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The Colonnade



May, 1949

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The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Vol. XI

May, 1949

No. 3



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From Across the Desk

Though this year has been one of many harassing hours and sleepless nights for the staff of *The Colonnade*, we do not feel that all has been in vain. Every full moment of it has been fun. Yet we can never forget those last minute revisions, the hurried trips to the Herald Office, and the dead-lines to meet. But when all copy was in and *The Colonnade* on the press, our hearts brightened with hope that the outcome would be worthwhile.

With deep appreciation we give a toast to the old staff who did such a splendid job. To the new staff whose job it will be to carry on in an even better way, we give our best wishes for success. To Mr. Harry Lancaster of the Herald staff for his unflinching patience and untiring interest, we are duly grateful. To Mr. Grainger, Miss Jennings, Dr. Schlegal, and Mr. Coyner for their constructive advice and invaluable assistance, we extend heartfelt thanks. To the contributors and to the student body whose backing inspired them to do their best, we are indeed grateful.

To maintain the high standards set for *The Colonnade*, and to encourage creative writing has been and will always be our aim. The new staff has pledged itself to new and finer ends, but only through the fullest co-operation and interest of the students can we really make *The Colonnade* a worthy college magazine.

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Graduation Thoughts

BY JACKIE JARDINE, '52

YOUNG woman! The world challenges you! You are living in a time of national and international peril. It is your generation that is faced with the task of uniting the world. Upon each of you college graduates who are now stepping forth into national and international confusion falls this gigantic responsibility." The foregoing is an example of the kind of pompous "pep-talk" given to graduating classes year after year. Undoubtedly, the very same speeches were given decades ago and will be for several hundreds of years to come. This article is not intended to be pompous nor is it a "pep-talk."

Of course graduates know they live in dangerous times. Practically every era has been a crisis in the lives of men. Any senior in college who is not aware of this fact scarcely deserves to graduate. I am not an authority on the meaning of graduation and its responsibilities, but, as an undergraduate, I have some humble thoughts of my own on the subject, which I should like to set forth.

What does graduation mean to me? Well, it means that a young woman completing four years at college is, in most cases, qualified to enter a profession. Her graduation signifies that she has taken part in both the required and the extra-curricular activities which are intended to help round out her personality. It means that she has been an integral part of an institution that is as strong as she is strong, or as weak as she is weak. It means that she is one of the fortunate few who have been given the opportunity to get higher education; it means that for four years it has been up to her, and her alone, to seize or to reject every chance to learn more than the minimum nightly assignment. It means that she has been thrown with girls of all tem-



peraments, backgrounds, and capabilities, and that she has had her choice of whether to surround herself with friends who stimulate her mind or with friends who held the same unyielding prejudices as she did. Truly, a graduate can consider herself fortunate indeed, if out of the host of people she knew in college, she has made two or three true friends whom she can trust completely throughout the years to come. Graduation means that she is essentially the same person she was before entering college, but it does not stop there. For, in college, the individual for the first time in her life is given an opportunity to stand

on her own two feet, and it is here that her character begins to expand into maturity and independence or to relapse further into immaturity and dependence.

The young college graduate has had the chance to equip herself for her life ahead. But what about the life ahead? Whether she chooses marriage or a career, I believe she has certain responsibilities and standards to live up to.

For instance, according to articles I have read and according to discussions I have heard about college, the primary purpose of higher education is to teach the student to think and to appreciate the finer things of "enduring values"—such things as the beauty, the feeling, and the craftsmanship in art, in literature, in conversation, in music, and in the ideals, the thoughts, and the fine qualities of scholarly, worthwhile people. To be able to understand what is of enduring value, one must think. Despite the aim of education, I wonder how many people really and truly think. Today, so many graduates of college are concerned with the "almighty dollar"—how many can be made and how the making can be done most easily. But recognition of beauty and appreciation of it cannot be bought! The seeds have to be sown in the mind, and college is the best place for the sowing. I know several graduates of recognized colleges who have washing machines, television sets, cars, dishwashers, etc., and yet they possess neither one worthwhile book nor one classical recording. They use the television sets not for an occasional opera or symphony, but for comedy shows and twenty-year-old westerns—all of which have a place and a time in one's life, but certainly none of them is of enduring value.

I have read and heard that people drown themselves in soap operas, movies, alcohol, night clubs, women's social clubs, trashy love magazines, and novels to escape themselves and their lives. It's understandable why they should want to escape, because life and its responsibilities are sometimes so overwhelmingly difficult that they feel as if a desert island is the only safe retreat for them. But nobody can ever escape himself, not even on a desert island! More-

over, the betterment of the world is utterly dependent on what people do. That is why I feel that everyone, especially college graduates, who should understand the importance of it all better than the majority of people, must give of his conscious best. If a large enough group of able people sit back and unthinkingly try to escape the present and the future, the same thing that happened to the Greek and Roman civilizations will certainly happen to us.

Sad to say, some graduates, who get married and have children, sink themselves so much into their families that they pay little attention to the world outside. The mother forgets she is a citizen of the world and of the community in which she lives. Her children are her life, and if she does not break them, they will eventually break her. Sometimes, she dominates a child so entirely, that when the child becomes an adult, it depends on her for decisions, companionship, and almost for life itself. Some mothers give all their time, energy and ambition to their children; hence, when their children have grown up and left home to lead lives of their own, they are lost and lonely of heart. They have lived so much in their children that when the time comes for them to fall back on themselves, they find nothing of their own to turn to. Had they been fortified with those enduring things when they graduated, this hardly could have happened to them, because they would not have desired even a temporary escape.

As a college graduate, you have learned many things. The past four years have added to your wisdom, and you have taken some hard knocks. But you should be ready to take your place in a world that expects you to be a contributing individual. My purpose in attending college is to have my thinking directed so that I may understand and appreciate durable values. Hence, when I graduate, I hope that I can fill well the role my life has to play in the world. If Freshmen started out in college with a realization of their future responsibilities, perhaps more graduates would make lasting contributions toward the type of society we are so desperately seeking. The world needs thinkers.

OBSESSION

LOIS CALLAHAN, '49

Third Prize Winner Short Story Contest

IT HAD started again.

