11-1949

The Colonnade, Volume Xll Number 1, November 1949

Longwood University

THE COLONNADE

November 1949

LONGWOOD COLLEGE


So Mild-
and they
Taste
so good!
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC
BLEND
CIGARETTES
Camels

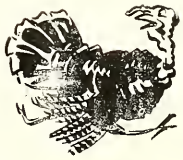
The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Vol. XII | November, 1949 | Nov. 1

Table of Contents



From Across the Desk . . . .

We could not help but overhear some Longwood students ask the other day: "What's happened to the old school spirit?" This was quite startling and we felt that these few people were not only lacking in school sprit, but also did not know where or how to find it.

For many years this college has been known for its warmth and friendliness. All who come here, whether as students or as visitors, leave with a richer feeling, a feeling of being a part of something worthwhile and wonderful. The spirit of Longwood students has been, is, and will always be distinctive.

We noticed at the hockey game last week that school spirit was high and was emotionally expressed through cheers, yells, and songs. Those of you who dare to say that there is no school spirit had better trot down to some of the competitive games. You will then see for yourself that this same school spirit that you deny has already crept onto the athletic field — finding its place in each student. When you leave here, look around the entire college. See for yourself that this same spirit is prevalent not only on the campus, but in the classroom, in the social meetings, and in the hearts and souls of the students themselves. All undertakings launched by the college are successful only through your willingness to co-operate and accept responsibilities — through your school spirit.

And so we ask: "Have you the Longwood school spirit?"

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Member
Associated Collegiate Press

O'HARA

NANCY JEFFREYS, 1952

First Prize Winner Short Story Contest

IT was the month of June . . . Spoon . . . . Moon . . . Dune. O'Hara was sitting on the top of a sand dune. He was not even aware that sand dunes had tops or that he was sitting on one. He was thinking of horses, and the chestnut filly galloping along the beach. In his own mind, Mike Shane wasn't hunched over on her back with his feet in the stirrups. He was. He had his face in the wind and the foam spray against his bare knees like cool pinpricks that felt good. He couldn't decide whether he was the horse or the rider, or if there was any difference.

The small, wiry jockey, whose name was Mike Shane, dismounted in one leap. He took the reins of the horse and led him over to the dune where O'Hara was sitting. The boy jumped up to meet him .

"You were great today, Mr. Shane," he said. "Great!"

"Sure, sure, kid," Mike replied, and brushed a lock of grey hair from his forehead. "Banner is one fine piece of horseflesh."

"One fine piece of horse-flesh," O'Hara echoed, holding the words on his tongue, finding them brackish and yet wonderful. He could have found much better words to describe Banner, but he knew that real men never used those words except in their thoughts or talking to people like Mason or to no one.

He walked up and touched the sides of the great animal. "Banner," he thought, "I love you. I love you so."

"When can I ride him, Mr. Shane?" He had asked the big question. "I never rode a horse," he added, "I never rode a' tall—not a fine piece o' horse-flesh like Banner."

Mike creased the skin above his eyebrows "How do you know you can handle him?" he asked skeptically.

O'Hara beamed. "Oh, we'll get along fine," he said. There was no mistake about it.

Mike was accustomed to admiration from small boys. Before and after each race there was always a flock of them around the stable, asking questions about the horses, his exciting career as a trainer, and begging, sometimes scuffling on the sawdust in a fist-fight, to have the privilege of adjusting the feed-bag over Banner's mouth. He has seen all kinds of boys, some that he hoped he'd never see again, who thought it was fun to tickle a horse with a piece of straw and watch him sneeze. Banner had knocked one of them over with his head once, before the boy could do more than think of a devilish trick. The horse had a way of sensing his enemies and a false smile meant nothing to him.

He stood talking with O'Hara, and thinking that there was something different about the boy. There was none of the fat, cock-sure young animal about him. He seemed timid, yet he was not cowardly. He stood straight and looked straight, so that if anyone turned his eyes away, it was Mike. There was so much searching curiosity in that look that Mike turned away because he felt a little unworthy for such honest faith. When O'Hara asked about the horse Mike hesitated to give the usual answers, lest they fail to match the dream in the mind of the boy. But O'Hara seemed to take each ordinary word, roll it over in his brain, and have it come up coated with some finely-sifted gold-like substance that made it better than it was. He seemed to have been untouched by anything vulgar

"O'Hara, O'Hara"

or base, and, if so, that he had passed right by, too absorbed in something else to notice it.

He asked about Banner and where he was born, and where he lived, and what he did every day, as if he were talking about a person. Mike patiently explained Banner's habits to him, realizing that O'Hara could not be treated flippantly, or that there was no need for the protection of flippancy, because the boy did not know how to be unkind or sarcastic and had none of the other worldly vices that one needs grow protection for. He did not ask the usual question, such as how many miles Banner ran in a minute or how many races he had won, or how much money he had earned.

"How is it?" he asked—and then, as if to explain himself, "to race on top of everything?"

Mike thought a moment, looking down on the wisps of sand-colored hair that sheltered O'Hara and into the eyes that he had once only associated with the sky or the blue of a jockey's blouse.

