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# The Colonnade, Volume XI Number 2, March 1949

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# THE COLD IN N/AID

11/2



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# OR TWO

# ONE WORLD

?



Eula Gyres

MARCH 1949

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# YOUR EDITOR SAYS . . .

Today we are living in an atomic world overshadowed by grave doubts and many misgivings. To many the possibility of a lasting peace has slipped farther and farther away. However, a new hope has emanated from the widespread movement for a stronger and more effective World Government. The World Federation movement, which has been sweeping the United States and many European nations, seems to many the perfect formula for preserving peace. It is true that the purposes of this movement are sincere, but then, too, they are extremely idealistic.

It is a recognized fact that a strong World Government is necessary and that all the nations of the world will have to co-operate in order to make it an effective government. But is it not dangerous to force Russia's hand? The result of the World Federalist's Movement might be just this. But it is their hope that Russia will join in the movement. If she doesn't, however, then there will be an even greater chance of two worlds instead of one. This is precisely what the World Federalists don't want.

The United States, say many people, must be the leader in advocating peace through a strong World Government. But before she can do so, there is still a need for a true understanding and concerted action between Russia and America. Might it not be better to try to influence

Russia toward an understanding which would be common to the whole world?

What would have happened to our own United States if the State of New York had not been influenced to ratify the constitution? New York stood apart against the other states which had already accepted the constitution. It is not conceivable that the remaining states could have functioned effectively without her. Only after New York was made to see and understand the purpose of the constitution did she accept it. Time was then, and is now, an all important factor.

After World War I, there was the mass reaction by a group of young people whose movement advocated pacifism, they realized that the peoples of the world could not in any way stand many more international conflicts which would bring bloodshed, misery, and degradation to so many people. Today we realize this, but we must also realize and understand fully what we are advocating, and how we can best express our motives, so that others will understand them. We cannot afford to endanger ourselves by causing a greater rift in international understanding.

A more closely united world is necessary! But is World Federation too idealistic to be possible? This is the time for sound reasoning!

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# The Colonnade

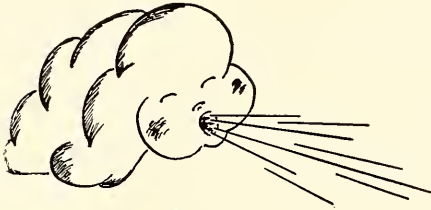
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# World Federation

POLLY NASSAR, '50

○ TODAY we are living under the Damoclesian sword of atomic energy—a sword that is held over our heads by a weak thread of international good will. And that good will may break at any minute! Surely we must realize by now that man cannot continue to prosper if between wars there is just enough breathing space to raise another generation for just another holocaust. Mankind can no longer stand it—economically, physically, or psychologically.

As to the atomic bomb, we have built up a "so what" attitude. But if we would only listen to the men who are working on it, we would not be so calm. Dr. Leo Szilard and Dr. S. K. Allison, both of whom work on the atom bomb, said in Chicago in April, 1946, that at that moment it was possible to produce a bomb 100 times more powerful than the one dropped on Hiroshima. Multiply 200,000 by 100, and we will see why it behooves us to question our safeguards of peace.

Isolationism is no longer a safeguard. Distance means nothing in these days of jet propulsion. In the days of long ago a nation could isolate itself and stay isolated—but not so now. Airplanes have made that an impossibility. The trend today is toward one world under a limited international government. Absolute national sovereignty is now as obsolete as the B-29. The thinking people of the world realize this, and the idea is growing as a swelling tide. We who do not join with them, I fear, will be caught in a maelstrom.

We can't rely on treaties to save us from war. Instead of preventing wars, they have often paved the way for them. After all, there is no way to enforce a treaty except by war itself!

Military power is the most widely used method of safeguarding peace. Yet, all armament races in the past have resulted in war. Arming to maintain peace has not as yet maintained peace; instead, it has precipitated conflict. A continued struggle for superior military power by individual nations will inevitably result in the general insecurity of all nations. Peace can never be built on mutual terror. Sooner or later, one nation or another will strike first for the purpose of exploitation.

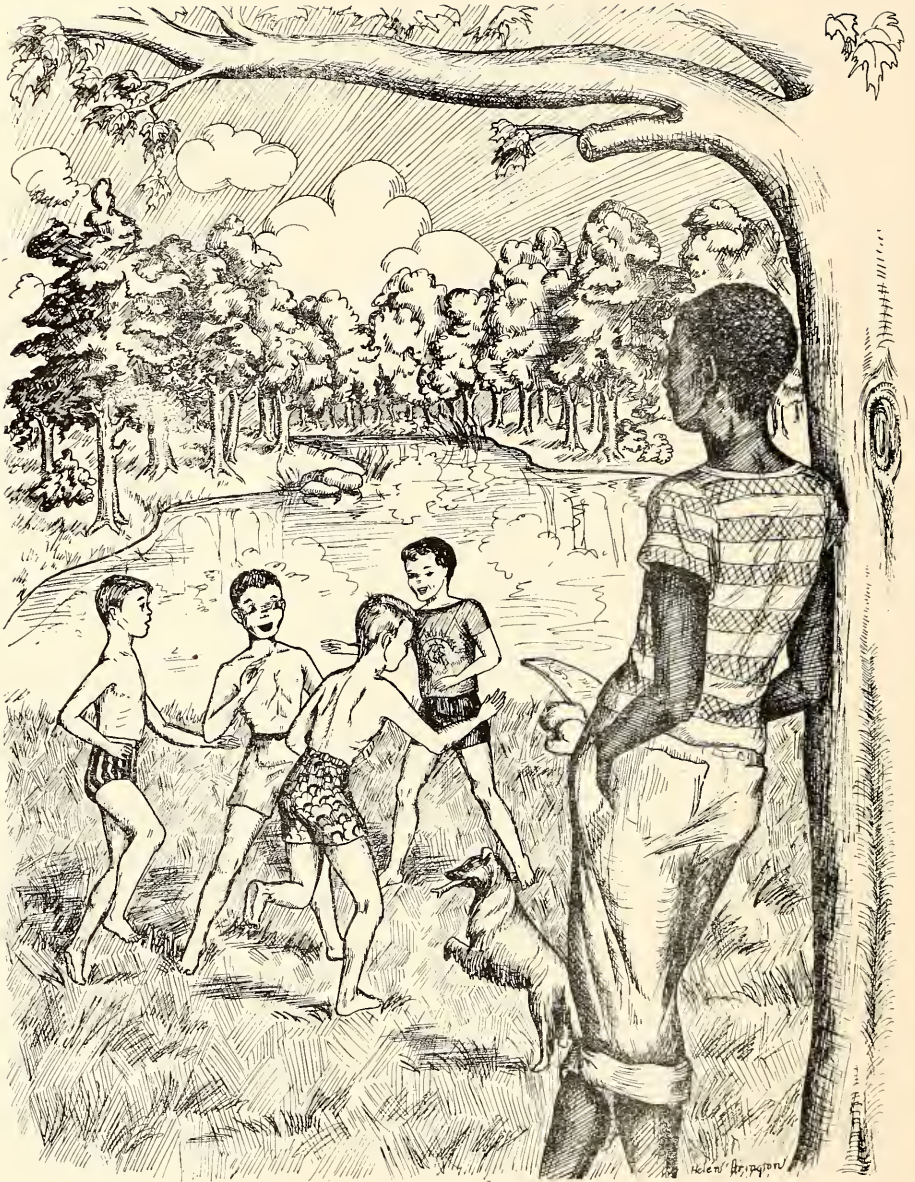
The United Nations is a step in the right direction. But it doesn't yet measure up to what it ought to be. So far it has served simply as a forum for international debate. At the moment it is made up of sovereign states with the veto vested in the five major nations. It depends solely on good will to make it work. However, a saving grace is that its charter provides for amendment.