I had felt it yesterday right after lunch, but I had tried to ignore it. Hadn't I felt it cruising within my consciousness many times since my recovery? But it had always gone away. The doctor had said it would be like that—come back and go away many times before I would recover completely. I would feel it upon awakening in the morning, but it would disappear after an hour or two of activity. And the doctor had been right! For a long time I did feel it upon awakening in the morning, but true to the prediction of the doctor, it had vanished after an hour of two of activity. Around late mid-afternoon it would recur, but it always did wear off just as the doctor had said it would. Sometimes it stayed a rather long time, but it always disappeared. "And then," said the doctor, "you'll some day realize with startled astonishment that it's gone and gone for good! Maybe you won't be able to remember the moment or even the day it disappeared; it will leave you so gradually." And that happened, too, just as the doctor had said.

One night at a cocktail party, I had been having an unusually gay time—really laughing. Suddenly I stopped with a hesitating abruptness. Something was different—strangely different. At first I couldn't quite make out what it was that was different. Was it the cocktail party? No, it couldn't be that. The party was just like dozens of other cocktail parties I had ever attended. Even my physical make-up seemed younger, more alert, and more vigorous. As if by a sixth sense, I perceived that the others felt the change in me.

I seemed to hear the voice of my doctor saying: "Then one day you will realize that it is gone. You perhaps won't even

remember the moment or the day when it left you. You will realize only that it is gone." Then I realized why suddenly I felt as I did. It was gone! The thing was gone! And just as the doctor had said, I hadn't even realized when it had left me—not the day much less the moment. I became, only, shockingly aware that it was gone, and that an intoxicating warmth tingled up and down my spine. Life would be as it had been once, as it had been over five years ago before the thing had appeared.

I knew that the thing had gone completely, but as time went on, I became more aware of the fact that although it had gone, it had left a residue in the form of an intangible scar on my conscious being. Life was not ever again going to be as it was five years ago. I felt somewhat regretful about that, but my great new-found joy over being released so overshadowed my nostalgia that I almost forgot that for awhile.

Getting rid of the thing was like being born again. I must learn practically everything over again. Even eating, walking, and smiling must more or less be mastered anew. The thing had been so constant, that it had required all my attention. I often wondered if I would ever re-learn the art of sleeping. The thing had been like a parasite, sucking my spirit and altering to a great degree my physical make-up! My once fresh young face had been changed by too much suffering, but it was still hauntingly fresh and young looking, if the light did not fall too directly on it. In my spirit and eyes the thing had wrought its greatest damage. The bright, exquisite excitement that had once pervaded my whole spirit had become subdued, and the luster in my eyes was different now.



L.J.M.

"How Ironic," I reflected . . .

I always had been a practical person and I had faced my situation squarely. But never again would I be quite the same, still even yet I was on the verge of being as I was five years ago. I felt that just a slight push, even a very slight push would put me there. However, two years had passed since the thing had gone, and I had felt quite strongly that it would never come back. But yesterday after lunch it had started again.

The day had begun quite inoffensively. I had felt unusually well that morning. I had even made plans for writing a rather scholarly, but somewhat sentimental discourse for *The Particular Reader*, a magazine to which I was a contributor.

It was after lunch now, and I was back in my room taking long meditative draws on a cigarette. Time seemed to lose all dimension. Then I reached for my pencil and writing pad, but as I did so, beads of perspiration stood out above my upper lip and on my forehead. My body tingled as if hot electric needles had pricked it. My hands became hot and clammy. The cigarette had burned deeply into my fingers, but I did not feel any sensation of being burned. The stench of burned flesh seared my nostrils. I gave a sharp but low groan. It couldn't be! The thing couldn't have returned.

The fact that the cigarette had burned my hand without my feeling the burning didn't mean a thing, I tried to tell myself. That could happen to anyone intensely engrossed in thought—engrossed in thought—in thought. But what was my thought? What was I going to—going to—

The back of my neck stiffened as if made of fibers of steel that rested metallically hard against the base of my brain. The ache and sensation began to spread slowly around on each side right above my ears, forming an aching ball in each temple. It seemed as if a circular fire-band were compressing and melting my brain inside, as if the interior of my skull were becoming a vacuum. And that vacuum ached because of its very emptiness. I wanted to reach up with my hands and savagely tear that emptiness out. It had such a strange concreteness about it. Perspiration soaked

my clothes through and through, and my skin prickled. The sensation of the needle-like pricks merging with the salty perspiration maddened me. With my own hands I partially tore the collar of my blouse from my throat.

Something was trying to slip into the vacuum, but I wouldn't let it. I would fight the thing. I couldn't let it weave itself in this time, for if I did, it would stay. I would never be able to get rid of it then. I had triumphed and vanquished the thing once, but I knew I could never ward it off again. It would drive me insane. I must not let it come back again. I wouldn't let it come back again!

Maybe activity would help keep the thing away. That had gotten rid of it before. I walked rapidly about the room, but it soon became apparent to me that the thing was going to persist. Activity seemed not to abate it this time. Although activity kept the thing more at a distance, it did not keep the thing far enough away. Day by day the thing came closer and closer. I tried to run away from it, but I couldn't.

Then one day, weary and exhausted, I came back to my room and locked the door. Completely spent, I flung myself down by the side of the bed and uttered a prayer more in convulsive sobs than in words. I had long ago given up word prayer. I did not know how long I wept, but when I finally ceased and lay prostrate on the bed, I noticed that the world outside my window was clad in that softness of twilight that comes just before the onset of night. Twilight struck me as perversely beautiful because of my suffering, and a feeling of loss surged over me. I wept again. This time I wept until I slipped into unconsciousness deeper than sleep—and time passed—passed.

When I awoke, a nauseating sickness pervaded my abdomen. My legs and arms seemed cramped, cold and hot at the same time. My mouth and throat were dry. I felt as if I could drink quarts and quarts of water—cold, icy water. My feet and hands felt paralyzed. I couldn't tell, for an illusion of unreality seemed to be mingled with reality until I could not distinguish one from the other. It was like being

- thrust from a cool friendly darkness more delightful than anything real. Therefore, I did not want to open my eyes, and my head felt as if it were still encased in the circular fire-band with the vacuum inside.

A long time I fought against opening my eyes, for I knew the thing would be there. It had pursued me into the room; I could feel its presence even before I opened my eyes. It would be waiting, calm, triumphant. Then I opened my eyes. The brilliant hardness of daylight struck me full in the face. The thing was there and this time I did not attempt to fight back. The thing had won and I knew it. My face became ashen and livid. My eyes grew lifeless, as an expression of resignation crowned my being.

