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The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. VI

1946

NO. 3

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Over the Editor's Shoulder . . .

For the past decade our attention has been drawn more and more to our indispensable neighbors in South America. It has been the goal of the entire country to bring about a closer relationship between the Americans, and we here at S. T. C. have in our own small way striven to play a definite part.

During the past few weeks our attention have been focused on the Latin American Institute which was sponsored on this campus for the purpose of portraying to each of us a more understanding picture of South America. Also, we have been honored to have Seniora deSota as our guest from Venezuela, and she graciously invited all of us to her native country for a visit.

Our delightful guest plus many other inspiring aids have suggested to the staff of The Colonnade to take a southern turn by bringing you articles written by and about the people below the border. Poetry by Amado Nervo, Gabriela Mistral and stories by Horacio Quirago and Manuel Fernandez Juncos will be found between these covers. Also, two of our Puerto Rican students, Julia Perez and Isabelita Maldonado have written articles of their home land.

Our poetry contest was a great success and we congratulate our two winners of first place. Anne Willis for her Quien Sabe and Betty Deuel Cock for her Greeting.

Before we take this to the printer for the last time we want to thank everyone who has made these magazines possible. Thanks, first of all to the staff who has been so fine in contributing to each issue. And thanks, to our advisors who have been so helpful and to Harry who has helped us get each issue off the press. Through the "dummy" to the "proofs" it has been hard work, but the experience and good times we had were worth each wakeful hour spent before you were given your copy.

Nancy Whitehead

In Peace

AMADO NERVO

Translated by Janice Gordon Wells

Here in my setting, I bless you
For to me you are very near.
Life, why was it you
Never gave to me
Works that were unfair,
Nor hopes in vain,
Nor sadness that I could not bear?
I see at the end
Of my broken way
That of my own fate I was architect;
That if I had drawn each day
From things, the honey or the gall,
It was because I had placed
The same within them all.
When I planted roses, I reaped roses.
True, to my vigor, winter will follow darkly,
But to me you didn't tell
That May went on eternally.
Undoubtedly, I found my sad nights hard to meet,
But you didn't promise only heavenly nights,
And in exchange some were saintly and sweet.
I loved, and I was loved,
While my face was caressed by the sun..
Life, you owe me nothing;
Life, in peace we are one.

The Boriquenos

JULIA PEREZ

COLUMBUS discovered the island of Puerto Rico in his second voyage, November 19, 1493. He found a native race, the Boriquenos, sprung from the Arawak stock of the mainland of South America. The natives called the island Boriquen, but Columbus named it San Juan Bautista, St. John the Baptist. Later on when Juan Ponce de Leon, first governor, saw its wealth the name was changed for Puerto Rico, "rich port." The Boriquenos through generations of undisturbed possession of the island had completely populated it and had developed a sufficient agriculture to produce an easy and a fruitful living. The Boriquenos reached a degree of culture and religion not inferior to the more developed of the American Indians. Puerto Rico was at the point of highest development due to the fertility of its soil and the healthfulness of its climate.

In connection with the native way of living, the most unique of the objects which they used was the canoe for transportation. Another important thing in their lives was the stone implements for wars, such as large hatchets with wooden handles, spears and sticks to be thrown like javelins. Some of those implements have been found in abandoned caves.

As to the social organization of the tribes, it is said that it was similar to that of the American Indian tribes. The unit was the clan, the chief being called the Cacique. The Cacique lived in a large house and at this house was located the Zemi, an idol of the clan. The Cacique's power was supreme. He had many wives, and they were practically slaves. The succession followed the male line. The decoration by which the Cacique was distinguished was a

gold plate called the Guarim. At first Columbus thought they had no religion, but later he changed his opinion. They believed in a future life. They worshiped figures made of wood or stone. Some of those figures are in existence today. They have been found in caves after years of exploration. Also human bones have been found. Those wood and stone figures were supposed to represent the ancestors of the clan and were believed, by nature of their form, to hold the magic power of God. The members of a clan were distinguished from the others by body markings.

The Boriquenos built their houses on posts to avoid insects and floods. This kind of house was frail, tied together with fibers and covered with the bark of the royal palm or yuccas and thatched with straw. These primitive houses were called Bohios.

The furniture also was very primitive. The hammock was made of leaves of palms, maguey, or fiber of native cotton. At the present time especially in the country we can see this kind of furniture.

For household implements they used gourds or coconuts, also they used clay vessels of a crude construction.

The Indian men and girls wore but little clothing, but the married woman and caciques wore a garment called "Nagua" which is like breeches. Also they used to paint their bodies with beautiful colors for protection against the rays of the sun and the bites of the insects.

Their way of writing was at about the same stage as that of the American Indians. Many excellent specimens of writing remain in caves. We can see those caves near the cities of Ciales and Aguas Buenas. Those

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Puerto Rico



(Continued from Page Four)

caves were especially used for religious purposes. They were not inhabited.

Now I will say something about the Borinquen dances, called the "Aneitos". They formed an important ceremony in which the ancestors were impersonated. The songs that accompanied the dances commemorated deeds of personal worth. The rhythm was the most important feature.

The contact of Puerto Rico with the European nations resulted in the complete

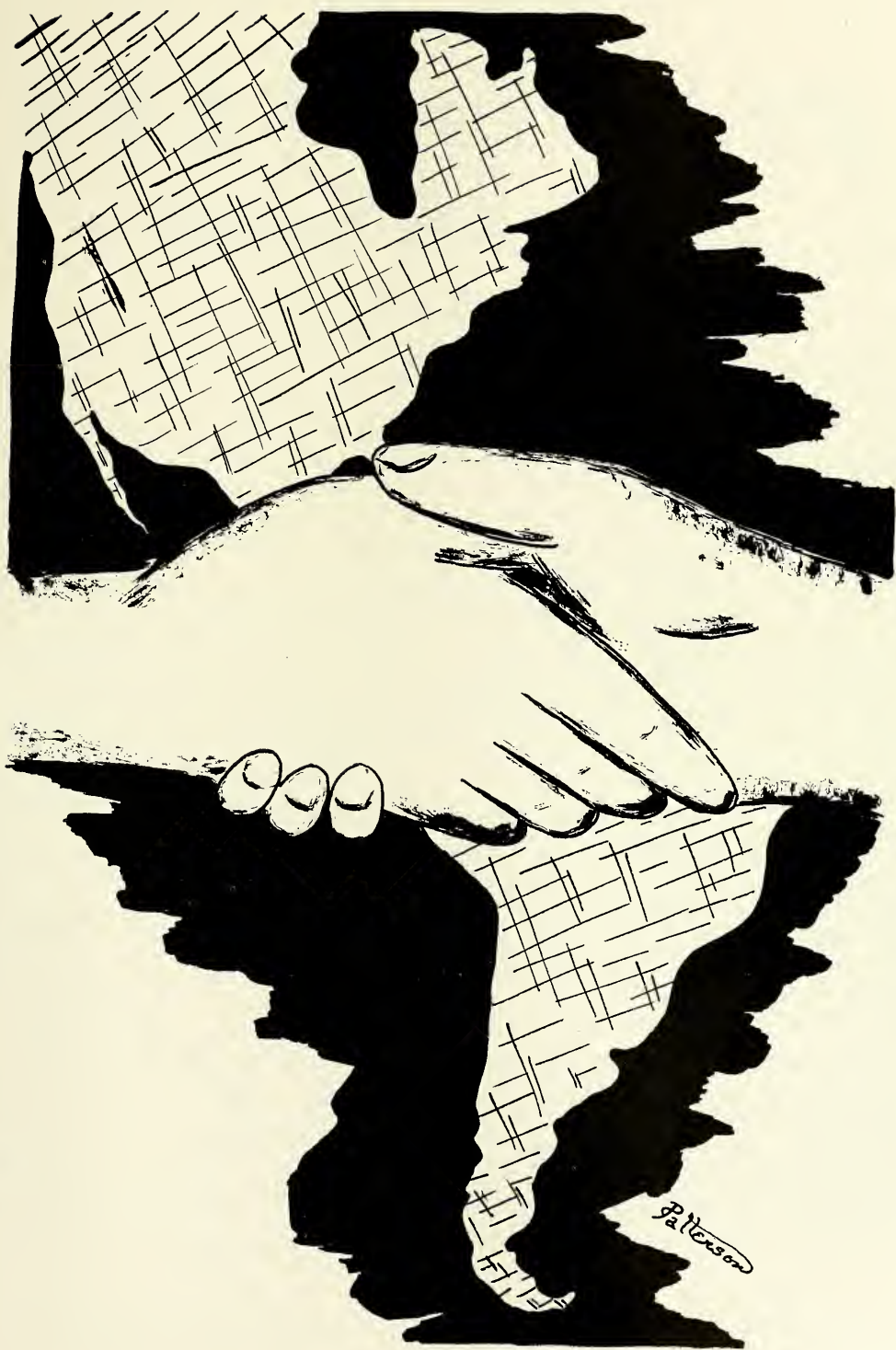
extinction of the people as a race, in less than a hundred years.