The United World Federalists are working to bring about a revised United Nations which would result in a world federal government. The nations of the earth, they believe, must merge their sovereign rights and establish a world constitution which can be enforced upon individuals. One of the weaknesses of the United Nations is the fact that only nations can be tried before its courts. The United World Federalists advocate a world government which will enforce a constitution upon individuals who are a menace to peace. This constitution, however, will have nothing to do with the internal affairs of a country.

The following is a list of principles set up by the United World Federalist organization:

- (1) Membership: Participation in the

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# JOE

CHARLOTTE HALL DAVIS

*Second Prize Winner Short Story Contest*

MARK ran out of the house as fast as he could, and the screen door banged hard behind him. He ran as fast as his nine-year-old legs could carry him, down the road, past the cemetery, past the last few houses in town, and out into a large broom-straw field that was still wet with morning dew. He felt as if he couldn't stand living any more, and although he wanted to keep on running, running, running, he just wasn't able to. He dropped wearily into the wet, stringy broom-straw, far enough away from the road to be hidden, and felt his throbbing heart shake his entire body as he flung himself lengthwise on the long matted grass. His tense fingers dug through the straw into the brown earth, and his small exhausted body squirmed unhappily into the warmth of the ground beneath him. He was conscious of an empty feeling in the pit of his stomach, and it ached and gnawed there until he felt he couldn't stand it another minute. Yet he couldn't cry, although it would have been a relief to do so. But then, too, he mustn't cry. He couldn't remember having cried for over a year, and he was nine now. Not even for Joe must he cry.

But the gnawing feeling continued, and he couldn't pull his mind away from Joe—Joe, the little thirteen-year-old colored boy, and the Monday afternoon of the week before. Joe was dead now. He had drowned saving Don, Mark's collie, from a similar fate. For the hundredth time since that date, Mark recalled that afternoon down on the river with his pals, and how from shore they had watched the dog try playfully to climb up a floating log, some thirty yards from shore. All of the boys, except Mark, who was the youngest, were excellent swimmers, but

Don had them all beat when it come to water stunts. None of them could boast of a dog like that.

And then something happened. Mark hadn't seen Don when he lost his footing, but he turned around as the boys began to laugh. Then they waited. Where was the collie? He had often lost his footing before and considered it part of the game to take his wetting as a sport, but they had never known him to stay under this long. And then they saw. As the big log suddenly turned around, they realized that Don's collar was caught on a stub, and they watched with horror as the log rolled over, pushing the dog under. Mark had screamed and started to the water while his companions stood petrified. Suddenly a dark body had rushed by, and Mark had dimly recognized the blue shirt as belonging to Joe. He wondered to himself where his friend had come from. He hadn't been with the boys; they didn't even know him. A cousin of Mark's suddenly rushed down to the small boy and pulled him back from following Joe. "Too far out there for you," he said.

Joe swam swiftly out to the big log, and reaching his arm over it, slipped the dog's collar off. Don came up choked and sputtering, but still paddling. Joe balanced himself with one arm on the slippery log, and with the other he gently turned the big dog around until he faced the shore. He gave Don an encouraging push and started after him, and Mark, standing on the shore, had noticed the gleam of admiration in the eyes of the boys as they watched. And someone said, "Good going," as Joe shoved off from the log.

And then . . . Joe, probably seized by an



attack of cramps in the cold water, had gone under. By that time Don was on shore and the boys were gathered around him. Mark broke loose to find Joe, but he couldn't. It was getting dark, and he called to the boys that Joe wasn't there. The boys turned around and glanced up and down the beach. One or two of them exchanged glances and then looked through the twilight out on the river.

"Call him, Mark," said Dennis, and Mark obeyed.

"Joe, Joe!," he called. They waited. The silence remained unbroken save for the usual splashing of some tiny wave against the rocks. The opposite shore was barely silhouetted against the sky now, and the night's chilliness was settling.

One of the boys shuffled uneasily. "Maybe—maybe he just went home," he suggested feebly. But Mark knew better.

"Joe!" He was frightened now, and his voice showed it. The cry traveled sharply out over the black water, and its ring sent shivers up and down their spines.

"That's enough, Mark," said Dennis, and he turned to his companions. "Someone come with me to get the boat, and the rest of you, beat it down to Jake's for help. Mark, you stay here with Don."

Later that night Mark burst into his home and ran to his father sobbing. "Joe's dead, Joe's dead!" His parents had begun to worry when he had not come home to supper, but his sorrowful story of the rescue brought them little relief. Mr. Basset quietly put on his overcoat and slipped out into the soft darkness toward Joe's home, leaving a heart-broken son to tell his mother how he had discovered Joe really was missing.

The following week Mark had been in a daze. He just couldn't believe that Joe—Joe whom he had so often passed walking home from school, and who had so often shyly smiled at him from the other end of the street, was dead. He had never really known Joe, but he felt that they were friends, and once or twice he had talked to him, and known how really nice he was. But somehow he felt that people just didn't understand. And yet they seemed to appreciate what Joe had done for Don. He had

easily recognized the admiration the boys had had for him. Yet something was missing. Mark had a feeling that if Joe had only been a white boy things would have been different. He felt that his father understood, because he had tried to make him understand, but he hadn't succeeded, any more than he had succeeded in comforting the dead boy's parents. In their deep grief over their son they just couldn't seem to get it out of their minds, or think of it any other way, but that Joe had died saving a white man's dog.

And Mark couldn't understand either. Young as he was, he felt he never would be able to understand this thing which he had so often heard his parents refer to as the race problem. And as he lay out in the field this morning, it seemed more of a problem to him than ever. Then, as he thought of Joe again, he felt a shaggy head nuzzle up to his body, and he lifted his brown eyes and looked into Don's sympathetic face. And seeing the dog, and realizing once more how much he and Don had to thank Joe for, he threw his arm over his friend's body crying, "Oh Don, Oh Don, why did he have to die?" And suddenly the gnawing pain inside him broke loose, and he cried, forgetting that he was not a baby any more, yet realizing that, at nine, he was still a boy, a little boy, and full of unshed tears.

How long he lay there he never knew, but suddenly he raised his head and saw coming through the grass a pair of long legs, and heard a voice ask, "Are you Mr. Basset's little boy?" Mark glanced up into the face of a young colored man in uniform and nodded tearfully. The soldier sat down abruptly beside him and questioned, "You crying about Joe, son?"

Mark didn't answer for a minute, and then he said, "Yes," and turned his face away into Don't thick hair.

"It's a'll right, boy," came the thick soft voice again and Mark turned over and sat up.

"You're a soldier," he said, after a pause.

"That's right," said the young man. "I'm Joe's brother, too," he added.

"Joe's dead," said Mark. And then,  
*Continued on page 28*

# It's the Way that Makes a Difference

LOIS CALLAHAN, '49

I like to smell Crepe Myrtle and to fill my soul with its beauty. But Crepe Myrtle blooms could never smell so sweet or be so beautiful to me in a society that is not free — a Communistic society that stifles life and soul with its regimentation. To me it is the spirit and the way in which things are done that makes all the difference.

In a free society I would not resent being told or actually commanded not to walk down Main Street, if it were for a good reason. But in any society I would resent being deprived of the right to walk down Main Street and to speak to whomever I pleased on whatever subject I pleased, merely because some official thought my speech might endanger the state.

I would not resent failing to achieve a certain goal, if I failed in an open and free attempt in a free society, but I would resent bitterly failing because a tyrannical government or official closed the road to my endeavor.

I could not endure having poverty forced upon me by a Communistic system that would create universal poverty for all mankind. I could not bear being a cog in a machine for a political ideology of a group of tyrannical men. I would resent being called an enemy of society and thereby being deprived of my liberty just because I had a different opinion from that of a totalitarian boss.

I would not mind sharing my possessions with my fellowman if I were convinced of his need, but I would mind sharing my possessions with someone merely because a government based on Commun-

istic ideals ordered me to do so. And I would mind being reduced to an educational level prescribed by the neurotic mind of a "Crackpot".

