, was her undying devotion to Pie. Screwball not only roomed with Pie, but took care of her at meal times, and escorted her to and from classes, studied, wept, and laughed with her.

Pie Hutchison loved the out-of-doors, and we took many a vigorous tramp over the countryside together, to break the monotony of school. When we swam in the college pool, we had a great deal of fun, for she was a strong and tireless swimmer, and many were the merry water fights we engaged in. I never spared her, ducking her unmercifully, and getting full measure in return. I guess that was what welded our friendship together. She liked to be treated roughly, as an equal, which she certainly was and more. She was so independent and capable that many times her blindness was non-existent to me.

When we played the current musicals on the phonograph in our rooms in the evenings, unconsciously as I read, I would call out to her for a request number. Pie would laugh as I named it, and good humoredly sort through the stack of records on the table. I then would give a self-conscious, 'Oh, Say', and quickly leap to look for it myself. There was never any shyness or sensitiveness about her handicap. She accepted it and never let it affect her happi-

IN A TRUE LIGHT

Illustrated by
IMOGEN CLAYTOR

ness, her disposition, or her ambitions in any way.

In time, this lovely girl became my bosom friend, and many unhappy problems which came to me at school, I brought to her, always confident of sincere consideration. My problems, when I really pause for reflection, weren't so weighty after all, usually a current heart interest or something; but Pie always listened attentively, giving in her slow meditative manner, her unbiased opinion at the conclusion. What always amazed me about her, was the utter lack of concern over a gay social life. To be sure, she figured largely in our "bull sessions" over cokes late at night, and our impromptu get-togethers, but when it came to dating and our college dances, Pie just didn't play a part. She dances well and gracefully too. We danced often with her in our rooms between classes or after dinner, and many were the times we'd land dizzily on a bed after a crazy jitterbug round, breathless from our splurge of energy, shouting with laughter. We often talked of taking her to school dances and I feel ashamed that we never did, but all our dances were "girl-break" affairs, and fearing that it would be more of an ordeal than a pleasure, we dismissed the idea of taking her. None of us were tactful or clever enough (I'm not quite sure which), to get dates for Pie, and she never wished us to make contacts or arrangements and there it stood.

Pie read widely, having many magazines and books in Braille. In our Freshman year when they called "lights out" on us at ten, I'd envy her lying so comfy in the dark, her chubby fingers tracing lightly over the Braille perforations, as she read on, while I had to surrender my prized novel of the moment to the darkness. She'd laugh when I'd say, "Gee, Pie, one sure thing . . . you can never get a headache from reading!"

When the much dreaded tests and exams rolled around, they would find Pie, Screwball and me, studying until the wee hours. No, we weren't being noble to study with Pie, not by a long shot, for it was she who helped us. Screwball and I were more the scatterbrain type, whereas Pie could retain anything she studied. To my emphatic, "No,

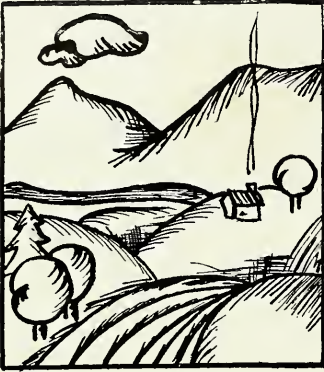
I can't get it—it's impossible—I hate it!" she would proceed to go over a subject sometimes for the tenth time, calmly and patiently until it sank in. I'm glad she is going to teach, for Pie has everything and then some toward being a great teacher.

One day in genetics class, Dr. Jeffers paused during the lecture he was delivering on the "Complexities of Our Inheritance", as he came to some board work. Eager for Pie to get each step, he paused and inquired of me if I were the one who tutored Miss Hutchison. "Oh, no", I replied, "Miss Nuchols does!" Thereupon he rejoined in his subtle humorous way, "Oh, I see. Miss Nuchols teaches it to Miss Hutchison, and then Miss Hutchison teaches it to you." "That's right", I commented seriously, while the class tittered and a smile broke over his face. May I add—"more truth than poetry"

Many were the laughs we had together over the reactions of different teachers to her blindness. One, calling the roll as she came to Pie's name, would suddenly bellow "MISS HUTCHISON!" (confusing blindness with deafness, I'm sure.) The first time, poor Pie almost jumped out of her skin, but thereafter she and I hailed this with delight. This went on for one entire school year but our amusement never waned. Then there was the English teacher, who, whenever she wanted to tell Pie anything about forthcoming tests or examinations, would step up to me and proceed to tell me what to tell Miss Hutchison, while Pie standing by my side without moving a muscle in her face or saying a word, would remain very quiet. As the teacher finished and had gone to safe distance, I would repeat parrot fashion, faithfully, each word of the message while Pie listened with mock seriousness. But soon the laughter burst its bounds and then how we bubbled over! The reader can hardly appreciate the fun as keenly as those who know her well, and know what a little trickster she can be and what a fine sense of humor she has. Blind people find, that we who see are awfully funny sometimes, and we are really funniest when we try so hard not to say the wrong thing. What all blind folks want, so Pie tells me, is for people to be natural and to

THE COLONNADE

remember that they are very, very human. They resent sugar coated sweetness thrown at them at every turn or pity oozing in every word directed toward them. Pity . . . the



word itself is an insult to her. I don't pity Pie. I envy her. She has more than most of us have—courage, sweetness, and ambition. She will go far. I only pity those people who are truly blind, those people whose eyes never see beyond themselves, whose minds are closed and whose hearts and souls are cramped and stagnant. It is better I'm sure, to have a far-seeing soul and sightless eyes.

People are sweet to Pie . . . take our teachers here at school. There's not one who hasn't considered her in class . . . always making a special effort to get things across to her. Miss Moran, for one, stands out vividly in my mind. Many are the extra coachings she has given Pie in her office in her free time, patiently guiding Pie in map study, and if you could see Pie's remarkably well formed chubby fingers pointing out to me later that same day the locations of even tiny islands of strategic importance, with expertness and confidence, your heart would stand still, yes, actually passing the knowledge on to me! What is that lovely saying, oh yes, . . . "A little child shall lead them." I'd like to coin one of my own, "The blind shall lead you into the way of light!" Then, there's her dentist in town, Dr. Cocks, who inquired if he could get Pie the "Readers Digest" in Braille, and Dr. Walmsley who wanted to see if there wasn't something he could do. Then Agnes, the colored maid, who, when she found out that Pie adored flowers, brought her some lovely

roses from her garden, not to slight Charlie, our colored handy man in Junior building, and his ready eagerness to run Pie's errands. Wonderful it was to see the light on his dark face as he stubbornly refused payment from her. Yes, people are sweet to Pie. These lovely things that people do and one never hears about.

Pie and I both like rainy days, we hail them with joy. Many a gay walk we have had in a gusty downpour, and how I would shriek with inhuman delight as I led her into luscious beckoning puddles and as she firmly dragged me in, too! Her amazed look at first was a grand reward, but her laughter blending with mine, was even more. We would trek back to school for supper, our poor saddle shoes giving out smothered little sloppy tunes, while our hair clung tearfully to our heads. We would change into dry clothes and then dash madly to supper. It never hurt us, either; we would feel fine. It sort of brushed the cobwebs away and made us feel new and fresh to tackle a night of study.