The national anthem of Puerto Rico is called La Borinquena. As you see this name was given it in honor of the ancient name of the Island and of the Indians. Some anthropologists are tempted to recognize in our national anthem, some strains of melody which may have survived from pre-historic time.

Now I shall give a translation of the national anthem of Puerto Rico.

La Borinquena

The land of Borinquen
Where I was born
Is a flowered yard
Of magic beauty.
A sky always bright
Serves as her canopy
And the waves
Sing a gentle lullaby
At her feet.
When to her shores
Columbus came,
Full of wonder, he exclaimed,
Oh!, Oh!, Oh!,
This is the beautiful land
I am seeking
Borinquen, the daughter,
The daughter of the sea and the sun
Of the sea and the sun
Of the sea and the sun.



Full of Grace

AMADO NERVO

Translated by Anne Willis

Her every air did eye delight
Her glance, her nod, her smile.
The charm of France flowed from her lips
And hearers did beguile.
Innocence of the rippling brook
Brightness of the day
Tresses each of shining gold
Where sunbeams fain would stray.
As the Ave Maria, she was full of grace
And he who beheld her could never erase
Her memory.

She went not garbed in purple robes
Her fair head owned no crown,
But more than many princesses
She tread with regal sound.
Dignity of the lily tall
Gentle as any fawn,
My lady was, and in her eyes
The celestial light of dawn.
As the Ave Maria she was full of grace
And he who beheld her could never erase
Her memory.

I met her when life's burden most
Upon my heart did lie,
Because of her my breath came short
My every word, a sigh
My poetry found lofty notes
My pen knew secret lines
My every thought to honor her
While ten years she was mine.

I loved her, how I loved her!
Like a flower soft and rare
I cherished her but then,
Alas! such blossoms can't endure
So like a drop of water which returneth to the sea
She returned unto the fountain
But my hymn shall ever be
As the Ava Maria she was full of grace,
And he who beheld her could never erase
Her Memory.

HOLY WEEK IN MAYAGUEZ

ISABELITA MALDONADO

EASTER—going home, holidays, Easter cards, rabbits, painted eggs, spring flowers, corsages, new suits, visits to friends, dances—how different from the way we celebrate in Mayaguez. The contrast is really great. Three years ago at Easter I was mourning and keeping religious traditions. How vividly it comes back to my mind!

Holy Week started the day after Palm Sunday, that Sunday I went to church early in the morning to receive a leaf of a palm blessed by the priests. The next morning, the first day of the Holy Week, I was at church by eight o'clock. I saw all the saints dressed in purple. Many people were confessing and receiving holy communion. Most of them were dressed in mourning out of consideration for the sufferings and death of Jesus. The same thing went on every day until Thursday. I confessed, but I didn't receive holy communion, this being the only day of the year that Catholics take no communion. At four o'clock there was the Washing of the Feet, the priest doing for twelve old and poor men what Jesus did for His twelve apostles.

Now came the saddest of all days, Good Friday. During this day all commercial houses were closed. In the church I could see people from every part of the city, young and old. The church was too small for so many people. At noon I went to hear the Seven Sacred Words of Jesus, the same words He said on the cross before He died.

On the altar I could see Jesus crucified with the two thieves on either side. I could hear the ris-ras of the fans on all sides, for the heat was very intense. Immediately after the priest finished the sermon, a loud noise was heard, imitating the thunder, earthquake, and lightning that occurred after Jesus died. Then hundreds of people rushed around against each other getting ready to form the procession that would follow immediately. In the street we formed two lines, one on the right and one on the left. Jesus was carried through the streets, followed by the Knights of Columbus, Sisters of Charity, priests, acolytes, Daughters of Mary, an organization of young girls of the church to which I belonged, and the rest of the people. All the girls and women were dressed in mourning, black or white or purple. All covered their heads with black or white veils. Policemen were needed in order to make way for the procession, side walks were filled with people, and there were others looking over the balconies.

Saturday and Sunday the church was not so crowded, and everything was peaceful.

I shall repeat; this is the kind of Easter we have at home in Mayaguez no gay-colored dresses, no corsages, no triumphant music. Holy Week is a time of mourning and sorrowing, with constant reminders of the tortured Christ, until Sunday when the mourning gives way to a deep peace because He still lives.

The Son

HORACIO QUIROGA

Translated by Virginia Shackelford

IT is a magnificent summer day in Misiones. The heat and calmness of the sun with nature in full activity is all that the season can offer. The sun's rays and the calm atmosphere open the father's heart to nature also.

"Be careful child", he says to his son, summarizing in that one phrase all the observations of the case from past and present experience, and the son understands perfectly.

"Yes, papa," replies the boy seizing his gun and loading his shirt pockets with cartridges at the same time.

"Be back by lunch time", says the father.

"Yes, papa" replies the boy, obediently.

Balancing the gun in his hand and smiling at his father, he kisses him on the head and departs.

The eyes of the father follow that son for a long time and then return to his daily task, happy because of his son's happiness.

He knows that the child, educated from infancy in the habits of the hunt, is able to face the dangers confronting him and that he is able to manage a gun like a man hunting anything. Although he is very tall for his age, he is only thirteen years old. Judging by the innocence of his clear blue eyes, one might even believe he was younger.

It was not necessary for the father to raise his eyes from his work in order to know the whereabouts of his son—now he knew the boy had crossed the red trail and was walking along the mountain across the clearing in the wood.

In order to hunt fur bearing game in those mountains, it required as much patience as a small boy is able to render. After

approaching that small isolated section of the wood, his son would go along the edge of the catcus in search of doves, tucanes, or perhaps a pair of herons which his friend Juan had discovered several days before.

Now alone, the father smiled faintly at the thought of the small boy's love for hunting. Often the boys hunted alone, returning triumphantly, John to his ranch, and his son to the house with his great St. Etienne gun.

The father had been the same way. At thirteen, he would have given his life to have owned such a gun. A similar smile again crosses his face.

It had not been easy for a widowed father with no other faith or hope than the life of his son, to bring up a motherless boy as he had done—free in his short radius of action, sure of his small feet and hands as he had been since he was four years old, conscious of the immensity of certain dangers and yet realizing the limits of his own strength.