My father had been dead ten years, but during his life he had hated me—hated me merely because I had been a girl. He had hated all women. It seemed that he had vented all his hatred on me. I remembered as his voice flapped like the wings of a vulture, all the awful things he had said to me in my childhood. Then, when I was fourteen he had died, but not so the things he had said; they had become an obsession with me.

And then the voice had begun. At first I knew it wasn't real, but then it seemed to become real. It was then that I had gone to the doctor. When he told me that I would be all right in time, had he known

all along my true condition, and had he just been merciful in saying that in time I would soon be well again? Well, anyway, it didn't matter now.

Mechanically I got up, mechanically but meticulously, I dressed, combed my hair, and left the room. I walked unconsciously for instinct carried me. Soon I found myself in front of the convent. I walked up the cobblestone pavement to the door. I hesitated a moment, then rang the bell. There was a long silence. Then I heard footsteps coming to the door. As they drew nearer, I heard the swish of a nun's black garb. Then the door opened and a creature who seemed to have no human sentiments nor age, with an expressionless face and skin yellow and wrinkled stood before me. The sight shocked me, and a feeling of total nauseating disintegration pervaded me. I turned and fled back down the cobblestone path. I wanted refuge from the world to cloak the slow disintegration which my father's phantasmal voice brought on, but not with such a creature as this.

When I reached the sidewalk, I noticed the asylum directly across the street. It struck me as perversely odd, but unintentionally symbolic. "How ironic," I reflected, "that the asylum should be just across the street from the convent." But then, maybe it wasn't as ironic as it first seemed. It took me only a moment to decide. Then I crossed the street.

A Road

First Prize Poetry Contest

A road may lead to anywhere
For those who choose to roam.
A road may lead to happiness
'Mid countrysides unknown.

To grasses green; to mountains high;
Past sparkling, rippling streams.
Perhaps to life's eternal goal—
Fulfillment of our dreams.

A road may lead to cities great
With palace, tower, and dome,
But every man is king, you know,
When on the road to home.

ROBBIE CROMAR. '50

The Influence of the Electra Legend Upon Modern Literature Throughout the Ages

BY BETTY TIPTON, '49

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following has been condensed from Miss Tipton's Honor Course Paper in English. A most interesting topic has been well handled and Miss Tipton has gained our highest respect.

THE story of Electra was part of an ancient legend of Greece. After the Trojan War when Agamemnon reached home, he was slain by Clytemnestra and her lover, Aegisthus. Electra, the daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, loved her father passionately. When her mother and Aegisthus killed him, she became obsessed with hatred for them, and years later persuaded Orestes, her brother, to murder their father's slayers. She became one of the favorite characters, both of the Greek drama and of modern plays.

Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides each wrote a drama using the Electra theme. These plays were written about 450 B. C., but no one knows the exact date of any one of them or even which of the three was written first.

Electra is the central figure in "The Libation Bearers," which is the middle play of the Agamemnon trilogy, called "The Orestium," considered Aeschylus's masterpiece. In the first play of the trilogy Agamemnon returns home and is murdered by his wife and her lover, Aegisthus. In the second play, "The Libation Bearers" Electra and her brother, Orestes, wreak vengeance upon the guilty pair. In the concluding play of the trilogy, called "The Furies", Orestes is punished for his dreadful crime of matricide.

The scene of "The Libation Bearers" was set in front of Agamemnon's tomb, several years after his death. Here Electra and her brother make plans to avenge their

father's death by killing his murderers. When Aegisthus appears, Orestes discards his disguise, drives his enemy from the stage, and kills him. Then, Orestes tells his mother who he is and what he has done. He declares his intent to kill her, also. She pleads for mercy:

"Fate bore a share in all these things
my child."

Nevertheless, he drives her from the stage and kills her. Orestes says justice has been done. But immediately, as the chorus has foretold, the Furies come, and these "hounds from hell" take charge of Orestes.

Sophocles' "Electra" is not his masterpiece, but it is one of his finest plays. Euripides' "Electra" is very different from those of his predecessors, and was not as popular, possibly because it is modern. Euripides also brings about an illogically happy ending.

In 1527 A. D., about two thousand years later, during the Italian Renaissance, Martelli wrote a play called "Tullia." It combined the Electra legend with the Tullia legend. A century and a half later during the French Renaissance, Racine wrote a tragedy called "Electra." Other French writers used the legend as a basis for their plays. Among them were Crebillon and Longpierre. In the latter part of the eighteenth century two successful plays based on Sophocles' "Electra" were written, one by Voltaire (1750), and one by Alfieri (1783). In 1907, Alfred Poizat wrote a tragedy in the modern mood, called "Electra." In 1901 in Madrid, Benito Perez Galden (a Spaniard) presented a tragedy called "Electra." It was a success, and it was revived in 1911. Since World War II, Jean-Paul Sartre, one of the leading French

writers of today, has written a play based on the Electra legend. He called it "The Flies". In this tragedy Saltre was influenced by O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra," and by the existentialist movement in contemporary French thought.

One of the most outstanding modern plays based on the Electra theme is a one-act tragedy written by Hugo Von Hofmannsthal (1872-1929), an Austrian. His "Elektra," which is written in a rather realistic style, was successfully given as an opera in Berlin in 1903.

In 1931, Eugene Gladstone O'Neill, one of our leading American dramatists, used the Electra legend as the basis for one of his most popular dramas, "Mourning Becomes Electra," which treats the theme in a modern way, portrays a conflict between mother and daughter over the same man—the mother's lover. In this play, O'Neill uses the form of Aeschylus' Agamemnon trilogy. Each part corresponds somewhat to its counterpart in "The Orestium". Part one, "The Homecoming," deals with the murder of a Civil War hero by his wife. Part two, "The Hunted," deals with the revenge, in which the dead man's children kill their mother's lover and drive their mother to suicide. Part three, "The Haunted," shows the punishment of the children. The son kills himself because of remorse, and the daughter shuts herself up with the family ghosts.

O'Neill departs from Greek traditions in his play. It lasts five hours, whereas one part of the average Greek trilogy was over within a much shorter time. He uses elaborate modern stage settings, costumes, and lights, whereas the Greeks used almost none. He writes in modern prose whereas the Greeks wrote in verse. And he Americanized it by giving it an American setting. On the surface it seems that nothing remains of the Electra legend but the title. However, by examining closely the cast of characters, one finds that the Greek characters are only masked with American names. Brigadier-General Ezra Mannon is Agamemnon, Christine, his wife, is Clytemnestra. Captain Adam Brent is Aegisthus but not as cowardly as his Greek counterpart. Orin, the weakest character is Orestes.

