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CAMPUS -
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The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. VII

MARCH

NO. 3

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Over the Editor's Shoulder...

We have suddenly realized, at this writing, that this is the last time we'll be tearing our hair because of deadlines, overdue articles, and balky typewriters, not to mention all the fun we've had, too, getting the Colonnade ready for press. And with these farewell words, we turn the magazine over to the new editor and staff for the May edition, which will be the annual senior issue. We know that they've a trick or two up their sleeves to make the forthcoming issue a high - light of the year. So to the new staff of the Colonnade - good luck! It's up to you to struggle with it and love it for another year. It's work, but you'll love it!

From the literary talents of S.T.C., we've picked the things we hope will suit your varying moods. On the serious side, Dr. Moss offers us many excellent reasons for entering the teaching profession, which contains some chuckles too, in A PROFESSIONAL CREED. So you say you don't want to teach? Read this before you make up your mind... Eneida Costa follows up Julia Braga's article in the January issue by giving us a picture of the school system in Brazil, called aptly enough, IN BRAZIL. We were startled to find that there one finishes "college" before entering high school... For a piece of writing with an unusual touch, we recommend Anna Kucera's THE ROSE AND THE DAYDREAM.

Turning to the lively arts, Mary Lou Dondley's pen has come up again with those favorite cartoon characters of hers - this time with the faculty as the objective in quizz headed KNOW YOUR FACULTY, on which we know you'll get a score of 100% perfect.

The three honorable mentions in the Spring Poetry Contest are published in this issue. Naomi Piercy's ballad, OUR CASUALTIES WERE FEW, takes first place, and Alice Nichols's DESPITE is second, while Virginia Dale is third with her amusing RONDEAU.

For the light touch in fiction, there is Fay Johnson's NOT EVEN A DIVINE NOSE, and Jane Ruffin's WITH NEEDLE AND THREAD, while Ann Masloff and Betty Tom Andrews turn thoughtful with FAIL I ALONE and THREE YEARS AGO TONIGHT respectively.

Ending this column and our year on the Colonnade staff, we wish to thank our faculty advisors and Mr. Lancaster and Mr. Wall of THE HERALD OFFICE, for all the help they've given us and without which the way would have been hard indeed. Also to you, the student body, for the material and suggestions you've given us that have made THE COLONNADE your magazine. Keep up the good work, and...carry on!

Jane Knapton

A Professional Creed

C. G. GORDON MOSS

IN the long, long ago there was a young man enjoying immensely the full life of a strictly masculine campus. Fraternity, athletics, college widows and such extra-curricular activities, though they had not then acquired so pendantic a name, seemed far greater realities than Greek I or History 53. There lingers yet the memory that a full spring moon is far more intoxicating at three in the morning than at any other hour.

Always, though, "college friendships soon must sever" and one cannot remain forever cloistered in an even faintly academic life. The world was beginning to dawn for that young man, primarily in the increasingly insistent realization that soon a living had to be made. Pure chance answered that bedeviling question in the form of an offer to teach in a boy's prep school. To that young man grown old that answer would almost seem conclusive proof of a beneficent providence.

Accordingly a summer was spent in cramming Latin grammar and math. Historical accuracy would compel the admission that the greater time was spent memorizing the first pages of Caesar in order that the first Latin class would be impressed with the profundity of its instructor's knowledge. Indeed it did seem a dramatic moment when the text went in the trash basket with a resounding bang.

With the passage of but a few months, teaching became something more than establishing one's academic mastery of the situation. Every boy in that school became a wonderful object to watch, to see grow, to know. This one wanted help so badly but hated painfully to ask for it. That one who seemed so dull in class was so fully alive on the football field. Another one worked marvellously when complimented. Yet another was miserably lonely. Not an hour in the day and but a few at night failed to give one an opportunity to observe and guide human development in all its intricate ways of growth.

More thrilling still was the long time growth. To compare that timid little fellow in the lower form of several years ago with the fine young man who has now become head monitor and captain of the football team was worth a thousand hours of grading test papers. In short what had seemed merely an easy temporary answer to make a living itself, vibrant with the fullest challenge life can offer and sweet with life's most lasting rewards.

We happen at the moment to be in the midst of a world made uncertain by war, with most of our values up for critical re-examination. Many and vociferous are those who condemn our American colleges, both as to purpose and as to methods. The lessons of war are being used to toll the death knell of the liberal arts college, and to call into being a short-sighted world in which everything must possess immediate, and usually materialistic, utility. We are being asked to believe that every American of the future generations will be concerned solely from the standpoint of education, with preparing himself to make a living.

War wrecks so horribly human life, human values, and civilization's highest achievements. One is almost tempted to find here one of the deepest villainies of Mars. What could more fundamentally destroy the American way of life than to confirm all future generations in the assumption that the making of a living is an end in itself? All our higher values would be meaningless if making a living had not as its goal the assurance of the opportunity to live a life.

The essential value of the liberal arts or humanities course would seem to lie more nearly in the secondary results or by-products of these studies. It is axiomatic that knowl-

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edge and truth have no boundaries or reservations. The true facts in regard to the mechanism of an internal combustion engine are no more, or less, truth than the realities of Greek grammar. It is rather than knowledge of the one may enable you to rush away to shop in another and larger city whereas the latter may enable your soul to soar with Plato into the realm of limitless thought.

There was once a president of a Virginia college who toured the state collecting students for his college on one basis alone. He had elaborate statistics to show that the person who attended college one year would earn so many more dollars during his life time than the person who entered business after high school. His statistics would seem to have proven that the only requirement to enter the golden fields of the millionaire class was the spending of a sufficient number of years in college. And there was at least a temporary disillusionment awaiting those who accepted his thesis. Those who seek a college degree for such a purpose may succeed in attaining their goal of a degree, but it is extremely doubtful if they will acquire that degree of education that we term collegiate.

Consider those by-products of a liberal education that seems to be the prize after all. Their number is legion, but at least a few of them are of inestimable value. And like life itself they can not be gained unless they are lost.

One which would appear on the most superficial observation might be called the amenities of living. None of us can always find life so simple, easy, indeed effortless, that we never find ourselves irritated by others, crossed by others, worse still limited by other peoples' rights. Obviously, the long start toward recognizing and respecting the rights of others has to be made in the homes of our infancy. The true college life, however, can well polish and complete those early trainings to the point where one has a constant and compelling urge and ability to make one's daily contacts with others flow smoothly and harmoniously. The truly educated person is the truly well-bred person. Look among yourselves. Those students who are courteous, who search for the opportunities to care for the wishes of their associates, and above all those who know how to do these things—they are your fellow students who have acquired this elemental but essential full education.

We all know people who have ample native mental ability, who have considerable knowledge of this or that, but who meander through life in half starts and full stops. They scatter their energies in a thousand different directions. They almost succeed at numerous things but never quite reach first rank in any one. The fundamental explanation of their failure is their lack of discipline, primarily mental discipline.

A college education should have as a basic purpose the disciplining of the minds of students. The means available to this end in this study of the humanities are almost limitless. One has but to measure the ability to think of the average freshman against that of the average senior to determine whether or not a particular college is really succeeding.

There comes to mind as a pleasing illustration of this a North Carolina girl who came to one of our Virginia colleges some years ago. She was small, red-haired, freckle-faced and almost unnoticeable in a large class of freshmen studying American history. Undoubtedly there was a keen, sound mind to start with, but she sat almost unobserved throughout that freshman year despite her earnestness of purpose. Then she disappeared into the ebullience of the sophomore year. But in her junior year she showed up again for English history. Almost immediately it was evident that a change had taken place. It appeared in her capacity to discern the essential facts to learn. It was shown in her ability to connect apparently unrelated knowledge. By Thanksgiving she had inveigled her professor into a weekly discussion group that lasted throughout the year. There can be little doubt but what he got more out of that group's valiantly courageous quest for knowledge and understanding than any other member.