"It's fine," he replied. "You'd like it." He hoped that perhaps by saying this, he could make O'Hara imagine how he would want it to be and thus answer his own question. For Mike was keen about interpreting other people's thoughts, but he found it rather difficult to express his own.

"I think it would be," O'Hara reflected with serious enthusiasm. "I think it would be."

Mike had an idea. He knew that this boy would not be satisfied with technical information about a horse, or about anything for that matter, and since he could not bring himself to give a vivid account of what the boy was so curious to understand he decided to offer a proposition that he'd never offered before, a choice privilege for any lad, yet, for O'Hara,it seemed only what was right and proper.

"Come on up in the saddle with me," he said, "and we'll turn about a bit and you can find out for yourself."

O'Hara's eyes widened until Mike thought that they could not possibly be any larger or bluer. "Hop to." he said, and quickly lifted O'Hara into the saddle."I'll get in front, like this," and he mounted with the agility of a man of twenty-five or less. O'Hara was astounded at hearing no bones crack, as he had often heard the bones of his father, and consequently had come to associate this with the silver hair and wrinkled skin of all aging gentlemen.

He sat straight in the saddle, and, as he had been told, held onto Mr. Shane, his hands almost, but not quite, meeting over the kind sir's stomach. It was the hardest stomach O'Hara had ever felt—having felt only his own, and many other great, soft, barrel-like ones, vicariously.

He had a strange new sensation of height, that when first experienced can be almost frightening in its ecstasy; a sudden, careless freedom that makes man wonder if he is not a bird, or taste for the first time the desire to be what he has never been, go where he has never gone. All seems possible in high places, and nothing is too small to look upon and love. The body of the horse, now beginning to move beneath him as Mike made a clucking sound with his tongue, seemed even more wonderful. They walked along at first, down to the hard, packed surface of the water's edge, and O'Hara looked down to see the bubbles of foam come up to the horse's ankles and wrap around them and slide back to sea.

"We'll have a run up the beach," Mike said, gathering the reins and looping them over his fingers. "Are you holding tight now?"

O'Hara tested his grip and found that he was firmly locked to Mr. Shane's invincible stomach, the strength and durability of which he was certain.

They started off in a slow, graceful canter. O'Hara saw the ground pass by beneath him and felt dizzy in his head. The wind swept his hair from his brow. He could not decide whether it was better to close his eyes or keep them open. There were many things to feel and see either way. He kept watching the horse's mane rise and fall like the waves, and he had a peculiar feeling that it was his mane. The feeling persisted and he encouraged it. He gripped her sides with his knees. He pressed so hard that he felt a part of her, and discovered that he could move when she

moved and not bounce at all. He gripped tighter and tighter and fell into the rhythm of the horse, breathing when she breathed, stretching when she stretched, until he forget his own small body and Mr. Shane before him, and every-thing outside his dream. For a few moments be became the horse. He only came back to himself when Mr. Shane slowed the horse to a walk and he found his body slapping against the saddle.

"How was it," Mike shouted goodnaturedly, "to be on top of everything?"

O'Hara had come to the surface of his dream now, between past happiness and present disillusionment. He was unable to speak. His brain was too busy entertaining delightful, innarticulate emotions. "It was fine," he said as Mike lifted him down onto the big dune. "It was fine."

Mike felt better about himself now, and knew that, like O'Hara, the greatest joy he had ever known would have no counterpart in words.

O'Hara thanked Mr. Shane and stood on the dune with his hands in his pockets, and watched him ride off down the beach out of sight. He dug his big toe into the sand. He wandered down to the water and rolled his breeches up to his knees, and let the cool water wrap around them as it had wrapped around the horse's. There was something troubling him, but he could not say what. He felt right in his stomach, although he had not eaten since breakfast. He started running up the beach, because standing still nothing pleased him. Everything seemed too balanced. He looked up and saw the sun in the middle of the sky. He shook his head as if to knock it loose, to knock the whole day loose, so that the water would come over the land, and the sun would roll down onto the beach. He wanted to run much faster than he was running now and not have to meet his father at the pier to pull in the nets. Then, he recognized a devil, as he had recognized him before, and ran even faster so that he might leave the devil behind on the sand to change into a flattened starfish and be washed out to the ocean.

When he reached the pier, his father had already laid the nets out and was standing with his thumbs in his belt, looking out to sea. O'Hara thought he was like a statue, more today than ever. There was always something grand and noble about his father that made him happy with pride just to look at him, and yet when his father looked down at him he could feel nothing but shame for his own inadequacy. But for a moment before he was noticed by his father, he enjoyed the looking.

"Pa!" he called, "What do you see?"

Angus recognized the presence of his only son with a stern glance in his direction, and a visible tightening of his muscles.

"The sea," he answered shortly. "Now what, my son, did you expect?"

"I thought perhaps a whale," O'Hara answered, "or a red dragon."

"Keep thinking those things", he replied, "and some-day your thoughts will get the better of you."

"And how is that?" O'Hara asked, not wishing to be impudent, but feeling happy and wanting to talk.

Angus did not smile. He did not even have a smile in his brain, as some people do and yet do not show it.

"Someday you will think of a whale and you will think so much that before you know it there ***will*** be a whale, and before you can think of something more practical, such as a gun or a harpoon, or even manly courage, the whale will have eaten you, bones and all."

