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The Colonnade

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Farmville Virginia

March, 1947

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T for Throat...

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The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. IX

MARCH, 1947

NO. 3

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Over the Editor's

Shoulder

IT'S been fun—every hurried, harried minute of it—from the first rough plan to the last comma on the proof, and we wouldn't have missed it for all the extra hours of sleep on the calendar.

All the last minute revisions, the frantic trips to the Herald office, the terrible moments when what are sure to be the author's pet paragraphs have to be cut, the dead-lines that keep slipping quietly up, un-met, the cuts that don't get back—it all goes into the making of a Colonnade, and hopeless as it sometimes seems, it's all part of the fun.

We want especially to thank Mr. Grainger and Miss Jennings for their unfailing sympathy and constructive advice. And Harry! Always calm, soothing, helpful, he has steered us serenely through many a last-minute crisis.

We have done our best to maintain the high standards set for The Colonnade, and to encourage creative talent wherever we found it, but the new staff will find that new and bigger things are waiting to be done. They will give their best effort to the job they have undertaken, but if The Colonnade is to be the best, they will need the cooperation of every member of the student body. Remember that it is your magazine, made up of your contributions. Give it your support, and may the new staff enjoy it as much as we have!

Life Savings

(A Chat with Dean Smith)

HERE is nothing so subject to upheaval and emotional disturbance as the college student's religion. It seems to become so inextricably entangled in things to which it has not the remotest relationship—with psychology, with philosophy, with the moral codes of other students!

Many influences have been at work for many years building this faith in God and humanity, and the college student's ideals are high. For years his moral savings have been increasing in consonance with his church, his home, his reading, his religious experiences. He comes to college eager to share with others these savings which he knows increase rather than decrease by spending. Too often, however, he finds other students breaking moral laws and seemingly getting by very well with indecorous conduct and then he begins to wonder if his savings are worth much after all.

In his psychology classes he learns that there is a school of psychology called the Behaviorists and that this school considers the body as a machine responding to certain stimuli. Since the Behaviorists can not take into consideration anything which science can not explain, they make little, when any, acknowledgement of soul, spirit, conscience—of life itself. What happens then to the college student's savings? He can find no justification here for his faith in the most vital phase of his being—that part of him which alone, is eternal; for the Behaviorists



DR. MARTHA SMITH SMITH

relegates the real man, the spiritual man, to the realm of metaphysics—and leaves the student doubting the very existence of the most consequential side of his life. His faith in God and man, service, self-immolation, courage, honesty, loyalty, friendship, wisdom, these real values become sources of perplexity to him.

He says: Well, if my inheritance and environment determine my behavior, why try to be anything else? What credit do I get for trying to be honest? etc.—

To these students I say: "Give unto Caesar (Science) the things that are Caesar's (scientific) etc." The Behaviorist is a scientist. He is dealing only with those facts which science can explain—and that is why he does not attempt to analyze states of consciousness. Because he does not include soul and mind in his subject matter does not mean that he denies their reality; he omits them from his findings

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The Man

1st Prize in Poetry Contest

BARBARA LEE ANDREWS

Behold the Man.
He upward toils; His muscles bulge;
His tendons tighten to the snapping point.
His back is bowed; still on He moves.
The soldiers have no mercy—'tis their task
To speed the pace, to spur the Man.
They care not that the back they prod
With spear and sword is torn already
With the lash, nor that the sweat
With blood is mixed.
The rough wood rasps the welts and flesh
With splinters long and sharp.
The cobbled street leads onward to "The Skull",
With refuse covered and with crosses crowned.
What if His foot may slip, or He may fall,
Crushed to the earth with that awesome load
What if His eyes are dimmed with blood from cuts
Long and deep on the noble forehead, made
By that crown of thorns?
What if the hair that falls about His face is matted
With blood?
What if the sun and flies attack every gash?
Today He is no God—
He is the Man.

Spiritual Life on Our Campus

MISS MARY NICHOLS

AS a professor the National Christian Association Movement Assembly, I was deeply impressed with the deep-rooted desire of the twelve hundred college students for a truly motivated Christian life on the college campus. Students of many races, of many creeds, and of different countries participated earnestly in daily worship programs, in Bible study groups, and in panel discussions of Our Christian Heritage and its application in daily college life. Their thinking and actions in these sessions centered upon the problem of the "Task of the Christian Student in His College Life."

I was not amazed that the faculty and advisers' group discussions centered upon the place of religion in higher education. However, the problems of atheism among faculty groups, of dissension in religious thinking among student groups, and of unsympathetic administrations toward religious toleration, certainly are not pertinent to our campus. These problems of many large universities are not ours; our problem, if problem there be, is more one of apathy, or of lack of knowledge concerning the students' religious life on the campus. It was significant to me that these advisers' group discussions were the outcome of student demand, rather than that they were the manifestation of any real concern on the part of administrations or of faculties. The advisers and teachers of religious education and Christian Association secretaries met because the students had urged, during the war and in the postwar curriculum planning, that there be religious education and spiritual guidance in their campus life. In 1944 a commission of the National Intercollegiate Christian Council, composed chiefly of students, discussed the role of religion in higher education. As an

outcome of definite studies made and of specific work conducted in thirty selected colleges and universities, this advisers' group met to hear reports and to take back to their various colleges the consensus of student thinking that "the aim of democratic education is to develop spiritually mature men and women as future citizens."

In exchanging ideas with our own college student Y. W. C. A. representatives, I found that they were sincerely and earnestly concerned about the spirituality of the individual student in campus life. As leaders in the Christian association life these girls and many others with rich spiritual experience will be influential in developing Christian living on the campus. Is this spiritual leadership sufficient?

In reviewing the work of our Young Women's Christian Association, we find a full, varied, and well organized program. With opportunities for participating in worship, service, social and recreational activities, I believe that every student may have abundant opportunities for spiritual growth. With the hearty cooperation of the ministers of the town, and in the pervading atmosphere of spiritual culture, every student who has a desire to live a Christian life can do so. In fact, I have heard more than one visitor on our campus remark upon the many religious activities on the campus of a State institution, not a church college.

Notwithstanding all of the religious activities, are we really meeting the individual's need of and earnest desire for Christian training and development? I fear not. I fear that in our professional training, we may not be reaching the individual in spiritual instruction and development. In talking with individual students, I find

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THE 11:48 daily was due any minute. The taxi driver took one last drag from his dilapidated cigarette, crushed it into a pulp at his feet, and left his small battered cab standing at the curb.

Around the bend came the streamliner. It was very seldom that anyone got off, but Sam Edwards always met the train. People said they often wondered why he went. Sam was a chunky little fellow, with a faded frizz of red hair, pale blue eyes, and a mouth that was always quirked at one corner.

Today, as usual, Sam walked toward the coaches. There was some commotion at Car No. 16, the *Pride of Missouri*. The crowd of porters dispersed; the conductor shouted, "All ab-o-o-rd", and the streamliner left as it came, a finger of silver lightening.

But it left someone today. As Sam came toward the girl, he was struck by her unusual beauty. She had flaming copper hair, a perfect oval face, with a pert pug nose that was covered with a liberal sprinkling of freckles. She was tall, and dressed simply in a suit and hat that bespoke expensiveness, and her voice was high and artificial as she spoke to Sam.