This father must have struggled strongly against what he might have considered his own selfishness. How easily a boy can make false estimates, stepping into empty space and disappearing!

Lurking dangers exist always for a man of any age—but these threats diminish if he is accustomed to rely more on his own strength.

In this manner, the father had brought up his son. In order to attain this he had to resist not only his heart but his moral torments, because this father being afflicted with a dread stomach disease and poor eyesight suffered also with hallucinations.

Once he had seen taking form in a



painful illusion memories of a happiness that, in his loneliness, he would never experience again. The image of his own son had not escaped this torment. Once he fancied he had seen his son roll, covered with blood when the boy was hammering on a bullet at the workshop lathe, while what he was actually doing was polishing the buckle of his hunting belt.

Horrible instances . . . but today, with the ardent vitality of the summer day, whose love his son seemed to have inherited, the father felt happy, tranquil, and sure of the future.

At this instant—not far away sounds a gun shot.

The Saint Etienne, thought the father as he recognized the noise— . . . two birds

Turn Page Please

THE COLONNADE

in the mountains. . . .

Without paying further attention to the lesser important event, the man turned to his task.

The sun still very high continued to ascend—wherever one looked, there were stones—earth, trees—the air thinned as an oven vibrates with the heat. An intense humming fills the entire being, saturating the vicinity as the view intensified the tropical life.

The father glanced at his watch - - - Twelve. He then looked toward the mountain. His son should be here now. The mutual confidence which they had—the father and son of thirteen—they did not deceive each other. When the son had said, "Yes Papa", he had said he would return before twelve. The father had smiled to see him depart.

But he had not returned!

The man turned to his duties, making an effort to concentrate on his task. It was so easy to lose track of the time in the mountains and to sit down a while on the ground to rest motionless.

Suddenly, the midday light, the tropical humming and the heart of the father stopped in unison with the thought which crossed the father's mind; that his son lay motionless.

The time passed; it was twelve thirty. The father went out of his shop and laid his hand on the work bench. In the depths of his memory he heard again a pistol shot, that was an ineradicable impression of some former painful incident. Instantly, for the first time in the lapse of three hours, he realized that since the gun shot of the Saint-Etienne he had heard nothing more. He had not heard the crunching of gravel under a well known footstep. His son had not returned, and nature seems to have temporarily suspended her usual functions, at the edge of the woods awaiting his son's return.

Oh! A steady character and a blind confidence in the upbringing of a child were not sufficient to drive away the ghost of fate which a father of weak vision saw rise up from the edge of the mountain. Distraction, loss of memory, accidental delay: none of these trite motives were able to delay the

arrival of his son—not in the father's heart at any rate.

One shot, only one shot had sounded and no more. Since then, the father had heard no other noise—nor had he seen a bird nor heard a single person cross the ridge of the mountain, to tell him that upon crossing the wire fence—a great misfortune

Bareheaded, hatless, without machete the father went. Breaking the brush down with his hand as he climbed up the mountain, he found no trace of his son.

The natural pursuit went on. The poor man went over the well known trails and explored the stream in vain. He now felt that each step taken was fatal and relentless. Expecting to come upon the body of his son with each step—he continued his desperate search.

The poor fellow could reproach himself for nothing. He had brought the boy up to the best of his ability—His son had died while crossing

But where? In which part? Wire fences are numerous and the jungle is treacherous. At the slightest carelessness upon crossing and with a gun

The father suppressed a cry. He saw something rise in the air.

Ot, it can not be his son . . No . . No. He looked on one side and then on the other.

Nothing would be gained with seeing the color of his face and the anguish in his eyes. The man had not called his son. His heart clamored within him to scream, yet his lips remained dumb. Realizing that the sole act of the mere pronouncing of his name, or calling to him in a loud voice would be the confession of his death.

"My boy" - - - escaped from his lips. One would not want to hear the anguish felt in his heart which he had tried to conceal. The emotional father wept. There was no response.

Through the bits of red sun, the father having aged ten years went to look for the son again as if he had just begun his search.

"My son! My boy!", he screamed from his innermost being.

Before, in complete happiness and peace, this father had suffered the hallucination

(Continued on Page Thirty-one)

Portrait of John Cintron

MANUEL FERNANDEZ JUNCOS

Translated by Virginia Shackelford

ABOUT one hundred years ago there came to the United States a young man from the town of Yabucoa, Puerto Rico. He stayed here for some time, and everywhere he traveled, he saw the portrait of George Washington.

This young man shared the enthusiasm of the North Americans for Washington, and upon returning to his country, he carried back with him as a gift to his father a good portrait of the man "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen".

The return of the young man with that splendid portrait was for the small town of Yabucoa a great event. His father put the portrait in a place of honor in his house and showed it with pride to those who came to visit the family. The boy told them all the good things which he knew about George Washington.

Much later the young man returned to the United States to live, but before saying goodbye to his parents, he told them again about the life of the great North American hero and he wrote the complete name on the back of the picture—George Washington.

His father learned to pronounce the name very well, but upon his death, the correct pronunciation went with him to his grave. The sons read the name with the accent on the last syllable.

Much time passed and the sons separated, each carrying with him some piece of furniture from the home. One son took the picture and seeing the name was not clear, he wrote it as he pronounced it. Instead of Washington, he put Guasinton.

The portrait passed, after many years, to the son of the man who had marked the

picture Guasinton; but he made of the name two words; one the first name, and the other, the surname. Proudly he would announce that he owned the portrait of Senor Gua Cinton, having changed the letters s and c.

This man a few years later sent his intelligent daughter to San Juan to study. When the Senorita returned to Yabucoa, she knew more than anybody. Everyone's pronunciation seemed disagreeable to her, and so she began to correct her father. She said that everyone in the town spoke very poor Spanish. One day when her father was speaking about the portrait of Gua Cinton, she corrected him affectionately,

"Papa, don't say that."

"What must I say, my dear?"

"Look, papa, Gua is not a Christian name. You should pronounce the final n and change the g to j. Don't pronounce it Gua ni Guan, but Juan. That is the way it reads in the dictionary."

"You are right," said the father, "we shall call him, Juan Cinton."

"But Cinton, is not a Spanish surname. You should pronounce it Cintron."

"That is right," said the father, "it seems to me that Cintron sounds better than Cinton. But, my daughter, this portrait came from the United States and there they pronounce Spanish differently."

"Of course, because they don't pronounce Spanish well!"

"How intelligent you are, daughter. Now I recall that many years ago a very rich man lived near here, who was called Cintron. He founded our town.

Throughout the town of Yabucoa, everybody heard the news of the great discovery.

(Continued on Page Thirty)

Poem by Amado Nervo

Amado Nervo is perhaps, the most distinguished of Mexico's modern poets. I have freely translated one of his most famous poems.

JANICE GORDON WELLS

The Day You Love Me

The day you love me will shine
As a June day sapphire sea
Never shone.

The night you come to be mine
The enchanted moon will be
Ours alone.

Debussy's son, "Clair de Lune"
Vibrating in every ray
Will whisper strange things unknown
To us, and along the way
For us, roses will be grown.

The flowing crystal streams will sing
Like music from above,
A prelude to a velvet spring
The day I have your love.

On the day your love is mine
Every hidden woodcd site
Will resound
Arpeggios far more divine
Than deep music at its height
Can abound.
In your eyes ecstasies will
Then herald
All the springs that there will be
In this world.

Dancing daises catching hands
Like gay unwritten sonnets
Will trip through
All the meadows of strange lands

In their gold-colored bonnets
Before you.
Pull the petals from one flower
If within you there is strife,
And the last white petal will
Tell you, "All my love—All my life."