I would even willingly accept a death sentence imposed by the just laws of a free society and would not feel that I was being robbed of my life unjustly. But I could not willingly accept a death sentence imposed by the totalitarian laws of a Communistic government merely because I had disagreed with the ideas of that system.

I would mind mankind's being dragged into wholesale slavery just to satisfy the passions of a Communistic group. Communistic thinking, no matter what its origin, has its roots in envy. And no matter how altruistic it may appear, its ultimate end is slavery.

If human life is to be a mere matter of atoms and physical reactions with no regard for human personality and freedom; if the life of man in the final analysis is to be no more than "dust to dust"; if there is to be no moral principle, no self respect for others, and no individual or collective human dignity, then life will be futile.

If the incompetent man is to have equal honor with the competent, and if he is to live by the fruits of the competent, without rendering just compensation for those fruits; if betrayal of human life and friend is to become a virtue, and if loyalty and kindness is to become a vice, then there will be no justice.

For after all it is the way we treat individuals and the way we respect them and their rights that makes the difference between barbarism and civilization.

# AS WE WERE

BARBARA ANDREWS, '50



**F**ORTY years ago the State Female Normal School was celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. But even then the annual was pointing out the great progress that had been made.

The "peristyle with white columns" (I always did wonder what you could call that thing) and the "balustrade on the roof" had just been added, and everybody was exclaiming on their architectural beauty. And "Central Park", the spot where the fish pond is now, though a stiff little pocket handkerchief plot, with potted shrubbery hiding it from the street, was another source of pride. That same year, 1909, the biology department was put in the basement of the gymnasium, sanitary drinking fountains were installed in all the halls, and in the kitchen a cold storage plant, replaced the old ice boxes which had been the only means of refrigeration. To quote the 1909 *Virginian*, "a metal ceiling in the

auditorium takes place of the old burlap which was continually coming off." Ah, these modern conveniences! There's absolutely *nothing* like them!

Some of the old club names of forty years ago are still in existence: The French Club, The Cotillion Club, and The Dramatic Club. Even then the Dramatic Club was on its toes. That year they presented "Miss Fearless and Company" in the S. N. S. auditorium, in the Crewe Town Hall and in the Blackstone Opera House. But some of the clubs in existence then are now extinct: "The German Club", "Night Hawks", "The Daisies", "Tam O'Shanter's" and "I. M. P. S." The yell of the last was

"Ginger, Ginger, Pepper Pot  
I. M. P. S. Keep Things Hot."

In those days the debating societies and sororities such as Kappa Delta, Sigma Sigma Sigma, and Alpha Sigma Alpha kept

## AS WE WERE

things lively for those who did not indulge in athletics. The modesty of the tennis "Racket Raisers" and "Skimmers" was well protected by ground length skirts and long full sleeves. High pompadoured hair added to their dignity and discomfort. The Skating Club evidently "suffered" even more; according to their own accounts, the club's colors were "Black and Blue" and the most prevalent disease, "Dropsy."

Forty years ago S. F. N. S. enrolled her first granddaughter. The school was so proud of this that the annual featured a full page picture of her.

Although the pictures in the 1909 *Virginian* of barefoot little boys in Buster Brown collars and dainty little girls with magnificent ribbon bows in their hair are fascinating to look at, student teachers of '49 can well understand why their predecessors referred to the half year student-teaching as the "Stony Way."

But there was some fun along the "Stony Way". One question in a senior quiz was, "What is the difference between a landscape garden and a training school garden?" The accepted answer was that in

a landscape garden weeds grow profusely, while NOTHING grows in a Training School garden. It seems that the landscaped area in front of the college had gotten out of control and was fast becoming a primeval jungle.

In 1909, school at S. F. N. S. was a six-year affair: four years high school and two years of college. Despite all this, "ain't" was used in the class yell of 1909! Such corruption! Tch! tch!

In some ways modern S. T. C.-ers would have felt quite at home in the S. F. N. S. of 1909. They, too, drank coca-colas and grumbled about the school viands. The 1909 records show that the beef was always tough and the water was white enough to make the girls think it was milk. In that year these "Naughty Niners" managed somehow to get Lee Bidgood, their history professor and honorary class member, to chaperone the picnic to Willis Mountain. Their only comment about him was that he was quite a chaperone—perfect in every detail, even to having a pocketful of peppermints. Judging by his picture, he was

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# A TRUTH

My work's undone, my prayers unsaid,  
I know that I should be in bed.  
But sleep won't come when I think of you  
And this I do the whole night through.

I was content when with you last—  
What spell upon me did you cast?  
My heart was sad—now it is tame  
It leaped with joy when last you came.

First a stranger, now part of me  
Only with you I can be free.  
For parts together make a whole  
And I am you, body and soul.

BARBARA ANDREWS, '50

(Editor's note: Miss Andrews, a member of the Junior Class, has written many poems. Her poem, "A Truth" was selected by the National Poetry Association as outstanding, and it has been published in the *Annual Anthology of College Poetry*. Congratulations on this recognition of your work, Barbara.)

# REVERIE

There is no peace like solitude,  
Or the silent stilling night,  
When twilight peals the soft prelude,  
Of a cherished dream that's veiled to sight.

Veiled to sight of human eye,  
Untouched by tragedy and fear,  
Unknown to those who sneering cry,  
"Cast dreams aside! Reality cheer!"

Reality may be called a gem,  
An ancient, rare, and precious stone;  
But the beauty of dreaming, like a hymn,  
Reaches toward heaven's dome.

Alone in this temple, high above,  
Inspired alone by joy and bliss,  
Content to dream the dream of love—  
There is no other peace like this!

HILDA EDWARDS, '50

# International Education

BY YVETTE ANCEY

I suppose that when the words, "International Education," are mentioned to an American student, he immediately thinks of the Institute of International Education in New York City, an organization which provides foreign students with scholarships in American colleges and universities, and organizes trips and sojourns abroad for American students. When these words, "International Education", are mentioned to a Frenchman, it seems to me that what immediately comes to his mind is a vision of Boulevard Saint Michel, in the world-renowned Latin Quarter, in Paris. He who has been able to take a walk in sun or rain on that famous boulevard, especially before the war, on any day of the academic year, in bitter winter or blooming spring, will realize what a cosmopolitan area is. Strolling on the crowded sidewalks, or lazily enjoying themselves at a cafe—"terrasse," are hundreds of students of all races, colors, denominations, and languages. Since the Middle Ages—since 1150, when the University of Paris, the Sorbonne, was founded—students from all parts of the world have converged on Paris, in ever increasing numbers, in order to acquire more knowledge, and to be able to use and diffuse it for the benefit of their countrymen.

For about eight centuries, these students came individually, studied in the various universities and colleges, and lived as they could, and where they could, with French families, in hotel rooms, or in rented apartments. As the years passed, and the number of students from all parts of the world increased, it became more and more difficult for them to find decent living quarters. On the initiative of Emile Deutoch, a rich philanthropist and businessman, an actual student-city, la Cite Universitaire, was started. The first student-

houses were built in 1925. They were located on the outskirts of Paris, within easy reach of the Sorbonne by subway. A vast building area which they occupy has now been turned into a very pleasant and beautiful park.

The idea of such a student-city was French in origin, but other countries soon became aware of their own needs for such a place and started collecting money to build houses of their own in the manner of the Parisian "cite Universitaire". Today, fifteen countries are represented there by fifteen groups of buildings in national styles peculiar to their own countries. Lovely vast buildings covered with ivy stand for England; white columns and pointed pediments with polychrome paintings stand for Greece. The United States foundation is one of the finest. As a whole, the "Cite Universitaire" with its 2400 bedrooms, provides lodging quarters for 35,000 students belonging to more than 50 different nationalities. The rooms are very comfortable and the meals are inexpensive. In the vast grounds around the buildings, the students are able to enjoy the green lawns and cool shade of a beautiful park, as well as the pleasures of various playgrounds, athletic fields, tennis courts, and swimming pools.