"Is there a hotel here where I might spend the night?"

"Well, no", Sam answered with a snort, "but Mrs. Grady, she runs a mighty fine boarding house, and she'd be glad to take you in."

He picked up her bags, and said with a jerk of his head, "Come on, I'll take you there".

After she was settled in the cab, and they had ridden in silence for a few blocks, the girl said to Sam, "Did you ever know anybody here that went by the name of Bralley? I'm . . . ah . . . looking for someone". Sam hesitated for a moment, as if thinking, and then answered, "There ain't nobody here in this town by that name. Here we are at Mrs. Grady's." He jumped

out of the cab, and opened the door for her.

That night, the town buzzed with excitement. Marta Bralley, the movie star, was in town, looking for someone. Excited bobby-soxers followed her as she went from place to place, asking if anyone knew a person by the name of Bralley. No one seemed to know.

Finally, there was only one more place where she might inquire. Mr. Carter, the town druggist told her that he knew no one by that name. She turned away, and walked slowly out of the drugstore. Her beautiful brown eyes filled with tears. The bobby-soxers backed away in awe! The gayest, the most sophisticated, of Hollywood's darlings was crying! They went back to their homes on the quiet, tree-shaded streets, and whispered and wondered.

Back in her room at Mrs. Grady's boarding house, Marta Bralley lay on her bed, sobbing. Mrs. Grady, in the next room, heard her crying, and longed with all her motherly heart to go to her. But, she thought to herself, "No, I'd do better to leave her alone. She don't need nobody like me."

The next morning, Marta came down, with her two suitcases. Mrs. Grady took her into the large dining room for her breakfast. She sat down, her eyes red-rimmed from crying, and her face tight from still unshed tears. She looked at Mrs. Grady's concerned face, and asked her if she would be kind enough to call a cab. She was going on to New York on the 11:48.

The taxi was late, and as Mrs. Grady went out to the curb with Marta, she was surprised to hear the girl say, "My mother came from this town. She left my father before she knew I was coming. That was twenty years ago. She died two weeks ago, and told me to come to this town: that here I might find my father. She wanted to become an actress, but instead she worked all her life that I might be one. She wanted my

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SS



The bobby-soxers backed away in awe. Marta Bralley was crying.

HARVEST

September 15
Pocasan Mt. Mission

My darling Bob,

The sun is splashing big waves of rosy color over the white-washed walls of the Mission House, and I'm on the porch in our make-shift swing, because I don't want to miss a minute of this perfect Blue Ridge sunset. It actually takes your breath away! How I wish that you could be here to see it with your artist's eye! I remember in one of our art classes at State when you threw down your brush and said, "There isn't a thing around this campus worth painting! These dingy brick buildings, the hedges they keep so neatly clipped, the monotonous walks that criss-cross in all the right places—even the trees have a man-made look. This isn't real beauty!" Up here you'd find it, Bob—here where the mountains spread their majestic blue pyramids on every side, and are never the same; where the sun-flowers and wild scarlet poppies cover the slopes. Your brush could never be still!

And the people, Bob! I've been here only a week now, but I'm enchanted with their simple, unsophisticated lives, and their eagerness to learn. We have something to give them, Bob, you and I. You, by putting on canvas the beauty that is the very essence of life up here, and I by opening their eyes to literature and to music. This is where our real happiness lies. You thought so, too, the day you said you loved me. When will you come?

Loving you always,

MARY LOU

* * * *

October 1
Waldorf-Astoria
New York City

My dear Lou,

The workings of a woman's mind never cease to confound me! I'll admit I had a few adolescent notions about painting mountain life in the rough when we were in college, but I've grown up now. How can you suggest that I give up a soft hotel bed, with breakfast in it, if I choose good talk with real connoisseurs of real art; a chance at learning the tricks of this new sur-realist stuff, and a top salary in it, if one of these men should notice and like my work?

I'll be truthful, Lou, and tell you that I know, deep down, that I haven't done anything really worthwhile here. I could consign all my attempts at sur-realism to the wastebasket without a backward glance. They are that bad. Since I left college and you, I seem to have lost the feeling for my work that I once had. But think, Lou. Can two young people afford to bury themselves on a mountain top? You yourself said that the only contact with civilization was a Pony Express to take you into town once a month. If that's the life you want, Lou, I'll have to leave you to your "L'il Abners". I'm afraid you'll have to count me out.

Waiting for a change of heart,

Bob

* * * *

October 6

Pocasan Mt. Mission

Dear Bob,

I'm not sure why I keep up this hopeless correspondence, but the habit seems to old to break. And I can't let you think for a moment that Pocasan Mountain offers nothing in the way of excitement. Let me tell you about last night.

You wouldn't have recognized the school-house! We piled all the desks in a back room, and the boys who weren't needed to plow or dry fruit on the roof, worked like Trojans on the decorations. "Rooster" and "Codjer" were my right hand men. They were completely fascinated by the crepe paper streamers we used, and the big silver bells I ordered to adorn the pails of lemonade.

"Rooster" is the little Abner you teased me about. He has all the outward attributes—curly black hair and broad shoulders,—and, on the inside, the bashful gallantry, loyalty to his family, and generosity, that we associate with the original. He achieved his nickname by virtue of the jaunty red cap he constantly wears. It was a prize at a county fair on the one excursion he has ever made away from Pocasan. Codjer told me in greatest secrecy that the girl who could make Rooster part with that cap was the one he'd "marry up with" but that nobody mentions this story around Rooster! He's proved his ability to defend his honor as well as he manages his team of horses.

Rooster's "Daisy-Mae" is a pretty, golden-haired, girl in my eighth grade. You probably won't believe this, but Annabelle, the oldest of a family of nine, does all the cooking, sewing, and housekeeping for the tribe. She's even papered the three-room house that they live in, and your sur-realist artists couldn't have done a better job! She covered the dirty boards with wall-paper samples, and each square foot is of a different color and design.

But back to our party. Each of the boys is a wizard with a guitar, banjo, or harmonica, and I've taught one of the girls to accompany them on the piano. So, with the promise of a spirited orchestra, the sugar cookies Annabelle had brought, and old "One-Eyed Pete" to keep time with his wooden leg and call the figures, I hadn't a single qualm about its success. But I couldn't foresee what a sensation Annabelle would be in her new dress. It had a drop-shoulder effect, and a fetching ruffle at the bottom. I wish you could have seen her big blue eyes light up when I handed her the bundle of cheap pink crepe I'd salvaged from my trunk. Pure Chinese silk couldn't have thrilled her more! I knew she was seeing herself in the most gorgeous dress she'd ever owned, and imagining the effect upon a serious, bashful lad in a red cap.

Rooster trudges three miles every day to bring heavy pails of water from the well to Annabelle's door-step for her weekly wash, and brings her kindling wood all through the winter with equal faithfulness. Yet he can never be persuaded to come in and "set a spell", no matter how cold the weather. Their conversation is confined to, "Well, how are things down your way, Rooster?" from Annabelle, and "Jes' fine, thank ye', Ma'am", from Rooster. His expression of love is in those mute water-buckets and heavy bundles of firewood.