Oh, the great day when I decided to knit my true love a sweater! Do you know who put the stitches on, picked up stitches, located my mistakes and cheered me on? None other than Pie. Many were the times I would burst into her room in tears over the outcome of the ill-fated sweater. Pie would take the knitting from me, and after running her hands over it several times, would locate the trouble and set me right. I'd go off all smiles until the next catastrophe. When the sweater finally blossomed into a full grown one, and I presented it to Bill, Pie and I heaved a sigh of relief. We share a mutual pride in that sweater . . . or I should say "our sweater."

Pie hails from a section of Virginia that I like to call God's Country, and the people there I am sure are God's people, the sweetest, dearest people I have ever known. It is a farming section and everywhere there are rolling hills and sloping valleys, and the fields are so green, you want to smother yourself in their healing beauty. There are long, winding, steep roads and quaint farm houses snuggling against hills signaling cheery hello's to you with their smoke curling from tall chimneys. In the not very far distance, mountains lean against the sky.

IN A TRUE LIGHT

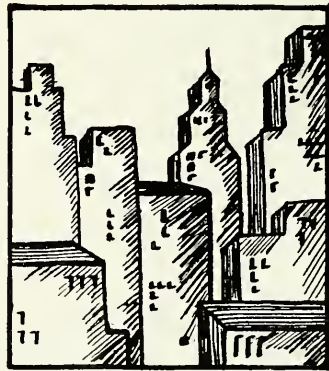
The mountains are all around and there is so much to see and enjoy, that you pause to wonder. When you look up to the slopes and hills, you see cows grazing peacefully, and sheep idling and nosing about in the warm sunshine for tender bits of grass or clover. Here and there a solid work horse stands in the middle of a field, staring ahead. Everywhere in this valley there is utter quiet and utter place broken only by the sound of an occasional car, high on the road in the distance, or the chatter of birds in tree tops.

On my first trip to Pie's home I was enchanted with the beauty everywhere. It was November and even though stripped of its green raiment, the country was lovely for the sheer lack of monotony in the landscape, the rise and slope of the hills, the curves of the dark mountains, the ruggedness mostly, I guess. But when I came again in the Spring, my enchantment was a thousandfold! The most lovely fragrances everywhere as we drove along, honeysuckle and laurel each trying to outdo the other with their captivating odors. The graceful weeping willows along the banks of the curving rivers, the rich and varying shades of green everywhere. Daisies and black-eyed susans in the fields and wild roses tempting you high on the hillsides. Pie and I tramped over hill and dale, breathing in deeply the invigorating air and the lovely aromas.

On the first trip, we stayed quite close to her home. I met her mother with her twinkling brown eyes, and her father, her two brothers and her sisters—not to slight a very dear old lady, her Grandmother Hutchison, who astonished me with her vitality and enthusiasm. It was nice meeting them. They were warm hearted and kind, the down-to-earth people whom you read about in books, and whom perhaps you may have the good fortune to know. Howard, one of Pie's brothers, was crippled by infantile paralysis, the same year she became blind. Just children! So much in one family! But who can question Him who flung the stars into space. Pie and Howard are such fine people—finer because of their handicaps than they would have been otherwise. Perhaps He provides the obstacles to make the climb more challenging to keep

us from getting soft. At least I like to think so. Her mischievous younger brother, Ralph, captivated me with his glowing good looks. He eagerly offered to take us hunting and hiking with him. We trudged along after him over steep climbs, while his dog excitedly stalked a rabbit. But when he brought the rabbit to us, we turned away.

It was fun popping corn in the evenings sitting around all snug by the fire, keeping warm. How the brothers teased Pie, but always with affection and tenderness. I wished that she could see, even once, the lovely beautiful expressions of love and protection on their faces. Yes, I wonder if they themselves are even aware of it—it is so much a part of them! I liked her father; he is like the countryside he farms. He is rugged and earthy, tanned and weather-beaten by rain and sun. He has the look of a Holy man, perhaps from living so close to Nature and God. Ella's mother is ample and plump, with red cheeks and very expressive dark eyes, and when she smiles, her whole face lights up. She heads that fine family tenderly and proudly, and I had to restrain myself from shouting "well done" in my sincere admiration. I didn't see very much of Pie's sister, Ruth, but she is pretty and friendly and her whole personality has that hail-fellow-well-met ring to it. Ruth studied here and is now teaching. I think I like Howard the best of all, though



he hardly exchanged a word with me—he is very quiet. I guess he's shy and prefers listening to the others chatter. He has a good face, a really happy contented face. He too works hard on the farm and is a

Continued on Page 26

YES!

Should the press “escape literature”

VIRGINIA KENT SEDGLEY, '43

DECEMBER 7, 1941 may really be called a turning point in literature. The trend had begun late in 1939 when England and Germany went to war. Immediately the publications began to take on a martial air. As time progressed and the draft became an accepted thing in this country, the usual theme of “boy meets girl, they marry and live in a little cottage” changed to “boy meets girl, he is drafted, they don't marry”. Of course, there had to be a villain in the story but it was hard to make one—yet not step on diplomatic toes. Writers, therefore, were content to allow the hero to speak pure English while the villain assumed a guttural accent. Spy stories were the accepted thing together with the usual tales of heroic feats.

Then December 7th! All diplomatic barriers were down. Villains openly took the name of Schwartz or Schmidt. No longer was the swastika thinly veiled as a “double cross”. A new yellow, big-toothed, villain had been added . . . one who was capable of more diabolical acts than even the blond, square-jawed Nazi puppets. Our writers had reached a new low in fiction literature.

We could not escape, even for a moment, from the terrible reality of the conflict. The newspapers, the movies, and the radios told the facts of war. The magazines and books told the fiction of war. It was pressing on us from every side. It haunted us and we could not escape.

The quality of the literature did not seem to matter. Almost anything that had the war and patriotism in it could be published. We were caught in a web of circumstance.

The magic word “morale” lifted the strain. The army psychologist realized

that soldiers could not live by war alone, but rather had to escape to an imaginary world of peace. Unless he had this goal of peace he would not have the desire to fight. The hate necessary to a fighting man of war could be given to him by relating the true facts rather than elaborating on fiction and half-truths. Thus the army and navy gave to their fighting men escape literature and entertainment—all of the best quality.

Civilians have not yet recognized that fact. They feel that if they cannot fight the war physically the least they can do is to be conscious of it at all times. Evidently they do not realize that all war and no peace makes Johnny Public a less efficient worker. The so-called “escape literature” is valuable to all of us not only because it proved a mental respite from the terrible physical conflict, but also because it puts the emphasis on literature and fine writing that has a high purpose rather than just a superficial patriotic theme.

This war has produced some classic literature, there is no doubt of that—*Mrs. Miniver*, *The Pied Piper*, *Dragon Seed*, to mention a few outstanding novels. But with those sincere portrayals have come other badly written betrayals of our ideals.

One would not be so foolish as to suggest that all war literature be abolished. Instead the suggestion is that more “escape literature” be added and the war literature aim toward a higher calibre than has generally resulted so far. We do not want to escape the war so completely that we neglect our part, nor do we want to so fill our minds with war that peace becomes an abstract thing. Rather we must strive toward a new and better future and as always literature must lead the way.

nd toward
increased?