O'Hara shuddered at the thought, but liked the idea of being able to think himself into a whale or anything else. He stood enjoying all aspects of the thought.

"Mind to!" his father called. "Come up here and shake a leg!"

O'Hara tucked the new thought into a safe place in his brain and came up the steps under the pier.

Angus tightened his muscles again and resolved to himself that he would be patient with this son of his dead wife, despite his strange and vagabond ways. He had often cursed his wife under his breath for daring to create a son so unlike the father and so like herself.

"Someday you will be a good fisherman too," he told his son. "Come, I shall give

Continued on page 17

RAT RACE

And rat day dawned—at 6 A. M.
We congregated in the gym.
With rat tails hanging from our backs
And 'toting books in shopping sacks,
Along with cigarettes and gum . . .
To Sophomores we'd then succumb,
And graciously give of our sum
To lordly Sophomores!

The day continued and we learned
That counting bricks could not be spurned,
Nor wiping smiles from off our faces,
Nor hunting in the oddest places
For our lost charm and dignity,
For sex appeal—where 'ere it be—
Behind a pillar or a tree
For mighty Sophomores!

But we kept on—and down we'd fall
As "air raid, Rats," rang through the hall;
We crawled around upon all fours
Obeying meekly the Sophs loud roars—
Till 6 P. M., when we became
A class of Freshmen. On to fame!
And proud we are to bear our name
Just like the Sophomores!

COME AWAY WITH ME

SUZANNE GIRARD

WOULD you like to come to France with me? If you do, I will take you to school and also we will pass the vacations together. But we must hurry, for those of you who are Seniors and Juniors will want to be there for the opening of the University where you will prepare for you "Licence de Lettres ou de Sciences" (M. A. or M. S.). In three or four years, if you work hard—and if you are lucky, you will have completed you degree.

I shall take you who are lower classmen to my old school. Freshmen, you will study for the first part of the baccalaureate degree; and Sophomores, you will be preparing for the second part of the baccalaureate degree. It is the beginning of October, and the secondary schools which are the equivalent of the High School and the first two college years in the United States, have opened. If you would prefer a boarding school, you would attend a "pension," or if a public school, you would attend a lycee. (A lycee is a smaller town is a college.)

Here we are now. The school that you enter is not a co-educational school, for in France, after reaching the age of eight, the boys and girls are separated. Though it is not obligatory, most children enter school in the kindergarten and leave it after receiving a baccalaureate degree. Also instead of entering the first grade, you enter the "twelfth grade"; so that at the completion of your studies you are in the "first grade" (or are preparing for your baccalaureate.) The course which will prepare you for the second part of your baccalaureate is either Philosophy or Mathematics. The school year is also different: it is not divided into two semesters but into three "trimestres" (or quarters, the fourth quarter being that of the summer vacation).

Before December 24, when the first quarter ends for the Christmas vacation, we will have had four or five days of vacation to celebrate "la Toussaint" (All Saints Day) and the Day of Death. We have no Hallowe'en in France, and "la Toussaint" is rather a dull holiday. Everybody takes flowers (especially beautiful big chrysanthemums) to the cemeteries where they place them on relatives' graves. There is no Thanksgiving, but on the 25th of November we have a nice custom, a celebration known as Saint Catherine Day. Saint Catherine, as you might know, is the patron of old maids. After reaching the age of twenty-five, a maiden has to "coiffer Sainte Catherine" which means that she must make or buy a beautiful fancy cap to wear. It can be shaped like a boat or a butterfly or anything at all. Then she invites all her friends to a big party. But beware: "No men allowed!" The "midinettes" (the girls studying dress-making) dance "farandoles" in the streets, making fun of every boy they meet. It means: "You see what a good time we can have without you men!"

On the eigth of December, if I am lucky enough to have you in my city, I shall show you Lyon at its best. The Lyonnais at one time promised to thank the Holy Mother, the Patron Saint of the city, by illuminating their houses on the night of the Immaculate Conception, and ever since that time (except during the war) everyone in the city has vied with each other in placing as many candles or lights as possible on their window sills. And it is really a grand sight to see our city illuminated this way.

By December 15, when the end of the quarter draws near, the competitive exams begin. It is a real preview of the baccalaureate, for nothing is omitted. Written as well as oral exams must be passed. Then at an Assembly on December 24th, final grades are announced. Afterwards prepar-

ations for Christmas Eve are begun. It is a great holiday in France, but it is much less commercialized than in the United States. In a way it has been kept a little more sacred, reflecting the humility with which the Christ child was born, and the nativity scene which portrays the humble spirit of the Christ child born in a stable is constructed in miniature by every mother of France for the edification of her children. As in America, a gaily decorated fir tree adorns each home. On Christmas Eve, even the worst atheist will attend Midnight Mass to hear "Minuit Chretian" (Holy Night). The French children no not hang stockings above the fireplace, but put their shoes before it and with much excitement await the gifts of "Pere Noel" (Santa Claus) or of "Petit Jesus" (Christ Child). On Christmas Day the whole family gathers at noon around the family table, but usually the large parties and the big merry-making are reserved for New Year's Eve. Then everybody will have to kiss each other under the mistletoe and drink as much champagne as possible to celebrate the coming of the new year. And the children will be expecting the arrival of "Pere Janvier" (Father January) by way of the chimney.