But last night was different. The harvest moon was full and bright over the mountain and, as Annabelle described it later, there was a kind of magic spell over everything.

"Swing that purty gal and dosey-dot—Round and round and round you go", sang out "One-eyed Pete", until the girls in calico skirts and boys in new-bought overalls sank down

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THE COLONNADE

on the benches, exhausted. Then someone would shout 'Down in the Meadow', Codjer!" While the others caught their breath, Codjer would oblige with his best rendition of how he sat down with "a finger on the trigger and an eye on the hog", or "Beautiful Mornin' Glory", and then the dancing began again.

All went smoothly until time for refreshments arrived, and we retreated to the Mission for lemonade and cookies. The intermission signal had caught Annabelle in the middle of an exchange of partners, and she found herself with Codjer on one side and Rooster on the other. They both claimed the beauty in pink crepe for their own, so our "Daisy Mae" settled the argument by giving an arm to each.

I must tell you that it's a tradition in the hills that if a boy and girl take a drink from the same gourd or cup, it means an invitation for a kiss. Well, Codjer picked up the first big gourd in sight, filled it to the brim with lemonade, and offered it to Annabelle with a deep bow. As she bent to take a sip, his head went down, too, and before you could say boo, he had her in his arms, kissing her thoroughly. Codjer was enjoying himself immensely, and he hadn't reckoned on Roosters impulsive reaction. Off came the red cap, and the fight that ensued was one that "I've never seed the like of", as they say up here. Neither boy was seriously hurt, but Codjer has a lovely shiner today, and Rooster was definitely the victor. As such, he never left Annabelle's side for the rest of the evening.

And, Bob, the best part is that he told her later on, out under the moon, that he had "never owned up to it", but the legend about his red cap was true. The girl who made him take it off was the one he wanted to marry. So, they've planned it for the day when Rooster can afford a day off from the farm to go down the mountain into town for one of those twenty-five cent movies and the parson's blessing.

How I wish there were some way for Annabelle to have the kind of wedding she's read about, with flowers for the church, a new gown, and a honeymoon they could cherish for the rest of their lives! Love needs a touch of bright lights and gaiety, as well as the dreary responsibilities of every-day living. But I can't seem to find a fairy-godmother, and my good wishes will have to suffice.

My best wishes to you, too, Bob. I do hope I haven't bored you too much with this lengthy account of my life.

As ever,
Mary Lou.

* * * *

December 25
New York City

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU AND POCASAN STOP HAVE LIL ABNER AND DAISY MAE RECEIVED THE PARSON'S BLESSING AS YET STOP BOB

* * * *

December 25
Pocasan Mt.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU TOO STOP NO THEY HAVEN'T STOP WHY THE CURIOUS QUESTION STOP MARY LOU

* * * *

December 28
New York City

My dearest Lou,

Are visiting city-slickers allowed to attend a New Year's Day "hitchin'?" And, if so, would they be permitted to bring along a professional New York photographer to photograph the bride in her white satin gown, with an armload of lilies, and the proud groom with a ticket in his pocket for a Miami honey moon?

I'm sure that at this moment you are sadly shaking your head, and saying "One too many Martinis, Bob", but it can all come true. I couldn't find the inspiration I needed to paint anywhere in this barren city, Lou, but I did capture it in your letters. If the New York papers were delivered on Pocasan, you would find a new series of reproduced oil paintings by a rising young artist, under the caption, "Harvest Moon". They depict a hillside covered with wild poppies and sunflowers, a cloud-encrested mountain range, and a boy in overalls with a banjo on his knee. You would notice that he wears a red cap, tilted at a rakish angle, and that he is making love to a barefoot girl in a pink crepe dress, under

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Jackie

ANNE MOTLEY

There's a bundle of joy at my house
Whose name is Jacquelyn Lee.
She's a dear little girl with a dear little smile
And a turned up nose and laughing eyes—
She's as precious as she can be!

The sun kissed her face a delicate tan,
Then the roses tinted each cheek.
The stars gave her eyes their look of surprise—
Those brown velvet orbs have an impish streak.
From Cupid's bow her mouth was drawn,
All curved and smilingly red.
The arrows he left to pierce one's heart
Are a nod and a twist of her head.

When she smiles with her eyes and holds out her hands,
Your heart's not your own ever after.
She's an angel, an elf; she's a queen—she's herself,
And her life is a song filled with laughter.

She demands but your love in payment of
Her smiles and fullest attention.
She's from Heaven, you see—our Jacquelyn Lee,
But there's something else I must mention—
She's only one!

THE GOLDIEN BALL

MARGARET LAWRENCE SIMKINS

LONG, long ago, when the world was younger than it is today, two children lived together in a far away place called the Happy Valley. One of the children was named Joy, and the other was called Beauty.

The valley spread itself out green and beautiful in the sun. Around the valley, the mountains, dressed in blue, marched arm-in-crook against the sky. Along the mountain slopes grew berries of all kinds. Flowering trees bloomed all the year and encircled the valley in a ring of perfumed color. Fruits and flowers of every variety grew in the meadows. Here could be heard the constant humming of bees as they flew about their daily business of making honey. Butterflies fluttered through the air on their red, blue, and golden wings. A stream of clearest crystal rushed along between its dark green banks.

The two children loved the Valley so much that they never wondered what lay beyond the mountains.

All through the sun-shiny days they played together in peace and happiness. They were not afraid of anything, for the animals in this enchanted place were never fierce but always friendly and kind. Often, as the sun was coming up over the mountains, the children would join the birds in their matins. When the day became warm, Joy and Beauty were used to bathing in the cool water of the stream. Sometimes as the children frolicked in the water a school of small jewel-colored fish would swim beside them. And then an old and whiskered cat-fish would flap his tail in applause for their games.

When the sun went down, and the stars were shining through little pin holes in the night, the children would lie in each others arms and dream of all the good days that

had gone, and of all the good days that were to come.

One day while the children were digging around the roots of a great cherry tree, they found a round piece of gold. It was just the size of a ball. The children were delighted with this new toy, and immediately they began to roll it on the ground. It was a fine thing to watch it shine as it rolled through the grass. At first the children had only pleasure from the golden ball. Presently, however, they began to fear that some of the animals or birds might steal it away. And so, when the animals would come out to watch them play, they would grab the ball and run away and hide with it. One day an old gray wolf tried to retrieve the ball. Beauty did not realize that the wolf was merely playing the game with them. He became alarmed and picking up a stone from the ground, he threw it at the wolf. His aim was accurate, and the animal dropped the ball and slunk away howling with pain. Afterwards, the animals did not come again to the Happy Valley.

The wolf was angry and hurt, and so he told the tale of the golden ball to an old raven who lived high up in the mountains. The raven was a troublesome bird, and all who knew him avoided him. And so, when the raven had heard the wolf's story, he decided to speak a few words to Beauty. He flapped his night-black wings and sailed down into the Happy Valley.

When he arrived in the Valley, he found Beauty sitting alone by the stream. He perched himself beside Beauty and croaked, "Where is the golden ball? Do you not fear to leave it with Joy? He might steal it, you know."