NO!

JANE SANFORD, '43

“WHAT kind of a joke makes an audience laugh?” One of New York’s leading author’s agents was talking. “Why, a joke that’s funny to the audience.”

America’s reading response to a particular book or story, likewise, is as individual as that. The only criterion for what America will read right now is what she wants to read, what is most interesting to her. War has changed the nation’s reading preference to just that.

Right now America is most interested in finding out what is going on around her. As a result Mr. American Citizen wants literature that tells him about world events first hand. He grabs books like Cecil Brown’s “*Suez to Singapore*” faster even than they roll off the presses and transforms them into current favorites. He has even reached back and emptied the shelves of leading book sellers like Brentano’s of technical books on “*How to Read Blueprints*”; books like “*The Officer’s Guide*”, “*A Mathematics Refresher*”, “*How to Get a Rating or Commission*”.

You see, Mr. American Citizen is extremely war conscious and country conscious. Whether or not he’s shouldering one of Uncle Sam’s rifles, he still wants to find out how to “*Get Tough*”. Mastering commando tactics, jiu-jitsu techniques, and methods of breaking an enemy’s arm or leg makes Mr. Citizen feel that he is doing “something to help”.

Book store pulse-takers who function in cooperation with the publishers say that

Mr. Citizen has also catapulted sales of post war books. For example, there are Raoul de Roussy de Sales’, “*The Making of Tomorrow*”, Condliffe’s “*Agenda for a Post War World*”, Carr’s “*Conditions of Peace*”, and Hoover’s “*The Problem of Lasting Peace*”, all current best-sellers.

“But whether it’s after war, or the politics of war, or returned foreign correspondents’ accounts of war, that’s what the people want—WAR,” says H. K. Hutchens, Brentano’s advertising manager. “They’re so war-conscious they’ll read anything connected with it.”

In the second place, it stands to reason that Americans today should refuse to adopt an increase in escape literature; being pragmatic, they seldom read and pass on anything that doesn’t ring of authenticity. And it is impossible to have anything written in front of a 1942 backdrop that even sounds authentic without taking cognizance of the war. If the hero in that new book is a soldier, he’s right in the middle of it; if he is a civilian, living in New York or the hills of Montana, he carries a gas rationing card and observes a voluntary meatless Wednesday just as everyone else.

So there you are. America is too war-conscious and too practical minded to support an increase in escapism. Why shove volumes of escape reading before the public when they have shown through their purchases of books and through good old reason that they don’t want it?

Though Dark the Night

LOIS WEBSTER ALPHIN, '44

Hail to the wild gray heaven!
Hail to the driving rain!
 Oh, it's grand to run
 From the summer sun
With the wind in your face again.

Sing to the god of winter!
Sing through the cold and pain!
 In the hearts that yearn
 There are fires that burn
That are cooled by the pounding rain.

The storms of passion and failure
May dim the most distant star,
 But the hearts that pray
 Through the darkest day
Have a greater faith by far.

Hark to the distant promise!
Look not for peace in vain;
 And the faith you know
 May yet stronger grow
When tempered by passion and pain.



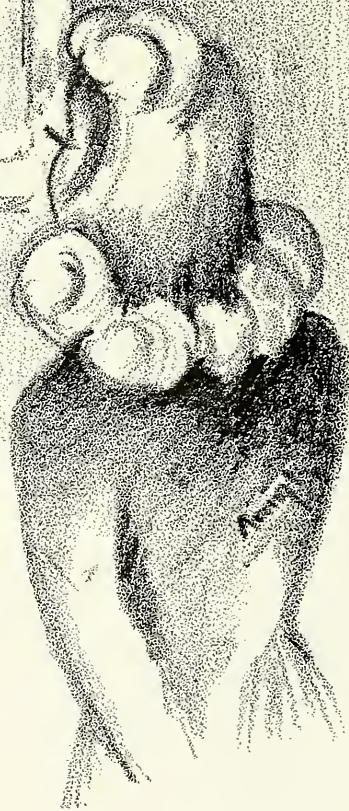
The Amber Earrings

JANE SMITH, '44

*Third Prize in Summer
Short Story Contest*

WE found the picture in the little antique shop on one of those quaint streets in New Orleans. I don't know why I bought it except that I am plebian enough to like portraits better than any other form of art. There was nothing unusual about it. Painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries painted hundreds very similar to that one.

The central portion of the canvas was occupied by a young lady whose black hair



and eyes marked her as Spanish or perhaps Italian. At that time I neither knew nor cared. She was smiling the same whimsical

THE COLONNADE

yet rather haughty smile seen in so many portraits. Her white satin dress, still shiny with the same luster of very old materials, stood out against the somber background. Her long amber earrings shone as if real and gave the whole portrait the color it otherwise lacked.

Returning home from New Orleans, too weary to care about the finer arts of interior decoration, I hung the large oval frame in the first available wall space. My friends admired the picture, probably out of their courtesy. But as the years went by, I became very attached to my dark haired friend in the portrait, and on rainy afternoons would fall into musing over who she was and why her portrait should happen to be in a dingy antique shop in New Orleans.

Then one day a friend of ours, who had served on the diplomatic staff in South America for many years, called and asked if we would entertain a young couple from Argentina, who were here on a visit, explaining that he had been called out of town on business.

When the senora came in, I was almost too amazed to speak. Her earrings identically matched those of the portrait. On further examination, we found that not only were the earrings the same but that our guest very much resembled the lady of the portrait. At first she couldn't believe it—Then she understood and told us a very strange story.

It seems that the earrings had been in her family for more than three centuries. They had originally belonged to Carlota, a grandmother, many years back who had lived at the court of Philip IV of Spain around the year 1624. After the death of her parents, she was under the guardianship of his second wife, Queen Marianna, who was a very dull lady, history tells us.

Illustrated by
JEAN ARINGTON

In the year 1622 a young artist, one Diego Rodriquez de Silva y Velasquez had painted a portrait of the king which so delighted him that he had all other portraits of him removed from his palace. The young artist had become grand marshal of the court, in charge of all arrangements of state ceremonies. In addition to this, he painted portraits of the members of the court.

In accordance with fashion, Carlota was to have her portrait painted by this very talented young artist. But when she arrived to sit for the portrait, she discovered that she had lost one of her sparkling ruby earrings. Since the artist had so little time and because he admired this dark young aristocrat, he gave her a pair of amber earrings that originally belonged to his mother. Gossip spread that the two were very much

in love with each other—and to make the story better, perhaps they were. At any rate, when Queen Marianna heard of it, she married Carlota to a nobleman, who very soon afterwards brought her to the New World away from court life and Diego Velasquez forever. She never knew what became of the portrait. How

it got to New Orleans is a secret sealed forever sealed in the painted lips of Carlota.

As for the earrings, they remained in Carlota's possession until the day she died, when she bequeathed them and her strange story to her daughter.

For generations down the story has been handed to each possessor of the long amber earrings until the night in my living room when the portrait and the earrings were reunited after the centuries of separation.

So now Carlota hangs in a place of high honor on an old estate in the Argentine, once more in her rightful place; and I have the greater gift of feeling that I helped a little bit of destiny come true.