When dawn unfolds through the dark
The day your love I have won,
The clovers
Will have four leaves that will mark
Nature's symbol known to none
But lovers.
In the opalescent pool
At that hour
There will be born the mystic
Lotus flower.

On the day that I have you
Birds will into realms unknown
Wing their flights.
Each cloud will be a lovely hue,
Each cloud a mirage of the
Arabian Nights.
Each tall and stately tree will
Be a lyre,
Each mountain, to heaven a
Tapered spire.

There will be a kiss divine
On the day that you love me.
In it God will bless and bind
Us two for all time to be.

Invitation to Venezuela

MARITA OSUNA DE SOTA

I should like to issue an invitation to all of you to come down to Venezuela, one of your nearest neighbors in the South.

I know that an invitation to come down is not all that is necessary for you to be able to come, but I'll promise to do my part in cooperating enthusiastically in this program of Inter-American good will in order that our good-neighbor policy may continue to be a two-sided affair.

There are many things I should probably tell about my country, to arouse your interest, but instead I shall write about a few of the good things and a few of the bad.

You will still find in Venezuela the appeal of freshness and newness and the unspoiled charm that is becoming more and more difficult to find nowadays. Very few things are made there to impress the tourist but the warmth and hospitality of the Spanish tradition is part of that which we can offer.

Why not go by the way of a trans-Atlantic boat? The arrival at the port of "La Guaira" will be your first experience. It is considered one of the most beautiful natural ports in South America. When the Venezuelan shores come into view, you will be impressed with the rugged beauty of the coastal ranges rising sharply from the sea ten thousand feet above the water of the Caribbean. It is a sight you will never forget.

La Guaira is not a big modern port, but shipping there is abundant, and we see craft of all descriptions from the mighty ocean liners right down to the humble fishing and trading sail boats. As for the little town of La Guaira, I'm sure it will attract your attention. It is filled with people, the very rich, and the very poor rushing around the hilly streets. It is an ugly port, very similar to the scenes you would encounter



MARITA OSUNA DE SOTA

elsewhere with the difference that you might wonder why some of the poor houses do not plunge from the steep mountains into the ocean.

Of this town it has been said that, fleeing the angry seas, it started to run up the hill, behind it, and that is exactly the illusion one experiences as the ship approaches. Twenty minutes ride by rail from La Guaira you can visit Macuto, one of our modern bathing resorts where you can find nothing lacking, but you will not have to suffer the strenuous sun and heat if you come right up to Caracas, the capital.

An excellent concrete highway of thirty-seven kilometers winds in tortuous curves from La Guaira to Caracas. This ride gives you the impression of traveling along the edge of a tropical grand canyon. You will see ravines so deep the eye cannot reach their depths, mountains and more moun-

(Continued on Page Thirty)



Kackie and Alice visit
the bull fight



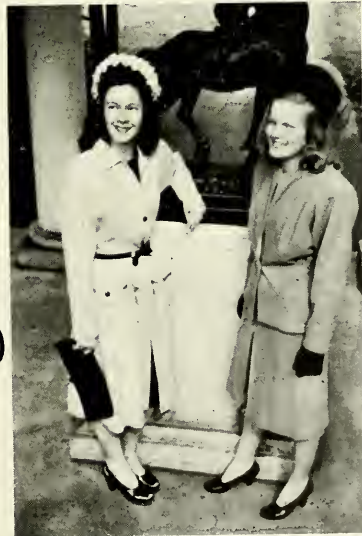
Catherine and
Dance i



Shuffle and Heidi see
the sights of Caratas



Ruth Ellen and Ann
visit Rio de Janeiro



Sue and Nellie also
find bull fights interesting



ina.



Have You Read These?

THE PEACOCK SHEDS ITS TAIL

ALICE TISDALE HOBART, *Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, 1945, \$2.75.*

THIS is a novel of marriage between two utterly different people—Concha Navarro, the beloved daughter of the aristocratic Navarro family of Mexico, and Jim Buchanan, a young American diplomat, who represents everything to which the ultra-conservative Navarro clan is opposed.

As a background for the story of Concha and Jim, we have three generations of the powerful Navarro family. Don Julian, patriarch of the clan, and his wife do all they can to keep their three grandchildren loyal to the ancient traditions of the family, but they cannot succeed in those troubled days of the late twenties. The children's mother is a strong advocate of higher ideals of faith and race and she influences them to look beyond the narrow, aristocratic bonds of their family.

Outwardly, however, Concha and her sister and brother grow up to be the kind of people their grandparents were but there are powerful outside influences against which the Navarro family is powerless. It was due to a trick of fate that Jim and Concha met; it was due to Concha's maneuvering that they finally secured the family's consent to their marriage.

This novel is well worth reading for the understanding it gives of a troubled, revolutionary Mexico that sheds its luxury-loving aristocrats as the peacock sheds its tail.

Evelyn Hair

ANTHOLOGY OF MEXICAN POETS

Translated by EDNA WORTHLEY UNDERWOOD—
The Mosher Press 1932, \$5.00.

THE colorful historical background and the thoughts and aspirations of so profound a race as the Mexicans are revealed in the *Anthology of Mexican Poets*,

translated from the Spanish by Edna Worthley Underwood. These translations are from poems of the earliest time to the present day and include works of the representative poets of Mexico.

One poet of the colonial period we cannot afford to miss is the universally acclaimed poet-nun, Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz—a woman of genius, beauty, and wit. She is known particularly for her mastery of the sonnet. "Cupid" and "Salutation" are two delightful sonnets given here.

Jose Jorquin Fernandez de Lizardi, the "Mexican Thinker" represents the Revolutionary period. He had an intense desire for freedom, which is shown in his "Epitaph to the Liberty of America". Lizardi, by the way, is the author of the first Latin American novel, "Periquillo Sorniento" or the "Mangy Parrot", a delightful picaresque narrative.

Juan Ruiz de Alacon is one of the great poets of the colonial period, whose dramatic ability is shown in the short poem, "To Vesurius".

Amado Nervo, a mystic, is one of the best poets of modern Mexico. Two qualities that distinguish him are his sincerity and his mastery of words. Nervo has also excelled in prose. No one should miss his description of the "Puebla de los Angeles", in which he compares a city in Mexico to a fascinating, mysterious woman.

Manuel Gutierrez Najara is the second member of Mexico's triumvirate of outstanding modern poets. It is said that after his poems have been translated into other languages, he will rank among the best lyrists of the world.

If you are interested in Spanish-American poetry, you will enjoy dipping into this comprehensive anthology of the outstanding poets of Mexico, although not all of their representative works are presented.

Emily Carper

Puerto Rican Literature

ISABELITA MALDONADO

ALTHOUGH Columbus discovered my native island on his second voyage in 1493, its exploration and development did not begin until fifteen years later. With Columbus on that voyage, was a young man by the name of Juan Ponce de Leon. He had remained in America living in Hispanola, now called Santo Domingo and Haiti, which was the center of the new world at that time, but he had not forgotten the beautiful Isle that Columbus had named John the Baptist or San Juan Bautista. When natives of another tiny island nearby reported that there was much gold and silver to be found there, his request to be allowed to explore was granted.

In 1508, he organized a caravel, and sailing in a southeasterly direction, he reached the island in August of that same year. It is said that when his ships entered the beautiful harbor, he exclaimed, "Puerto Rico," meaning, "rich port." At first, however, he called the site he designated as the capital of his domain, Caparra. Later, he changed it to Puerto Rico. You see, at first the *island* was called San Juan and its *capital*, Puerto Rico. Somehow or other, the names were reversed and today the island is Puerto Rico, and the capital, San Juan.