Lavinia is Electra, the true heroine of the whole trilogy, and her name means electricity.

From the first scene of "The Homecoming" the conflict between the mother and daughter is seen. Although Christine and Lavinia are fundamentally alike, they appear different for a time. Past forty, Christine is still beautiful and physically desirable. Lavinia has the same dignified height, fine figure, and striking coloring as her mother, but she conceals her beauty by dressing drably. She appears flat-chested and older than her twenty-six years, and her military manner, copied from her father, makes her unattractive. The two women have never loved each other, and now the men in their lives have made them despise each other. Ever since her wedding night, Christine has hated her husband, but Lavinia is passionately devoted to her father.

O'Neill parallels the Atreus legend when he gives Captain Brent an avenging motive. His father was David, the elder brother of Ezra Mannon. Adam's mother was a French Canadian nurse in the Mannon home. Both Ezra's brother and his father loved her. When the son won her, Lavinia's grandfather threw them out. After David died, his widow starved to death while Adams was at sea. She had appealed to Ezra for help, but he had declined. Adam feels that Ezra murdered his mother; hence he wishes to fight Ezra. But Christine persuades him that it would be better to poison him secretly, and thus avoid punishment. Adam furnishes her the fatal dose.

Ezra returns to try to regain his wife's love, but he disgusts her, and she tells him about Adam. This brings on a heart attack as Christine had hoped. Instead of the medicine for which he begs, she poisons him. Too late he realizes what has happened and calls Lavinia. Christine faints and her daughter finds the fatal bottle. She ends the first part of the play with an agonized cry:

"Father! Don't leave me alone! Come back to me!

Tell me what to do!"

Two days later "The Hunted" begins.

Continued on page 23

Rain

Second Prize Poetry Contest

I hear the patter of the rain
Upon my window sill;
It sings a little tune to me
When everything is still.

It sounds so very happy
As it taps the hours away,
It sings to me of sunshine,
Of a brighter, sweeter day.

It falls upon each blade of grass,
Each flower, plant and tree.
It makes the world take on a look
Of fresh new life to me.

PHYLLIS DOSS, '51

One Wish

Second Prize Poetry Contest

If I could have but one wish,
Oh, what would that wish be—
For strength to face the trials
And temptations placed on me?

Or would I wish for knowledge?
'Tis something I can keep.
But then, what good is knowledge
In that eternal sleep?

Perhaps I'd wish for happiness
For all the long years through.
But that would be too selfish,
Not to wish for others, too.

I fear 'tis none of these,
Could satisfy my need.
My wish would be that every day
I'd do a golden deed.

A deed that makes life richer
For someone else, you see,
Would make some life seem brighter—
And bring deep joy to me.

PHYLLIS DOSS, '51

AND

Skel

Ve



Those last exams We had to pass
And how we burned the midnight gas!
We crammed like mad, and things went well,
But how we did it, we'll never tell!



Down came the pennants, favors, flower
That whispered of past lovely hours,
And as we packed, we knew just why
We almost seemed to want to cry.

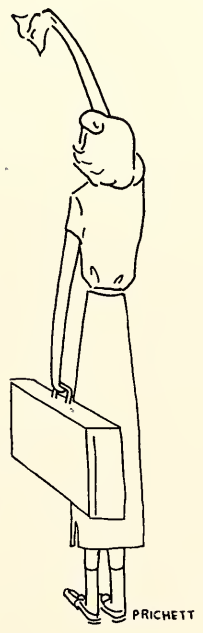
WAS

HETT
HIE

We felt so proud at last to stand
With our diploma in our hand.
This senior class of S. T. C.
We were the last—and proud to be.



The last goodbys, a few sad tears,
For gone now are our College years—
But we await with eagerness
Our new life, and our happiness.



PRICHETT

Open Your Eyes

BY JANE SMITH, '50

WHAT IS art for? From the earliest time gifted individuals all over the world have expressed themselves through tangible forms which we call art. And what would life be like without our pictures, buildings, pottery, music, drama, poetry and dance? Works of art have been and always will be essential to man's well-being. Most of us understand and believe what we read in print, but some of us see very little directly with our eyes. Art opens our eyes. Try looking at a picture. Is it just subject matter? Or does it create a mood or some other reaction in you? Notice the varied colors: there are both darks and lights; there is also repetition of line direction. Note the various sizes and shapes in the picture. Each of these is essential.

All of these factors are means which a painter may use to express his ideas and give them unity. Unity holds the parts of a picture together, and at the same time allows for a variety so as to relieve the monotony of shape and color. Emphasis, also, makes for unity as can be seen in any painting of a Madonna and Child. You will notice the varied colors, each is important only in bringing out the Madonna. Some may have a dark background with the halos of the Madonna and Child light to make them stand out—to show their holiness. If you examine closely, you will see that the line direction of the Mother's halo

and shoulder may be the same, and still farther down, the folds in her gown repeat the line of the babe in her arms. This "strange holiness" is what the artist means to open your eyes to.

A picture familiar to each of us is Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." Here blue is the predominant color. (Gainsborough painted this on a wager to prove to one of his colleagues that blue is more than a background color.) Even though blue dominates the picture, it is not monotonous, because there are so many shades and tints intermingled. The artist has repeated the lines in the shoulder, the hat, the trees in the background, etc. Thus, he has used these elements to create unity through emphasis, repetition, contrast and variation.

Paintings in the early western world were used in the churches for religious expression. They were often done in series, some telling stories of certain people's deeds—the lives of the disciples, groups of saints, etc. Later royalty and wealthy families employed artists to paint individual and family portraits. Soon the various industries hired artists to paint group portraits of their officials and apprentices. As the rise of the merchant class increased, pictures were desired in private homes. So art today still serves its purpose, even in the private homes of all of us.

Evening's Plea

3rd Prize Poetry Contest

The night is still except for crickets cry;
The air is cold, and night hawks skim the sky.
Stars push their way through fading clouds to say,
Earth, stay awake! Dawn soon will bring the day.

The drowsy brook sleeps restless 'neath the trees;
The rustling leaves sway gently in the breeze;
The icy moon is silver in the sky.
Earth, stay awake! It is too soon to die.