*"I don't want to be a
movie star, I just want
to be a civilian".*

FRANCES PARHAM, '43



Meditation

LOIS WEBSTER ALPHIN, '44

In silence and in reverence, Lord, I kneel
At end of day when dusk is closing in.
The sun that lately warmed the ripened hay
Now changes rosy clouds to crimson hue
Which, in its time, recedes to leave
The deepening endlessness of twilight sky.
The purple hills look down as if they, too,
Have caught the hushed sweet music of Thy
voice.

O God, the quiet of this deepening hour
Has caught the vision of Thy holy way;
Have mercy on the eyes that fail to see
Thy vision in the glow of autumn sky.
Help us to know the peace that comes with
dusk
That we may view the morrow with new
faith.

Ode to Man

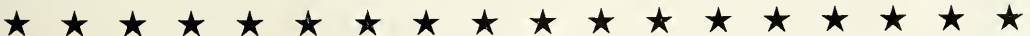
MARY KELSO HARMAN, '44

Thou art not born for death, immortal man,
Thou who treadest upon the earth,
an innumerable band.
Thy foot prints have been made
by ages in the sand.
Man, who art thou that God
remembers you in His plan?
Only a figure in the dust, God
made you in His image, I trust.
Live a life of joy and pain thou must, and
God will keep your record just.

Quiet

LOUISE PUTNEY, '46

It comes, and before you know it's there
It is gone again;
You reach out to hold it there
But in vain,
It creeps in slowly,
And you feel a change,
Something unpredictable,
Something rich and strange.
To gain peace, serenity—
This one thing I require.
Oh! Let it not escape me—
This I so desire.

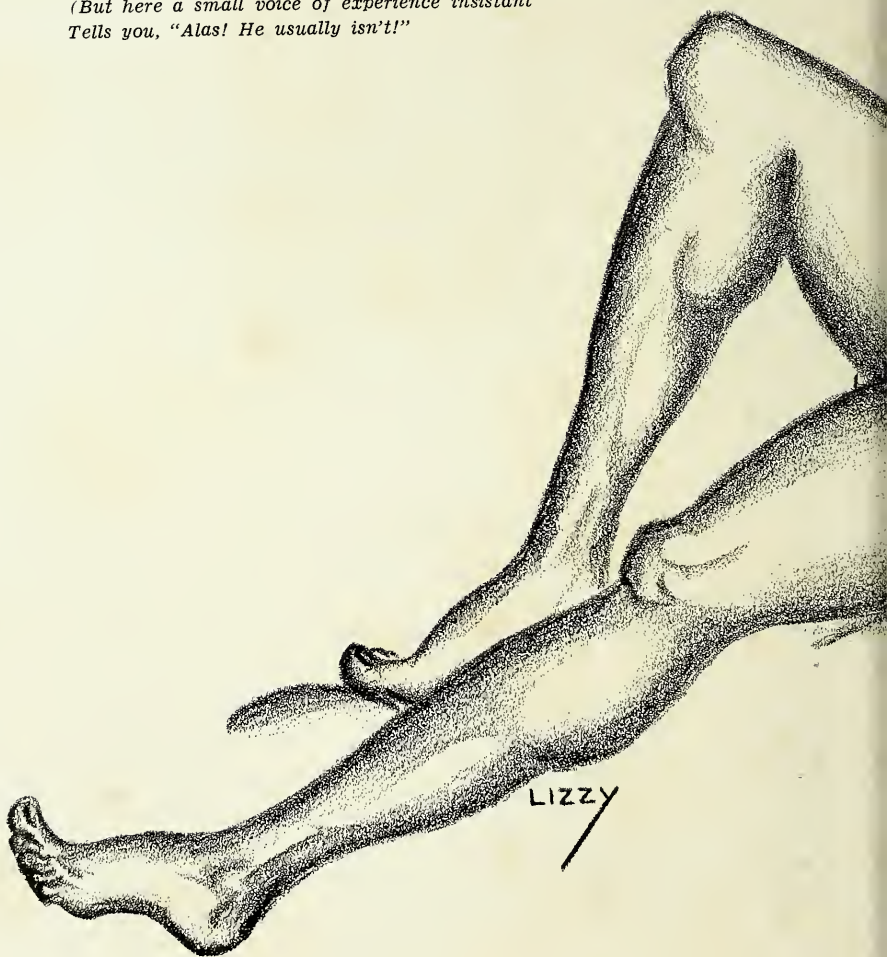


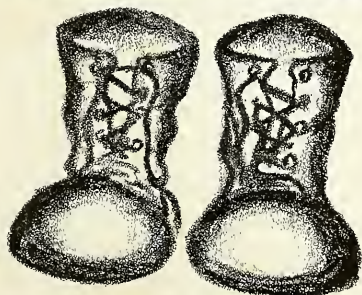
Here and There

*A telephone wire's a marvelous thing,
From Pickett to S. T. C. it will bring
Voices of soldiers, brave and bold,
That bring girls running, so I am told.*

*Here's their vision of one of whom Petty'd be
proud
The gals are excited, their heads in a cloud
Ah yes! They can see him so handsome and
strong,
Exactly the type for whom they all long.*

*(But here a small voice of experience insistant
Tells you, "Alas! He usually isn't!")*





Shades of Love!

JANE KNAPTON, '45

I BIT my fingernails as I re-read Kay's letter for the fifth time. Kay was one grand girl and we had been inseparable last year when we'd both been freshmen in college, and I'd invited her to visit me for a week this summer. In this letter Kay had enthusiastically accepted, but that's not the reason I was ruining my perfectly good manicure. No, indeed! You see, I have a scrumptious picture of Kay, one of those glamorized portraits that makes her look as fragile as whipped cream and cuddly as a kitten. I must admit, though, when one knows Kay, those are the last adjectives in the world that would describe her.

To begin with, Kay is a biology major, and is also very much the outdoor girl. She's nuts about swimming, golf, tennis, and oh, this could go on for hours, but that's giving you a rough idea.

Well, to get back to the picture, I was showing it to Pete, (my o. and o.) and Ted Marshall (who is one of Pete's cronies) and as soon as Ted sees this photo, he immediately starts getting more star dust in his eyes than a moon struck June bug on a bright night. He starts to rave about her, and I gathered from his mumbles that *this* is the very girl he's always been longing to comfort and protect.

I just sat there with my teeth in my mouth, I was so dumbfounded! I'd just like to see any one "comfort and protect" Kay! When I finally got my mouth closed, I assumed a maternal air, and assured Ted I'd certainly get him some dates with Kay, and especially a date for the club dance, which would be the first night after Kay arrived.

So I wrote and told her all that had happened, and, trying to be subtle, I told her how Ted had visualized her, adding that Ted was grand looking and a swell guy. And this letter I get back! Kay writes that all this is swell by her, so long as the boy

"...*Forgive us all our trespasses, Little creatures everywhere.*"

—LITTLE THINGS,
by James Stephens

can play a decent game of golf. Oh, gosh!

II.

Kay has arrived and gone back home again, and I'm still breathless. I've decided never to play cupid again, but just to let nature take its course.

To begin with, I met the train and Kay greeted me with a bear hug that nearly capsized me. Of course, all the way home and for sometime after, our conversation ran like this:

Kay: "Do you remember . . .?"