Ponce de Leon became our first governor. It was from my island that he launched his famous expedition in search of the Fountain of Youth. He died in Cuba, but his remains were brought back to the island, he loved and entombed in the Cathedral of San Juan.

With the coming of Ponce de Leon began the domination of the white man and the gradual extinction of the Indian. The Spaniards brought to the island the Christian religion; their Spanish language; and their culture—the culture of the most highly civilized European nation of the sixteenth

century. And so, the music, art, literature, of Spain took deep root in the new world, and with slight modifications, the customs of the mother country became the customs of the daughter.

The more I read and hear about Spanish life, the more I am struck with our Spanish inheritance. Even in our folk-music and folk-games, this is evident. As I was glancing through a book of songs and games of Spain, I came across these songs which I sang as a child:

Dos y Dos son Cuatro—Two and Two are Four; La Pastora—the Shepherdess; La Pajara Pinta—The Painted Bird; Cervant er fue a la guerra—Cervantes went to war; (we sing it—Mambru went to war) Ambo Ato—I tie both; San Sereni; Soy la viudita—I am the little window; Arroz con Leche—Rice and Milk.

These childhood games that the colonizers brought with them have been sung continuously in Puerto Rico, with slight alterations and abundant supply of enjoyment. Some are sung in dialogue; others are word games. Many come from old Moorish ballads; others are based on some trivial affair. This is one of our favorites:

Dosy Dos son Cuarto
Mambru se fue a la guerra
Mambru se fue a la guerra
Que dolor que dolar gñe pena!
Mambru se fue a la guerra
No si cuando vendra
Ive dolmi que fasela
No si cuando vendra.

For Christmas time, we have preserved the old Spanish custom of singing carols. Groups of country people with maracas (those gourds you hear in your orchestras) a small guitar, and a drum, come to town in order to sing these verses handed down

Turn Page Please

from generation to generation. The Spaniards call them "villancicos." We call them "Aguinaldos." Usually there are four in a group, three men and a woman. The men represent the three wise men, and the woman, the wife of the innkeeper. I remember as a child how excited I used to be when I heard them, and how I begged my father to let them sing for us.

The copla is Andalusian in origin. It is a four line verse, eight syllables to the line, and is sung by the farmers in the fields. Frequently, it is sung in a dance called the bomba. During this dance, the music stops at intervals and a man sings a verse of his own composition to his partner. At the next interlude, she responds:

Here is an example of a "copla":

The boy sings: "I don't know how to write a letter, a card of any sort, but I do know how to write your name inside my heart."

The girl sings: "From Heaven the Virgin came down with a kerchief in her hand. I treat you like my brother; I love you like a friend."

The ballads, for which the mother country was famous, appear almost weekly on our streets, commemorating some deed of valor, or some tragic incident of the past.

But as you might expect of us, with our Spanish heritage, we have developed a literature of our own which had its beginning in the legends of the Indians. One of the best known is that of Guanina. With your permission, I shall tell it.

Legend of Guanina

This is not a legend, but a historical event. When Ponce de Leon came, he divided the island into four political divisions, putting an Indian chief in charge of the natives, and over him a Spaniard who was responsible only to the governor in the island.

Sotomayor was one of these bailiffs. The Indian chief of his division was Gueybana. Both were young, brave and of noble birth. Sotomayor, a Spanish noble; and Gueybana,

the nephew of the chief of the whole island of Bourquen.

One day Sotomayor was advised to flee from his Indians, who had planned to kill him. Guanina, the sister of the Indian chief, wanted to save the life of the man she had fallen in love with the first moment she saw him, but he thought that was a cowardly deed of a noble man to flee from his enemies. The night came, but he couldn't stay any longer. Rather than flee at night, they marched boldly out of his residence in order to advise Ponce de Leon of the rebellion of the Indians toward the white race. Before his departure, he sent a messenger to Gueybana letting him know that he was living in that place. When he received this message, he prepared his men in order to follow his enemies. After Sotomayor and his men had walked for several hours, his translator, Don Cristobal, saw a group of Indians that were coming to fight them. A bloody struggle ensued which lasted until all of the Spanish men had fallen to the ground. The last to be killed was Sotomayor.

Gueybana sent to take Sotomayor's body to be buried the next day. When they were to take his body, they found that Guanina, the Indian girl was at his side, washing the face of her dead lover and trying to revive him. She wouldn't let anybody touch the body of the man she loved. Now, Gueybana seeing this tragic love, decided to sacrifice his sister in order that she could accompany her lover to the tomb. When they went to the place where this sacrifice was to take place, they found that Guanina was dead, with her head upon her lover's bloody breast. The dead bodies of Sotomayor and Guanina were buried together on a hill where white lilies and white poppies have been growing ever since.

Nowadays, the country people living near that hill hear songs of beautiful melody. They believe that it is the souls of these old lovers that come out of the tomb every evening in order to look at the blue sky full of stars over my dear and native land of Puerto Rico.

The Wander Lust

MARGARET WILSON

EDWARD Albert Harlan George James Patrick McBride—that was his name. But Edward Albert Harlan etc. was known to his intimates simply as Lan' Sakes Harlan. His mother, well-versed in the business of raising little McBrides, had inadvertently given him this title by repeating ceaselessly the exclamation, "Lan' Sakes, Harlan, what'r you up to now "

Mrs. McBride was Scotch—good, solid, dependable Scotch, and her young'uns were raised proper. Lan' Sakes, however, was something new — something individual — something altogether apart from all the other little McBrides. He was six years old, and the scourge of the neighborhood. He was blue-eyed and blond and chubby; in fact, he looked like a Raphael cherub. He really was a nice child, and he hardly ever meant to be bad. He just wanted to know about things. He wanted to know where the birds go in the winter, and how they know it's warm there, and why dogs don't love kittens, and why he had to brush his teeth. He didn't understand why his mother spanked him for pulling up her new baby mimosa tree to find out what the roots looked like, and he wanted to know why lady bugs come out of their holes. He wondered about what happened in the big red brick building on the corner, where his mother said he would go next year, "Glory be." He inquired persistently about why he now had so many little rabbits in the pen in the back yard, when he only had two yesterday. But most of all, he wanted to know why Mrs. Flannigan down the street looked so funny every morning when she came out on her porch to get the milk. At first Lan' Sakes couldn't figure out just what it was that wrought this early morning change in Mrs. Flannigan. When he saw her later in the day, she always looked pretty-much like all the other ladies on the

block. But there was something about morning that made her look very very peculiar. He thought maybe it was the many hues of the socks with which Mrs. Flannigan curled her hair, but after considering the matter thoughtfully he decided that the strange transformation was lower down—somewhere around her mouth or chin.

Early every morning Lan' Sakes would go down to Mrs. Flannigan's house, sit in her porch swing, and wait for her to come out. While he swung he wondered about the mystery of Mrs. Flannigan. When she came out, he would lean forward till he almost fell out of the swing, prop his chin on one hand, twist a piece of curly hair with the other, and frankly and without guile, gaze at Mrs. Flannigan's face.

Mrs. Flannigan grew accustomed to Lan' Sakes early morning visits, and began to enjoy them. He never offered any explanation — he just swung and looked — but there was a certain regularity about the thing that appealed to Mrs. Flannigan. She admired the routine of it. Morning after morning Lan' Sakes came to solve the mystery. But morning after morning he went away again, still puzzled. Whenever he asked his mother about it, Mrs. McBride would look up from her ironing or from her biscuit-making and say, very crossly, "Lan' Sakes, hush! How would I be knowin' what makes Mamie Flannigan funny lookin' in the mornin'?" She looks funny all day to me. Now hush." And Lan' Sakes would hush, but still he wondered.