There would be no contesting the idea that business would have equally sharpened that girl's wits. Indeed it might well have made her more shrewd and in some sense keener. I would contend, nevertheless, that economic strife could not half so well have disciplined her mind for creative thought and deep understanding.

A PROFESSIONAL CREED

The question of the specific ways college education can induce mental discipline will be ignored here. That is subject matter for more technical, and possibly controversial, discussion. Surely, though, there is an inspiring opportunity, nay obligation, for college professors to whet their students' minds into keen edged Damascene swords so that they may go forth to carve out a better world for tomorrow.

We are all the products of one set or another of prejudices by virtue of our birth and early environment. For some of us those prejudices and pre-conceived ideas are more strictly binding than for others. Accordingly there lies upon all college professors a heavy obligation to instill in their students that quality of mind that is variously called open or broad mindedness. We all know and abhor that type of person whose mind is completely made up on all issues. We recognize in ourselves the constant tendency toward mental death and descent into such a grave.

It is a glorious opportunity to catch young minds before they harden. The possibility to use the study of history or literature to warn students of this universal human tendency to crystallization of convictions adds immeasurably to the challenge of coherent teaching. If there were no other values involved there is great fun in shocking a class out of its inherited certainty as to this or that.

That task, of course, is not accomplished merely by depriving one's students of all illusions. The job is far more a conservative one. The possibilities of honest differences of opinion, of the two-sidedness of all questions has to be grounded in wide factual presentation. Nor does it necessarily leave one open to the criticism of depriving one's students of all convictions. The true goal of effort is the establishment of the principle that convictions and decisions should not be reached until both sides of a question have been full examined. One step further seems possible, the teaching that all questions can be reopened whenever new evidence emerges.

Open-mindedness is a mental quality well to be desired, but there is an even more enviable one, namely tolerance. At those epochs in human progress when great decisions have finally been reached—initiated in the first place by intellectual criticism and questioning—intolerance of the most arrant type has reared its head to negate so much of the victory won. Youth is the time of life when intolerance seems to be most prevalent among human beings. It is often extremely difficult to convince a young person that tolerance is morally justifiable.

Therefore it is peculiarly incumbent upon the teacher to instill tolerance—that quality of life that will grant to all other persons the right to disagree, that approach to life that colors our relations with others with that persuasive willingness to admit that our opponent may be justified in his obstinate unwillingness to think as we do. Tolerance is distinctly a difficult virtue to practice, hence a doubly difficult one to inculcate in others. But what woes, what bitterness we would eradicate from this world if we could but make it universal.

As one examines one's soul as to what one really tries to teach one must find the love of truth and the beautiful. Truth and beauty—not for what they can do for others or ourselves—but for their own sake. We surely send out into the world perverted minds if those minds have not enthroned truth as their sovereign lord. It is not enough to mold the young mind toward this end, for soon the mold will break if the ultimate has not been taught that truth is the hardest master of all. Truth that is the severest and most unrelenting tyrant in its requirements of its disciples. Truth that sets us free, yes, but that also often cuts us off from the rest of the world and creates the greatest loneliness of all. With it all, however, truth that is the only sure north star to guide us straight along whatever be our individual path.

It is so easy to repeat that truth is beauty, and beauty truth. More importantly it is so happy a thought that young college students can be shown that beauty is the counterpart which adds color and life and warmth to the cold austerity of truth. And yet the love of beauty is a conscious art, one that, though it may be native to human nature, can die so

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easily when it lacks cultivation. One of the surest results of a cultural education is the inculcation of a love of beauty, and a capacity to make that love a part of daily life.

As one grows older in the midst of eternal youth—and what aspect of the professorial life is more pleasant?—one is increasingly aware that youth does not prepare one for old age. One is constantly reminded how non-intellectual are the pleasures and pre-occupations of youth. If this be true it would seem that a major responsibility of a college is to lay the foundation to enable its graduates to live richly and fully when youth and its physical activities begin to fade. Those of us who have been educated to the point where we can always find joy in literature, or study, or music and art, or speculative conversation are apt to fail to take into account the barrenness of life without these activities. Herein lies a by-product of the humanities that may be years in coming into being, but a rich one nevertheless.

Undoubtedly this is a technological world we live in, and one that will increasingly be such. The mastery of the physical universe and its laws seems to lie within our immediate grasp. We pride ourselves, and rightly so, upon being at the very pinnacle of human achievement in this regard. All this mystery will fail us in the end if we cannot master ourselves. It has been said that though man now knows, and is on the point of mastering the physical universe, he still stands near his cave-man ancestors in terms of understanding the laws of human conduct in society. At least it is self-evidently true that there is a vast amount for us to learn in this respect.

I would conclude then with the idea that possibly the supreme opportunity in the teaching of the humanities lies in the awakening of a society searching social consciousness on the part of college students. This can well be the integration of all the qualities that have been previously considered. It possibly is the social justification and ultimate resolution of them all. One can well believe that if a major part of the next college generation of Americans could have its mind and conscience intelligently quickened to the insistent necessity for the evolution of social justice, that the result would rank equal or superior to our technological victory.

Read them over—amenities of life, discipline of mind, open-mindedness, tolerance, love of truth and beauty, capacity to live intelligently, and an awakened social conscience—give them flesh and blood in the processions of young faces that follow down the years—keen, fresh, vibrantly alive, and valiantly courageous—and that's what teaching is. And by the great Caesar's ghost, what a wonderful life it is!

On Poetry

MARTHA WATSON

When I go to bed at night
I dream of poems I want to write.
Out I hop, put on the light,
Jot down a line to keep in sight
The poem someday I'm going to write.

NOT EVEN A DIVINE NOSE

FAYE BYRD JOHNSON

I had been to a very ordinary U. S. O. dance the night before, and I was sleeping late into the wee hours of the afternoon. My sleep was reaching that last delicious stage of drowsiness just before one becomes fully awake. A soprano scream at the other end of the hall screeched into my ears. I lay quiet, mentally telling myself that I simply would not be talked into a blind date no matter what Betty had to say. For it was Betty, and she always screams excitedly even if we are only having hamburgers for dinner, but this scream meant one thing only. She had an extra man and was in search of suitable date bait. Her frantic footsteps beat their way to my door. The screams were louder, more demanding. Then she burst into the room.

"Oh, Byrd, he's perfectly darling, and I know you'll like him. He has red eyes and green hair—oh, you know what I mean—and he jitterbugs and his only request was that she have dimples and wear perfume. And he's the best dancer! You'll love him—he's the sweet type with just enough wolf to make him a positive lamb. He's from Pickett, of course."

I didn't care if he looked like Clark Gable. G. I.'s only made me think of my feet, which hurt. Red hair is adorable and well, green eyes (maybe they even crinkled) were irresistible. But . . . my feet hurt. My hair was dirty. I had a theme to write. My nail polish was in a sad state, and then, of course, I had nothing to wear. So I merely grunted.

Betty applied her lipstick and used four drops of my fast-vanishing and much loved "Tabu, the Hidden Perfume". She eyed me, hastily planning her attack, knowing full well the powers of persuasion in making a blind date sound like the aforementioned Gable. The girl is really an artist—at making even a Mr. Milquetoast into a Rudolph Valentino with trimmings. I knew and fear-



ed this art, so I buried my head deeper in my trusty striped blanket. Closing one's ears was the only line of resistance to her onslaughts. She continued, now quite calm.

"I'm dating Marshall, and Bobby (evidently my green-eyed Casanova) is Marshall's best friend. He's really a sweet scream and a slow riot call all in one. You'll only have to date him this afternoon. We can go to Longwood, then dinner tonight at the hotel. They have steaks on the menu today." She emphasized this point. "And then to church and by that time it'll practically be time for them to leave. I told him all about you; he's simply dying to meet you, and he has a divine nose!" (She knew my greatest weakness.) Having made this climatic statement, she returned to her lipstick, knowing full well she had nearly conquered her victim.