Me: "Have you seen Babs . . .?"

Kay: "Did you know that . . .?"

Etc., etc.

Finally, after we had greeted the family, and collected our scrambled thoughts, it suddenly dawned on me that we just had a couple of hours before our dates would call to take us to the Club dance. We bolted our dinner, and then began to make hurried preparations for our big night, with Kay asking me endless questions about the sport facilities of the Club. Exasperated, I finally burst out,

"For heaven's sakes, Kay, don't you want to know anything about that tall, unknown guy you're going to date tonight?"

She looked at me in surprise and said, "Well, gosh Pat, if you say he's O. K., I believe you!"

So I gave up in disgust! When we were ready and waiting for the boys, I looked at Kay and she was gorgeous. She is continually surprising me, for I keep forgetting how truly beautiful the gal really is. When I told her she looked like a second Lana Turner and was twice as pretty, she merely laughed and said,

"Thanks, chum."

Well, the boys were on time for once, so I guess old Ted had really got behind Pete to get him to the house at the proper time. Ted took one look at Kay and started getting that silly calf look on his face. I made

SHADES OF LOVE!

the introductions and held my breath, hoping that Kay wouldn't slap Ted on the back and start talking about the latest tennis matches. (Don't misunderstand me, I like athletics too, but there is a time and place for everything!) But for a wonder, she was very subdued, and as we were getting into the car, I saw her laugh at something Ted had just said, and then, she actually *flattered her eyelashes* at him ! !

At intermission, I was still holding my breath, because I was praying that Ted and Kay would hit it off, for they were both such swell people and two of my best friends. The four of us had wandered out to the terraced garden and I tactfully (and I thought very casually) murmured to Pete something about the garden being unusually pretty on the other side. And Pete, being no dope chuckled.

"Gosh, honey, you sure are taxing your bird brain playing cupid."

Not that he thinks I'm a bird brain, but that just happens to be a favorite expression of his. As we understand each other perfectly, I just let that crack pass.

So we stood on the other side, but, being a woman, I couldn't resist peeking over to see how Kay and Ted were making out. They were standing by a rose bush, and Ted had just handed her a flower, and so help me if Kay wasn't standing there smelling the thing as though it were the sweetest perfume on earth. Pete said, peering over my shoulder,

"Well clip my bangs and call me high-brow, honey, I thought you told me Kay was the athletic type!"

Oh, men, I thought, and thinking Pete needed taking down a notch or six, I merely replied,

"Right now, m'love, you're rough as a cob and twice as corny!"

After Pete had given me a lengthy lecture on the relative values of children being polite to their elders, I looked out to see that Kate and Ted were walking back to the Club house, Kate still clutching the rose, and when they were almost abreast of us, she suddenly let out a screech that would have changed the complexion of an African! I hurriedly backed into Pete, and I looked for the reason of the vocal. Ted had put a protecting arm around Kate, and was laughingly pointing to Kate's feet where . . . I give you my word . . . a poor little frog sat, scared to death!

"Wow," I muttered to myself, thinking of all the times I'd seen Kate give relatives of that same little frog chloroform and dissect them for me in our laboratory class without batting an eye, "Amas, amat, amatus!"

"What did you say Pat?" asked Pete.

"Oh, nothing," I replied airily as we walked behind Kate and Ted who were arm in arm, "I was just polishing up a little on my Latin!"

FOUND ON LOCAL TEST PAPERS

*"Color blindness is not
a disgrace and most
people today are."*

*"Money is a good
meteor of exchange."*



I Had No Cause For Worry

BETTY DEUEL COCK, '46

I had no cause for worry—
Yet my hands were trembling, cold—
I thought perhaps a letter . . . ?
My heart was far from bold.
As I thought my body shivered,
My imagination spread—
I cannot say what terrors
Did not go through my head.
My nervous footsteps led me
To the boxes, row on row
My eyes then sought, but dreaded
The think that now I'd know.
Within those several minutes
I seemed to age in years—
Thank God . . . the box was empty!
Thank God for foolish fears!



"You know I'll wait for you forever if you
but forever is not as long as it once was."

LILLY BEC GRAY,

* * *

"THIS knowing thought went through me like
icicle".

FRANCES PARHAM,

* * *

"Rationing is an impetus to appetite."

* * *

"SHE was so bored one could almost see
splinters protruding."

* * *

"The water was so soft that bathing in it
almost a bath in liquid silk."

MARY FRANKLIN WOODWARD.

To a

YOU stand there on your wobbly legs and stare at me with a wisdom and lack of timidity unbecoming one so new in this adult world. Last night's moon was waning before you opened your velvet eyes on this June world, heady with the scent of bruised alfalfa. You know nothing of the ugliness of life, of the turmoil and frustration of this business of living. You have never known the agony of despair, of futility, of hopeless struggling. You have yet to learn that shadows can dim even the magnificence of yon sun. You'll go your merry way and your zest for joyful living will close your eyes to all that is not a part of that joy.

You will know the pure delight of racing up some sun-splashed slope thrilling to your own power of speed. You'll break the quiet waters of some serene stream letting its coolness and purity eddy around your thighs and, drinking your fill of its refreshing waters, go your way leaving the scars of dainty hoofprints on its virgin sands. The summer rains will fall upon your proud head and you'll quake to thunder beyond your comprehen-

ise

UTH lives with a passion, but forgets easily."

ROSALIE FONTAINE JONES

* * *

he didn't mind losing her man, for she felt
men are like busses and that there would be
er one along in five minutes."

NELDA ROSE HUNTER, '43

* * *

SMILE spread across her face like a kitten
retching itself in the sun."

* * *

he had too much to do in the present to waste
in the past."

BETTY DEUEL COCK, '46

* * *

ETHING seemed to stir the water internally
and the outward effect was that of a ruffled

JANE RUFFIN, '45



A Little Girl's Promise

CAROLYN ROUSE, '43

I must brush my hair well tonight, Daddy
dear,
For I shall meet you in my dream;
I will talk and laugh with you and tell you
All that's happened since you left.
I'll show you the dress I made for Anne—
You remember—She's the doll you bought—
And tell you how Skip's not been barking
loud of late
And how everybody's so good to me!
I shall go upstairs early and after I say my
prayers
And look my prettiest for you, I'll go to
sleep
So soon and keep my promise to meet you
in my dream.



Colt

'44

sion. You will romp with the matronly mare who is your parent until she, forgetting her dignity, joins you in your frolic. You can stand with a stillness and quietude comparable only to the hills and then with quivering nostrils as suddenly as a crash of static you will scamper madly away and, as if pursued by some demon, run until you have relieved that indefinable tension that impelled you to tear away, then go quietly about this business of selecting the most choice bits of clover as contentedly as the Jersey cow. You are completely indifferent to the thistle and the rock and the gully, you even delight in kicking and stamping the troublesome flies that pester you.

Looking at you standing there I wonder if you are not justified in your assurance and look of deep wisdom. Perhaps it is I who know so little of the joys and so much of the sorrows of existence that I could profit by a revision of my philosophy and an acceptance of yours. Will you teach me to be ever conscious that the beauties and precious things of life are its small natural joys? Little colt, I feel humble in your presence, will you teach me how to live?