The year begins well in France: school has just reopened and you have scarcely recovered from the New Year's day festivities when you are invited to another party. The French do not miss any opportunity to eat good foods. Why should they forget the Three Wise Men from the East (Les Mages) and not celebrate the Epiphany? This time, there is not a dinner, but a cake, a large crown-like cake that we call "Calette" or "Brioche des Rois—(Cake of the Kings). A bean, or more often now, a little china sabot, is hidden in the dough. Plunge your hand in the white linen bag when it is offered you. You miss breaking your teeth? . . . You got it? Then you are the "Queen" and you will be crowned with the golden paper crown. Choose your king now and crown him. During the whole party, everytime you raise your glass (of Champagne, of course!) the King will have to imitate you and the whole company, following his example, will say: "The King is drinking". Noblesse oblige . . . .

Do you want to be rich? Then, don't miss it. What? La Chandeleur! For February second is the Purification Day, the Day of Pancakes. In your left hand tightly hold a silver coin—any one will do, but of course a gold coin would be much better! In your right hand hold the frying pan and flip up the pancake. High, very high, and be sure it falls back to the pan . . . You are breathless? So am I, but you caught it. Run immediately to the next corner and buy a ticket of the national lottery. If you have performed the magical rite correctly, you may win the five million francs prize.

But this period of merry-making will soon come to an end with Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday), for Lent is not far away. Four or five days of vacation! If we do not go skiing, we may go to Nice to see his Majesty, the Carnoval. If you should stay in town, buy a mask, a costume, and go to the "Guinnol" (Marionette Show) or to a Masquerade ball. Have fun! For forty days—except the day of mid-Lent—there will be no more parties.

Oh, I was about to forget April first. Still it is not a day which is easily forgotten. If you like to tell jokes, then this event will be right up your alley! Now don't be too trustful on that day. You may be surprised to be mocked and laughed at with these words: "Poisson d'Avril!" (April fish) or to find a paper fish hung on the back of your coat. But I will console you by sending you a big chocolate fish or a box of little chocolate fishes. In the candy shops the chocolate fish stands side by side with the chocolate eggs, and the chickens and honey for Easter is now at hand.

Fifteen days of vacation in the springtime make you forget all about the exams at the end of the quarter. On Holy Thursday, you will see the little French children all dressed up. Their mothers are taking them to be blessed in the church where they will gaze in wonder at the beautifully decorated side-altars. On Easter Sunday these same little boys and girls will be looking for colored eggs that "the bells coming back from Rome" dropped in their gar-

Continued on page 24

Introducing Thomas A. Malloy

THE tall pleasant man from Newton, Massachusetts, may be a Yankee, but he has already won a place in the hearts of all the students at Longwood College. Yes, Mr. Malloy, the new history professor came to the campus directly from Colgate University where he received his M. A. degree. He says that he was always serious until he became a college professor.

Mr. Malloy's abilities are many. While attending Newton High School, he wrote a poem on faith which won for him first place honor. Not only was he talented with the pen, but he was also a football and track star.

He was a star of the track,
Of poetry he sure has the knack . . .
Tall and lanky
A true Yankee
We hope he'll never go back.

Beginning his college career at Washington and Lee University, he again went out for track and football. In 1942, he joined the U. S. Navy. His first two years of service found him instructing recruits in the arts of seamanship and drill at Newport (Rhode Island) Naval Training Station. In March of 1944, he was transferred to Radio Technician training, and upon completion of his training, spent the latter eight months of the war on a fleet tanker in the South Pacific as a Radio Technician, 1st class.

After the war Mr. Malloy returned to college to finish his disrupted education. In 1947 he received his B. A. from the Unisersity of Virginia and from there he went to Colgate University. Married in February of 1942, he is the father of two boys: Thomas III, six years old and Michael, ten months. We take pride in introducing Thomas A. Malloy, one of the Colonnade advisers.

Hound's Lament

A howl pierced the night,
Then silence prevailed.
No one eased the plight
Of him who had wailed.
He sat in the moonlight,
Alone on a mound . . .
A pitiable sight
This heart-broken hound.
He sat as if rooted,
His head drooping low,
With ribs that protruded
And eyes speaking woe.
No more could he hear
His master's firm tread;
His life was now drear
For his master was dead.

FLORA BALLOWE

Acceptance*

I am no begger—
Because I accept what Fate sends
Uncomplainingly.
Should I be a tramp?
For each evil brings a good—
If only an appreciation of the virtuous.
The quarrel brings the reconciliation—
Or the experience—
Should love be lost.
It once was there—
It may return.
The sky is somber now
And should it remain grey forever
I have memories of those other days
When it was brilliant blue.

BARBARA ANDREWS
SPRING 1949

* Editor's note: Miss Andrews, a member of the Senior Class, has been a regular contributor to *The Colonnade*. We take pride in reprinting her poem, "Acceptance" which appears in *Modern American Verse*, a book of verse by Contemporary American poets.

RIGHT FRO

K

College is just like the laundry: you get out of it just what you put into it, but you'd never recognize it.