I pushed back the trusty but now un-

Continued on page 30

The Rose and the Day Dream

ANNA KUCERA

AUTUMN, falling leaves, and bright sunshine, winged birds and white frost. The time for entrancement, ideals, and day dreams. This was no day dream, though, nor a hallucination; only half imagination and half an indescribable incident.

The day was as if a romantic painter had passed and left this lovely masterpiece, taking all the gloom of the impending winter with him. At the horizon a vivid blue sky rose until only the faintest shadow of color remained. The sun spread golden radiance into every corner, which sought shade only a few months ago. Majestic trees loomed tall and strong displaying their lustrous folds of brown, yellow, and red before the winter of bleak nakedness. And the tiny brook, beside which I sought my favorite brown rock, danced around the tiny pebbles instead of forcing them to move on.

As I sat down, I began to think of all around me and all that was absent. The beauty, peacefulness, and free living in contrast to the devastation, tumult, and enslavement. It was a day for such images and I was ready to dismiss them when a faint throbbing, which seemed to beat at my temples, deafened me and for a second all, save the azure sky, was blackened.

Then the throbbing penetrated even the still sky and, when I felt stable once more, I stood up and gazed unbelievably about me. There was no golden sun or merry brook, only stripped, charred trees and destroyed fields stretched before me. All around me

lay, what seemed to be, a crumpled empire and beyond it, desolate countryside. Had the end of the world come? Was I the last?

The wonder that had first grasped my mind ceased and I began to fear. The fear was as one in a nightmare, when there is no escape except awakening, which always comes too late.

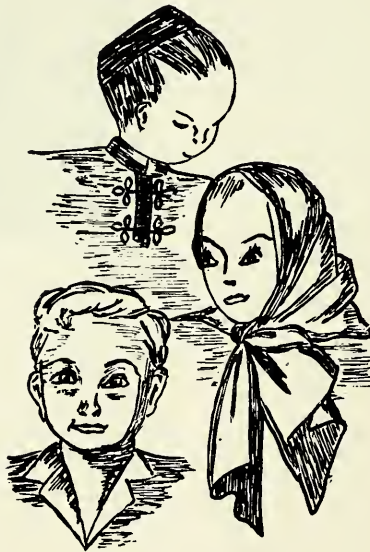
I was about to cry out, when I saw a band of children coming toward me; pitiful, crying, sickly children. I ran through muddy streets and crumpled ruins until I

reached them. There was nothing I could say for all were standing there looking up to me with eyes that held wisdom yet questioned my presence — a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, a girl with yellow skin and a scarlet kimono, a little black boy, and many others. But only their eyes told the story and a flower, a red rose which one child was holding.

Never before had I seen a red rose like it for it seemed to preserve hope and protection in the one proud blossom which stood straight at the end of the stem. It was the children's symbol in the presence of which they were ashamed to show any sign of defeat

or hopelessness. This one beautiful flower in the vast destruction was as a leader to spur on the desires and longings of his crusaders.

All at once the children spoke, each in a different language but all understanding the other. The child holding the flower thrust it toward me and I gingerly took it in my right hand. This time, as they talked, I knew what they were saying but they



LW

THE ROSE AND THE DAY DREAM

looked at each other without understanding.

The child, who had given me the rose, came forward and I took the hand he held out. We talked, I in my own language, he in strange foreign words, but we understood as if we spoke a common language and the questions disappeared from their eyes.

The rose was the key. I held the key to happiness without fear and sorrow; life with understanding and without death. It was all dependent upon beauty, love, and need for each other.

As we stood there together, the dark clouds drew apart as if waiting for this moment and birds flew about the trees, while the children and I watched the crumpled buildings rise again and the

whole desolate scene, renewed with life and love, was once more a peaceful countryside.

We all went toward it together, the fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, the yellow skinned girl in the scarlet kimono, the little black boy, and I with the rose in my hand and the other children following. Together we walked, but the future burdened us no longer.

It was all so familiar—the trees and the leaves, the sun and the shadows, and as I turned around to see the brook, the sun shone upon a bush, from which grew straight and tall—a rose.

Autumn, falling leaves and bright sunshine, winged birds and white frost. Was this just a day dream?

Wings

SARA DAILEY MOLING

Tonight I feel at one with all the great
Bright spirits of the thronging universe—
The poets, dreamers, thinkers—those who late
Or soon gain man nobility. I curse
The dull and stupid cares that cling like sad—
Small household tasks, feigned smiles, too-binding ties,
And even food and warmth . . . I cry to God
For scornful, soaring wings; but He replies,
“My child, in this your life these are your wings—
These simple, pleasant, quiet, kindly things.”

KNOW YO

Answers on Page 30



- I. **HIS GENERAL STATISTICS:** Twinkling eyes, disarming grin, medium in stature but tops to the students, talks with his hands.
CHARACTERISTIC SAYING: "Have you seen the Fred Seibel cartoon in the Times-Dispatch this morning?"
HABITAT: Anywhere BUT room 22 when you're looking for him.
PET HOBBY: Virginia history, especially Robert E. Lee.
DISLIKES: Narrow-mindedness.
WHAT WE REALLY WANT TO KNOW: Could you find anyone else who's such a real Southern Gentleman?



- III. **HIS GENERAL STATISTICS:** tweeds, his class-Xmas-sweetish grin, perpetual motion.
CHARACTERISTIC SAYING: H
HABITAT: Everywhere and any
PET HOBBY: Being a best friend
WHAT WE REALLY WANT TO KNOW: What would S. T. C. be him?



- II. **HIS GENERAL STATISTICS:** Penetrating gaze, crew haircut, totes a brief case, grey suits.
CHARACTERISTIC SAYING: "Human nature, being what it is, - - -"
HABITAT: Training School playgrounds.
DISLIKES: We don't know of any, and he won't admit to any!
WHAT WE REALLY WANT TO KNOW: Can he *really* read our minds?

FACULTY?

ONDLEY



GENERAL STATISTICS: Brisk, efficient walk, anxious look, (lost her glasses again), little feet, short hair.

HABITAT: The floor below the P. O.

PET HOBBY: Collecting various specimens of flora.

KEYS: To be in the limelight.

WHAT WE REALLY WANT TO KNOW: Where does she get all that energy?



V. HIS GENERAL STATISTICS: Mustache, cigar, flower in his lapel, dark blue suits, quizzical eyes, "Rinso-white" shirts.

CHARACTERISTIC SAYING: "What can I do for you today?"

HABITAT: The Personnel Office.

PET HOBBIES: Collecting elephants — (miniatures of course!) and growing flowers.

DISLIKES: Dead beats.

WHAT WE REALLY WANT TO KNOW: How does he remember all the class schedules?



VI. HER GENERAL STATISTICS: Vitality plus, white hair, resonate voice.

CHARACTERISTIC SAYING: "But my dah-ling!"

HABITAT: On stage.

PET HOBBY: Listening to the Saturday afternoon opera programs.

DISLIKES: People who don't do the jobs they're supposed to do.

WHAT WE REALLY WANT TO KNOW: What does she do with her spare time now that the USO in Farmville is no more?



Metamorphosis

SARA DAILEY MOLING

TO Peyton Scott the word “women” connoted one of life’s greatest mysteries. Every day in class he found himself groping in “a sea of these fair creatures” (the expression is Peyton’s own; he read it somewhere and adopted it as useful in his private monologues) whom he couldn’t understand. Some of them were clever in Algebra; some of them conjugated Latin verbs with singsong ease; some of them contributed lurid posters illustrating the story currently under the scrutiny of sophomore Lit class. And yet, these were not the qualities that seemed strange to Peyton. There was some essential trait, apparently shared by all girls, that baffled him; whatever it was, it was the Unknown.