DOROTHY DOUTT, '50

RIVER LEGEND

BY EDITH DUMA, '51

ONE OF the oldest traditions at State Teachers College is its annual May Day Pageant. The themes of these May Day productions have ranged from the presentation of ancient fairy tales and legends to the depicting of the customs of other nations such as Russia and Latin America.

River Legend, this year's theme, traces the winding course of the James River across Virginia. The river theme was chosen this year because of the great part the James has played, not only in the history of Virginia, but in the history of the nation.

Two modern dance groups, composed of old and new students of the dance, portray the river in all its aspects. The first group, by its series of tiny runs and whirls, shows the green foaming waters of the Jackson River as it comes tumbling down through the Alleghany Mountains. On its way, it is joined by the dawdling waters of the blue Cowpasture, and from there the two move on as one mighty stream, the James River. This stream can easily be identified as it enters the picture, for the dance movements consist of high leaps and extensions instead of tiny movements. As it approaches the pastures and grasslands, the river quiets itself until it becomes a smooth flowing stream.



They solemnly march in a circle—



Dances set the tempo

As the pageant continues to unfold, brave pioneer men in their fringed shirts stalk boldly into the sacred grounds of the Indians and beckon to the timid women to follow. The women come fluttering behind them, hoping all is safe, but suddenly an arrow is discovered! Immediately there is great excitement. Some of the women run in various directions; some stand transfixed; others summon the men. The men, fearing for their lives, strive desperately to take the frenzied women to safety.

As the last settler flees, an Indian suddenly appears creeping through the grass, then another, and another, until finally with one blood-curdling scream, they leap into the air. Holding their arrows aloft, the Indians, bright with war paint, solemnly march in a circle. With leaps, falls, and horrible screams, they demonstrate their hatred of the white man's intrusion into their hallowed land. Finally with a final scream of hatred, they leap in all directions to obtain their revenge. This wild upheaval is reflected in the second river motif. Swirling muddy-red waters break the calm blue of the smooth-flowing James. Immediately the entire river becomes one leaping, swirling flood through a series of repeated lifts and falls until finally with one last surge,

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Between

"What kind of girl is your roommate?"

"Well, last night she stubbed her toe and said, 'Oh, the perversity of inanimate objects.'"

* * *

Prof.: "Illustrate the use of the coordinate conjunction."

Student: "I saw the goat butt the boy. But is the coordinate conjunction connecting the boy and the goat."

* * *

"Just what good have you done for humanity?" asked the judge before passing sentence on the pickpocket.

"Well," said the confirmed criminal, "I've kept three or four detectives working regularly."

* * *

June: "I don't intend to be married until I'm 30."

Joan: "I don't intend to be 30 until I'm married."

* * *

Parson: "You asked me to pray for Annabelle last Sunday, George. Do you want me to repeat the same prayer this week?"

George: "No thanks. Annabelle won last Monday at 9 to 1."

Bobby had a hard time pronouncing the letter "R", so the teacher gave him this sentence to learn: "Robert gave Richard a rap in the rib for roasting the rabbit so rare."

A few days later she asked Bobby to repeat the sentence.

He rose and said, "Bob gave Dick a poke in the side for not cooking the bunny enough."

* * *

A conversation between two Longwood girls:

"Will your parents be surprised when you graduate?"

"Oh no. They've been expecting it for several years now."

* * *

Conscience is that still small voice that doesn't stop us.

* * *

The difference between kissing Aunt Rachel and your best girl is about sixty seconds.

* * *

"Papa, should I take Junior to the zoo tomorrow?"

"Absolutely not. If the zoo wants him, let them come and get him."

e Columns

"I'll bet you wouldn't marry me," he said.

She called the bet and raised him five.

* * *

It must be Spring: We saw a Scotsman
throwing away his Christmas tree the
other day.

* * *

Customer: "Could I try on that suit in
the window?"

Clerk: "We'd rather you'd use the dress-
ing room."

* * *

Son: "Father, why was Adam made
first?"

Father: "To give him a chance to say
a few words."

* * *

I think that I shall never see
The dollar that I loaned to thee.
A dollar that I could have spent,
For varied forms of merriment,
The one I loaned so gladly
The same which I now need so badly.
For whose return I had great hope,
Just like an optimistic dope;
For dollars loaned to folks like thee,
Are not returned to fools like me.

Prof.: "What tense is this verb?"

Student: "I certainly would like to tell
you but I think it would do you more good
if you look it up yourself."

* * *

An old maid is like a fisherman—they
both tell about the ones that got away.

* * *

"What is a snuff manufacturer?"

"A man who goes around putting his
business in other people's noses."

* * *

A husband is the kind of man
Who drives me to a rage;
He can't recall my birthday
But he always knows my age.

* * *

Prof.: "How does the moon affect the
tide?"

Student: "It doesn't. Only the untied."

* * *

Tact is when a woman proposes to a man
in such a way that he thinks he did it him-
self.

* * *

Rodney: "Dad, the teacher told us about
the evil spirits entering the swine."

Dad: "Yes, son, any questions?"

Rod: "Is that the way they got the first
devil'd ham?"

OVER THE LIMIT

BY RUTH RADOGNA, '49

QUAIL were scarce that fall. Most of the old-timers in the valley, including Warden Tickie himself, weren't hunting at all this season. They were giving the birds a chance. It was an unspoken gentleman's agreement.

Pa Holland, who had always been the county's greatest hunter, managed to keep this agreement, too, for a while, but by December he couldn't deny any longer himself the sound of a shot. After several days of strolling in the woods with Joe, his pointer, and locating all the coveys, he could stand it no longer. He openly shouldered his old single-barreled gun and took off to the hunting grounds. Up and down the fields he strolled, excitedly shooting at every quail that came in his sight. Always, he just stood as he missed each one and said, "I could have got that one if—"

With longing eyes Pa watched the birds out of sight and whistled to old Joe to heel. The dog suddenly took on new life, and began barking and wagging his tail. They couldn't go home now. There were always birds in this hollow. Pa sighed a little and pushed on down the hill. He couldn't say no. Seeing your dog pleased is part of hunting.

Joe stood another covey, and Pa Holland shot twice into them. The birds wheeled unhit and sailed low along the curve of the hillside. Two shots boomed on the hillside beyond Pa, and he saw the birds jolt in mid-air and drop. Old Joe yelped and started out across the creek after them.