In 1936 an American philanthropist added the last touch to the Cite Universitaire. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave five million dollars for the construction of an "International House". In the luxuriousness of its interior, and in the elegance of its architecture, which is in the style of the French Chateau of Fontainebleau, it offers all the possible facilities of relaxation and amusements: dancing, theatre, moving pictures, indoor games, library facilities, etc. As a meeting place it fosters

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# Those Who Sleep Slumber Deep

JACKIE D. JARDINE

STRAINS of music from the organ organ filtered through the open church door and echoed through the stillness of the street. A hushed murmur of voices chorused the last "amen".

Suddenly the air was rudely shattered by the scuffling of shoes on hard floors and the rustling of programs. Voices no longer lowered in humble worship swept through the lobby to the pavement outside. Church was over.

Miss Lucy stirred in the dark shadow of her seat, patted her wispy curls, clutched bulging knitting bag, and treaded her way to the side door. Two members of the choir turning to watch her go, were startled by the harsh brilliancy of the sun as it flung itself through the open door.

As Miss Lucy walked along the road outside, she hummed a happy little tune, and a smile played around her lips. Her bag, bulging with small parcels of food, was heavy, but she would soon be nearing her destination, once she turned down the street leading to the humbler dwellings of the town.

At the front of the church, the minister was exchanging pleasantries with remaining stragglers. Detaching herself from a cluster of worshippers, Mrs. Franklin swept her well-fed bulk over to the minister.

"My dear Mr. Lark," she tittered, "I think you gave a splendid sermon today, but then, of course, each Sunday you are magnificent. You always manage to be *au courant* with the day's problems."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Franklin. By-the-way, have you seen Mrs. Gray yet? I understand she has been looking for you."

Mrs. Franklin made a sign of negation. "Oh! Well, do let me escort you. I see her with Mrs. Elf."

Whereupon the minister took the portly Mrs. Franklin gently by the arm and pro-

elled her into a busy hive of chattering ladies.

"Adele," said Mrs. Franklin, "our dear Mr. Lark tells me you wanted to have a word with me. If I can be of help in any way, please don't hesitate to call on me. You know, we must do unto others as we would have them do unto us."

She smiled at the group and then waited for the minister's approval. Mr. Lark nodded several times in assent and patted her hand admiringly.

"Oh! Jane, you're so sweet. Dear, you weren't at the meeting last night, and I wanted to tell you all about it. We decided with your approval of course, to ask Lucy to the reception this afternoon. We are certain that with such a famed pianist as Joseph Peters entertaining, there will be so large an attendance that we girls will need some extra help with the food. Don't you think this is an excellent solution?"

Mrs. Franklin registered a favorable reaction to these words and told the ladies she would inform Lucy at lunch, seeing that Lucy must have gone straight home from church. The poor dear Lucy would be so pleased that at last she was invited to one of the meetings of that pinnacle of success—The Social Club.

Half-an-hour later, Miss Lucy was nearing her home on fashionable Elm Street. She was a small, mousey, little nondescript type of woman that moved often and quietly about town. On Elm Street she was accepted as merely an object. To be sure, she seemed to be a gentle person who wore a sad but sweet expression, but certainly no one to excite one's curiosity or admiration. Scarcely a soul wondered why she wore ill-fitting cast-offs and always looked pale and thin. That is, scarcely a soul who lived on fashionable Elm Street where Miss Lucy and her sister, Mrs. Franklin, lived.

*Continued on page 26*

# THERE IS NO CONFLICT

ANNE LANGBEIN, '50

**E**VOLUTION—What is it? Though the term is familiar to each of us, its meaning is now and then misunderstood. Ask offhand what it means and even today you get an answer to this effect: "Why, Evolution means that man sprang from the monkey." Or you may get "I don't believe in evolution at all; it's against my religion." It is true that evolution is associated with man's origin, but it does not treat of man alone. Evolution applies to just about everything—organic and inorganic. In simple terms evolution is the slow, steady process of orderly universal change.

Present-day science accepts organic evolution as a universal law. Most non-scientists like you and me accept it, but probably without being aware that we are doing so. Progress itself is merely a phase of evolution! We individually accept the fact that we develop from a tiny unit of living protoplasm, the zygote, into a highly organized mass. We can't deny this fact; it clearly demonstrates the laws of evolution in operation. There would be no unity to the world of animate nature if it were not for the law of evolution.

Evolution as a law affects every department of nature. Moreover, it fundamentally influences the whole realm of thought to the extent that it tends to modify the traditional views regarding nature, God, and man. To some, even yet, evolution seems to sweep away the very foundation of religion and morality. But this is not the first time that a law of science has conflicted with the religious views of some. For example, it was once thought that the earth was the center of the universe, but when this point of view was disproved, religion accepted it. Likewise religion accepted the antiquity of the earth and of man.

Evolution is the subject of the most recent conflict between science and religion. Religion says that Evolution is Materialism and that Materialism is against God.

But what is Materialism? According to the *American College Dictionary* it is "the philosophical theory which regards matter and its motions as constituting the universe and all phenomena including those of mind, as due to material agencies." In other words, it means that Nature operates itself without Divine intervention.

Granted today that there is an overwhelming tendency toward materialism, many sincere students feel that this materialism is eroding the very roots of religion. The fallacy in this reasoning is that of identifying evolution and materialism as one and the same thing, when as a matter of fact there is no direct connection between evolution and materialism. As Le Conte says, "the one [evolution] is an established law of nature, and the other [materialism] an unwarranted and hasty inference from that law." The absurdity of this materialistic conclusion in regard to evolution should be clarified.

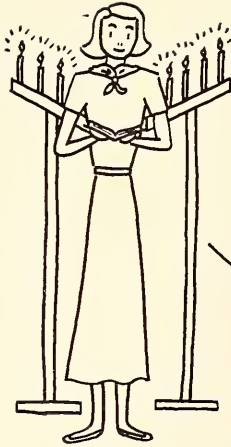
As long as man didn't know how worlds were made, he assumed that they were created. But when science pointed out how it was probably done, man immediately assumed that they were not made at all, but became so of themselves. Man also held the same opinion in regard to the origin of life, but when he learned that life originated by evolution, he at once exclaimed: "I am wrong; no creator is necessary at all." This is Materialism.

Evolution is merely an old truth coming in a new form, and therefore strikes us as something unheard of. However, the discussion of the pros and cons of evolution has existed for ages. The reason is that there is a realm of truth on both sides. The complete truth is only a combination of the partial truths on both sides and an elimination of the partial errors on both sides. There can be no compromise—just a fusion of the truths into one solid unity. For

*Continued on page 26*



# SEE THE WH



Dyan  
JOAN

Just guess who's leading prayers tonight?  
Even if the first three don't count, you're right  
As president of the Y, she's really the trick  
(And we know she'll be a grand "Mrs. Dick.")



"Smile for the birdie, have your picture took"  
So Anne can put you in her '49 yearbook.  
With paste and patience, pleas and the rest,  
Another great *Virginian* goes to press.



When this dignified senior has something to say,  
You bet we listen in an extra special way—  
Tho she may rule us with an "iron hand,"  
All of us will swear to it that Margie's grand!

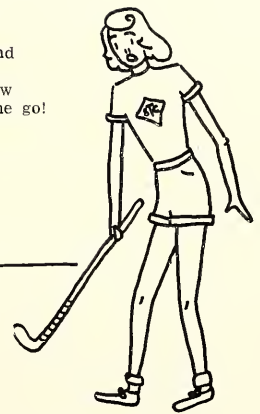


# LS GO ROUND

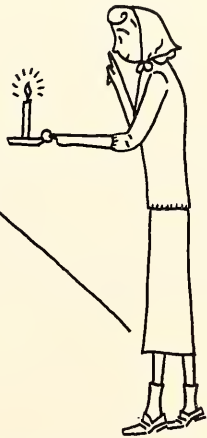
by  
HETT



This gal who's hair pullin' strand by strand  
Has problems all editors can understand.  
The "Colonnade" *must* go to press you know  
But copy for the next one has Anne on the go!