Perhaps one facet of this Unknown was the characteristic way girls looked—the clothes they wore, the length and texture of their hair, their lipstick, the slow, puzzling way they had of lifting their eyes. Outwardly Peyton scoffed at such superficialities, at least in the small world that was his home.

“Dear, why don’t you ask Francie to go with you to the movies?” his mother might suggest. “She’s such a sweet little thing.” And Peyton would write noticeably, feigning an elaborate disgust.

“Aw, Mom, she’s so silly—always running after some guy. And besides, I don’t even know her - - - And gosh, she wears hair-ribbons!” Peyton felt that he had

offered triumphantly infallible reasons for refusing. He simply couldn’t ask Francie, nor could he truly explain the cause of his inability. No, not even to himself.

He tried, upon occasion, to give verbal expression to the situation as he saw it. Muggs, his wearily devoted spaniel, proved to be a good listener; Peyton stroked Muggs’ broad back and thought about life:

“An engineer,” he muttered, “an engineer—that’s what I’ll be. A good ol’ electrical engineer . . . No women to bother us, Muggs.” Peyton’s maze of splendid achievement engulfed him. Yet his dreams were interrupted repeatedly by a mental image of Marie Coble, smiling possessively at his friend George, of that blonde who sat in front of him in study hall, of the cafeteria tables reserved for girls, who chatted and giggled noisily together.

Lying there on the grass, stretched out in the sun with Muggs, Peyton felt superiorly detached and smug and self-satisfied. Nevertheless, in his inmost being he was conscious of a desire to be like George. George’s nonchalant salutations were, “Hi ya, slick chick” or “Greetings, gate.” George never went stag to a dance in the gym. George wore his football letter proudly, sure of feminine admiration. Peyton’s own hard-earned letter was firmly sewed to his sweater front; Peyton treasured his letter just as much as did George. But of him—Peyton—the girls were unaware. His moth-

METAMORPHOSIS

er was frankly worried about her son's lack of social prowess.

"Bill, do you suppose he's not quite normal?" she would asked her husband.

"Oh, no, he'll get over it—just a little shy, that's all. Give him time. Give him time."

"Of course, he's never had a sister—" his mother considered, "but, still . . ." When she had insisted that Peyton attend dancing school every Saturday evening, he hadn't objected too violently. Peyton was, in fact, quite punctilious about formalities. And from early childhood he had displayed his good training in the ease with which he conversed with older people on topics that genuinely interested them. She and Bill often laughed and remarked that their friends found Peyton the most fascinating member of the Scott family. Secretly they were delighted, though Bill swore he would disown Peyton if he ever became what one might term "a precocious brat."

One warm May afternoon George sauntered down to the locker room where Peyton was hastily scrambling into his gym shorts.

"Let's cut track this afternoon, Peyt. and go for a swim. I've got Dad's car—and the pool's darn good this time of year."

Peyton's spirits whistled a brisk little tune. Not only did he call himself a waterfiend, but all day he had longed to escape the stuffy atmosphere of school. The walls were buzzing with conversations about Spring Finals—three consecutive dances

that climaxed a winter of supposed gayety.

"Sure," grinned Pete. "A swell chance to escape Mrs. Long. She's trying to nab us to decorate for the dance."

At the pool the two boys had a pleasant time shoving each other into the water. Peyton dived off George's shoulders; George dived off Peyton's. Then they both swam furiously several lengths without pausing. Suddenly George glanced up and waved.

"It's Marie," he notified Peyton with just the right casual lilt in his voice, "and her cousin Josie, who's just moved to town."

. . . The spring evening sent gentle, warning fingers probing the West. From where he perched on the edge of the pool beside Josie, Peyton watched their shadows explore among the trees along the horizon. Now, he decided, now is the time to ask her. Josie's not like Francie or even Marie—she's a swell sport at water leapfrog—and of course she still hasn't heard I'm the original lone wolf. Peyton looked at her.

"Josie, we'd better shove off. We've gotta get back to town for supper. But say, how 'bout a date for finals next week?"

And then it seemed to Peyton that Josie was all that he had not understood about women, the Unknown itself. She half-smiled and raised her eyes lethargically to meet him; he noticed that the water had matted her lashes, making them long and black and curved upward.

"Peyt, that sounds wonderful to me. I'd love to go with you."

It was as simple as that.

With Needle And Thread

JANE WARING RUFFIN

FRANCES swept the room with one all inclusive gaze and turned away with a sigh that savored of boredom. She hadn't wanted to come to the USO today. It was cold and rainy. Besides, she was off men for the rest of her life and wanted to have nothing more to do with them. After the way she had been treated—oh, well!

Almost simultaneous with the sigh that escaped her lips Frances heard another sigh. She turned slightly to see who was behind her. But Frances Vaughn was a grown girl; she had graduated from college. And now she held a good place with the largest insurance company in town. Furthermore, she didn't believe in fairies and Cupid. So she couldn't even see the figure with a bow in his hand and a sheath of arrows slung across his youthful shoulder, much less could she see the puzzled expression on his face that clearly said:

"This is new to me. I don't know how to mend broken hearts. But Frannie has always been an easy target; her heart has always been big, and I've shot many arrows into its soft spots! She's fallen in love more times than I can count. In fact her heart has been so shot to pieces, that it hasn't a spot big enough for me to lodge even my tiniest arrow."

But Cupid was not discouraged! Association with human beings had taught him that sometimes torn things, even torn flesh, could be mended with a piece of thread; so he reached for a needle in one of those little sewing kits which the helpful mothers of Evansville had made for the service men.

"Can I help in the office today, Mrs. Robbins? I don't feel quite equal to facing those people."

Frances was a good-looking girl, and the navy print she wore set off her tiny figure to its best advantage. But she looked older than her twenty-one years.



The elder woman to whom she was speaking looked up in surprise.

"I guess so, Frannie! Mrs. Carter has a great deal of typing to be done today. Here, take these papers in there and see what you can do." Her eyes followed the lithe form as she walked quickly down the hall, and so she saw it all when it happened. She saw Frannie Vaughn fall. One instant she saw her moving toward the closed door at the other end of the corridor, and the next instant, she saw her flat on the floor. Yet so far as she could see, there was nothing to trip her. Then she saw the tall soldier who helped her up laughingly.

"Take it easy—you've a long way to slide. Are you hurt?"

She heard the slow drawling voice ask Frannie these usual questions, and then she saw him coming toward her office. Even if she were the head of the Evansville USO, it happened all too quickly for Mrs. Robbins to take it in at once.

"Got a first aid kit?" the soldier asked, and then it was that Mrs. Robbins realized that Frannie was hurt.

"It's just a small cut on her leg, but I think I'd better doctor it up a little." He seemed so self-possessed, so sure of himself that Mrs. Robbins handed him the small unused kit that had been in her desk drawer since the opening of the Center. Her only instruction as she did so was, "Bring her in here."

He didn't seem like a stranger somehow. That little wisp of blond hair that fell down over his forehead when he bent to pick up

Frances, the twinkle in his eye, the slow easy going manner, the drawl in his voice—all went to ease the situation as he deftly bound the gash in the girl's knee.

"Well, now, I should say that you should not play any rough games for a while," he told her in a mock-bedside manner. Then he smiled again. "But my name's Jim, and I'd like to just talk."

"My name is Frances, and I thank you so much for doctoring me up. I'd like to stay and just talk, but I was starting in to do some typing for Mrs. Robbins. However, I'll show you the recreation room; there are scads of people in there."

Frances was determined not to get mixed up with any more men. She hated them and she wanted this Jim person to get out. That little blond wisp of hair disturbed her!