Beauty sprang up from the grass and

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Introducing Our Faculty

Third of a Series

ELINOR LAWLESS



MISS PECK

*A few hundred years in her sight
Are as little as one single night
For in Miss Peck's history
The past is no mystery
And the study of man is all right.*



DR. JEFFERS

*This gentleman's name starts with J.
(Now I know what you're going to say—
I can't make it rhyme—
But I fooled you this time;
I'll simply say that—) He's O. K.*



MISS KAUZLARICH

*This lady who's known as Miss Kay
Teaches dancing in most every way.
Her fav'rite profession
Is modern expression
Which she makes us like more each day.*

JESUS AND MONEY

RACHEL BRUGH

A FEW people have given much deliberate thought to the economic aspects of the life of Christ. In searching the Scriptures for the sole reason of finding that which we have idealized as being divine, abstract, and philosophical, we have overlooked so very much of His teachings regarding His human, everyday relationships with the economic or business world. We have rightly put the primary emphasis upon the spiritual values, but, since we must spend much of our time in professional fields engaged in monetary pursuits, we need to know how Jesus Himself felt about the acquiring of money, investments, and the proper distribution of wealth. By reading more carefully our New Testament, such attitudes can be discerned.

An economic situation enters into the very beginning and ending of Jesus' earthly life. The fact that Jesus was born in such a humble manger was accounted for by the circumstances under which Joseph was required to go down to the city of David to be enrolled for purposes of taxation. Having no choice but to go to Bethlehem, Joseph was unwilling to leave Mary behind in her new home, thus Mary went down with him. And because there was no room for them in the inn, the feeding place of the innkeeper's animals became the cradle of our Lord.

We read that Jesus was the son of a carpenter, and no doubt while He was a boy He helped His father with his work. Perhaps He traveled with Joseph as he went about Galilee building homes or engaged in some kind of carpentry. While a youth Jesus must have known full well the significance of a man's profession. Although we have no record in our New Testament, we believe that Jesus might have become

acquainted with many of the economic or business policies of the day as He mingled with those who were associated with His father.

Although Jesus entered very little into the fundamental ethics of commerce, He frequently used the commerce of the day to illustrate the points which He wished to emphasize. Since the Sea of Galilee had an enormous fishing industry and the Mediterranean Sea was alive with commercial freights, which were under Roman protection, the Galileans must have been well acquainted with commercial life and the terms used with regard to trading. Because of the familiarity with the clarity of these terms, Jesus evidently thought it wise to associate these meaningful applications with their lives. In other words, He spoke in their own language just as our own modern psychologists would advise. Perhaps this is why He taught in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew that "the kingdom of God is like unto a treasure hidden in a field, a merchant man seeking goodly pearls, or a net cast into the sea."

We must remember that Jesus' teachings had primarily a spiritual and not an economic interpretation. His teachings which were applicable to economics, so far as they went, were directed to the conditions of His day which were quite different from those of our day. This alone makes it difficult for us to transfer literally these teachings to the changing world of today. It is the underlying spirit which we must develop. Once Jesus told a rich man to sell all that he had and give to the poor. Did Jesus really mean for the man to sell everything he had as a means of livelihood and then become a social burden? No. I believe that Jesus wanted to test his spirit

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Some Pictures of the Twelve Disciples

SUE ELLIS

THE teachings of Jesus, as related by the men who heard Him, or who were influenced by Him and so loved Him, reveal to us a picture from which we can discern not only His character, His wisdom, and that goodness that was His soul, but also the clear, true way His thoughts were formed. And from what we know about His course of thought, we can say that we know some of the reasons why He chose the disciples that He chose. He chose them because of what they could do for Him, as well as what He could do for them. They could continue teaching His doctrine, and He could teach them to love the people, and how to apply their love to help the people.

His aim for the disciples was: a group of men, matured by harmonious study, made wise by experience, each helping the other to learn those things which meant an understanding of God and the Kingdom of Heaven. Thus they would be capable of spreading this knowledge and guiding others on similar study.

Twelve men were chosen as special students; there was one failure, Judas. This failure was due to the inability of a man to grasp the true meaning of his teacher's mission.

Jesus wanted to show to the world a meaning to life that was full of avarice and hate. He wanted to show the world that, through the sharing of love and wisdom, happiness and purpose could be equally distributed among all people.

Jesus' love of man led Him to choose Judas. He wanted to show Judas the way to develop the good in himself. Jesus saw the possibilities for great good in Judas, and He wanted it to conquer the evil which He also saw there. Judas grew in strength of character under Jesus' guidance. He loved his teacher, and, in return, was loved

and trusted by his fellow students. They showed their trust in him by electing him steward. It was natural that they should choose the man among them who was used to handling money, knew the value of money, and who had some money himself.

Money, the symbol that appears with Judas' name so often, was what eventually led him to his downfall. Not the actual payment for the deed of betrayal, but what money and physical comforts meant to Judas.

His love for such things conquered his love for Jesus, sapped his newly acquired strength, and inveigled him onto the path of power—through money.

Judas was an intelligent man of sensitive nature, and in spite of his love for Jesus, he could never overcome the feeling of repugnance that engulfed him whenever he encountered suffering, poverty, and the coarseness of mobs. Neither could he reconcile himself to the fact that he, too, might suffer the woes of poverty, the trials of disease, the violent barbs of pain, or the condemnation of nonentity with which his life constantly threatened him.

The weak Judas probably began to realize that what he wanted did not coincide with the aims and ideals of Jesus, at the time when Jesus so clearly defined the spiritual character at Capernaum, and told his disciples of the necessity of His death. And at that time he might have abandoned the thoughts inspired by Jesus, and departed from his way.

In spite of what Judas aspired to be, he envied people who could wield power over other people in order to get what they wanted. Judas didn't want to follow this method, yet he felt that he was weak because he didn't employ this same process.

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The Newest St



Birdie tries to look dignified in her navy blue fish-tail suit.



It's a hard choice, Jo, but she looks wonderful in it.



Heidi and Nancy choose a sunny Sunday to wear the new Spring fashions.

The clothes on the



The evening gowns
Carmen and Martha

t In Spring les



*Kacky and Diddy both
r new summer cot'ions*

pages may be found

t

ARMVILLE, VA.

odeled on the cover by
e also Baldwin's Styles

*Katherine couldn't
look better!*



*Nellie and Bobbie have
reason to smile. It
looks like a big week-
end!*



Judy and Claudia are ready for those cool spring evenings in their new coats. It's the long and the short of it, not to say the black and the white.



Worth Investigating

prop up on these

THE SHORE DIMLY SEEN

ARNALL, ELLIS, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and New York, 1946.

IN our time critical decisions are being made, decisions which will affect the welfare of the nations of the world for generations to come. Since the United States is the leader in the world today, the big question is: Is this country ready and able to shoulder this enormous burden? A prerequisite for a leader of men is that his own convictions and beliefs have a firm foundation. The same principle must of necessity apply to a nation. A nation, to be a leader, must have her internal affairs in such good running order that she will be an example for the rest of the world. This means, in part, that every section of the nation has an equal part in the government and economy of the whole country.