In The Stacks . . .

Virginia Is a State of Mind

VIRGINIA MOORE, *Dutton Publishing Co.*, 1942, \$3.00

MISS Moore, of Scottsville in Albemarle County, has written a fascinating book. It is a beautiful interpretation of the mind and spirit of her beloved Virginia—its way of life, its ideal, and its contribution to American democracy. As must be true of any significant work of art, the implications for all life of the local scene are made plain.

The author reveals the genius of Virginia through an exciting tour of the state to the residences of thirty celebrities, among them Powhatan, John Smith, Pocahontas, William Byrd, Nellie Custis, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, Stonewall Jackson, and Robert E. Lee.

The true characters of these personalities are revealed by clever anecdotes and apt quotations.

The vividly personal character of the narrative does not crowd out the non-biographical. The great story of Virginia from Jamestown to the present is revealed. The nature of the War Between the States is made clear by tales of its most interesting episodes and there is a revealing chapter on Virginia foods. The State's contribution to national literature from John Smith to Ellen Glasgow is carefully appraised. The very heart of Virginia is exposed and it is discovered that the Commonwealth's great concern has been to aid significantly in the building of a great nation.

MARY FRANKLIN WOODWARD, '45

Look to the Mountain

LEGRANDE CANNON, JR., *Henry Holt and Company*, 1942, \$2.75

LEGRANDE Cannon, Jr., presents a beautiful story in his newest novel, *Look to the Mountain*. Blending history with fiction, the author stirs his reader by telling a heart-warming story of the strug-

gle of two young people in establishing their home. With a log cabin as their home, Whit and Melissa Livingston, turn their backs to the small village of Kettleford, and begin life anew in the sparsely populated section of the upper Merrimack River, under the protection of Mount Chocorua. Except for each other, life is lonely, as the nearest neighbors are miles away. Soon, however, a child is born to them. With another life to care for, Whit works hard to clear his land and make it yield. Hardships are many, but their determination to succeed overpowers all obstacles.

Although the Revolutionary War has its part in the story, it is not a vital part of the action. The moving force of the book, the struggle of early American pioneers who pushed forward into a wilderness of uncertainties to establish a nation of might, serves to renew a consciousness of their accomplishments. Not only this, but it also gives us their inspiration and their faith. "*Look to the Mountain*" brings to mind those words of the Bible:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills:
From whence cometh my help?
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth."

MARILYN BELL, '45

Thorofare

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, *Harcourt, Brace and Co.*, 1942

OF all the new fiction we're reading today, a large percent concerns the war. Christopher Morley's "*Thorofare*" is as delightful an escape from propaganda and flag-waving as any novel yet published, despite the fact that it depicts the trials and indecisions of a British family.

At the beginning of the story, Geoffrey Banton is a child of perhaps eight or nine years, living in England with a palisade of old maid aunts to protect him from the outside world, and a beloved Uncle Dan who

Continued on Page 31

Portrait of Elizabeth

LOLINE WARNER, '45

THE auctioneer pounded the gavel heavily on the table in front of him, and set about earnestly with his task of auctioneering everything in the Hughes household.

For many years they had been wealthy people, but now their wealth was gone. It had been necessary for young Elizabeth Hughes, the only surviving heir, to sell the house, and auction the precious furnishings. As she traveled in and out of the rather curious crowd (some came only because they were curious), she paused beneath a huge life-size portrait of her great-aunt Elizabeth, for whom she was named. The stern, dark eyes beaming down on the young girls gave her a curious, guilty feeling, as though she might have committed some minor crime. Standing there for some minutes she thought of the history of her family. The corridor of her mind recalled many stories related to her by her mother—stories of the woman whose painting had hung in her home ever since she could remember, and in reality, many years before.

Then the deep voice of the auctioneer brought her senses quickly back to her, and she was in 1942 again, suddenly realizing what was going on about her. Everyone had turned in her direction, and she soon sensed the whole situation. They were selling the picture of great-aunt Elizabeth, and right under her very nose!!! The auctioneer's voice rambled on, without feeling.

"Here we have one of the most valuable paintings of our present day, painted by one of the leading artists. My friends, what will you bid for this valuable painting of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes, whose husband started the Library Foundation Fund, and made it possible for you to have the libraries in this very city? What am I bid for this exquisite piece of art?"

Elizabeth thought quickly, and then stepped to the improvised auctioneer's stand, and said in a voice, clear and resolute, "I am indeed sorry, but there has been some mistake. This painting is not for sale, and so far as I am concerned, never will be."

Stepping down from the speaker's stand all the blood seemed suddenly to have run to her head. As she drew closer to the painting, the eyes appeared to have a twinkle in them and the round, full mouth seemed to smile down at her, in full realization of what had taken place.



Suspense ----

PROP WASH

FIDDLE HAYMES, '43

Landlady: "If you don't stop playing that saxophone you'll drive me crazy!"

Stude: "Ha, ha, you're crazy already. I stopped playing an hour ago."

—Baptist Student

¶

"This dance floor is certainly crowded."

"I'll say. Half an hour ago I fainted and I had to dance around four times before I could fall."

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

¶

There are three classes of men—the intellectual, the handsome and the majority.

¶

The Indians known as the Sioux
Spent oodles of time pitching wioux
Extra-marital ties
Were praised to the skies
And nothing was ever to bioux.

—Old Maid

¶

"Got something in your eye?"

"No, I'm just trying to look through my thumb."

¶

Who was that lady I saw you out with last night?

I wasn't out; I was just dozing.

—Owl

Marriage is supposed to be the union of two souls but sometimes a soul finds herself hitched up with a heel.

—Prism

¶

Draftee: "Can you lend me a dollar? I don't get paid till tomorrow."

Veteran: "Sorry, I haven't a cent. Got paid yesterday."

¶

"How did you puncture that tire?"

"Ran over a milk bottle."

"S'matter?—didn't you see it?"

"Naw, the kid had it under his coat."

¶

A: "You should have seen Mabel run the half-mile last night."

B: "What did she run it in?"

A: "I don't know what you call the darn things."

—Old Maid

¶

1st Draftee: "What did the little rabbit say when he ran out of the forest fire?"

2nd Draftee: "Hooray, I've been defurred!"

¶

Give an athlete an inch and he'll take a foot, but let him take it.

Who wants athlete's foot?

—Old Maid

PROPWASH

She (1): Last night Ben tried to put his arm around me three times.

She (2): Some arm I'd say!

¶

"If you refuse me," he said, "I'll die." She refused him.

Sixty years later he died.

¶

A man in the insane asylum sat fishing over a flower bed. A visitor approached and, wishing to be affable, asked, "How many have you caught?"

"You're the ninth", was the reply.

—Old Maid

¶

There once was a prof named Smith Whom I had an 8:30 with

He taught me some history

Which to me was a mystery

And still is right much of a myth.

¶

Caesar sees her seize her scissors

Sees her eyes

Sees her size

Caesar sighs.

¶

Bill had broken up with his girl. After ignoring several letters requesting the return of her photograph, one came threatening to complain to the house president. Deciding to squelch her for all time, he gathered up all the pictures in the house, wrapped them up and enclosed this note, "Pick it out—I've forgotten what you look like."