"That's all right about the typing, Frannie. Belle is coming in in a little while to do some of it," Mrs. Robbins smiled. She had gained control of the situation again.

"Come on, I'll tell your fortune. I used to do it for a living. Don't worry, I won't put any more cut knees in your life!" His eyes pleaded with her.

Frances felt herself weakening. "Well, all right. Let me tuck in these loose ends of hair."

Then his eyes really lit up.

"Oh, just take it all down! I'll fix it up for you. Used to dress hair for a living!"

"Really?"

"I mean it. Here, sit there." In a moment his fingers were loosening the rest of her roll of dark hair.

Frances felt hopeless. What could one do? And Mrs. Robbins just looked on in amazement at this soldier who had invaded her office, administered first aid to her helper—and who was now turning it into a beauty parlor! But what could she do?

Not one of the three saw the little figure in the corner, busily sewing on something; his bow was beside him, and he had a sheath of arrows still slung across his shoulder. They didn't see him now. Nor did they see him when he put that string across the corridor to trip Frances so that she would fall before the tall good-looking soldier.

Working on her hair, Jim chattered

gaily, telling of little incidents of camp life, of his mother back in Mississippi, of his sister whom he stoutly maintained looked like Frances, and of many other things. Soon both Mrs. Robbins and Frannie melted before him. He tried fixing her hair in every style he could think of; he braided it; he tucked it; he put it in a pompadour; and finally he just combed it out.

Then, standing off at arm's length, and scrutinizing her face as well as her hair-do, he said calmly, "Now that you no longer look like an icicle you can come down off your high horse, can't you?"

Frances tried to look angry; she would live up to her resolution that she would never again have anything to do with men. But she was like putty in his hands.

"Now, let's get out of her, and leave Mrs. Robbins alone," he said laughingly.

"You've got to tell my fortune, you know—you promised," Frances bantered back.

"Go on," she told herself; "The boy is lonesome and needs me to help his morale. It's my duty. After all, he did fix my knee—not that I couldn't have. And I can pretend!"

And so the rainy Saturday afternoon sped on. Of course, they got into an argument. Jim could never talk for ten minutes without getting into one. But this time no one in the Center could settle the argument. After all, people who go to USO centers aren't supposed to know about the relative merits of practically unknown English poets. But Frances thought she knew, for she had majored in English. And so had Jim. Neither of them saw the sly smile on Cupid's impish face when they made an engagement to go to the public library the next day.

When the dinner hour came the next day, Frances smiled as she slipped into her coat preparatory to leaving the Center.

"He's so nice!" she told herself as she went out of the door.

And Cupid back in the corner smiled a knowing smile, put his needle and thread and thimble back in the sewing kit, and drew an arrow from his sheath. Time was ripe for target-practice and Cupid knew it!

Maid In the U

... *Spring*



I. Stepping to the front is Ellen Moore in an evening dress to make anyone's heart young and gay on the evening of a spring dance. The bright flower-splashed motive of the jersey bodice is repeated in two appliqued flowers, startling on the full white chiffon skirt.



BA
QUALI

A. le



III. All ready for Easter are Betty Ellis and Betsy Dillard. Betty wears a simple two piece suit of periwinkle blue accented by a navy blue straw bonnet and matching accessories. We go for the fore and aft pleated skirt, and the jacket buttoning up to a tiny collar . . . Betsy's beautifully tailored coat—grey with just a hint of blue—covers a gold suit with that new spring look . . . a collarless cardigan jacket, set off by her brown felt hat perched low on the forehead.



IV. Navy blue seems to be what the well dressed man around the S. T. C. campus is wearing, and Jane Page and Theresa Powell provide the colorful note—Jane plus a blue and white shadow striped cotton, with lattice-like cap sleeves and peplum; Theresa in yummy yellow, with gobs of fresh white eyelet around a low round neckline and apron-effect skirt.

l Sara Moling,
ier of the day.
ingham has a
nidrif and tiny
d eyelets Sara
umbray with a
ruffling 'round

N'S
STORE

GOODNIGHT COUPLES

BETTY DEUEL COCK

I found an old, frayed scrapbook
Hid away
Among my high school treasures,
And there within its pages
Gleamed a tiny pair of winged
Roller-Skates
Pinning down the lucky number
Which won for me a door-prize,
And I thought back

A dark-haired boy,
Yankee-boy,
Come South with Army parents,
And dissatisfied here in a Southern school.
He took me often
To the one place
Where he could find some pleasure
The Skating Rink.

Early,
Before I'd finished supper
Would he come,
His shoe-skates, laces knotted,
Wheels clanking,
Swung across his shoulder,
My skate-case in his hand,
He'd wave good-bye,
To Mother,
And send me scurrying on
To catch the bus.

And then the din
Of vastly amplified music
Blaring forth
Over the sound
Of wooden wheels
On wooden, sanded floor.
Our darting feet, his laced in black
And mine in white,
A perfect pair for two-step
Or the Skaters' Waltz.

It all came back
So gay and vivid
High school phrases
Favorite songs
The skating calls
"Flashlight Couples"
"Ladies' Choice"
"First Trios"
"Skate slowly, please."
The shrill of an instructor's whistle;
A thud, the whirl of wheels in air;

Another thud . . . a shout,
A pile-up!
Then feet
Untangling, . . .
And he and I would laugh
Aloud, and pick our careful way
Around the heap
Of skaters
Struggling to arise
And on we'd sail,
Knees bending,
Feet crossing
In perfect rhythm
And coordination.

In the call for
"Gentlemen Only",
He led the rest,
And non-skaters
With admiring eyes
Would wait for him
To make the round again,
And wide-eyed children
Would jump and shout,
"Oh, Mother . . . watch him fly . . .
"There he comes!
"Oh, Mother!
"I wish I
"Could skate like that!"

This rink his world,
Chicago, which he'd left,
Could offer more.
And here but one
To take their place.
But this his world . . .
It showed upon his face.

All this I thought of
As I fingered slowly
The tiny skates
Which he had gently pinned
Upon my coat.

Long since gone back
To Chicago,
We had written
Once or twice.
He sent me stickers
To adorn my metal skate-case.
Then time elapsed . . .
We wrote no more.

Pon an impulse,
I grabbed my pen
And wrote feverishly
For awhile,

Gaily picturing
Special incidents which
He would remember.
The night we missed
The last bus home,
And walked four miles
In the snow . . .
"No good then
"The heavy skates you carried!"
Quipped I.
The letter I posted
And promptly forgot.

An answer came today . . .
But not from him.
An Army nurse, whom I don't know
Wrote me a gentle letter . . .

"You may not understand,"
She wrote . . .
"Lieutenant Corfield . . . well,
"Your letter came unopened

"From Chicago,
"Forwarded by his mother.
"But the Lieutenant
"Has had such a shock
"We find it best to read
"His mail
"Beforehand.
"I'm sure you'll understand
"If this letter I return to you."

"To write again,
"Or not
"As you see fit,
"That's up to you.
"How well you knew
"Lieutenant Corfield,
"I cannot say . . .
"I cannot ask him . . .
"That would defeat our purpose.
"I may only suggest
"That if you write again,
"You choose another topic
"To laugh about."

"Keep your letters cheery . . .
"They'll do him good . . .
"But speak not of
"Roller Skates . . .
"Or skating . . .
"For my dear, Lieutenant Corfield . . .
"Corky, as you call him,
"Has been wounded."

"Both his legs . . .
"How can I tell you?
"Both his legs, my dear,
"Both gone,
"Above the knee."

IN BRAZIL

ENEIDA COSTA

THE editor of *The Colonnade* has asked me for an article about our schools in Brazil. I shall not blame you if you don't like my article, for I am a very poor writer, and my English is still poorer. But since we are students, I think maybe you would like to know about the education of my country.