In *THE SHORE DIMLY SEEN* the dynamic young ex-governor of Georgia, points out the colonial status of the Southern and Western parts of the United States with relation to the Northern part. Arnall, during his term as governor of the Magnolia State, almost succeeded in ridding Georgia of the political corruption and the anti-negro groups that have held Georgia back. In his book, he takes up the cause of not only Georgia, but the whole South and West.

Mr. Arnall discusses everything that has slowed the progress of the South from demogoguery and reaction to the insidious propaganda of the "hate groups", who delight in turning the gentile against the Jew.

This is one of the most timely books of our time. Everyone should read it, think about it, and go out with a determination to make the "shore dimly seen" the kind of country Thomas Jefferson dreamed of and worked for; the kind of country men died for; the kind of country Richard Rumbold was thinking of when he wrote: "I could never believe that Providence had sent a

few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden." The United States should never have such a group or such a state, and she won't, if we wake up to the facts as presented in *THE SHORE DIMLY SEEN*.

EVELYN HAIR

THE DARK WOOD

WISTON, CHRISTINE, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1946.

THIS is a romance of a war widow, who sees a man so much like her dead husband that she cannot forget him. She returns again and again to the places where she hopes to find him. The novel is a drama of life in the big city, where many of the armed forces are returning. Its background ranges from New York and Maine to a small village in Italy.

Stella Harmon feels that her life may have ended when she hears of her husband's death. She cannot believe that he is dead. She goes to the small town in Italy to see his grave. Perchance the sight of his grave will convince her that she must go on living, laughing, and perhaps marrying again.

While Stella is in Italy, Mark Bycroft returns to New York from overseas, only to find that his beautiful wife has been unfaithful to him, and wants a divorce. Mark, unable to understand, takes to drinking heavily. In one of the restaurants where he is drinking, Stella sees him for the first time. She is stunned by his resemblance to her late husband, and hopes eagerly for a second meeting. Circumstances and friends make this come true. After meeting Mark, Stella's life changes. For the first time she forgets herself and thinks about her friends and, especially, Mark. A strange and moving romance develops between these two unhappy people. Much can be said about the climax, and the outcome of Stella, who has lost her husband, and Mark, who is losing his wife.

THELMA DIGGS

CAMPUS



There was a young maiden,
A Sioux,
As tempting as fresh honeydew,
She displayed her cute knees,
As she strolled past tepees,
And the braves all hollered
"Wioux-Wioux".

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

Professor (absent mindedly): "Yes, I suppose so, but most of them deserve flunking."

Mother: "What are the young man's intention's?"

Daughter: "Well, he's keeping me pretty much in the dark."

The old timers who say the present generation is on the road to you know where no doubt know what they are talking about . . . they probably recognize the road!

Sundial

He: "You're just like a sister to me."

She: "My, what a home life."

Wataugan

"Pardon me, young lady," said the office manager, "but in the matter of dress, don't you think you could show a little more discretion?"

"My gosh," exclaimed Flapper Fanny, "some of you guys are never satisfied!"

"I hear the Dean of Women is going to stop necking on the Campus."

"Zat so? First thing you know she'll be trying to make us stop too."

"Whatever happened to the little girl in the cotton stockings?"

"Nothing".

TAPEERS

Your shaking pencil writes,
And having writ,
Stops dead; nor all your hopes
Nor brilliant wit,
Can answer more than half of
What is asked,
Nor all your bulling make a
'D' of it

Wataugan

Professor: "You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?"

Student: "No sir, not a bit."

The mother of triplets was being congratulated by a friend. "Isn't it wonderful", said the mother. "It only happens in one out of 15,875 times!"

"Well, isn't that just too remarkable," her friend replied, "but I don't see how you find time to do your housework."

The panther is like the leopard,
Except it hasn't been peppered.
Should you behold a panther crouch,
Prepare to say ouch.
Better yet, if called by a panther,
Don't anther.

Tiger Rag

Jimmy, age eight, was assigned by his teacher to write a piece on his origin. Seeking information, he questioned his mother.

"Mom, where did Grandma come from?"

"The stork brought her, darling."

"Well, where did you come from?"

"The stork brought me, too."

"And me?"

"The stork brought you too, dear."

Resignedly the young man wrote the lead for his composition: "There hasn't been a normal birth in our family for three generations."

The Garnet

She: I'm perfect.

He: Oh boy! I'm practice!



Some Pictures of the Twelve Disciples

Continued from Page 15

Judas wanted to follow Jesus, but when he saw that the "Kingdom of God" was not the sort of world that insured easy comfort and permanent peace for a few men, but a place where all worked in harmony, and shared their gifts, he was filled with a feeling close to hatred. He aimed this hatred at one man, but really it was hatred for any way of life which was not one of complete quiet, and intended for the enjoyment of riches. The hatred, the fear of violence and loss, the nagging desire for power and recognized greatness, led this man to throw away his own soul, by betraying the only person he had ever loved.

Labbeus, sometimes called Thaddeus, or Levi, had no traits which distinguished him from the other disciples while he was a pupil of Jesus. Later, however, he was sent to Edessa, where he was known as an Evangelist. From this we know that he became successful in the profession for which he was trained and taught.

Mathew was a publican. A publican was usually a Jew who did not have the passionate patriotism and nationalism that is so prominent in the history of the race. Publicans were usually despised by other Jews, because they exploited their own people and made profits by dishonest practices, made possible by their tax-collecting duties. Mathew did not take advantage of his position, and gave much of his earnings to the poor. The publicans, employed by the Romans, were considered traitors by the majority of Jews. Mathew's reasoning seemed to be that some Jew would do it, therefore one who would make a good, honest job of tax-collecting should have that duty.

Jesus must have noticed the amazing strength of character and kindness displayed by the man who executed such a distasteful duty in such a fair manner. For this reason, and to show the evil of prejudice to the holier-than-thou Pharisees, Jesus chose Mathew to be a special pupil. Mathew must have been following the course of Jesus' teachings, for he accepted his call with promptness, and with what seemed to be intelligent understanding of

what the undertaking meant, for Jesus and for himself.

From Mathew's own story of Jesus' life we see that the purpose of his writing was to bring to the Jews the meaning and fulfillment of the ancient Hebrew prophecies, which contain all the aspirations of Israel to world-wide influence.

We know from his position that Mathew was well educated, and we see from his style of writing that he knew the ancient Hebrew literature as he knew his own mind.

Mathew sees in a broad way the historic importance of Jesus' ministry, and exhibits, in his philosophic grasp of ideals, in the manner of his forefathers, the significant examples of Jesus' teachings which seem characteristic of the Hebrew Messiah, prophesied to come.

By significant examples of fact, he gives the startling new ideas of what a life should be. He describes the brilliance of purity that Jesus' acts give forth, but only when it is important to those the brilliance shines upon.

We see Mathew then, as a strong man, unheeding to convention, who presents new ideas as seen by a Jew.

About Bartholomew there is nothing written from which we can gather any clues as to his character or personality. But, because he was chosen by Jesus, we know that he must have displayed special interest and unusually strong faith in Jesus' teachings. And from the fact that he is not mentioned in the New Testament, other than a disciple, we know that he did nothing outstanding among the deeds of the disciples.