—West Point Pointer

¶

One-eyed prof severely to indolent student on back row: "Are you smoking back there?"

Bored stude: "No sir, that's just the fog I'm in."

¶

The birds do it

The bees do it

The lil' bats do it.

Momma, can I take flying lessons, too?

—Exchange

Drunk (to splendidly uniformed bystander): "Shay, call me a cab will ya?"

Splendidly Uniformed Bystander: "My good man, I'm not the doorman; I am a naval officer."

Drunk: "Awright, then call me a boat. I gotta get home."

—Georgia Yellow Jacket

¶

Did you hear about the cross-eyed teacher who couldn't control her pupils?

¶

"What's all the hurry?"

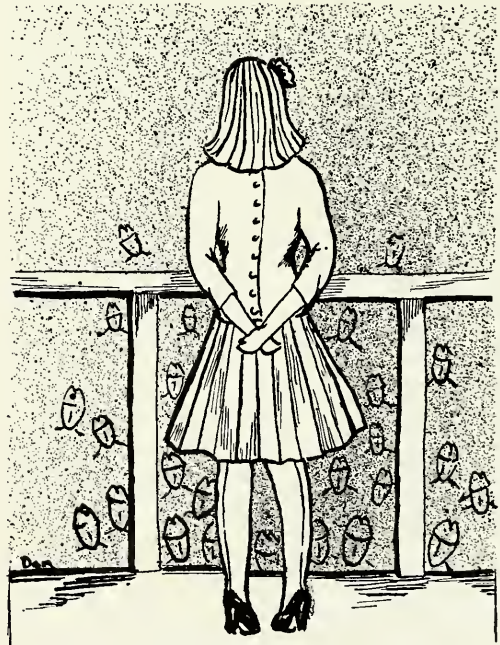
"I just bought a text book and am trying to get to class before the next edition comes out."

—Record

¶

Why did the moron die with his boots on?

To keep from hurting his toe when he kicked the bucket.



Your first U.S.O... and you're petrified.

In a True Light

From Page Nine

great help to his father in spite of being paralyzed almost completely on his right side, his entire arm, and most of his right leg. No trace of bitterness in either of these two, Pie or Howard, both of them tackling life with everything they've got. Howard has lived all his life there on the farm. I would like to talk to him some day . . . I would like to get his philosophy of life, and then I would like to go home, and when I ride the crowded ill-smelling dusty subway train and see those restless, disappointed, disillusioned city faces, I would like to tell them about Pie and Howard and give them a philosophy that would erase the tensions and quivers from their faces.

While tramping over the hillside together, we came upon a graveyard quite high on the hill. Pie said it was theirs, that it had belonged to the Hutchisons for over a hundred years. Graveyards have a fascination for me. As the gate was locked, I climbed the fence and prowled about reading the quaint inscriptions on the old tombstones. From time to time I would yell out to Pie, "Say, who's this", or "Oh, say, listen to this", as something would catch my eye. No amount of persuasion or threats would make her climb over too, but the rascal took as much delight on her side of the fence as I did on mine.

* * * * *

At the close of our second year, Screwball went away to teach, and in the days that followed we missed her sorely. We corresponded with her faithfully and had many happy reunions with her during holiday times. One day in Chapel as we were waiting for the rest of the student body to arrive, Potato (Ada Clark Nuchols), Pie's roommate, arrived with a letter for Pie. It was from Pie's mother, and not being a Braille letter, Potato proceeded to read it to her. I was humming to myself, leaning back in my seat, watching the others file in. I almost froze to my seat with horror as I caught a snatch of the words . . . automobile accident . . . brain injury . . . broken back . . . shoulder . . . I leaned toward Potato and said tensely, "Who?"

"Edith!" they wailed, "Edith Sibold,

Edith Sibold, Screwball . . . our darling Screwball!" Just then Dr. Jarman announced the hymn and we arose to sing. Instead of singing we wept unrestrainedly, all of us, Screwball's devoted friends, Pie, Potato, Libby and I. We stumbled the full length of the auditorium to the campus outside. Poor Pie! What mixed emotions we felt at that moment! Grief and horror for Screwball and concern for Pie, for Pie became hysterical. Potato and Libby took her to the Infirmary for something to quiet her, while in a daze, I returned to my room in Junior building. Later that same day, Pie and I phoned the Roanoke Hospital and were told that Screwball was holding her own.

The next day we boarded a bus for Roanoke to see for ourselves. All the way Pie and I were unusually silent, as we hoped fervently for Screwball's recovery. When we finally reached the hospital and located her room, we had difficulty in squeezing in . . . the room was jammed with visitors. Soon we found her in the midst of all the blur of faces, flowers, laughter and chatter. We edged our way up to her bed, wonderfully unaware of the other visitors present. She smiled gayly as we advanced, her thick curly blond hair was combed back off face. Over her left eye was a bandage not too big and her right shoulder was snug in a cast. Except for all these, she seemed very much our old Screwball. She leaned back comfortably after greeting us and said very gayly, "Pie and Yank, I have a concussion of the brain and spine!"

"It would take you," I said, "to have a fancy accident. I can't even sprain my little finger."

When Screwball became aware that Pie and I were standing at her beside, she reached out and held tightly the hand Pie was groping toward her. They spoke hardly a word to each other. There was a wealth of meaning in that handclasp. On our return to school, Pie and I chatted gayly. We were almost intoxicated with relief.

Good old Screwball! Nothing could ever snuff out her indomitable singing-bird spirit. She cheated Death, fooled the doctors and nurses, healed beautifully. After a few months of convalescing at home, she was up, her casts removed, staggering at first from bed to chair, from chair to table, and

table to door, each day gathering new strength and ever fired with the will to get well and strong again.

* * * *

How I loved to tease Pie . . . the happy times when she would come into my room and query softly, "Yank, Yank . . . are you here?" . . . then a quiet pause while she waited for a reply. I would sit very still scarcely breathing while I chuckled inwardly. She'd be suspicious, of course, and start taking inventory . . . going from bed to bed and to all the chairs, and even to the closets; she knew every inch of my room by heart. I would suddenly spring at her from behind and hug her hard, whereupon she would pummel me with mock fury while I laughed uncontrollably . . . And the times I'd tip-toe into her room and let out a blood-curdling "Boo!" as she sat quietly reading and thinking herself very much alone. Then would ensue a wild chase, out into the hall, through our rooms and the bath, and around again. I was a perfect beast, for I would yank chairs, bed, anything I could seize as I ran, leaving it in her path as she came. She would get me finally though, and then what a tussle; I would have to beg off, for she is much the stronger of us two. We both enjoyed it thoroughly, this crazy letting ourselves go. Mealtimes . . . what glowing descriptions we would give her of the meal to be partaken of. "Oh, good," she would sigh as we named palatable delicacies, and, oh my, the tingling pinch I would receive under the table cloth as we finished the blessing and sat down to swallow plain old hot dogs and cabbage. This enjoyment was short-lived, however, for she too soon caught on to our deceiving ways.