—¶—¶—

Papa Rabbit—What's Junior so happy about?

Mamma Rabbit—Oh, he just learned to multiply at school today!

—¶—¶—

A hillbilly brought his overgrown son into a country school at the beginning of the term and said to the teacher:

"This here boy's after learning. What's your bill o' fare?"

Teacher—"I teach arithmetic, algebra, geometry and trigonometry."

Hillbilly Father—"That last will do. Load him down with trigernometry. He's the only pore shot in the family."

Mr. Brown—So your son had to leave college on account of poor eyesight?

Mr. Black—Yes, he mistook the dean of women for a co-ed!

—¶—¶—

Denise—Say, Mrs. Beasley, that apple I just ate had a worm in it and I ate it, too.

Mrs. Beasley—What? Here, drink this water and wish it down.

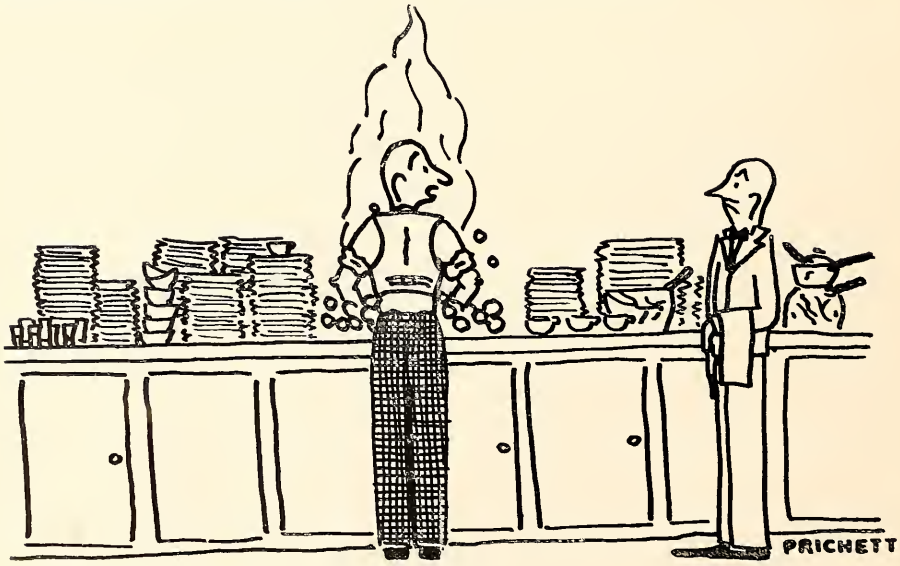
Denise (shaking her head) — Aw, let him walk down!

—¶—¶—

Charlie Hop (to druggist)—Give me some prepared monacetiacidester of salicylic acid.

Druggist—Do you mean aspirin?

Charlie Hop—That's right. I can never think of that name.



"I tried to get her not to order that last glass of water."

THE COBB

"I hope we didn't spoil your plans for the evening."

The barber lifted the young customer into his chair and said:

Barber:—How do you want your hair cut, son?

Youngster—Like Dad's with a hole in the top.

—¶—¶—

Salesman—These are especially strong shirts. They simply laugh at the laundry.

Customer—I know that kind; I had some that came back with their sides split.

—¶—¶—

Jack had been home for the week-end and upon his arrival at school Sunday night his roommate said:

"Jack, did you get home all right after the party last night?"

"Yes, thanks; except that as I was turning into my street some idiot stepped on my fingers."

Visitor (to small boy who opened the door)—Are your father and mother in?

Small Boy—They was in, but they is out.

Visitor—They was in, they is out. Where's your grammar?

Small Boy—She's gone upstairs for a lay-down.

—‖—‖—

"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said Dr. Brumfield as he erased the blackboard.

—¶—¶—

Roady: "I believe the end is near for me. Farewell."

Frankie—"Why? What seems to be the trouble?"

Roady—"I bought one of those lifetime fountain pens, and it's broken."

AUTUMN

By Jan Van Horn

THE dawn broke bright and crisp. The sun's first rays shed their shallow light upon the crimson leaves. Birds twittered, animals called, and the first day of autumn arrived. As the sun began its triumphant assent, the features of the earth took form and glowed. The sky acquired an aszure hue, the streams began to sparkle, and trees immerged from their shadowy recesses and became brilliant masses of color.

The deer awoke and s t r e t c h e d its cramped legs, then darted from the protection of the forest into the dazzling light of the grassy meadow. He sniffed the morning air excitedly and his spirits soared.

The squirrel poked his little head out of his nest and with one swift leap flew through the tree tops, waking his friends and collecting sustenance for the coming winter. The friendly sun continued its climb. Fall flowers opened and the whole landscape became alive with the brilliance and movement of nature.

The day drifted on lazily, but crisply. As evening approached and the sun set, nestled among the forming clouds, an aura of purple and gold settled upon the earth. All the familiar objects sank back into the dense shadows. The animals ended their rambuncious play and their work, and crawled back to their sheltering homes. The accumulation of clouds increased and soon the light of the sun was obscured except for a pale pink glow that rimmed the clouds and touched earthly objects lightly as a feather. Night fell and the hoot of the owl accompanied the rise of the moon which darted playfully in and out of the fleecy masses moving in the sky. Myriad twinkling stars floated in the heavens and the darkness of night hung over the world, bringing the cold clear air which fortold another day equal in beauty.