"My goodness," he would think, "How's anybody ever gonna learn anything, if won't nobody ever tell nobody nothin'?"

The answer came to Lan' Sakes all of a sudden one night, and the smile of satisfaction illumined the whole of his cherubic

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Rocking

GABRIELA MISTRAL

Translated by Emily Barksdale

The sea her thousands of waves
 rocks divinely,
Hearing the loving seas
I rock my child.

The wind wandering in the night
 rocks the wheat.
Hearing the loving winds
I rock my child.

God, our Father, his thousands of worlds
 rocks without noise.
Feeling his hand in the shadow
I rock my child.

GABRIELA MISTRAL

CONNIE OZLIN

WHEN Gabriela Mistral appeared in New York after winning the Nobel prize, her reception was the minimum of what is expected for such a personage. The papers stated only three items concerning her. She (the first Latin-American to win the Nobel prize) was born in Chile, she had taught school, and she was considered by Sweden as a second Selma Lagelaf. The truth of the latter remark is doubtful.

Her first book, "Desolacion", was published in New York, but it was not well received there because it had no English text. South America and Spain caught it up quickly, however, and spread the news of it to the literary world. Some consider this first book, in which she depicts much of the suffering she had faced in her young life, Min Mistral's best.

Lucila Gadoy Alcayaga, the real name of Gabriela Mistral, was born in 1889 in Vicuna, Chile. The town and its surroundings are well known to readers of her poetry. Her Spanish father was a teacher and a poet, but not an artistic one. At fifteen Lucila Gadoy became a teacher; and at twenty-five, she won the highest award at poetry contest in Santiago. She was too shy to accept the prize in public, however, and hid herself in the crowds to hear the

readings and the plaudits. From this beginning, she wrote for magazines and papers, and some of her poems went into collections for publication.

In 1922, Dr. Federico de Onis of New York's Columbia University asked for permission to publish a volume of Min Mistral's poems. He told a group of teachers about her and her poems, and they were so enthusiastic that he became interested in having the poems published.

Also in 1922, Min Mistral went to Mexico and later to Europe where she published a second volume of poems, "Ternura", for children, in Madrid, Spain. When she returned to her home in Chile, she was received with greatest honors; and later served as a government consul in capital cities of several countries. Today she is in Brazil.

She has met much criticism and flat disapproval, but by some who have really tried to understand her, she is considered a great artist.

Miss Mistral has published three volumes of poems, one volume of lectures on rural education and a few other miscellaneous articles. Translations have been made in French, Italian, German, Swedish, and beginnings are being made in English.

The Teacher's Prayer

GABRIELA MISTRAL

Translated by Emily Barksdale

WORD! Thou who didst teach, forgive me for teaching; for bearing the name of teacher which Thou didst bear on earth.

Give me love only for my school; that not even the scorch of beauty be capable of stealing away from it my tenderness at all times.

Master, make enduring my fervor and fleeting my disillusion. Tear from me this impure desire for justice that still disturbs me; the faint protest that rises from me when they wound me. May I not be hurt by the misunderstanding or the forgetfulness of those I have taught.

Grant that I may be more of a mother than their mothers, in order to be able to love and defend as they do what is not flesh of my flesh. Grant that I may succeed in making of one of my children my most perfect verse and of leaving for Thee in her my most penetrating melody against the hour when my lips will sing no more.

Reveal to me thy Gospel in my time, so that I may not renounce the battle of each day, of each hour. Place in my democratic school the radiance that soared above Thy chorus of barefoot children.

Make me strong even in my weakness of a woman and of a poor woman. Make me despise all power that may not be unsullied,

all pressure upon my life that is not of Thy burning will.

Friend! Accompany me! Sustain me! Often I shall have only Thee at my side. When my teaching is most chaste and my truth most burning, I shall be left without earthly friends, but Thou will clasp me to Thy heart which knew loneliness and desolation. I shall seek only in Thy glance the sweetness of approval.

Give me simplicity and give me depth. Keep me from being complex or banal in my daily lesson.

Let me lift my eyes from my wounded breast, as I enter my school each morning. May I not carry to my desk my small material triumphs, my petty griefs of each hour.

Lighten my hand in chastisement and soften it in carress. Let me reprimand sorrowfully that it be known I have corrected lovingly.

Grant that my school be built of the spirit. Envelop with the flame of my enthusiasm its poor halls, its bare rooms. My heart will be more columns and my willingness more gold than the columns of gold of the rich schools.

And finally, make me remember that to teach and to love intensely on earth is to reach the last day with the spear thrust of Longinos in one's side.

Quien Sabe

First Prize Poetry Contest

ANNE WILLIS

I bring you a song of the Indian,
He who stands at my door in the rain,
Who waits with a silent pleading,
And eyes that have leaned to hide pain:
For my quenchless thirst, have you water?
For my body, a blanket worn old?
A spoonful of rice for the hunger of a man
who is foot-sore and cold?

Oh, Indian, who toils, never resting
On lands you are never to own,
Can't you see the bold greed of your masters?
Don't you hear the harsh rattle of coin?
The answer returns like an echo
Of the timeless dirge of the poor,
It falls like the doubting raindrops,
"Quien sabe, senor?"

I bring you a song of the mystery,
Forever remaining unsolved;
What do these dull eyes know of suffering?
What do they remember of love?
Like the towering might of the Andes,
Or the tireless heat of the Sun;
So the strength of your pride without rancor,
So your faith in a task well-done.

Oh, Indian, call me thy brother,
Let thy brave blood surge through my vein,
And if at the last our Great Chieftain,
Shall question if I wouldst gain
A thorny crown, a cup of gall,
Or a haven of rest from all pain;
Let my answer return like an echo
Of the timeless dirge of the poor
That falls like the doubting raindrops,
"Quien sabe, senor?"

Greeting

BETTY DEUEL COCK

First Prize Poetry Contest

My gay little sorrell mare and I
Trotted off one spring-like day.
We flew, she and I, o're the fields toward the hill
Over the fields and away.

We jauntily splashed through the silvery stream,
And scared up a bird from the brush.
We paused, she and I, at the edge of the wood,
To hark to the song of a thrush.

We trotted around by the new green corn,
But slowed to a walk at the bend.
We rode, she and I, toward the sun in the West,
And we hated the ride to end.

We easily cantered the upward trail
And in awe gazed below o're the sod.
We paused, she and I, at the top of the hill
And said, "Good-day", to God!

College Polish

JANE PHILHOWER

Modern version of the three bears story:
Father Bear: Who's been drinking my beer?
Mother Bear: Who's been drinking my beer?
Baby Bear: Burp!

Ink Sense

* * * * *

The man who knows all the answers has been out with all the questionable girls.

* * * * *

Before I hear the professors tell
The danger of a kiss,
I had considered kissing you
The nearest thing to bliss;
Now I know biology,
And I sit and sigh and moan;
Six million mad bacteria—
I thought we were alone.

* * * * *

A young wife decided to change her methods. Instead of being harsh with her husband when he came home intoxicated, she planned to be diplomatic. The next time her husband arrived in a not-so-sober state, she called to him: "Come here, dear, I'll get your slippers, then you can sit on my lap."

The husband looked at her, blinked his eyes, and said: "Oh, well, I might as well. I'll get the devil when I get home anyway."

Morris Wise.

For years and years
the two sexes have been racing
for supremacy. Now
they have settled down to
neck and neck.

* * * * *

Here lies the body of Archibald Rummy.
He tackled the coach instead of the dummy.

* * * * *

Doctor: "This is a very sad case, very sad indeed. I much regret to tell you that your wife's mind is gone—completely gone."