Pa looked back up the hill and saw a big square-set man in a red hunting jacket.

"Good shot, Son!" called the old man. "Stranger here, ain't 'cha?"

"Yeah."

"Jet Holland's the name. Always glad to welcome newcomers."

"Howell's the name. Them two birds are mine, ole fellow."

"Sure are, Son. You take 'em. You're hunting a mighty lame dog, ain't 'cha, Son? Looks like he's been peppered bad."

"Shot him this morning for dragging tail on me," he said impatiently. "Only way to train him. Gotta teach him some way. Hasn't been any good all day."

"My dog is pretty good. Why don't you leave your dog here and hunt the creek bed with me and Joe?"

"Well—I guess it'll be O. K. I'll give you a dollar an hour. Only, you get what you kill, and I get what I kill. I only have eleven now."

"That's O. K. with me, stranger. I'm glad to do it free, but you know twelve's the limit around here, don't 'cha?"

"Yeah! You ain't a warden, are you?"

"No, no! Don't believe in wardens! Come on! Let's get started. It's gettin' late."

The stranger tied his dog to a willow, and the two men walked in silence up the creek bed, pausing only when Joe stopped. After what seemed to be hours Joe spotted a covey. He froze into a statue as the covey took flight. Pa shot three times, and the birds skimmed on. Then the stranger pivoted and shot twice more. The birds fell. It was beautiful shooting.

"Of course," said Pa, trying to give the stranger some excuse for being such a poor shot, but to no avail.

"Come on," interrupted the stranger rudely, "I only have fourteen."

"Let's rest here on this log a few minutes."

"Fine. What's the matter. Ole Timer? Can't 'cha take it?" replied Howell, spreading the birds out at their feet. "What happened to 'em this year anyway?" he asked. "I was down here in '39 with a party of

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Puerto Rico's Jose Ferrer

BY JEAN CAKE, '49

AMONG the outstanding Puerto Ricans of our time is Jose Vincente Ferrer Otero y Cintron, a dramatic phenomenon who is conquering the theater from the classic field to farce as no one has done since John Barrymore.

Jose Ferrer first achieved stardom in a revival of "Charley's Aunt", the grandmother of all low farces, and from there made a breath-taking leap into the role of Iago in the Shakespearean tragedy, "Othello". Ferrer's Iago was hailed as the best performance of 1943-44, with this production of "Othello" completely shattering all Shakespearean records with a 600 performance stint in New York and on the road.

As producer-star of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, he plays what is perhaps the juiciest role in the theater. His presentation of this old classic was a solid smash. He runs the gamut from ardor to zeal, with side excursions into swashbuckling heroics, whimsey, tragedy, and pure, unrequited love.

Oscar Hammerstein II states his sentiments thus: "Jose Ferrer is a young man who can scare the life out of you, with his Iago, double you up with laughter as Charley's Aunt, and choke you with tears as *Cyrano*. He's a handy man to have around the theater."

Now that the theater has found out what a usable actor is this Ferrer, he is making his screen debut in the RKO picture, "Joan of Arc". The chances are that he'll be just as durable on the screen as on the stage, for his role as the Dauphin of France has won him enormous acclaim Shakespearean records with a 600-perfrom critics and theater-goers alike. Up until "Joan of Arc," he regarded the movies with indifference. He was the first actor to be offered the leading role in "Lost

Weekend," but he casually rejected it. Without benefit of movies or radio, Ferrer has built up a remarkable national following. One of the few Broadway actors who enjoys trouping, he will go anywhere the customers show a lovely disposition to throw money at the man in the box office.

Ferrer tries to represent his family as common folks, but he was born into a patrician life at Santurce, Puerto Rico. He was educated in the States and in Switzerland. Entering Princeton in 1928, he ignored his intellectual equals and became the lead dog in a fast pack of campus plutocrats who looked down their flasks at such dull fellows as these. A good pianist, he organized a dance band that was in demand at debutante parties in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington.

Today Ferrer is fluent in four languages, but his working vocabulary is definitely Broadwayese. A statement from New York switchboard operators gives Jose the distinction of having the smoothest and most charming telephone voice in the city.

Ferrer is an animated violation of all the specifications the theater has established for actors that receive such extravagant acclaim as he. He is probably the worst dressed man in America in his income bracket. His sloppy posture suggests a tired postman, and his features appear to have been arranged as a careless afterthought. Refusing to study alone, Ferrer learns his lines at the last possible moment by reading them over and over to someone—"preferably a pretty girl."

Yet stating the proposition simply, Jose Ferrer today is probably the best, and certainly the most versatile, actor on the American stage. He's the youngest actor-producer-director in the business. Realistic

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Have You Read These?

THE GOD-SEEKER

As Reviewed By
SARA CREGER, '52

THE GOD-SEEKER is a stirring story of the birth and early growth of Minnesota. As a historical novel, it is authentic in its historical data.

The God-Seeker, Aaron Gadd, a consecrated young Vermonter of the Congregational Church, is raised on the strict rules of the Congregationalists. Consequently, according to Mr. Lewis, he develops a narrow idea of God, the soul, and salvation.

In the year 1848, Aaron, laying aside his worldly ambition to become a carpenter, goes to Minnesota to become a missionary among the Chippewas and the Sioux Indians. He does not realize that this "heathenish frontier" is peaceful compared to the East with its unrest over abolition.

At length Aaron settles at the mission of Squire Harge, an intolerant preacher who has not been successful in his attempts to convert the Indians. Harge preaches against smoking, drinking, and gambling, and spits tobacco juice all in the same breath. Luckily, Aaron soon makes friends with some of the Indians, a thing the Squire had never been able to do: he had always been too busy "converting" the Indians. It is through his contacts with these un-Christian, filthy Indians, that Aaron finds a new understanding of God. The Indians say that God dwells not only in the dark, hot, square churches, but that He dwells everywhere—in the quiet forests and on the open prairie. They say, also, that one can reach God without hours of tortured worship and self-denial—that one can reach

Him while working, while hunting, and even while playing. The Indian does not understand—in order for him to become a Christian, he must sit for hours listening to Squire Harge shout and moan.

Still bewildered at this new learning, Aaron leaves the mission and goes to St. Paul, then a settlement of less than sixty people. There he marries Selene Lanark, the half-breed daughter of a powerful French-Canadian trader. Eventually he becomes a successful builder and contractor, and one of the leading citizens of St. Paul, which by 1855 has a population of twelve thousand.