Such a lovely day almost speaks God's name.

How High Does the Eagle Fly?

How high does the eagle fly above the cliffs into the sky—
Each time higher into the abyss—
Too far for human eye to see, soaring and searching over lakes and summits,
For small and happy rodent,
Perching on the rotting log amid the pines?
How high?
How close to heaven does he climb,
Mid stirring winds while peering down o'er the heaven-made earth,
Feeling on his wing the melting sun of Summer's heat?
Sees he all these, or just the one?
How far does the humming bird flit,
This jewel set in a sea of flowering gems?
His hills the crests of rolling rock gardens,
His rivers made by Grecian fountains
Set in a world of delicately perfumed roses,
Sees he just one, or all of these?
And what see we?

Peggy Lloyd, 1950

Of Statues and Joan

By Nancy Jeffreys, 1952

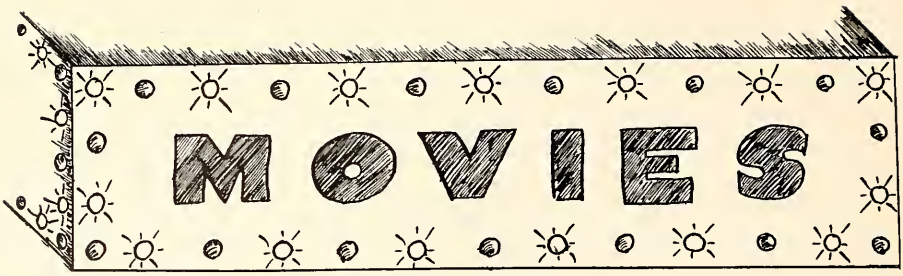
THE other day I was walking through the Rotunda on my way to Algebra when I noticed Joan of Arc, sitting on a pedestal. I looked at her white face and counted her alabaster fingers and went on to Algebra. Half-way between an integer and a polynominal I thought of her again. When the bell rang I decided to go back through the Rotunda and count the fingers on her other hand. As I was counting, I felt a strange impulse to look into her eyes. What I saw there was neither stone nor wax nor alabaster. It wasn't even a polynominal. But something that you can't add up on five fingers or substract anything from it, once it's found.

I have never been very intimate with statues, or managed to see anything within their rigid souls that wasn't anxious to be outside them. The eighteenth time I looked at The Smiling Boy. I knew that he was really in pain from so much prolonged optimism; Jeb Stuart and his horse are both frustrated, one with the desire to get out of Richmond, and the other to canter around the park or brush a fly from his left-flank; The Minute Man was ready to fight any minute the first time I saw him, but the second time he wanted to get back into civilian clothes. The third time, he leered down at me and suggested in a low mumble that I wasn't as patriotic as he was, and seemed more resentful of me than the British. In fact the whole family of statues seem to wish they were where they aren't and to itch where they can't possibly scratch.

But the look in Joan's eyes aroused none of the old eczemas or suspicions. I gave her seven days to become uncomfortablt. The seven days came and passed and Joan still sat there, calm and still. I began to show signs of deterioration, but never Joan. I itched and ached and had a thousand dark-brown doubts, but never Joan. She was evidently different from the general run of statues. It might have been because she was sitting down. But eight days is long enough for anybody to sit down. Of course, Lincoln has been sitting down for a long time too, and he seems fairly comfortable. But I even have my suspicions about Lincoln. I'm never quite certain whether he is thinking about the Emancipation Proclamation, (and I certainly hope he is), or looking forward to a hot tub of water after supper, and maybe even supper itself.

But Joan of Arc is different. She neither regrets nor accuses. She sits there as if a hundred years were only a hundred seconds and life a single thought that keeps burning and never burns out. She is listening to sounds within herself, and beyond the narrow circle of flesh and bone. She seems to have found the position that never tires, and hearing the only voice worth hearing. She moves others but does not move herself. She has found the center of life, which, like the center of a hurricane is calm.

Her alabaster eyes tell you to be still and listen. You listen and hear nothing but the sound of shoes upon wood, of bells and vocal chords. But the more you listen with her, the sooner it will come to you. It may not tell you to lead an army or scale a wall. It will depend upon the content of your own heart and speak for you alone. So many people think that life is just opening and closing doors, walking quickly into houses and out of houses, speaking words or remaining silent. But life is neither one pole or the next. It is what lies in-between. It is all the middle-space, where only the purest voices speak. It is neither you nor I, but what passes through us and out the other side.



Reviewed by Janice Slavin

THE HEIRESS, written for the screen by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, is a story of an innocent, young girl who falls in love with the wrong man. Bitter romance and frustrated love are portrayed by the few principle characters in the movie. Although they play their parts in a bygone time their problems are ever new.

Stern Dr. Sloper is the head of the family. He lives with his shy daughter, Catherine, in a stiff, elegant house on New York's Washington Square. It is an unhappy home. Catherine represents a type with whom everyone of us is familiar. Well intentioned she is never successful in anything she undertakes, whether it is playing the violin or having a date. Her pitiful state did not come about because she is dull or homely but because her father is constantly comparing her to her dear mother. They are incomparable, in his opinion, for where her mother was all that is bright and beautiful, Catherine is dull and unenchanting. A helpless, well-meaning aunt stands on the sidelines, giving Catherine slim consolation.