In THE ACTS, Bartholomew was often paired with Mathew, and the two were probably of similar tastes. Their lives were probably closely connected with all phases of Hebrew culture, as well as joined by a sympathetic understanding which led them to study and work together.

James, John Andrew, and Peter were the four fishermen whose energy and intelligence had led Jesus to notice them and call them, first of all, to his school.

James and John were brothers, and, at the time they were chosen, they were much alike in one chief personality trait.

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Bridge to Hunger

MARGARET LAWRENCE SIMKINS

What shall I feed my husband to-night,
I've just come in from a foursome.
I am so full of party food
That the thought of cooking is boresome.

I haven't time to cook a roast,
Nor yet to put the ham on;
I'll just cut up a celery staff
And mix it with some salmon.

I'm much too tired to make hot bread;
We're completely out of beans,
But I've got some fresh potato chips,
And a box of nice saltines.

He'll likely come in tired and cross
With a look that's wan and pallid,
I hate to think what he will say
About that salmon salad.

Oh why do husbands eat so much,
Will some one kindly tell?
I only ate a five-course lunch
And I am feeling swell.

Some Pictures of the Twelve Disciples

Continued from Page 22

They both had the bold aggressiveness that later characterized James and Peter.

Peter and Andrew were brothers, and had been ardent disciples of John the Baptist at one time. The two men were searching for some way to reach peace with their souls, and when Jesus called them they eagerly answered, and worked with industry, from that time on, for their Master.

Andrew is not mentioned after the first chapter of The Acts. He became a teacher of Christ's doctrines, and was probably martyred in Achaia. He is mentioned with Phillip, and probably joined him in his deeds of mercy.

John, at first so bold, lost his aggressiveness and became introspective, he became a mystic, a deep thinker, who interpreted his thoughts into the symbolic terms of a great poet. We think of him as a man whose ideal was the real spirit of Christ in the souls of all mankind.

James continued in his strong and outspoken way. He was always faithful to the doctrine of the Master and, in the tradition of the brave, the same brave so admired by the Americans, he taught the love exemplified by Jesus.

Peter has always been the man who has had universal appeal as a personality. Because of his practical goodness and his energy, seasoned by his glaring mistakes, he has become the best loved man of the disciples. He was a whole-hearted but often blundering disciple. When Jesus saw Peter He gave him the nickname. "The Rock". The stable, practical, disciple, Peter, who had so much to learn, was so willing to be taught. He had great appreciation of Jesus teaching, character, and mission. He grasped the essentials of the ministry, and later lived to be the leader of the Apostolic Church.

Peter was open-minded and, although he could not think in abstract terms, he could relate the abstract to the practical, and thus convert the thoughts of the abstract realm into functional thinking in his own mind.

Peter was impetuous and impulsive. He was loyal and steadfast, and at the time of

the Transfiguration his eyes were opened and he began to feel the true meaning of what he was doing.

Many people explain Peter's denial of Jesus as cowardice and fickleness. Rather than cowardice, it was simply fear that spoke before the impulsive man could think it out. The confirmation of the denial was what he said to silence his questioner until he could think of the right answer.

He proved his loyalty and bravery later, when he led a small group of men in teaching the wisdom of Christ, in spite of innumerable hardships and dangers.

Thomas, often mentioned with Mathew in the Gospel of Luke and Mathew, was called the "Doubter". The term probably does not mean that he doubted the truths taught by Jesus, but that he needed to ask questions to learn. He was that type of man who cannot answer his own questions, but must have the word of another; or he cannot believe in his own ideas until they are confirmed by another.

Simon, the Samaritan, was a man of great influence. He was called great, and tales of his magic spread throughout the hills inhabited by his people. The power of God, which was attributed to him by the Samaritans, is mentioned in Mathew.

Simon's presence must have instilled great awe in the people who saw him. His influence was powerful, and his magic held them spell-bound. Simon had a magnetic and hypnotic personality, which enabled him to draw crowds and convince people that what he said was right.

Phillip was a man of sympathy and compassion. His name means "lover of horses", which indicates that he was a gentle man who had a way with animals and children. He was known for the things he did for the poor and the persecuted. Mentioned frequently in the Gospel of St. John, Phillip appears as a man of mercy, who lived to give aid to those who were sick in body and poor in soul.

James, the son of Alphaeus, appears only as a man of good connections. He was probably a studious devout man of good bearing, whose faith, conscientiousness, and aptness distinguished him for special service, but not from the rest of the special twelve.

Picturesque Pennings

Long branches of wisteria fell to the ground under their weight of beauty.

CORINNE HENDRICKSON



The roses and the larkspur, still shivering from the chilly dews, welcomed the warming sun as it rose that morning, a vivid, red-orange ball.

MARGARET LLOYD



. . . sinister shadows moved around the room as if in a death march.

MARY PARHAM



The white farm houses were like pictures set in the green and brown frames of earth, trees, and crops.

JOYCE TOWNSEND



It was a peaceful mountain—one that seemed to whisper "I am God's. Look upon me reverently."

JOYCE TOWNSEND



The dry, twisted trees, covered in shimmering ice, cast Chinese lettering tracings on the rolling snowdrifts . . . Every living creature signed his name in footprints on the clean white pages of winter.

BARBARA ANDREWS



His fine dark eyes held the secret. Their depth held wisdom, as well as knowledge; kindness and sympathy, as well as discipline; understanding, as well as the ability to make others understand.

BARBARA ANDREWS, *Tribute to a Spanish Teacher*



Between the ages of five and nine, I was frequently certain that I was used by those older brothers and sisters, who wielded the brash weapon of years to subordinate my intrepid spirit.

CAROLINE PAGE



As Dorinda ran through the wet and clinging bushes and trees, with the slick wet leaves under her feet, I felt I was by her side, running as she ran, slipping and sliding as she did.

PATSY LINDSAY, *Review of "Barren Ground"*



. . . this warm glow of sunset lingered long, growing fainter until the darkness pushed it out of sight.

MARTHA HYLTON

The Golden Ball

Continued from Page 12

cried, "But why would Joy steal the ball? He cannot play with it without a playmate." Then the raven croaked, "Come a little closer, my son, so I can whisper a secret to you." Beauty felt a strange fear of the night-winged bird, but he was curious, and so he moved closer to the raven. The raven said, "The golden ball will bring all power and wealth to the one who owns it. You must take it away from Joy. Then you can take it beyond the mountains. When you have done so, you must melt the ball and make it into money."

"But what is money?" Beauty asked in wonder.

"Money is power," croaked the raven, to Beauty.

"And how shall I take the golden ball from Joy?" Beauty asked.

"That will be easy," the raven replied. "Joy suspects nothing. You must cut down a tree and hew it into planks, and make a door. When you have made the door, you must build a fire and throw into the fire some of the yellow pebbles you will find in the stream. These pebbles will melt. And from the melted pebbles you must make bars and bolts and a lock of gold. These you must put upon the wooden door. After you have done this, you can imprison Joy in the hollow tree at the extreme end of the Happy Valley. The bars and bolts of gold will hold Joy prisoner forever."

"But why should I imprison Joy?" Beauty asked. "Could he not go into the great outside world with me?"