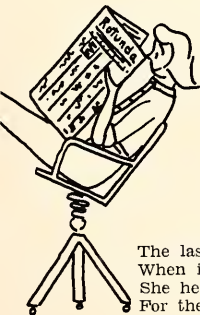
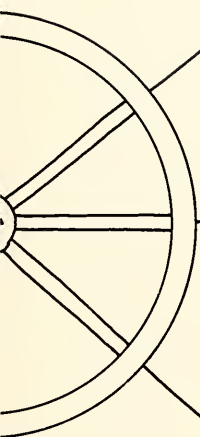
Chasin' down the hockey field, dribblin, down the court,  
Tennis, golf or baseball, just any kind of sport,  
Where there's fun and action you'll be sure to see  
Our energetic A. A. Pres.—you guessed it—Jesse Lee! !



Wee Willy Gillie runs all around  
On her job of checking upstairs and  
down,  
Peepin' thru the transom, listenin' at  
the lock  
Are everybody's lights out, for it's eleven  
o'clock?

PRICHETT

The lass in the dungarees just can't be beat  
When it comes to editorials and deadlines to meet!  
She heads the "Rotunda," and she sho do it right,  
For the proof can be seen on each Wednesday night.



# Behind the Curtain

JANICE SLAVIN, '50

**B**ELIEVE it or not, we talk about 'em—behind the curtain. Last night Dr. Moss (bless his heart) was the victim.

Upon entering the classroom, we usually see an empty desk and chair. Everyone is extremely happy because there is always the chance that his car may break down, and the class can sign the roll and leave. But wait! Here he comes now. You can't win around him! He enters the room and begins to pace the floor.

Dr. Moss runs his fingers through his hair, sits down to rest a moment, casts a ghastly look at the students, blows his nose, and begins to call the roll in a monotone voice. Woe to the person that has cut class or that presents a "Cut slip" to him to sign! Dr. Moss definitely cannot see eye to eye with anyone who does not spend his leisure time studying history.

A student leans over to the person seated beside her and whispers, "I hope he doesn't call on me; I haven't read the chapter. He will bawl me out again for not studying. I'm scared!"

Bang! Each student jumps! A sound like the explosion of an atomic bomb is heard. Nope, that's Dr. Moss! He needed some exercise; so he leaned over, picked up the waste basket, and proceeded to drop it on the floor. He calms his nerves as well as the students' nerves in this manner.

Dr. Moss then runs his hands through his hair, massages his face, blows his nose, and begins to quiz the class in a loud distinct voice.

"Miss Brown, you are a very intelligent person. Tell me briefly the causes of the Revolutionary War."

"Err-ah-well," comes Miss Brown's quivering answer.

"Is that right, Miss Brown," booms Dr.

Moss's pleasant voice. "Do tell! You have, indeed, made a profound statement."

But being a fresh air man, Dr. Moss notices then that all the windows are down. He dashes around the room thrusting up each window while a gale blows in. Each student must hold on to his desk in order to keep from blowing out the door.

Dr. Moss repeats the question and calls on another student to answer. Upon receiving an "I don't know", his eyes begin to flash, he tears at his hair, and begins to gnash his teeth! The students are frightened and cringe in their seats. He picks up the waste basket, hurls it through the air, and it sails out of the window much to the horror of the unfortunate passers-by. He then tosses his glasses with a crash to the desk (the last time he did this they slipped off and broke) and begins to beat his head against the blackboard.

One of the students giggles and whispers to a buddy, "Isn't he darling!"

"I fail to see the humor" is the friend's gruff reply.

Just about this time, a student who is a little deaf will shout out "Dr. Moss, I didn't hear the question, would you mind repeating it?"

The following conversation ensues:

"I certainly would mind," Dr. Moss states in a low voice.

"What did you say?" asked the student.

Dr. Moss then walks rapidly to the student's side and shouts, "Yes, I would mind repeating it! What were the causes of the Revolutionary War?"

By this time, everyone is exhausted including Dr. Moss. He decides that it is futile to quiz this pack of morons any further and continues with the lecture talking very slowly in order that we may take

*Continued on page 28*



—*Courtesy of Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

The smoldering remains of the Auditorium after flames destroyed the building early Sunday morning, March 6, 1949. Firemen did a miraculous job of saving the adjoining buildings, but the total loss, not including the personal belongings of the students living in the building, is estimated to exceed \$300,000.

# Between th

LOVE BE

We heard the other day of a youngster who asked his mother this question: "If the Lord gives us our daily bread, and Santa Claus brings the Christmas presents, then what's the use of having Daddy around?"

\*\*\*\*\*

Called to the phone before he could drink his beer, a man quickly wrote, "I spat in this beer," on the napkin and propped it against his glass.

When he returned from the phone he found this P. S. added: "So did I."

\*\*\*\*\*

Mother: "What are you doing, dear?"  
Her little daughter was making scrawls and scratches on a piece of paper.

Daughter: "I'm writing a letter to Betty."

Mother: "But, my dear, you do not know how to write."

Daughter: "Oh, that doesn't matter. Betty doesn't know how to read."

\*\*\*\*\*

"Didn't I hear the clock strike 2 as you came in dear?"

"You did, my sweet. It started to strike 10, but I stopped it to keep it from waking you up."

\*\*\*\*\*

Negro Minister: "If there be anyone in the congregation who likes sin let him stand up. What's this Sister Virginia, you like sin?"

Virginia: "Oh, pardon me, I thought you said gin."

Man: "Am I the only man you ever kissed?"

Girl: "Yes, and by far the best looking."

\*\*\*\*\*

Stern Father: "Say, young man, it's past midnight, Do you think you can stay here all night?"

"Gosh," exclaimed the innocent young suitor, "I'll have to telephone mother first."

\*\*\*\*\*

Young Man: "Er—sir—I—er, that is, I came to say that your daughter tells me that she—er—she—loves me."

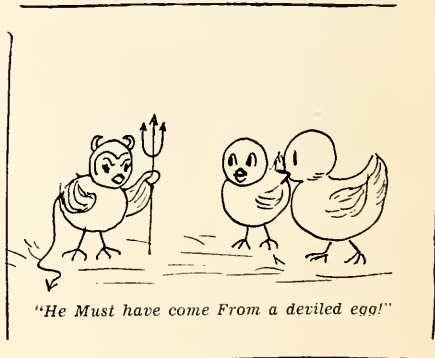
Parent: "And I suppose you have come to ask permission to marry her?"

Young Man: "No, sir, I came to ask you to make her behave herself."

\*\*\*\*\*

Caller: "When is your sister thinking of getting married?"

Junior: "Constantly."



# Columns

COBB

A blushing young woman handed the post office clerk a telegram containing only a name, address and one word—"Yes."

Clerk: (wishing to be helpful) "You know, you can send five more words for the same price."

Girl: "I know I can, but don't you think I'd look too eager if I said it six times."

\*\*\*\*\*

"If you're looking for my husband, he's gone fishing. Just walk down to the bridge until you find a pole with a worm on each end."

\*\*\*\*\*

Husband: "Why did you tell my wife what time I came in last night after I told you to be quiet about it?"

Maid: "I didn't sir. She asked me what time it was, and I told her I was so busy cooking breakfast that I didn't notice."

\*\*\*\*\*

At 10 a. m. the telephone at the reception desk of a large hotel rang frantically.

"What time dosh your bar open?" a man's voice asked.

"At 12 noon, sir," answered the clerk.

At 11 o'clock it rang again.

"Say, Mac, when dosh your bar open up?" asked the same voice.

"At 12 noon, sir." This time the clerk was emphatic.

At 11:45 the telephone rang again.

"Shay, fren, pleesh tell me ('scuz me), pleesh tell me wosh time yer bar open up?"

"At 12 noon, sir," the clerk answered. "But I'm afraid that in your condition you won't be allowed to come in."

"Come in? Heck, I wanna get out."

Wife: "Before we were married, George, you used to give me the loveliest presents. Do you remember?"