As with you, the kindergarten is the school for the first step in our education. These schools are always situated in large parks, so that the children may have room enough to play when they are not in class. To teach in a kindergarten, one must be a girl and young, and to be a student, one must be less than five years old. These little boys and girls are taught many different things. They learn how to brush the teeth, to wash the face, to dress by themselves, and to sit at the table properly. There are very many flowers in the parks in which the kindergartens are located. The teachers take the children there to teach them how to recognize the different colors by looking at the flowers. They also learn a little bit about reading and about writing.

After the kindergarten, come five years of college (grades as you call them). During these college years, we take a simplified course in each subject (excepting foreign languages) that we will have to take in high school. Tests on the subjects are given three times a year.

Instead of beginning a school session in September as you do, we begin it in March. And our long vacation is from December till March. Then we have a short one from June 15 to July 1.

In Brazil I spent nine years in the same school—five years in college and four years in high school. It was a very large Catholic school taught by nuns. I can never forget that big old building that was my home for so long! I went to this school for the first

time when I was seven years old. I had my first communion in the church of the school. According to our customs, for that I was dressed like a bride, and there were white flowers all over the church. Father, Mother, and all our friends were there. I still remember this day as one of the most remarkable in my life, for this means a great deal for us Brazilians who are generally Catholics.

As students in colleges, we don't have nearly so much freedom as you do here; we don't have parties, dates, or anything like that. And our initiation as freshmen is very different from yours. In other words, we don't have "Rats." Instead, we have something that we call "The Lilies Offering." On our first day in college each of us is given a lily. Then we have a kind of procession, and we march from the campus to the church of the college where is the image of our Lady to whom we offer the lilies. We place them at Her feet as a symbol. This symbol means that we want to live under Her protection. "The Lilies Offering" is done during the high mass which is always held on the first day of school. The classes start on the following day.

In our four years of high school, we are taught three foreign languages: Spanish, English, and French. Our own language (Portuguese) is taught very carefully, and we study it very carefully too, for we think that the knowledge of one's own language exercises much influence on one's social position. We have also some special courses for those who want to be physicians, secretaries, and so on. The courses are a kind of preparation for entrance to a university. To complete the courses in a university requires six years. We take physical education in both college and high school. We learn to play all the games, except soccer-ball. About three times a year, we have to

IN BRAZIL

play with the teams of other colleges. We love that!

Our graduation day is another thing I want you to know about. In the morning of that day we have a high-mass. All girls who are graduated take Holy Communion. In the evening, we have a party in one of the night-clubs. For that occasion, we wear evening dresses, and all of us are dressed alike. Our best boy-friend takes us to the dance. (I don't think I have to say that our Mothers and Fathers go along with us.) The decorations of the club are made to harmonize with the colors of our dresses. Really, it is very nice!

There are also very many good schools of music where we can learn how to play any instrument we want. The ones we like best are the piano and the violin. The regular course of music requires nine years. Each year, on different days, these various schools of music present in one of the theaters, a concert in which all the pupils have to play. Our government pays celebrated musicians and singers such as Biohj Sayas, Tito Schipa, and Alexander Braylowisky to play and sing for us.

Unfortunately, the problems of the education in Brazil has not been solved. We have very many schools as I've told you, but they are all in the cities and towns. In the little places back in the interior, there are very few schools. That is why there are still in Brazil many people—poor people—who don't even know how to read. The government has been doing its best to help this situation, and we do see some improvement.

The "Policy of Good Will" has brought us some good things. Among them is the exchange of students among the South American and North American countries. We like that, because we get acquainted with other people, their languages, history, and customs. There are very many foreign students in our universities, and also many Brazilian boys and girls in school in all of the other American countries. Scholarships for foreign study are given to us by our government; likewise they are given to you by your government. One of the girls here asked me if it would be possible for her to go to Brazil to study. I know it is possible, and I really think that some of you should try to get a scholarship to study in my country. If you don't speak Portuguese, don't worry. Our teachers generally speak English, and I'm sure they will be very glad to help you. They'll realize that you are a foreigner, and that it is very hard for you to study in a language that is not your own. They won't give you bad grades if you don't do a test as well as a Brazilian. Don't be afraid. Besides learning our language, you'll have the opportunity of seeing Brazil, the most beautiful country of South America—a country almost unknown to you. You'd be very welcome there! I know my people; so I speak for them: they are good, kind, and frank! They would be as nice to you as you have been to us Brazilians. Let's get acquainted as well as possible. Let's be not only neighbors but also friends—very good friends!

Our countries need each other!

FAIL I ALONE

ANN MASLOFF

*"Fail I alone, in words and deeds?"
Why, all men strive, and who succeeds?"*
—Browning

ANTON wearily laid down his pen. "Praise God I am through! Through!" he wheezingly whispered. His shaking, gnarled fingers nervously gathered together the scattered sheets of paper, which he neatly placed in a stack with many others. "Fifteen years of work. Fifteen years of my life, my strength," he said to himself. He rubbed his knobby hands against his grimy waistcoat and signed. "This is the greatest moment of my life," he murmured, "and all of Vienna sleeps!" Minute pools of emotion, profound joy, relief, collected in the corners of his faded brown eyes. He was desperately tired and he bowed his head, his chin resting on his chest. Through a chink in the rag stuffed window a thread of snow drifted in, blown by unseen breath, and settled on the narrow, dusty ledge. Anton shivered and raised his head. In the grate only a solitary siphon of smoke and an occasional blink of azure gas indicated that any of the once bright fire remained. "It is not unlike my life," he sadly surmised. "Soon I too shall die—go out like this tiny blaze on the hearth. I am old and wasted now. I have only this," and he gently placed his hand upon his manuscript. "This was to be our hour together, my Rita," he said. In a mood of retrospect, he leaned his elbows on the rough hewn table, his head falling once more to its accustomed position on his chest. As is the common habit of the old, he recalled the events of his life: his boyhood, his apprenticeship as a copyboy in the *Gaston Et Boire* Publishing House in Paris, his rise to vice-president, and then Gustav. Instinctively at the mention of the latter's name, whether actual or imagined, he became alert. Gustav.

"Do you persist in following me?" he thought. Mentally he quickly reviewed his

unfortunate friendship with Gustav. They had been working together at *Gaston Et Boire* in Paris, two ambitious novices. As the years passed, each simultaneously advanced until the tragic year of 18— when Anton discovered the true nature of his friend. He was jealous and revengeful, selfish and cowardly—yes, even cruel and sadistic. But to what degree he was later to learn. With the advancement of Anton to his desired position, Gustav saw the destruction of his dream for an opulent life. He resorted to crafty plans of undermining his friend's excellent work. Through insidious means he trapped Anton in a designed embezzlement act which resulted in his immediate ousting and a prison term. It was after his prison release and he was feebly attempting to survive by his writings, that Anton met Rita. They loved each other at once, and it was only when Anton proposed marriage that he discovered his beloved was betrothed to another. And what shock, and what chagrin when he found she was promised to his own enemy, Gustav!

Dreamily Anton remembered how he managed to persuade Rita to run away with him to Germany. How the wrath of the rejected lover followed him. Even now Gustav's words, "I shall be revenged," vibrated within him. Anton lifted his aged head. His ears, even his eyes beneath the shaggy brows, listened for the revenging footsteps. For years now, even since Rita's death, he had anticipated them.