Mr. Peck: "I'm not at all surprised, doctor. She's been giving me a piece of it everyday for fifteen years."

* * * * *

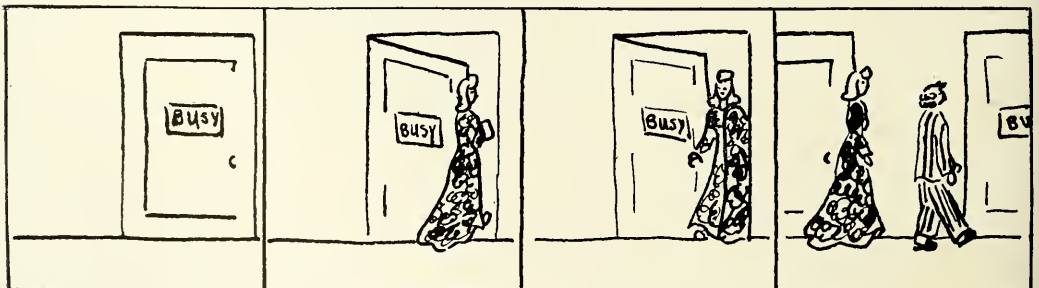
Some girls let a fool kiss them—others let a kiss fool them.

* * * * *

Gather your kisses while you may,
For time brings only sorrow;
The girls who are so free today
Are chaperones tomorrow.

* * * * *

Santa Claus is the only one who can run around with a bag all night and never get talked about.



COLLEGE POLISH

Funeral director to aged mourner:
 "How old are you."
 "I'll be 98 next month."
 "Hardly worth going home, is it?"
 The Spectator

* * * * *

"Well, I never"
 Daughter: "Oh, mother, you must have."
 The Spectator

* * * * *

Professor—"I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down.

Voice From Rear: "Have you tried tomato juice, old man?"

The Archive

* * * * *

'Tis but a short span from puppy love to a dog's life.

* * * * *

"Where can I get some silk covering for my settee?"

"Linger'e department, first aisle to your left, madam."

* * * * *

A woman makes love with her eyes: a man with his lips; and a simpleton with paper and ink.

* * * * *

Some Vesuvelers were looking at the molten lava inside Mt. Vesuvius. An American remarked "Looks hot as hell."

An Englishman raised his eyebrows and said to the guide, "Gad! These Americans have been everywhere."

The Spectator

* * * * *

Frosh: "A woman's greatest attraction is her hair."

Sph: "I say it's her eyes."

Junior: "It's unquestionably her teeth."

Senior: "What's the use of sitting here lying to each other?"

Covered Wagon

Senior Hostess: "I have a lonesome soldier I'd like you g'rls to meet."

Athletic Girl: "What can he do?"

Chorus Girl: "How much money has he?"

Religious Girl: "What church does he go to?"

S. T. C. Girl: "Where is he?"

* * * * *

"I'd like to ask you for this dance, but all the cars are occupied."

* * * * *

The dog stood on the burning deck
 The flames were leaping around his neck,
 Hot dog ! !

* * * * *

It was one of mother's most hectic days. Her small son, who had been playing outside, came in with his pants torn.

"You go right in, remove your pants, and mend them yourself."

Some time later she went to see how he was getting along. The torn pants were lying on the chair. The door to the cellar, usually closed, was open and she called down loudly and sternly: "Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

"No. Madam, I am reading the gas meter."

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The freshman leaves the man of her dreams and enrolls in college. While crossing the campus (alone) one night she sees the full moon shining high above in all of its glory. She says, "Ah, if I only was with Jim tonight."

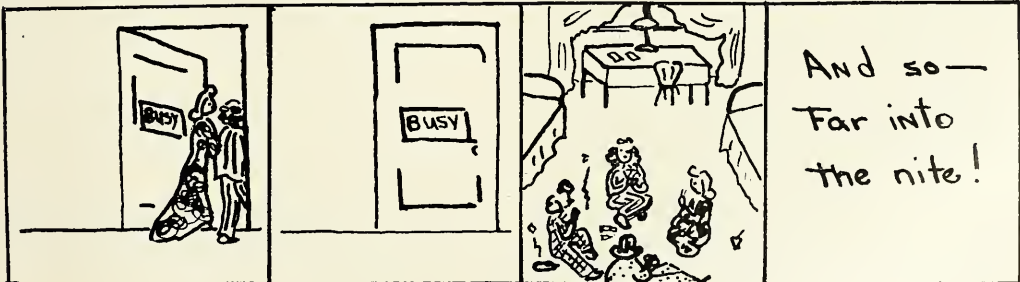
Under a full moon the next year, her expression has changed somewhat. "Ah, if I only had a date with a handsome man tonight."

While a junior, the full moon brings forth the expression, "Ah, if I only had a date tonight."

Happy at last, the senior exclaims, "What a night. A good book and plenty of cigarettes."

* * * * *

"How hard do I have to hit it to knock it into the water?" asked the nervous wife of the mayor at her first ship launching.



THE WANDERLUST

(Continued from Page Twenty-one)

countenance. It was so simple! How could he have been so stupid? It was her mouth—that's what it was. It was because Mrs. Flannigan unscrewed something and took out all of her teeth. Yes sir, she just opened her mouth and pulled out her teeth. Then she brushed them; just as he brushed his, except his were inside his mouth, and then she put them in a big glass of water.

The revelation came to him one night when Mrs. McBride was sick, and Mrs. Flannigan had come down to spend the night and take care of all the little McBrides. She had been warned that Lan' Sakes would bear more watching than all the others put together, and having had some few personal experiences with him, she was careful to keep him within her reach at all times.

Lan' Sakes, now engaged in the dismemberment of a toy dog, with the intent of seeing what made it squeak, sat for the moment quietly on the bed in Mrs. Flannigan's room. At length he completed his operation on the dog, secured the whistle, and commenced a continuous long, low tooting. Suddenly, however, he turned his attention to Mrs. Flannigan, who was preparing wearily for bed. She had had a long and trying day, and she was tired. She sighed an audible sigh which turned abruptly into a sort of whistle. Lan' Sakes was not at that moment blowing his whistle. Therefore, he thought, the noise must have originated with Mrs. Flannigan. What had occurred was that Mrs. Flannigan, on removing her store teeth, which had been giving her a bit of trouble lately, had whistled in sheer relief as the teeth came out and her face relaxed.

Lan' Sakes gazed, fascinated. Mrs. Flannigan was clad in a long pink flannel night gown, and a large, dark brown robe, and her hair was rolled up in the usual colored socks. She looked, right now, just as she did every morning when Lan' Sakes went to swing on her front porch! The teeth! That was it—the teeth! But Lan' Sakes had never seen anybody take her

teeth out before. He had assumed that everybody was born with teeth that stayed where they belonged, unless, of course, one tied a string to a door-knob and pulled one out. This was the interesting thing that he had discovered in a long time! Teeth that you could take out! Lan' Sakes watched silently as the teeth were carefully brushed and placed in a glass of water. Still silently he moved over to the table where the glass with its strange contents sat. If Mrs. Flannigan's teeth came out, maybe his would too. He couldn't figure out just what it could have been that she pulled. He didn't seem to have any levers or switches or anything on his own teeth. It was very, very confusing. "Gosh," he thought, "ain't grown-ups smart! I guess they know just about everything. Wish I knew everything." "Mrs. Flannigan," he asked abruptly, "How'd you get them things out?" Even before Mrs. Flannigan had looked up from turning down his covers, Lan' Sakes knew what her answer would be.

"Hush now, Lan' Sakes! You just better be thankful you got all yours. Come over here an' say your prayers. It's most ten o'clock."