"Never", croaked the raven. "If you are to keep the golden ball for yourself, you must leave Joy behind."

Beauty was sorrowful when he heard these words, but he wanted the golden ball so badly that he agreed to all the raven had said. When the wicked bird had done his work well, he flapped his great wings and flew away beyond the mountains.

Beauty then found a sharp stone, and he began to cut through the bark of an apple tree. At the first blow of the stone, he thought he heard a faint groan come from the inside of the tree. His heart

almost misgave him, but he thought of the golden ball, and he cut the tree as quickly as he could. Presently the faint crying stopped, and the tree fell with a crash. Then Beauty cut the small limbs away and laid them in a pile. Then he rubbed two sticks together. A spark came and then grew into a little flame. Beauty threw the flame on the pile of limbs. Soon it was blazing brightly. Beauty then gathered some yellow pebbles from the stream. These he threw into the flames. While the pebbles melted, Beauty hewed the trunk of the tree into planks. Then he took the molten metal and cooled it in the water. With a large rock he beat the metal and fashioned it into bolts and bars and a lock. With the bars he bound the planks together. Every thing was now ready.

Bowed beneath the weight of the door, he started down the valley. He became very tired; still he stumbled on. Finally, he came to the hollow tree about which the raven had told him. Inside the tree, on the soft green moss lay Joy, sleeping sweetly. Beside him lay the golden ball. Beauty quickly caught up the gleaming toy and hid it away in his clothing. Then, while Joy still slept, he fitted the door over the opening of the tree. He drew the bolts and snapped the lock. He turned quickly away and ran towards the mountains.

Joy awoke, and though he beat on the door of his prison, and called out wildly, Beauty did not hear, for he was far away.

A strange thing happened to the Happy Valley when Beauty had gone away. The trees dropped their blossoms and leaves. The flowers wilted on their stalks. Because there was no food left, the bees and butterflies died or flew away. The birds stopped their singing, and when they could not find Joy, they went away in search of him. The stream dried up, and the fish had no place in which to swim. They died, and their little bones lay bleaching in the pitiless sunshine. The Happy Valley became a barren, desert place, and man and beast alike avoided it. Because no one came near, Joy's voice calling from the tree was not heard. And so he was never released from his prison.

But what became of Beauty and the

golden ball?

The ball grew ever heavier as Beauty climbed the steep slopes. Arriving at length at the top of the mountain, Beauty decided to make the ball into golden coins. He made a great fire and he threw the ball into the midst of the flames. Beauty did not know it, but his own heart had crept into the golden ball. As the ball melted, Beauty's heart melted with it. He now longed for Joy as he had never longed for any thing before. He left the fire and the golden metal and he went in search of his little playmate. He never found him, however, for he had lost his way as he fled with the Golden Ball.

The evil raven saw all that had happened. He flew down into the outside world and told the people there about the gold in the cracks of the mountain. Men left the peace and quiet of home and went to the mountains to dig for gold. Some of them found gold, and others did not. But all men search for it even until today. They are so busy in their search for gold that they can not heed the voice of Joy calling from his tree.

The Search

Continued from Page 6

father's forgiveness; if either of you run into him, tell him Mother asked his forgiveness." She jumped into the cab, and it roared off. A few minutes later she stood on the platform, waving goodbye to the town that held a secret she was never to know. The streamliner pulled out, Marta waved, turned, and went into the coach, alone.

The taxi driver took one last drag from his cigarette, hurled it to the ground where

he crushed it to a pulp, and watched the 11:48 pull out. Tears filled his eyes, and as he shook his faded, frizzy red head, he said to himself, "She has her mother's hair and eyes, but she sure has got my nose."

Spiritual Life On Our Campus

Continued from Page 5

girls who sincerely place their personal worship above their social and educational activities. They seem sincerely to live an abundant personal Christian life. I find this true often in noting some girls' selections of reading material and in their written accounts of personal experiences. Several girls here are planning to become teachers of religious education, or missionaries, or church secretaries. Are these girls both getting and giving Christian instruction? Are they growing spiritually in their academic life?

In talking with two or three veterans, boys and girls, I find an awakened desire for living a Christian and useful life. I find them reading such books as FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT, by Shinn, the personal account of a veteran's evaluation of his Christian experiences. They have asked me to read and to discuss with them such addresses as MAN CANNOT GOVERN WITHOUT GOD, by Eugene L. Garey, and the most stimulating address, YEAR OF DECISION, given by Dr. W. Norwood Brigance at the Speech Association of America.

The students seemed particularly interested in the controversial discussions on the present plans of education; in the lack of provision for a less "bookworm education".

These students are not apathetic; are we, the student leaders and advisers?

Harvest Moon

Continued from Page 10

a harvest moon. It's all there darling—the life you've learned to love and understand.

And there's more coming. I have a fat contract here on my desk, asking for more scenes which will bring the realistic beauty and simple, homey life of Pocasan alive for the New York world.

And, Lou, if there's a harvest moon up there in winter, have it shining bright for me, won't you? When I take off my cap for the girl I love, I want to be able to see where the gourd is hanging!

Bob

Jesus And Money

Continued from Page 14

of love and concern for his neighbor. We recall that this particular man went away sorrowful, too selfish to part with his great possessions in order to share with the less fortunate.

Although we have specific instances of Jesus' commanding the rich to sell what they had in order to use their money for helping the poor, it is surprising that none of the Gospel writers record an instance in which Jesus was appealed to for alms or gave them. We all have reason to believe that Jesus Himself was far from being monetarily wealthy, for we remember that in Luke 9:58 He said that "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head". Some interpret this as meaning that Jesus had no earthly home in which to live. However, His giving was doubly valuable, for He gave Himself, His intelligent sympathy, and His love and inspiration. When He advocated charity, it seems that He did it more for the sake of the giver than for the recipient. Again, we might profit by looking back at the truths underlying the story of the sorrowful rich young man.

Certain teachings of Jesus interpreted within themselves convey the impression that He regarded money as altogether evil. Several parables point in this direction. Notable among such implications is the story of the rich man and Lazarus and the suggested evil of riches. In Luke 14:33 we find "So therefore whosoever he be of you that renounceth not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple". He told the rich young ruler to sell all that he possessed and give to the poor. Does this condemn wealth? He said, "Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth." Does this forbid private property ownership? He commanded His disciples to take no money with them on their first trial ministry. Does He mean for them to become professional beggars? He Himself evidently possessed neither house nor wealth. He taught His followers to hate mammon (money); yet these implied reflections are only one side of the

picture. Such sayings, isolated from their general content of the teaching, may seem to suggest that Jesus opposed the acquisition of wealth or personal property. However, Jesus did not suggest that the rich man as such was an economic or moral evil.