We talked for three years about my taking her home with me to New York City, and planned for it; but each year, as the time approached for our departure, something unforeseen would come up, and then Old Man Disappointment would stalk in cruelly on our plans. But at long last, in our Junior year, we set the Easter holidays as the time, and this time we really did go! Pie was enthralled by the noisy bustling city and our small hotel just off Times Square delighted her no end. We had only four days but we packed all we could into them. She loved the subways and Fifth

Avenue busses, those elephantine monstrosities, and the large stores like Macy's and Sak's left her breathless. Both of us being enthusiastic about James M. Barrie, we saw his play, "A Kiss For Cinderella" starring Luise Rainer. Trying to stretch our pennies as far as possible, we had purchased balcony seats, but a very observing usher, after the curtain was rung up, came to us and escorted us quietly down to orchestra seats. There we didn't miss a word of the delightful play. Pie had her first Chinese supper at a very atmospheric Chinese restaurant on Broadway. Our Chinese waiter hovered over Pie as she ate, trying so hard to be of help that we both were amused and touched. Each and every little thing on the trip delighted Pie. Before we retired at night, Pie would get out Mother's typewriter and type off cards to her many friends and relatives "Down South".

Pie and Mother got along famously. Mother still raves to her friends about what a remarkable girl Pie is. I'm afraid Mother thought beforehand that she'd have to treat Pie like a very fine crystal goblet, but she was delightfully mistaken. We found time to accept an invitation to lunch from a very attractive young married friend of mine, and Pie found Ruth, our hostess, very charming and chic, and her apartment was of great interest to Pie, for it was her first, first-hand experience with apartments. We managed to take in all of Radio City, too, it being but two short blocks from our hotel. Late one afternoon, having before us two unplanned hours before meeting Mother for supper, I hit upon the idea of taking Pie for a "tea leaf reading" at my favorite Gypsy Tea Room. The atmosphere, the soft lights, the vivid colors, and the costume of our Reader, was lost on Pie, but not her ramblings. Pie's mouth actually hung open as the Gypsy gave her glowing accounts of her future. All the way back to the hotel we laughed with glee like two silly children at the woman's insane predictions. I often think that the wretch was more impressed with that deceiving Gypsy than with the whole of New York, though she won't for words confess it. It was a merry time for both of us.

Easter Sunday, Mother, Pie and I, bearing proudly our corsages (reminiscent of a

THE COLONNADE

funeral parlor) joined the Easter Paraders on their way to Church. The elite of New York festooned Fifth Avenue and we described to Pie from time to time, the headgear and garments in which they were sailing by so bravely. We boarded a very crowded bus and alighted when we reached St. John The Divine's Cathedral, the largest church in the country and one of the loveliest in the world, I'm sure. It is built in the shape of a Maltese Cross and is as yet unfinished. The service was in progress and in hushed whispers we described the interior to her. As the choir sang a beautiful Easter Anthem and the grand old men of New York passed among us for the offering, Pie ventured her first and only words, "I can feel the vastness and the beauty . . . I really can."

Later when we returned to college and were discussing our trip, she added this, "Yank, you could describe all of New York to me in detail right here in this room, but without my ever being there and getting the feel of it all, it would be lost upon me." Thus you have the feelings and fine appreciations of a blind person in a nut shell.

After our gay Easter Holiday, the time slipped by quickly and too soon it was June and goodbyes were in order. We parted for the summer with our eyes and hearts full of that tomorrow that sang of Senior privileges, Senior Chapel, wearing our caps and gowns, having our parents down for graduation.

And now another glorious year to walk in the light with Pie.

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"Hey!"

"Hey there!"

"Got two nickels for a dime?"

"Nancy-y-y-y-y!"

"Yeah? Whatcha want? Be quiet you all!"

"Nancy, you gotta phone call in the home office."

"E-e-e-e-k oh! Gotta call—home office—'scuse me—oh-h!"

"Ga-lory be!"

"What chew doin', Imogene?"

"Nuffin'—what chew doin'?" (Peculiar to second floor Annex only.)

"Hey, lovely."

"Gotta date comin' up for the dance?"

"Nope—he got his classification the other day—left yesterday."

"Aw—thatsa shame."

"Have you been to the P. O.? Did I get any?"

"Is the coke machine empty?"

"That was the cutest boy you were with last night—is he "The" one?"

"Where is Elsie Jones this morning?"

"She's taking her cuts," somebody answers boldly on the back row.

"Well, if she hopes to pass this course, etc., etc."

"C'mon let's go to Butcher's for lunch."

"Will you take my laundry over when you go?"

"Meet me at Shannon's at four."

"Gosh, I can't go to see Miss Mary—I haven't got any socks on. Wait a minute."

"Go around to the Rotunda and see if

he's there yet—gotta run in my stockings right here at the last minute."

"Let's have dinner in the tea room—gotta check from home."

"I didn't go to breakfast—let's go to the tea room for a cuppa coffee."

"Hope we have buns for lunch."

"Hallelujah! ice cream with chocolate sauce for desert tonight."

"Busy—please keep out—two test tomorrow." (Favorite message posted on doors.)

"You never do come to see me any more."

"Honey, I'm taking Miss Wheeler's speech class; 'nuff said."

"I know what you mean—I took it last year."

"I declare I'm 'pig' every single night." (There are always those who believe this emphatically.)

"Well—where have you been? You are supposed to call 1011-M at 9:30."

"Hey!"

"Let's ask Miss Mary if we can go to the movies tonight."

"Well-l-l. But I know she's not going to let us."

"Did you get any pink slips?"

"That makes me so mad—I've been to chapel every single time and I have four unexcused absences."

"Look-e—got a nine and a half on my Biology drawing."

"How 'bout that?"

"Hey!"

"Hey there!"

And so it goes on and on.

FAY JOHNSON, '45

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Voice: "Give me liberty or give me death."

O. D.: "Who said that?"

Voice: "Patrick Henry."

—Log

—† † †—

"Give me a glass of milk and a muttered buffin."

"You mean a buffered muttin?"

"No, I mean muffered buttin."

"Why not take doughnuts and milk?"

—Old Maid

—† † †—

1: "Whew, I just took a quiz."

2: "Finish?"

1: "No, Spanish."

—Old Maid

—† † †—

"What's the last word in Jap airplanes?"

"Jump."

—Old Maid

—† † †—

High heels, according to Christopher Morley, were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the forehead.

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Thorofare

Continued from Page 22

teaches in an American university and who brightens the little fellow's life with occasional cheery visits and long stories of how one lives in the U. S. A. When one of Uncle Dan's visits serves to bring the boy, Geoff, and one of the aunts back to America, the story carries on with one amusing incident after another during the time the little British Geoffrey is changed to a strictly American Jeff. His childish misinterpretation of American slang and American custom endear him to the reader's heart from the very first, and as he grows up through the novel and becomes a typical Yankee youngster complete with cowboys 'n Indians and "puppy-love" interests, so does he grow in one's affections.

His childhood playmates grow with him, come and go, one by one, until at last at college-age, when he decides to go back to England and the thorofare of his early childhood, he persuades his buddy, the ever fascinating Skinny, to go along. Older impressions of the preparation for the crossing do not decrease in interest, despite his desire to appear a seasoned sailor.

All in all, the book holds the reader's interest from start to finish. It includes the right amount of humor and pathos, of childish innocence and boyhood wisdom. "*Thorofare*" is not just another good book; it is one more triumph in the delightful career of our beloved Christopher Morley.

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