Catherine is well on the way to becoming an old maid when she happens to strike the fancy of poor, but well-bred, Morris Townsend. In the meantime, she has grown into a beautiful woman. Her father insists that Morris is a fortune hunter and a weakling. He demands that the courtship be stopped. With Catherine's defiance, the story gather momentum and moves to its tragic end.

The Heiress was produced by William Wyler. The play of light and shadow has a liquid, almost living quality as the scenes flow into one another. It is a moving production. Olivia de Havilland is superb as Catherine; Montgomery Clift is most effective as the sauve suitor; Miriam Hopkins is excellent as the aunt; and Ralph Richardson infects his part with enormous vitality. If you wish to see a brilliant, strirring movie, don't miss ***The Heiress.***

Germany Year Zero, a Superfilm production, is a brillant film conceived by Roberto Rossellini. The talented Italian director follows his ***Open City*** and ***Paisan*** with a grimly disturbing vision of life in Germany immediately after the war. The film is the shattering story of a few days in the existence of a German boy (Edmund Meschke). He lives with his family—his father, sister and older brother — in a crowded, bomb-shattered apartment in Berlin. Edmund, who is twelve years old, is the head of the family. His sister is ineffectual, his father is dying, and his brother is an ex-soldier. The movie portrays Edmund's futile efforts to find food for the family in order to fufull the responsibility of a grown man. The tragedy is non-political. It is a pitiful account of some one too young to understand the circumstances which cause his downfall.

In a very short time, Rossellini probes beneath the ruins of Berlin to show the effects of Nazism; he shows how the fascist poison corrupted a nation. Some people may argue that ***Germany Year Zero*** is too sympathetic toward the Germans. In the opinion of the reviewer, the film is entirely lacking in sympathy. It reveals the Germans as they are, showing the corruption of the many and the strength of the few who recognize their weakness. This film is not entertainment as you are used to it—it it a living document.

For a movie you will never forget, be sure to see ***Germany Year Zero.***

Continued from Page 6

you another lesson in how to handle the nets."

O'Hara followed his father down to the pier and sat on his haunches and listened to Angus explain the important matters to him. He tried to listen and seem interested, and, even more, to believe that what his father wanted would someday be. He looked at his father's red beard, felt his own soft cheek and thought of the many miracles needed to make the boy a man and the son of the father.

"And now," his father said, "tell me what I have just told you."

O'Hara's face reddened. He tried to remember, but could not recall what he had not heard. "The nets," he stuttered, "the nets . . . I . . . I . . ." Then he composed himself. "I do not know."

Angus threw the large cork that he was holding down onto the pier. He cursed so hotly that his beard seemed electrified and stood out from his face as if it were angrier than its owner.

"You fool!" he shouted. "Is this what I have been given for a son?" And he addressed his question to the sky. As if receiving an answer, he said no more but grasped O'Hara's hand and started back toward the house. He walked so fast that O'Hara stumbled along to keep up with him. Once, he tripped on a piece of driftwood and fell. Angus gave him a jerk that almost pulled his arm from the socket and the boy got to his feet and continued the rest of the way in pain. When they reached the cottage, Angus pulled him inside, bolted the door, and drew the curtains.

"That is so the neighbors may not hear or see my shame and yours."

He went into the kitchen and unhooked a wide leather strap from the wall. "This is the strap that I used to sharpen my razor when I had no beard. My beard was wild and stubborn. Now I shall use it to sharpen my son."

O'Hara looked at the strap and the great hand curled about it like an iron clapper, with barnacles set in a row for knuckles. He looked to the right and left, as if searching for a spokesman in the corners of the room to stand up for him.

"I am no fisherman," he said.

"You are no man," his father replied.

O'Hara felt the anger rise in his face as it had risen in his father's although he had no red beard to send out the sparks that always made anger even more terrible than it was. He had two small veins on either side of his forehead. He did not know that they were there. They stood out defiantly now.

"Stand up," his father commanded.

O'Hara rose quickly and faced his father. "I am a man," he said.

"Where?" his father asked sarcastically. "You have the heart and liver of an inland chicken. Your backbone is like a willow branch. You will never be a fisherman."

"I will be something else," he said. The veins in his forehead had disappeared to two faint, blue lines, like rivers on a map, as he forgot his fury and contemplated upon the something else that he might be.

"Something else!" his father roared, with a fresh surge of disgust. "And pray what else? I have only one trade to teach you. Where will you learn this something else? From the sea?"

"Yes!" O'Hara had never known his father to come so close to understanding him. "And the dunes!" he said, as if speaking of an old and reliable friend.

"Ha!" Angus snorted, then whipped the strap against the wooden leg of the table, as if he had heard a good joke. "You will be saying next that Mason will teach you! You are no better than he—not a whit saner. Turn around!"

O'Hara did not like the slander against Mason, who although a mute, was his friend. He turned as he was told, but felt not too bad about it. He had spoken for himself, hadn't he? And to be beaten for having a thought was better than for having none at all.