Joseph of Arimathaea, the follower of Jesus to whom was given the right to take Jesus' body from the cross for burial, was described as being a rich man and yet a councilor of honorable estate. Probably the home in Bethany that meant so much to Jesus was well off, for we read that Mary took a bottle of very precious ointment and anointed His feet. Jesus chose as His disciples those engaged in monetary professions. Matthew was called from his collectorship into discipleship. We have recorded that He also chose dealers in purple, weavers, fishermen, and others engaged in similar professions. Although we do not think that any of His disciples were wealthy, we know that one would have followed Him, but he chose not to sell his goods and departed from Jesus. Jesus did not condemn money as such, but He did condemn the wrongful acquiring and use of it. Apparently Zaccheus was convinced that he had become rich by engaging in evil pursuits as a tax collector, for in Luke 19:8 he said, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." And the fact that Zaccheus kept one-half of his possessions rather than giving them all to the poor did not weaken Jesus' approval of his action. Jesus expected him to keep enough to maintain a decent standard of living. It was not wealth that Jesus condemned; it was the effect of the slavish pursuits of it upon the individual.

The service of mammon, which was incompatible with the service of God, had even pushed its way into the temple. It was for this reason that Jesus overthrew the tables of the moneychangers in the temple and cast out those who bought and

JESUS AND MONEY

sold in the temple. They were as a den of thieves. It was well-known that the people who came to Jerusalem to bring their firstlings as sacrifices found it more convenient to put their money "in their pockets" and buy their offerings after they got to Jerusalem rather than take the animals from their homes on the long journey up to the temple. Those engaged in the buying and selling of such substitutes were as thieves in the sight of God. It was their spirits which Jesus thought to be wrong; they were trying to cheat God. The great sin was greed.

Jesus was not as much concerned with the amount given as the motive or spirit which prompted the giver. This is suggested in the twenty-first chapter of Luke's Gospel. Even though the rich men cast their large gifts into the treasury, it was the poor widow whom Jesus saw casting in her small offering, yet her entire savings, whom Jesus recognized as bringing the true gift. It was her generous and unselfish spirit which Jesus thought to be pertinent, not the amount brought.

Not only did the monetary conditions affect the place of the birth of Christ, but they were significant in His death. It was that greedily and gripping motive that prompted Judas Iscariot to sell his Lord for thirty pieces of silver—perhaps a "hangover" from his earlier career as treasurer of the group. From a life whose beginning and ending were influenced by monetary interests, what then did Jesus teach about money and riches? The number and character of His teachings show that He had deep convictions on the subject.

According to Harvie Branscomb, Jesus laid down the following principles which we might apply to our economic or business relationships:

1. "There must be no rival in the heart of the individual to the rule of God.
2. Men are more valuable than money.
3. All occupations and professions should be carried on from the motive of public service, and not merely from the motive of personal profit."

Mr. Branscomb goes on further to say that "These are the positive principles that

Jesus would apply to economics. He had no neat scheme of economic reform. This was shown by his refusal on two occasions to take the role of financial legislator. They came to him on one occasion and asked him about the right of Rome to collect taxes. He refused to be drawn into a definition of the limits of the Church and the State, or the rights of the State in the economic sphere. On the other occasion, a man came asking that Jesus compel his brother to divide an inheritance fairly. Here was his chance surely, if he had wished to set up the specific rules of how property should change hands and how wealth should be divided. Instead, his reply went behind the details of the case to the motive which he saw was in the man's heart and which was far worse than any injustice he had received in the division of the estate: "Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?" And he said, "Take heed and keep yourselves from all covetousness." He steadily refused to become a lawmaker or economic expert.

"Yet these three principles cry out against any system or practice that exalts wealth above humanity and makes the desire for selfish profit the foundation of the economic order. They are more needful today than they were in Palestine then, because life is so organized today that we do not see the results of many of our actions and cannot count on natural kindness and generosity to the degree that was possible when most transactions were face to face and carried results which were immediately visible. . . .

"This is the principle that runs through his teaching on wealth. Jesus thus spiritualized the whole economic problem. Money, property, and the like are but tools or implements of useful living. The vital thing is the kind of personality, the character of life which uses them, and the effect that use has on other lives. The spirit of man and its claims must take precedence over all material considerations.

"Wealth used according to the control of these principles becomes indifferent to the owner as well. It ceases to be an occasion of personal gratification or a means of

Please Turn Page

Jesus And Money

From Preceding Page

mastery over others. It becomes a trust, and the owner a steward. To him who obeys Jesus' law of love, wealth simply affords an opportunity." . . .

Jesus' attitude toward money was expressed by His life of loving service.

Life Savings

Continued from Page 3

because he cannot explain soul and mind. He will tell you that while much is known about the structure of the brain, little is

known about its functioning. You remember the "Flower in the Crannied Wall":

"Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Nor does the scientist know! He can no more explain the spark of life than he can explain many other realities.

Whether human mental activity is mechanistic or teleological is still a moot question in psychology but, personally, I think you will be happier if you feel that human activity is purposeful and goal-seeking—and that the spiritual YOU are at the balance-wheel. The real values, the college students' life savings, cannot be mechanistically explained.

Have you seen or read the comedy "You Can't Take It With You?" It refers, of course, to the fact that we cannot carry our *bank* savings beyond the grave. I am emphasizing *bank*, for we know that while we may not be able to carry our bank savings with us that there are other, more enduring savings which once acquired are eternally ours,—and we can take them with us.

We know, too, that we cannot take houses and automobiles and fine clothing with us— nothing of the visible world— and yet we still continue to rely upon our eyes to tell us what we want. We say: "How large is it? How much did it cost?" and we sometimes think: "How much does my neighbor desire it?"—even when we know that we cannot arrive at values via the eye.

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than the one which measures size and cost. There is one which measure LIFE. How long will it endure?

Only creations of the spirit can be measured by this yard stick, for they alone are eternal. Everything else is temporal. Spiritual values grow and ramify their roots in the lives of all who encourage their presence. They become the sustaining forces in life. They spell happiness and success—and best of all—you can take them with you!

As to your interpretation of the Bible; sometimes it is best not to attempt to explain one's religion. Be conscious of it, yes, but it is not so necessary to be creed-minded as Christ-minded. Hold on to Christ's simple teachings and follow them: "Love one another, etc." "Do unto others, Etc."—and all the rest of His veritable mine of golden rules. Do not let the philosophy of life of another student disturb your peace. Religion comes from the Latin relegare, meaning to bind fast. Bind yourself fast to Him that you may "have the right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the City".

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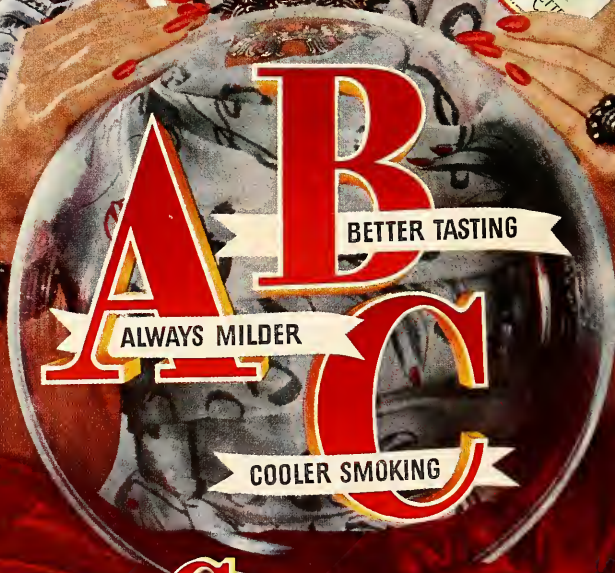


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