Husband: "Yes, dear, but who ever heard of a fisherman giving bait to a fish after he caught it?"

\*\*\*\*\*

Two fishermen named Smith, living near each other, had met with misfortune, one having lost his wife, the other his boat.

A visitor called by mistake on the man who had lost his boat, thinking he was the widower.

Visitor: "Good morning, Mr. Smith, I'm so sorry to hear of your loss."

Smith: "Oh, it don't much matter. She wasn't up to much."

Visitor: "Dear me."

Smith: "Aye, she were a rickety old crock. I was always in danger of my life with her. Indeed, I offered her to my mate only last week, but he wouldn't have her. I've had my eye on another for some time past."

\*\*\*\*\*

Mother: "Junior, don't use such bad words."

Junior: "But, Mother, Shakespeare used them."

Mother: "Well, don't play with him anymore."

\*\*\*\*\*

Student: "Well, what do you think of our little town?"

Guest: "It certainly is unique."

Student: "What do you mean unique?"

Guest: "It's from the Latin 'Unus' meaning 'one' and 'equus' meaning 'horse'."



## The Shmoo

Editor's Note: A question on the biology examination given in February, 1949, was to "Consider the Shmoo, classify it and give reasons for your classification." Thanks to the unsuspecting freshmen, we give you from their papers the following information:

FROM paper number one we read that this mysterious little creature, the Shmoo, has aroused a stir in every known field of modern science. It is a stupendous animal, and it is, as has been asserted by the notables of Dogpatch, capable of everything from laying eggs like a bird to changing its form like an amoeba. It would be a big mistake not to place the Shmoo in the same phylum as that of man; namely, Phylum Chordata. Frankly, the Shmoo deserves a higher phylum, but man would not condescend to such a thought! Therefore, it would be better to place the Shmoo in a Sub-phylum. Dogpatchia would be appropriate.

Glancing over another paper, we noted that the Shmoo is a revelation in itself: likewise is its classification. Because it is able to stand upright, it gives evidence of a spinal column, and because it has only two

appendages (in the process of evolution it lost the other two), it gives evidence of its close relation to the Vertebrates. Since the Shmoo has such a huge stomach and such huge feet, an appropriate class would be Gastropoda ("stomach-foot"). Because it must stand back and watch man make a mess of the world, its stomach has been made exceedingly large and strong so that the Shmoo may stomach it! And its feet huge to enable it to perform all those extraordinary feats!

From the third paper that we picked up, we read that Genus *Shmoo* is quite an appropriate classification for the Shmoo. There is no other creature quite like it: it is something; yet it is nothing. It is just a Shmoo!

The fourth paper clinched our classification. Possessing strange and unexplained powers of reproduction, the Shmoo is capable of continuing its existence at will; therefore, it should be placed in the Species *multiproductora*.

From the information gathered from these papers, it is clear that, according to the Freshmen the Shmoo must be classified thus:

Phylum Chordata  
Sub-phylum Dogpatchia  
Class Gastropoda  
Genus *Shmoo*  
Species *multiproductora*

## As We Were

*Continued from page 9*

not at all bad looking—hmm.)

In 1909 Chappel's, Baldwin's and Davidson's were advertising in the Annual, and they still are. But it was somewhat of a shock to realize that in 1909 the Whitlock-Zimmerman Ford Motor Company was "Zimmerman's Livery Stable" and that it handled only the best nags." (As for me—I'll take a 1949 Ford!)

In general, the year 1909 was one of progress for S. F. N. S. But unquestion-

ably, her most forward step was the adoption of the Honor System.

I wonder what our grandchildren, the Class of 1989, will say when they look at our annual. Will they laugh at us because of the style of our clothes and expressions? And will they laugh at what we did and said? Or will they admire us for the hand we lent to make S. T. C.? Maybe they will both laugh at and admire us just as we do the "Naughty Niners."

# Life at S. T. C.



SAY what you will, we students at S. T. C. lead a hectic life, staying awake in boring classes and keeping up with extra-curricular activities. To top it all, the Biology Department pulled a boner on us last week when our own dear professor dragged Billie Bones—that's our Skeleton—out of the closet and proceeded to lecture on it. Poor Billie, absolutely stripped of all flesh soon chilled to the bone and shivered till her teeth rattled. Touched by her plight, some of our humane Mammilian students—hats off to them—donated clothes for our poor unclad friend. She graciously accepted them with a toothy grin.

As soon as Billie Bones had been made comfortable, our dear slave-driving professor started tickling her ribs with a large leg bone which he had been carrying around in his hip pocket for some time. Billie Bones squirmed a bit at first, then leaned back stiffly and gave us young biologists a hollow stare. As soon as our dear professor finished his lecture, he assisted Billie back to her resting place in the closet. Poor Billie will have to content herself with just being a "skeleton in the closet" until another Mammalian Anatomy class requests her presence again next year. Only mice and bugs will examine her bones till then.

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## The Ant and Me

I thought that I should never see  
An insect pesky as a bee,  
But then to S. T. C. I came  
And now the bee I deem quite tame.

Upon arriving in my room,  
I had no inkling of my doom.  
I placed my boxes on the floor  
And thought about them little more.

At last my roving eyes did spy  
An ant procession marching by.  
Upon observance I did find  
These pests upon my food had dined.

I patiently did bear their feat,  
And thought their works were then  
complete.

I went to bed quite unaware  
Of little foes abiding there.

Asleep upon my bed I lay  
And dreamed of places far away,  
But soon excited I arose;  
An ant was racing 'cross my nose.

Now I am in a state of woe;  
They haunt me everywhere I go,  
And if an author I ever be  
I'll write a book, "The Ant and Me."

FLORA BALLOWE

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## World Federation

*Continued from page 3*

world federal government should be open at all times to all nations without the right of secession.

(2) **Reservation of Powers:** All powers not delegated to the world federal government should be reserved to the nations and their peoples in order to guarantee to each nation its right to maintain its own domestic, political, economic, social, and religious institutions.

(3) **Enforcement of World Law:** World law should be enforceable directly upon individuals.

(4) **Balanced Representation:** Representation in the legislative body should be determined upon a just formula recognizing population, economic development, educational level and other relevant factors; each representative to vote as an individual.

(5) **Bill of Rights:** The world constitution should include a bill of rights assuring equal and adequate protection to persons affected by the constitution and laws of the world federal government.

(6) **Revenue:** The world federal government should have authority to raise dependable revenue under a carefully defined and limited taxing power independent of national taxation.

(7) **Amendment:** Reasonable provision should be made for amendment of the constitution.

The legislative, executive, and judicial powers found necessary to preserve peace should be delegated to the world federal government.

The smaller nations of the world who want this type of government are looking to the United States to take the lead in the vital issue. They have already demonstrated their willingness to co-operate in such an undertaking, but they are lacking in the strength and unity such as we have in the United States. If we would but take the lead, a special session of the United Nations could be called to revise the United Nations Charter to create an effective world government. No such action will be taken,

however, unless we show our statesmen and representatives that we are willing to endorse and back their decision.

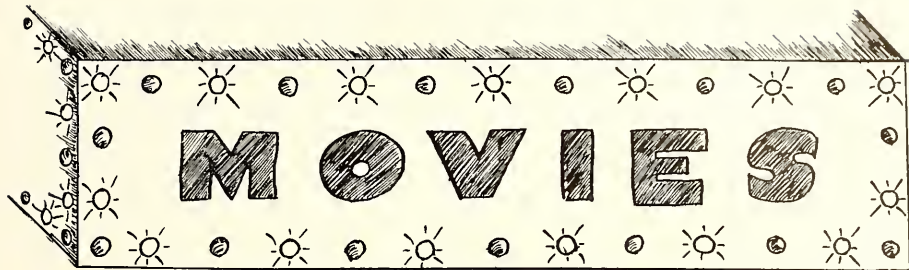
"What about Russia?" we ask. That's the \$64 question. Of course, Russia, as all other nations, should be invited to join. World government without her would not protect the world from danger of another war. Every possible effort must, therefore, be taken to induce her to join. If she refuses, the entire world will see clearly where she stands. If the Russians are preparing for war because of fear, not because of a desire for exploitation, then they will surely want to join in a federation with other nations of the world. As a member of the United World Federalists, she would be assured not only of security, but also of the same benefits of peace as the other nations.