Mr. Lewis very aptly expresses the Indians' cynical and condescending attitude toward the white man. He thinks that the Indians were more Christ-like before they were exposed to Christian civilization than they were afterwards.

The God-Seeker is not just a novel about a man, but it is the story of a territory, a state, and of a growing nation.

CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN

As Reviewed By
NED ORANGE

CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN, as written by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey, is a remarkable resemblance to the old favorite, *Life With Father* by Clarence Day. Any one who enjoyed the humorous family episodes so vividly and lovingly portrayed by Mr. Day, is certain to take delight in this hilarious treatment of life in a more modern American family. The conscientious reader

HAVE YOU READ THESE?

will become so involved in this galaxy of merry-making that he will think of himself as a red-headed, freckled faced child in the Gilbreth household.

The business world knew Frank Bunker and Lillian Moller Gilbreth as industrial engineers—pioneers in motion study and scientific management. The domestic world knew them as Dad Gilbreth, who reared only twelve children, and Mother Gilbreth, who reared twelve *only* children. Mr. Gilbreth was so certain that anything that he and his wife did would be a success that immediately following their wedding, a mutual agreement was reached whereby the future Gilbreth family would include one dozen children.

Had Frank Gilbreth confined his studies and applications of efficiency methods to the business world, there would have been no story. Fortunately, however, these activities did not terminate there, but were transferred not only to his personal habits, but also to the activities of his family. To say that the reason for this transfer grew out of love for his work would be true, but incomplete. There was the dire necessity for efficiency in a home if one was to rear twelve children.

Mr. Gilbreth's personal habits were models of efficiency. He buttoned his vest from the bottom up, instead of from the top down, because the former method saved four seconds. The use of two shaving brushes was found to save exactly seventeen seconds each morning. He ventured so far as to use two razors. This saved forty-four seconds, but the injuries inflicted and the consequent need for bandages wasted more time than was saved.

All activities about the home were on a strict business basis. Important financial expenditures had to be approved by the house council, which consisted of all members of the family. The meetings of the council were not conducted in a helter-skelter fashion, but were led in strict parliamentary procedure with Mr. Gilbreth presiding. Doing odd jobs furnished the young Gilbreths with spending money. It would seem apparent that the problem—which of the twelve would get what jobs, would be tremendous; this, however, was

not the case, for each of the Gilbreths made a sealed bid for the job, the lowest bidder getting the contract.

The family car, dubbed the "Foolish Carriage," was of the Brobdingnagian species. Such a car was necessary to accommodate the Gilbreth family. This Gargantua of the highway, as it passed through cities and villages, caused a stir equalled only by a circus parade. "I seen twelve of them, not counting the man and woman," someone would shout from the sidewalk. "They come cheaper by the dozen, you know," Mr. Gilbreth would reply genially.

So the Gilbreths went merrily through 'life, setting precedents in their own daily activities that were to revolutionize the business, industrial, and family world.

QUESTIONS

- A** Diverse in prominence, yet alike in taste, On each an apostle his name has placed.
- B** Enclosed by two comparatives of "mellow" Unscramble "chum", here underlined in yellow.
- C** Where the Amazon and rubber meet you locate me, Hood, McKinley or Rainier completes my picture, see?

Answers and names of winners will be available at magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

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.
6. All answers belong the property of Chesterfield.
7. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The word "milder" appears twice in the ad in red letters, and the word "mild" (two-thirds of "milder") appears in white letters. They all explain why Chesterfield is right.
- B** Four eyes (Darnell's and Griffin's) are the same in color and shape, but not in fame, since Linda Darnell's are much more famous.
- C** The pearl earrings worn by Linda Darnell.
WINNERS...

CHESTERFIELD CONTEST WINNERS—Sara Cregar, Betsy Carper, Frances Cregar, Jimmy Thompson, Patsy Kimbrough, Jane Williams, Norma Roudy, Marjorie Boswick, Judy Hughes, Cab Overbey.

If I Were Courageous

BY PAGE BURNETTE, '50

IF I WAS courageous, I should aspire to be a humorous writer. I should like to do my part to keep the American people laughing. I do not want to have them continually "rolling in the aisles," but I would like to see them chuckle at a quotation from my pen.

If I were brave enough, I should like to try to excel Gelett Burgess' famous "Purple Cow" quatrain:

"I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one."

I should like to equal Dorothy Parker's satirical wit, and write a monologue that would dance on through the ages after "The Waltz" "sits this one out." I should like to write a limerick that would be quoted as much as Carolyn Wells' famous one about the man named Tate who had a date and ate at his tete-a-tete at eight. I wish I had the nerve to try to equal Lewis Carroll's "Jabberwocky." I would like to be as humorous as Mark Twain and write of a jumping frog from my own county. I would love to equal Bret Harte's satire on "Maude Muller" and say "It is, but hadn't oughta be." I would like to give Artemus Ward, Bill Nye, Josh Billings, and Benjamin Franklin a run for their money. I would like to ramble on even further than Robert Benchley and spend as long as I like in my own "quandry." If I were endowed with bravery, I would write nonsense verses as much as Ogden Nash does. It would please me to be able to equal "The Duck."

"Behold the duck.
It does not cluck.
A cluck it lacks.
It quacks.
It is particularly fond
Of a puddle or pond;
And when it dines or sups,
It bottoms up."

All of these things are not possible, because I am not courageous. I am an English major. I must accept my fate, maintain my long face, and delve into the serious literature of men who seldom smiled. I must listen for the quote of Poe's "Raven," and go into the woods and swamps and by the rivers with Lanier, not fearing mosquito bites or damp feet. I travel to New Orleans with Cable and hear the Creole stories, and then I move on to New England with Lowell and Whittier. With Robert Frost I train my horses to stop by the woods on a snowy evening and observe nature. I must tune my ear to the city life and its hum in Sandburg's "Chicago." With Walt Whitman I listen for the song of America. (All I can hear is hot dogs, cokes, politics, movie stars, and "super suds, super suds, lots more suds with super suds!")