The rumble of carts in the slush outside informed him a new day had come, bringing with it the accustomed rush and bustle of human activity and enterprise. Anton rose, folded his autobiography and placed it under his dusty, well-worn books. "Tomorrow I shall take it to the publishers," he told himself. He surveyed his empty larder. "I must get bread, maybe a little meat or cheese." In the corner he found a



forgotten, half-filled bottle of amber wine. He drank a sip or two. The old tabby cat bounded across the floor with an expectant cry, and brushed against his legs. He bent to stroke her, gaspingly became conscious of his racing unruly heart, and lamely reached his bench. Puffing, he sat there until he regained his composure. "Now I shall go for victuals." He enfolded himself in his worn, thin topcoat, donned his piece of cap. Beneath the cap, his ancient face was an etching of fading intellect, dashed dreams, conquered anguish. "I am happy," he defiantly told himself as his washed-out brown eyes surveyed his gaunt abode and finally rested on the place where his treasure lay—his manuscript. He decided to rekindle the fire on his return.

With her pleasant cries, Tabby accompanied him without the door. Across the square a few children attempted to have a snow battle; it seemed the snow was too powdery to afford good snowballs. With

their cries in his ears, Anton carefully shuffled through the beaten, slushy path. He turned at the corner.

On his return, he stopped to watch the shouting children. One little tyke was being led away, bloody nose and all, by a reprov-ing mother. Anton chucked to himself as he shook the snow from his boots at the door-step. His eyes lighted on fresh track in the dusty snow. He blinked, rubbed his blue-veined hand across his frozen face; his eyes lately played tricks upon him. He grasped his meager parcel and entered his room, the optimistic tabby passing him with a leap. Within, he placed the package upon the table, and was removing his overcoat when he unconsciously perceived a change in the atmosphere, the attitude of the room. Unbelievably, stupified, his eyes were glued upon the charred remains of his manuscript and a dead match upon the hearth-stone. "Gustav has returned!" he cried brokenly as he clutched for the table.

MAC'S CRACKS

HELEN MCGUIRE

Guy's who trust their gals implicitly
Are true examples of male simplicity.
—The Turn Out

¶ ¶ ¶

Mess Sergeant, "You're not eating your
fish. What's wrong with it?"
Soldier, "Long time no sea".
—Tailspin

¶ ¶ ¶

"I want some grapes for my sick hus-
band. Do you know if any poison has been
sprayed on them?"

"No, Ma'am. You'll have to get that at
the druggist's."

¶ ¶ ¶

WISHING UP

"Chivalry," remarked one stripe Mc-
Gark, "is man's inclination to defend a
woman against every man but himself."
—The Range Finder

¶ ¶ ¶

It is better to be silent and thought a fool
than to speak and remove all doubt.
—Terminal Topics

¶ ¶ ¶

MAYBE

"Why is it that a red-headed woman
always marries a very weak man?"
"She doesn't. He just gets that way."
—Prism

Physics Prof. (to student): "What do
you know about the behavior of waves?"
Student: "That's a difficult question to
answer, Sir."

—Notre Dame Scholastic

¶ ¶ ¶

An American boy was sitting on the
couch with a French girl in a draughty
room. "Je t'adore!" said the American.

"Shut it yourself, you lazee Yangkee!"
replied the mademoiselle.

—The Log

¶ ¶ ¶

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

—Wautaugan

¶ ¶ ¶

"I love you—ouch!"
"I love you—ouch!"
And there you have the story of two
porcupines necking.

—Prism

New angle—but true.
Absence makes the mark grow rounder.

¶ ¶ ¶

"Who gave the bride away?"
"I could have, but I kept my mouth
shut."

—Wahooria

MAC'S CRACKS

LAUGHTER

"I call it an unwarranted insult," said the company promoter angrily:

"Why, what's wrong?" asked his partner in surprise.

"Did you see what that old scoundrel did?" roared the company promoter. "He carefully counted each of his fingers after I shook hands with him."

—Manchester Union

¶ ¶ ¶

¶ ¶ ¶

Filling station attendant: "How's your oil?"

Cotton Bill: "Ah's fine. How's yo'all?"

—The Spectator

¶ ¶ ¶

She: "Oh, I simply adore that funny step. Where did you pick it up?"

He: "Funny step, nuts, I'm losing my garter."

—Buffalo Bill

¶ ¶ ¶

Love is a sweet dream — Marriage is an alarm clock.

¶ ¶ ¶

A BONER

Dorothy Lamour dashed over from the theatre in between acts in full theatre make up, but minus the sarong."

¶ ¶ ¶

Coed: "I'm not asking anything for myself, God, but please send my mother a son-in-law."

—Wahooria

¶ ¶ ¶

¶ ¶ ¶

One: "Hello, Coach."

Too: "I thought you boys were not supposed to drink while in training."

One: "What makes you think I've been drinking?"

Too: "I'm not the coach."

—Requisecat in Pace

"Were you a quarterback on the varsity?"

"No, I was a nickel back on the bottle."

—The Spectator

Continued on Page 30

THREE YEARS AGO TONIGHT

BETTY TOM ANDREWS

NO, it wasn't the first time I saw Allan that I fell in love with him. Therefore it couldn't be termed as love at first sight. He was someone whom I had carried along with me from my childhood dreams. Every girl has her "dream man," and I met mine three years ago tonight.

It wasn't a romantic affair, our first meeting. We were both twenty years old, and in our last year at the same university. I had never cared much about boys. Perhaps it was because of that dream. I just hadn't met the one for whom I had been waiting.

My roommate had entirely different ideas upon the subject. She said that it would be hopeless if I waited until he found me. I should at least meet him halfway. The afternoon that she succeeded in convincing me of this was an afternoon before the night of our graduation dance, three years ago tonight.

Most of the girls had dates, but I did not. To some girls this would have been fatal, but to me it made no difference. I had never attended many of the dances in the past as I never had the desire to. But having been convinced by my roommate that it was the thing to do, I decided to go.

Maybe it was my new velvet dress or perhaps it was the different way the girls on my hall had fixed my hair that gave me the confidence I needed to dance with this boy whom I'd never seen before. For a while all I could do was sit and watch him. I stood up several times with the hope that I'd have the nerve I needed, but I met with no success. Finally I remembered what my roommate had said. And from the way all the girls were surrounding him, I knew that

I'd not only have to meet him half-way, but all the way.

We didn't talk much—it didn't seem necessary. I didn't want to break the wonderful spell with casual words—they could come later. I could tell that he was a much in love with me as I with him. It's funny how you can tell and contemplate those things.

After the dance was over we walked around the campus for about an hour. This was the time for those casual words, but in their own way they weren't casual. They were important as they were the words that I have had to remember in order not to forget the slightest thing about that night three years ago.

You see, we had only that night to mold our future plans together in. Allan was leaving the next morning. He had joined the air corps. He asked me to wait for him, and if fate were kind to us we could make those plans come true. He seemed to worry over whether time would make me forget him and feel different. All I could tell him was that after you've waited for someone as long as I had waited for him the small part that time would play in my life after he had gone could only make me love him more.

If I'm still waiting for Allen three years from tonight I know that I'll still not have forgotten a word that was said that night three years ago. It has made a dream come true. It has given me a purpose in life. It has made me realize that heaven can't be so far away—just within that eternity of time which keeps us apart. Even that can't be there forever.

Our Casualties Were Few

First Honorable Mention
NAOMI PIERCY

Another great battle is over;
And of course our men have won,
With so many thousands of enemy dead,
And the others on the run.
An entire enemy fortress
Wiped out with a single blow.
See the dead and dying scattered about,
And the prisoners all in a row.

The terrible battle is over!
They tell me our losses were slight;
But what of the mother who cried aloud
When her telegram came that night?
The enemy losses were heavy;
Our casualties only a few—
But you wouldn't think the loss was slight
If a telegram came to you.

Only a thousand losses—
Ten thousand enemies dead,
But a thousand mothers lie awake
All night on their weary beds.
A thousand sweethearts and wives cry out,
And brothers and sisters weep;
While little fatherless children dream
Of their Daddies as they sleep.

"Only a thousand casualties,"
Says the man on the radio.
But one in those "only a thousand,"
Is a boy that I know.
"Oh, no! I cried, "It cannot be!"
And I see him, strong and clean,
As he was when I saw him last—
This handsome young Marine.