There are those who would advocate forming a partial world government and excluding Russia. However, the United World Federalists feel there is everything to gain and nothing to lose by inviting Russia to join them.

A recent Gallup poll showed that 83 per cent of the American people favor a strengthened United Nations and that 56 per cent answered "Yes" to the question: "Do you think the United Nations should be strengthened to make it a world government with powers to control the armed forces of all nation including the United States?"

In 1946 the Massachusetts State Legislature voted unanimously in favor of a world government. Fifteen other states have passed the Humber Resolution which calls for world government. The wave for world federation is sweeping this country as well as other countries! Gary Davis, who renounced his United States citizenship to become a citizen of the World, has countless followers in Europe.

If we want a world federal government, we must crusade for peace. Our statesmen in Washington, London, Paris, and Moscow need our help in this vital issue.



**J**OAN OF ARC, a RKO-Radio production in technicolor based on the play, "Joan of Lorraine". Ingrid Bergman again plays the young French peasant girl who became legend when she appeared from obscurity to lead the French army to victory over the enemy. The battle scenes are filled with violence and gore of the medieval period, and Joan's trial scenes give a feeling of utter corruption and inevitable doom. From the moment the two-and-one half-hour production opens, until the moment when Joan is enveloped with flames, the only relief from the horror of the theme, is the appearance of Jose Ferrer, as the Dauphin, Charles VII, uncrowned king of France. In the person of this man, Ferrer does a fine job of portraying the frailties of degraded royalty.

There is some confusion and difficulty in understanding who is doublecrossing whom among the politicians, but the story of Joan and her fight to save France is told clearly. One might feel that the picture is too heavily loaded with menaces, the majority of them being mean, unscrupulous people. Despite all its faults, however, the picture is well worth seeing, for Ingrid Bergman again shines as brightly as the suit of white armor she dons for battle.

*The Reader's Digest* says: "The surest way to get better motion pictures—a desire shared by all—is for everyone to patronize the best films. Don't miss *Joan of Arc*."

JANICE SLAVIN, '50

**E**NCHANTMENT, another RKO Radio production, starring David Niven, Teresa Wright, Evelyn Keys, and Farley Granger, has been proclaimed just about the most wonderful love story ever filmed. In the story, the tenderness of love takes on a third dimension, and then the actors portray in terms of the human spirit and with delicate charm, the reasons why so many of us walk through life with nostalgias we do not understand.

For almost a century, the Dane family had lived and died in a highly respectable London house. Generations of Dane footsteps had run up and down its stairs, moved through its hallways, and locked and unlocked its doors. Men, women, lovers, wives, maidens, soldiers, and babies have died there. But are they really dead? Here is where the third dimension comes in. *Enchantment* does not begin or end with the precision of a wall-calendar.

The footsteps of a lovely girl, Lark, move rapidly through the halls of the Dane home in London's Wiltshire Crescent, and are gone. But are they really gone?

Lark's tears and Grizel's tears have been cried into the silence of the night in this house and dried there. But have they dried?

Rollo, who loved Lark is about to die at a very old age in the old house in which he had vainly wooed her. But had he wooed vainly?

*Enchantment* tells us that "No" is the answer to all these questions.

For a movie you'll never forget, don't miss *Enchantment*.

JANICE SLAVIN, '50

## International Education

*Continued from page 11*

friendship and understanding of the intellectual young people of all the nations.

War has not diminished France's interest in International Education, and this interest shows itself in private enterprise as well as in international ones. In 1939, on the initiative of the French Reformed Church, the College Cevenol was founded in the mountains of central France. War stopped the work, and the newly founded college was used as a place of refuge and retreat for those who wanted to escape the German Gestapo. But as soon as the war was over, work on the college was resumed. Even while the buildings of the College Cevenol were being constructed, one by one classes were opened to students of the whole world, and now an active interchange is being established between the various countries.

France is not only interested in dispensing knowledge to the students from other countries, but she is also interested in making it possible for her to gain the knowledge and culture of other countries. She knows that in the world of today, mutual international acquaintance must be developed as much as possible. So France is eager to send her own students abroad into the various countries where they will be able to acquire a good knowledge of languages, and modern techniques firsthand. With that purpose in mind, the French "Service des Relations Culturelles" (Service of Cultural Relations) works in co-operation with the American Institute of International Education in New York, and with various services in Great Britain, Switzerland, and other countries in order to help, morally and financially, the students who want to go abroad. This financial aid covers the expenses of transportation—for example—between France and the United States. This enables many French students through travel to open their eyes to what is done abroad—whereas probably their own finances would never have allowed them to extend their fields of study beyond the boundaries of their own country.

At the present time, France knows many difficulties of all kinds, as a consequence of five years of war and occupation. But she is aware of the fact that many problems can best be solved by education. She knows that her students of today will be her leaders of tomorrow—that they will make the world of tomorrow. So, for a better understanding among people, France sends her young people abroad, and offers to share the benefits of her radiant culture and civilization with the youths whom she invites to visit her. May her goals be reached, and future wars be avoided!

### QUESTIONS

- A** Twice here in red, two-thirds in white,  
Explains just why a Chesterfield's right.
- B** Four are shown and all the same.  
In color and shape, but not in fame.
- C** You've no doubt heard it noised about that  
oysters "R" in season,  
One glance at lovely Linda and you're sure  
to see the reason.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

*Chesterfield*

#### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

#### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The field of red is the red scarf which Tyrone Power is wearing. On it can be recognized the mask of tragedy, the classic mask of Theopis. So the answer is **TYRONE POWER'S SCARF**.
- B** The shamrock and the blarney stone are symbols of "THE LUCK OF THE IRISH."
- C** Ten to the sixth (power) equals 1,000,000 (one million). Ten to the zero equals 1 (one). ANSWER: Chesterfields satisfy millions, they'll satisfy you. WINNERS...

#### WINNERS OF CHESTERFIELD CONTEST!

Catherine Bondurant, Elizabeth Buck, Griswold Boxley, Jr.  
Powell, Frances Ferguson, Cabell Overby, Charlotte Wil  
Harriet Ratchford, Jean Gilman, Helen Hardin



# Have You Read These?

## IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS\*

ANDRE GIDE

**I**MAGINARY INTERVIEWS is a book of imaginary interviews written between November, 1941 and April, 1942 in the southern part of France, where Gide, the author, then lived. It was written during the German occupation, when writing about resistance meant to risk one's personal security. Gide succeeded in giving various connotations to the word resistance. Thus he indirectly led the French people to think of resistance against the Germans. In spite of the German censorship, Gide kept his intellectual freedom, and expressed his thoughts subtly.

The interviews deal with various subjects: the responsibility of writers for the French defeat, the decline of the subjunctive mood, the traditions of French verse, and the rules concerning novel writing. The book impresses the reader with Gide's powerful knowledge of the literature of all times. His essay on Goethe's works is one of the finest written in modern times. He praises Goethe for his accomplishments, but he also condemns him for his servility to Napoleon. At the time the book was written, any Frenchman could have applied this criticism to himself.

The *Imaginary Interviews* is a fine piece of work where almost all literary subjects are treated. After reading it, the reader feels he has been to a series of lectures on the finest literary products of all ages.

\* Translated from the French by Malcolm Cowley, New York—Alfred A. Knopf, 1944

## TEARS

Paul Valery

By a visage and a voice  
Life says: I am sad; therefore I cry.  
And Music says: I cry; therefore I am sad.

translated by  
BETTY SPINDLER

## MADAME BOVARY\*

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

**M**ADAME BOVARY is a masterpiece of meticulous observation, moderately condensed and remarkably presented. It is the story of Emma Rouault, the daughter of a Norman peasant, who has a romantic soul that is perpetually unsatisfied. In her desire to escape from the monotony of rural life, she marries Charles Bovary, a country doctor. It does not take her long to discover the hopeless mediocrity of that dull and narrow-minded man. Emma is bored, and boredom makes her an easy prey of the first fop who seems to incarnate her ideal. She loves a lawyer's clerk, and so the degradation starts; it goes on without her being aware of it. In a whirl of pleasure, she imagines that she is living a novel.