I reconcile myself to observing nature with Wadsworth. With Gray I sit in my rocking chair and hear the "curfew toll the knell of parting day" and watch "the lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea." For love of beautiful verses I read Byron, Keats and Shelley (and for adventure, I read their lives). I mourn with Tennyson in "In Memoriam," but I know "it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." At "Locksley Hall" I learned about a "young man's fancy," but I could get the same knowledge in the Recreation Hall. I look at Browning's "Last Duchess" on the wall and I gaze in wonder at his star "that dartles the red and the blue." I sing along with Pippa, "God's in his heaven—all's right with the world." But all is not right in my world.

If I were courageous, I would turn aside from philosophic and awe-inspired literature to the light and humorous kind that stirs my own peculiar soul. Others may think I am not in my right mind, and per-

haps I am not. But it would be more fun this way. I can enjoy anything from the most subtle and hidden humor to the "hoss-laugh" provoking variety. Of course I dare not indulge, because I am not brave enough. As a major in English, I pursue with serious attentiveness the literature of the great masters. If I were only courageous, what fun I could have! Well, Shakespeare, here I come.

Influence of the Electra Legend

Continued from page 10

Orin returns as an army officer recovering from a wound in battle followed by brain fever. The conflict is continued as both mother and daughter try to enlist him as an ally. He is confused, but he adores his mother, who has always babied him, and hates his father, though he respects him as a fellow-soldier. And he loves his sister, though he resents the fact that she dictates to him.

Finally Lavinia persuades him to pursue their mother on a supposed trip to New York. The trail leads them to Adam's ship. When Orin sees his mother in Adam's arms, he is possessed with a jealous passion, and after his mother leaves, he kills Adam at his sister's instruction. They make it appear as if robbers have committed the crime, and depart. When they return home and tell their mother what they have done, she takes her own life. Orin is overcome with remorse, but Lavinia calls it "justice."

"The Haunted" begins a year later. Lavinia and Orin have taken a trip to the South Sea Islands, where Lavinia has taken Orin to make him forget the family crimes as she is trying to do. However, he continues to brood, and Lavinia also changes. Now she looks and dresses as her mother did—and she wishes for love.

After the brother and sister return home, Lavinia becomes engaged to her childhood sweetheart, Peter. She then attempts to have Orin marry Peter's sister, but he refuses because of his mental condition, although he retains some of his childhood fondness for Hazel. Eventually Lavinia finds that Orin has written down all of the family crimes. In order to prevent him from giving them to his sweetheart, she

agrees to do anything he wishes. He says she is in her mother's place, and he is in his father's; therefore, he suggests they complete their career of crime by indulging in incest. His type of masculinity repels her! She will not commit this crime, and he decides that suicide will enable him to appease his mother's spirit. She does not interfere.

After Orin is buried, Lavinia decides to forget the past and marry her sweetheart. Realizing that she cannot bring him happiness, she rejects him for the Mannon ghosts. Reminiscences of the Furies of the Atreus legend pervade her concluding speech:

"I'm not going the way Mother and Orin went. That's escaping punishment. And there's no one left to punish me. I'm the last Mannon. I've got to punish myself! Living alone here with the dead is a worse act of justice than death or prison! I'll never go out or see anyone! I'll have the shutters nailed closed so no sunlight can ever get in. I'll live alone with the dead, and keep their secrets, and let them hound me, until the curse is paid out and the last Mannon is let die."

In 1947, "Mourning Becomes Electra" was made into a motion picture. Some of the best actors of Hollywood gave commendable performances in it. Elaborate costumes and settings made it a costly production. Even so, it is gloomy for a moving picture. But it is exactly like the play with a few minor changes. And so, in the form of a movie, the Electra legend is being brought to people all over the world.

FARMVILLE CREAMERY INC.

Manufacturers of Dairy Products

MILK a health food

BUTTER best spread for bread

ICE CREAM not only a food
but a desert that is good, cheap and healthy

PHONE 55

Over the Limit

Continued from page 18

three and got two hundred birds in three days."

But Pa was too startled to answer this question. There standing before them was Warden Tickie! With a rather guilty expression Pa made slight introductions. They were acknowledged in the same manner.

"Got a pretty good batch today didn't 'cha, stranger?" said Warden Tickie, still eyeing Pa in a peculiar way.

"Yeah! We just got fourteen between us. Two for Pa and twelve for me. Twelve's the limit you know," replied Howell, shifting two of the birds farther over to Pa's side of the log.

The warden, with a still more puzzled expression on his face, picked up Pa's gun and fired at the two birds at Pa's feet. Not a feather moved as the gun roared. His expression changed from puzzlement to joy and then to disgust. He turned to the stranger and said, "I'm taking your license for the season, Mister Howell. You took over the limit. Everyone around here knows Pa shoots blanks this year and hunts in his head just to give the birds a chance.

Puerto Rico's Jose Ferrer

Continued from page 19

about his career, Jose plays the classics, because in his opinion they offer the only meaty roles in the theater. Although he'd like to, he can't find a modern play to suit him. "They're too easy," he says; "there's no intellectual challenge in them." On the other hand, he not a long-haired genius who believes only in "art for art's sake." He is interested also in seeing the seats crowded with satisfied customers.

COLLINS FLORIST
Everything Fresh In Flowers
 Phone 181 Day Phone 4 Night

Martin the Jeweler
Will Appreciate Your Business

River Legend

Continued from page 15

the river leaps and gradually becomes the quiet, tranquil James again.

As the river rolls on, lazy carefree Negroes slowly amble to the fields to hoe the corn. With a few quick hoeing movements, but with many more lazy strokes, they hoe the field until they hear the Negro women coming to pick in the tobacco fields. Slowly they turn and watch their women come strutting into the fields in their brightly colored dresses. The women perform a lively, rhythmic movement, as they pick the leaves off the tobacco plants and strut along to shake out the leaves piled high in their aprons. All work lazily and peacefully until the blaring whistle of the horse-drawn barge breaks the calm. A barge is docking to unload its wares. As the anchor is thrown, the workers hurry to the landing to see the excitement. All is hustle and bustle while the bargemen lift the heavy crates, barrels and bales. Finally all is unloaded, and the workers idle home as the barge and river move on.

The river calmly sweeps onward until it gently laps the banks of a green expanse fronting an old ancestral home. Here on the broad lawn, gracious ladies of the Old Dominion dance the stately minuet, which sets the mood and tempo for the rest of the pageant, made up of dances—squares, rounds, and running sets—typical of yesterday, today, and tomorrow. The last thought of the river, homage to womanhood and enjoyment of life, is portrayed pleasantly and leisurely.



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