Proudly he marched before me,
With his face set hard and stern,
Barked an order like a Drill Sergeant,

And obeyed with a snappy turn.
He marched back toward me,
While I gazed on him with pride;
And then with a smile and a friendly grin,
He was standing by my side.

All of his eager, boyish charm,
His laughing and friendly ways
Come back to me with fullest force
As I recall those days.
"The War Department regrets to inform - -
Killed in action," swims through my head—
He stopped to give aid to a wounded chum,
And now—and now, he's dead!

"Only a thousand," they told us - - -
A tenth what the enemy lost;
But you who value not your freedom,
Think how great the cost.
When you're dealing 'way up in millions,
A thousand seems small, 'tis true;
But don't think our losses aren't heavy - -
Suppose one affected you?

Only a thousand losses,
The man on the radio claims;
Proud of the fact that we're winning - -
As if we were playing games.
You, with your smug satisfaction,
How little you realize
The grief in the heart of the mother back
home
Who lies awake and cries.

My heart understands her sadness well
And in sorrow I bow my head;
For he was one in a million,
But he's one of the thousand dead.

The Colonnade Bookshelf



BRAVE MEN

ERNIE PYLE, *Henry Holt and Co., New York, 1944, \$3.00.*

DO you want to know what our boys are really enduring on the battlefields of the western front?

Ernie Pyle, a war correspondent whose book *Here Is War* was reviewed in the January issue of the *Colonnade*, in *Brave Men* tells the actual truth again. His story begins with the landing of the Allies on Sicily on July 10, 1943. Then follows the story of the invasion of Italy in December, 1943, and the gruesome days on the Anzio beachhead. Lastly, he tells of new troops, who after being brought together in Britain, fought terrific battles along the Norman beaches and then penetrated into France. This was D-Day, June 6, 1944—the day awaited by all the world. Ernie Pyle gives a vivid description of the beach the morning after the invasion. "I took a walk along the historic coast of Normandy in the country of France. It was a lovely day for strolling along the seashore. Men were sleeping on the sand, some of them sleeping forever. Men were floating in the water, but they didn't know they were in the water, for they were dead."

The author slept, ate, and chatted with the boys, and even accompanied them into battle, although he did not bear arms. In this way, he was able to see what our boys are really doing, what they are thinking about, and how they are suffering.

—ELIZABETH MAST

PEOPLE ON OUR SIDE

EDGAR SNOW, *Random House, New York, 1944, \$3.00.*

A correspondent for *The Saturday Evening Post* has written *People On Our Side*. It is a narrative easy to read and easy

to understand. Because Edgar Snow spent fourteen years traveling through the countries which he describes, he is able to write with an authority rare among journalists. Instead of praising a few heroes, he gives credit to the millions who in the end are responsible for the outcome of wars.

The interest of the author is centered upon India, Russia, and China. One is given an understanding of the cast system, government, dissension and strife, religion, fifth columnist activities, and customs of the people of India. A citizen of that country, Sir Dinshaw Pettit, says, "The most important point in relations between the English and the Indians is the hatred they have for the British for their color prejudice and superior ways. All Orientals hate the British because of this stupid bias. It's done more harm than anything else; it is the bottom of all the trouble."

One is given insight into Russia: its repulse of the Germans, the nationalistic feelings of its people, the development of its land beyond the Urals, its sufferings and its wants at the end of this war.

Lastly, Mr. Snow discusses China's part in the war and her ambitions to win freedom for herself and for Asia. Here he asks more questions than he draws conclusions.

One critic said of this book: "It is important because of the conclusions it draws, which, whether you agree with them or not, are timely, forthright, and provocative. It makes you think."

—ALINE BOSS

D-DAY

JOHN GUNTHER, *Harper and Bros., N. Y., and London, 1944.*

GUNTHER says, "I wanted to write a simple, concrete, personal record of what I saw—nothing more, but nothing

Despite

Second Honorable Mention
ALICE NICHOLS

They think I've forgotten,
A tear would appease them;
They say I'm too happy
To love.

Care I what they say, Dear,
That my memory is faint?
That nothing will come of
Our love?

They judge by my actions,
While my heart I conceal,
The truth is what matters,
My love.

Rondeau

Third Honorable Mention
VIRGINIA DALE

I hardly see, I do not know
Why glasses on me provoke me so
They slip, they slide around my ear,
They are not good when a sudden tear,
Starts down my cheek in the picture show.

Red frames should help—On me not so
The world around me has a rosy glow
Distant objects do not appear.
I hardly see.

Other people that I know
Wear glasses and see—Bravo!
For twenty-twenty I'd give a cheer,
One thought comes as I continue to peer.
I must look intelligent, though
I hardly see!

* * * * *

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less."

This is apparent throughout the book. It is Mr. Gunther's diary with some rearrangements and, at times, additions of facts which were not known when the diary was made. It covers the time of the invasion of Sicily. Many chapters of this book are concerned with various parts of the world, other than Sicily, at this time.

There are no glorious accounts of battles, but the activities of the men behind the lines are described in detail. Emphasized more than anything else is placed the unity of the air, land, and sea forces, as

well as the unity of nations.

"Eisenhower wants it to be clear that this campaign is not an American show, not a British show, but something directed by a truly allied command—a command so melted down and fused together that it has become almost impossible to tell what share of activity belongs to what nation. It's his dearest wish, he told us, to be regarded not as leader and commander-in-chief of various American, British, and other military naval, and aerial establishments, but of a single *united* force."

—LOUISE HARRELL

MAC'S CRACKS

Continued from Page 25

"What are you putting in your vest pocket, there Murphy?"

"That's a stick of dynamite. Ever time that Riley sees me he slaps me on the chest and breaks all my cigars. The next time he does it he's going to blow his hand off."

—Exchange

¶ ¶ ¶

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"Don't you think that lots of week-end cuts break the monotony, Dean Smith?"

"Oh, come on! Lets cut Speech today."

"Tell the hall president I'll be a little late for bed-check tonight."

"Oh, goody! Sweet potatoes for supper again tonight."

"How about a date for the Sunday movie?"

¶ ¶ ¶

Pity the modern girl. Everything she wants to do is either illegal, immoral, or fattening.

—The California Pelican

¶ ¶ ¶

Six-year-old Mary awoke about 3 o'clock in the morning, "Tell me a story Mamma," she pleaded.

"Hush, darling," said mother. "Daddy will be in soon and tell us both one."

—The Pointer

"That is a pretty dress you have on."

"Yes, I wear it to teas."

"You said it!"

—The Pointer

¶ ¶ ¶

Kissing a girl is like opening a bottle of olives—if you get one, the rest come easy.

—Pieces O' Eight

¶ ¶ ¶

A bored cat and an interested cat were watching a game of tennis.

"You seem very interested in tennis," said the bored cat.

"It's not that," said the interested cat, "but my old man's in the racket."

—The Pointer

¶ ¶ ¶

A colored preacher at the close of his sermon discovered one of his deacons asleep. He said, "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead."

Deacon Brown sleepily replied, "Lead, hell, I just dealt."

—Pieces O' Eight

NOT EVEN A DIVINE NOSE

Continued from page 7

helpful blanket and lay quietly—knowing that there was still an ace in wily Betty's sleeve. I waited. Then it came with great emphasis. "Besides the nose, Bobby, has been on the staff of the "New Yorker."

That did it! I sprang - - and with a dull thud I plumped into the middle of the floor, hopelessly entangled in that treacherous striped blanket. Early morning light dimly crept through the window.

There was no Betty—no one had entered—no one was there except a softly-snoring roommate. There was no darling Richard Greene or Clark Gable who worked on the "New Yorker." Worst of all, there was not even a divine nose!

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