Abruptly her make-believe situation becomes a reality: an unmerciful creditor snares her, threatening to reveal to her husband the debts she has contracted without his knowledge. Emma commits suicide, being unable to face the cruel reality.

The book teaches a lesson: the danger of romanticism. Great lyrical aspirations and exaltations when practiced by vulgar souls, inevitably end in immorality, misery, and complete degradation.

\* Translated from the French by Eleanor Garz, Aveling—Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1924

## PSALM S

Paul Valery

In the beginning there was Surprise  
And following came Contrast;  
After that appeared Oscillation;  
With her, Distribution,  
And finally Purity  
Which is the End.

translated by  
BETTY SPINDLER

## Those Who Sleep Slumber Deep

*Continued from page 12*

As Miss Lucy entered the door of the house, she heard her sister calling for her. "Lucy! Lucy! Where are you?"

The words were uttered in a harsh tone.

Lucy hurried to the foot of the stairs, dropped her empty bag on a chair, and voiced a patient reply. She moved slowly up the stairs, her body now lifeless and bent where a few moments before, it had been straight with purpose; all the thoughts that had lent a smile to her face were suddenly crushed by that commanding voice.

"Lucy, where have you been? You are never here when I most want you." The words come tumbling out of the twisted mouth. "I suppose you've been on one of your ridiculous errands of mercy to some good-for-nothing family. My, what a spectacle you are. Don't tell me you wore that dress to church today. Once in a while you might try to have some pride in your appearance for my sake. How do you think I feel having you look like something from the poorhouse while those derelicts flaunt about in your clothes?"

Mrs. Franklin sniffed. Lucy looked sadly at her but gave no answer.

"The Club," she continued in a condescending manner, "wants you to come to the reception this afternoon. You're badly needed to help with the serving, but you'll have a chance to hear part of the recital."

The muted lights in Lucy's eyes brightened.

"Try to act as if you have a little sense and don't drop anything," were Mrs. Franklin's parting words as she marched down the stairs.

A shiver of excitement swept over Lucy. Invited to a recital! She? How seldom did an opportunity come her way to share in the brighter side of life. She mustn't have her sister ashamed of her today. She would stitch that new collar-an-cuff set on her frayed black dress. The red feather she had recently bought would add a dash of color to her old black hat. Miss Lucy went into her tiny room with a quickened step.

The clock in the hall chimed four as Miss Lucy and her sister started out of the front door on their way to the meeting. They had scarcely gone five paces when suddenly the telephone began to ring. Lucy hesitated a moment. They were already late for the meeting. She had better not stop. Her sister was impatiently waiting for her to catch up. No! Suppose it is important. Five more minutes wouldn't do that much harm.

She turned around, unlocked the door, and disappeared inside.

Mrs. Franklin's expression became grimmer and grimmer as the seconds went by. By the time her sister hesitantly appeared at the door, her face was that of a human gargoyle.

"Well, come on!" The whip lashed out. "Don't just stand there. Now what is it?"

Miss Lucy's lip trembled a little, but her words sounded clear and firm.

"One of my unfortunate folks is having a baby. She needs a midwife and has turned to me. I cannot let her down."

Mrs. Franklin turned scarlet and choked, "All I can say, Lucy, is that you have no regard for me or for anyone who should mean something to you."

Mrs. Franklin could never have guessed what those words had cost her sister. She wasn't that kind!

## There Is No Conflict

*Continued from page 13*

example, take the three theories concerning the origin of species. The first theory is that species were made by the Divine hand without natural process. The second, that

species were not made at all, but grew of themselves. The third is that species were created by a process of evolution. This third theory is the one held by most sound thinkers today—Christians and non-Christians,

scientists and non-scientists. "The first [theory] asserts divine agency, but denies the natural process; the second asserts the natural process, but denies divine agency; the third asserts divine agency by natural process"—according to Le Conte.

Traditional theologians and materialists are both right and wrong. They are right in what they assert and wrong in what they deny. The only true rational solution is that stated in the third theory, for it combines the partial truths of the first two theories and eliminates the partial errors.

The law of gravitation was not thought to be materialistic, nor was the antiquity of man. If the sustenation of the universe by the law of Gravitation does not disturb our belief in God as the sustainer of the universe, there is no logical reason why the origin of the universe by the law of Evolution should disturb our faith in God as the creator of the universe. The law of Evolution essentially means then, the "Divine process of Creation". There can be no more loftier conception than this. It reveals God infinite and worthy of obedience and adoration.

There is no conflict.

Source Material:

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Customer: "Your dogs seems fond of watching you cut hair."

Barber: "It isn't that. Sometimes I snip off a piece of ear."

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Guest: "I can't eat this food. Call the manager."

Waiter: "It's no use. He won't eat it, either."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

Nature and Natures' laws lay hid in night.  
God said, "Let Newton be", and there was light.

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Joe

*Continued from page 6*

although he didn't suppose the man would know either, he added, "But they just don't understand."

Somehow it seemed as if the soldier knew just what he meant. "They don't, but they probably will some day," he said very gently. "Plenty of them do understand already," he added. "Why, son, I owe my life to a white soldier. Things will be all right."

Mark realized suddenly that they had been his fathers' exact words — only he hadn't understood them then. He remembered the sorrowful look in his father's eyes when he had realized that his son hadn't understood, and he hadn't known what to

say to make him see. Well, Mark still didn't understand perfectly, but he felt that if a Negro, Joe's own brother, could understand, well, then he didn't have to. And then as the sun suddenly came out, and he looked down at his grimy fingernails and dirty polo shirt, he realized how terribly hungry he was, and remembered that he hadn't eaten any breakfast that morning. He scrambled to his feet, and as he smiled up at the big Negro soldier, he realized that he had only lost a friend to gain one, and that Joe's big brother was only Joe grown up.

And then he turned around and scamp-ered home to tell his father that maybe he almost understood . . . now.

Behind the Curtain

*Continued from page 16*

down his lecture word for word. However, we end up with so many notes that we can't possibly learn them all; and consequently, we are unable (with all our intelligence) to squeeze one "A" from Dr. Moss's pen. At last the bell rings. But

what's this? Dr. Moss is still talking! Finally, after about fifteen minutes more lecture, Dr. Moss says, "I thank you". We all run furiously from the room with a deep sigh of relief still wondering why he bothered to thank *us*.

An inmate of an asylum asked for paper, explaining that he felt an urge to write. The attendant brought him an old typewriter and a pile of paper. The man set to work typing at great speed. This activity aroused the attendant's curiosity and he came over and asked how the writer was getting on.

Inmate: "Swell. I'm writing a wonderful adventure story. Here, read it."

The other took the pages and read: "General Jones leaped upon his faithful horse and shouted, 'Giddyap! Giddyap! Giddyap! Giddyap! Giddyap! Giddyap! Giddyap! Giddyap! Giddyap! . . .'" and so on for pages and pages.

Attendant: "What's this? The man jumps on his horse and then there's nothing but pages of 'Giddyap!'"

Inmate: "Oh, can I help it if the horse won't move?"

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She shut off the phonograph and turned to her father—

Daughter: "Dad, that is the latest kind of jazz record. Did you ever hear anything so wonderful?"

Dad (wearily): "No, I can't say that I have, although I once heard a collision between a wagon-load of empty cans and a farm wagon filled with ducks."

\*\*\*\*\*

Foreman: "I understand your grandmother is the old-fashioned type who still toils at the spinning wheel. Does she earn much?"

Shovel Runner: "Well, last night she won fifty dollars on the red."

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