So Lan' Sakes said his prayers and went to bed, as it was almost ten o'clock. As Mrs. Flannigan turned off the light, the last thing that he saw was the funny white teeth in the big glass of water.

Lan' Sakes was just a little boy, and even the unsolved riddle of Mrs. Flannigan's teeth couldn't keep him awake for long. Tomorrow he would ask his mother again about this new kind of teeth. "Maw," he would say, "kin you take your teeth out and put 'em in a glass of water?" And Mrs. McBride would say, "Lan' Sakes, of course I can't take my teeth out. My teeth are the same as the Lord gimme forty years ago. Lan' Sakes! Take my teeth out!" And Lan' Sakes would go on wondering. But someday he'd know everything. Yes sir, someday he'd know just about everything there was to know. Why, right now, even when he was asleep, there was a great big tooth, shaped like a question mark, sitting up there on the foot of his bed!

LIMERICKS

There was a young college girl, not plump, but fat,
Who said, "I'll not save food, and so that is that.
If they've no bread or steak
Well let 'em eat cake,
World hunger? Why brother? I like to be fat."

Miss Wheeler

* * * *

Before you start, read through section seven
Because you may not be prepared for heaven,
This 10,000 volts will tell
And you might say "hell,"
And shock teacher plus classmates eleven.

Mr. Mac, for his Physics class

* * * *

Ole doc was a frolicking fellow
In class room and home he would bellow
"Til Chip came along
Said "Pop you're wrong!"
Now Doc is real gentle and mellow.

Charlie Hop

* * * *

A silly young damsel named Reaux
Let her mind run only to beaux—
Harry, Tom, Dick, and Phil,
Archie, Jim, Henry, Bill,
And anyone else, goodness kneaux!

Mr. Coyner

* * * *

A man by the name of Jean Dean
Had a little screw loose in his bean.
He thought he was Plato
And his wife a potato
But otherwise all was serene.

Mr. Coyner

There was a young lady named Bralley
Whose voice was low and dralley;
She wouldn't say much
Til she got in Dutch,
Then her dralley tone was cralley.

Mr. Holton, jr.

* * * *

There was an instructor in Audio-visual
Who delighted in seeing his students sizzle
He plugged like a turk
To make them all work
But his efforts alas, were a fizzle.

Dr. Johnson

* * * *

There once was a belle from Nantucket
Who wore a bustle as big as a bucket.
She stuffed it with oats
And a great herd of goats
Came up to the bustle and took it.

Mr. Snead

* * * *

A bactolassie with nice physique
Once lewdly o'er-painted her cheek.
Her beau has retreated;
Her plan was defeated;
Good equipment, but bad technique.

Dr. Brumfield

* * * *

*The following is by John A. Owen, Jr.,
former H-S. C. Tiger staff member; now med-stu-
dent at U. of Va.*

A certain old codger from Worcester
Found he couldn't chew food like he yorcester,
The reason, in brief:
His wife had his tief,
Though he cried, "Gif 'em back" she reforcester.

THE COLONNADE

There once was a student who read,
Books of which much could be said,
Until one fine day
She met him: named Ray.
Now her interest in reading is dead.

LeRoy C. Merritt

* * * *

Said a clever little lady named Nichols
"I must stop eating so many pichols;
Every bottle I touch
I love them so much
I eat till they give me the snichols."

Mr. Grainger

A learned, gray lady named Jennings
Taught us all that we know about kennings;
When we put pen to paper
She said with a caper,
"To the Colonnade send all your pennings."

Mr. Grainger

* * * *

There was a young lady named Foster
Who wouldn't let no man accoster;
Said a gay young dude,
"I think you're a prude."
And that was the reason he loster.

Mr. Grainger

PORTRAIT OF JOHN CINTRON

(Continued from Page Thirteen)

Many copies of the picture were made, and the old people in the town said he favored some members of the Cintrones.

One day the grandson of the man who had brought the picture originally to Puerto Rico, arrived from Boston. He recognized the great North American hero immediately, and he called his name with a great deal of respect. The girl corrected him, but he laughed at her, repeating the name several times with the correct pronunciation. As the young man had just arrived from Boston, his pronunciation was accepted in the town. Since then, they have given to the original its true name. This story is still remembered in Puerto Rico and when some one sees the portrait of the great North American hero, he says smilingly, "There is the portrait of Juan Cintron."

INVITATION TO VENEZUELA

(Continued from Page Fifteen)

tains with forests of great trees.

After riding an hour and a half you should be in Caracas. It is situated on a high plateau encircled by mountains, rising still higher to a height of nine thousand feet above sea level. Caracas is a city of fifty thousand people where the climate is never ending spring time. A city of red tiled roofs and patio homes, beautiful buildings, parks and plazas, where you will find all sorts of conditions from luxury to poverty, from rare beauty to ugliness. The

center of the city "Old Caracas" has changed little in aspect from the Caracas of Colonial times. Modern Caracas, in the outskirts is thoroughly up-to-date without having the monotony of standardized architecture. Soon you will find out that "Los Cavaquenos" do not differ much from your own people. Some of them know the world's art, music, literature. Venezuelans of the middle class live much as do the Europeans or North Americans of the same class.

But Caracas is not all of my country, there is a great, great deal more to see; The fertile plains in the center; the Andes to the west; the jungles to the South where no man has yet set foot, many other cities less modern and therefore more appealing to the youthful visitor, for example, Merida, Cuidad, Bolivar, Cumana, just to mention a few of the largest.

By living in Farmville, and getting acquainted with you here in Virginia I feel that I shall carry back with me a truer conception of the United States of America than if I had spent all of my time in Washington or New York.

A splendid program it would be if you all could really come to South America. I have noticed with great interest that numbers of you are studying Spanish and avidly seeking Latin American relationships.

I don't know, but I believe this sentiment is only among the most cultured people. I do not have to point out to you girls the great task which lies in your hands, the responsibility as educators-to-be. I know that you can do much in furthering this program for inter-American cooperation.

THE SON

(Continued from Page Twelve)

of his son fallen with his forehead opened by a bullet wound. Now, in every corner of the woods he saw the barbed wire flash and glisten; and at the foot of a post, with his gun discharged at his side . . . he saw his . . .

My baby, My son!

There is a limit to the supernatural forces that allow a poor father to be subjected to a most frightful hallucination. The man felt this escape from him when he saw his son come out of a side path of the mountain.

The sight of his father, distraught and without a weapon, even at a distance of fifty feet was sufficient to make a child of thirteen hasten his step.

"My precious son!" murmured the father. Exhausted, he fell on the white sandy soil, throwing his arms around the legs of his son.

The boy, now encircled, remained on his feet and as if he understood the suffering, he lowered his head and whispers, "Poor papa".

Finally, the time passed—together now—father and son started out on the journey home.

"Why did you not look at the sun to know the time, son"?, murmured the father.

"I did, father, but when I was about to return, I saw John's birds and followed

them".

"What anxiety you have caused me, son!"

"My dear father".

After a long silence . . .

"And the birds? Did you kill them?" asked the father.

"No" . . .

The sky suddenly lowered and the man with his arm on his son's shoulder returned to his home. Although their bodies were soaked with perspiration, their souls smile happily from within.

The smile was from his illusioned happiness. For the father went alone. He found nothing and his arm merely extended into space. Because—behind him, at the foot of a post, with legs extended in mid air, entangled in the barbed wire—his son lay dead since ten o'clock in the morning.

She closed the door with a bang;
She laughed and giggled and sang;
One book she read,
Two books she fled:

"The rest of the stuff can go hang."

Mary L. Merritt

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