The beach after sundown was like being inside a black shell. The roar of the waves seemed far away to O'Hara, and the cool, wet sand was close and just as he wanted it under his feet. The sand was soft and fitted the curve of his arch. He wandered over to the cave by the big dune and

stetched out on his stomach. His back was still feeling the anger of the strap and his father, and he felt as if little curled streamers of heat were rising from it, as from a tin roof in summer.

He held a white stone to his cheek and pressed it over each eye until he felt a part of it. Then he turned his head to the side and looked up the beach. He saw Mason coming toward the cave, dragging a twisted piece of driftwood, and watching the jagged trail it left on the sand. He said nothing, but waited until Mason had seen him. Mason threw down his stick and ran into the cave, smiling.

"Hello, Mason," the boy said.

Mason smiled his welcome. Then he saw the bloodstains on the back of O'Hara's shirt.

"Pa," O'Hara explained briefly, and handed the white stone to him.

Mason loved stones, especially round, white ones. This was a perfect specimen. He put the stone down where he could find it, and raced out to the edge of the water. He came back holding a large, spiral shell, filled with water. He lifted O'Hara's shirt and poured the cool, salt water onto his back. It stung, but with a healing sting that was enjoyable in a way. O'Hara sat up quickly, as if to assure Mason that he was all right.

"You needn't look so sad," he said. "I am not dying." Then he clasped his knees and ran his feet deep into the sand. "I was just thinking."

Mason stretched on his stomach and held the new stone in front of him on the sand, so that he could study it properly. He knew that it was the most beautiful stone he had ever seen and wished that he could say "thank you" to O'Hara.

But Mason could say nothing. He would smile his broad, uncontrolled smile when he was happy, and only stopped smiling when he was sad. Then his expression changed abruptly to a labored frown, as if he were worrying terribly and had forgotten the thing he was worrying about. The rest of the time he looked vacant, with his mouth slightly open.

But his head held many things, many strange and unrelated things. It was like an old antique shop where one may find all sorts of treasures, and yet never care to buy a single penny's worth, but be content to look and hold.

Mason accepted everything, rejected nothing. The entrance to his mind was not small enough so that prejudices could lodge there. It was as open as the beach and the sea. A perfect stone would be viewed with the same respect as a perfect man . . . although he had seen neither. He held and stroked them all with a boundless affection, and could find no hate for anything.

Some people in the village believed that Mason was mute because his parents never talked to him. Some believed that they had frightened him to dumbness when he was a baby. These were hard, stony people who bit into life with small, even, shark-teeth, and never kept an eye from a neighbor lest he gain a bigger bite than they. But Mason never worried about his misfortune, for having O'Hara, there was no room for bitterness or anything but O'Hara.

They sat there, side by side, thinking. O'Hara looked out through the cave and stared at the waves breaking on the beach. He remembered the horse that he had seen and ridden just that morning. He could hear the hoofs, cloppidy-cloppidy-clop on the hard sand. "One was always in mid-air, taking strides longer than any man could take, even Pa," he thought. A wild, wordless happiness was beating in his heart. He thought that the wide eyes of the horse were like Mason who never talked but only looked. There were no words to describe the happiness and so no words were given, for they would only fall short always, never quite able to tell the whole story; it was too big and too wonderful.

He started telling Mason about the horse. He described her long, slender legs and the way she held her head high, and how the wind lifted the mane on her neck like the waves, and how he had first thought it to be a dream. Mason listened intently. His eyes were bright, as if he were seeing everything exactly as O'Hara had seen it. O'Hara looked at Mason straight in the eyes and said:

"Mason, I wish I were a horse. I wish

so hard that I ache in my chest." And he strained every muscle with his wish. He wished with his hands—they were clenched in his pockets. He wished with his eyes—the blue centers of them were so intense that they connected with the sky and seemed to shake the clouds from around the moon. He wished with his toes—they dug into the sand and pressed on the slow brain of a crayfish. He wished with his whole body. His heart was like a bronze cymbal that had been struck with a stone clapper. It vibrated and reverberated.

From that day on Angus did not take O'Hara with him to the pier. He made no attempt to continue their daily lessons; he ignored him as if he did not exist. When they ate together at the small kitchen table, he addressed him in short, disdainful sentences, as if he had commiteed some grave, unforgivable sin, or were no more than a bothersome wart on his middle finger. O'Hara loved his father and could not bear to have his affection so coldly rejected or to be thought a weak and spineless creature. He would timidly try to start a conversation, but discovered that they had nothing in common. This depressed him even more, for he had always thought that they were great friends. But now he could not say what they were.

He hated himself and loved his father; he loved the wind and the freedom of the beach, and the sand beneath his feet, and the hollow beauty of the cave, and the curve of shells, and the warm understand- of Mason's eyes; and yet his father hated these things and hated his loving them. O'Hara felt guilt in his inability to concentrate upon the matters that his father thought so important, and could not be a traitor to his other loves, the unseen in the seen, that, to him, held more reality than the real. He could feel no shame for the inhabitants of his world and hated himself for not being capable to feel any.

So with this torment of contradictions, none of which could find a nesting-place in his brain, he would run to the beach and sit with Mason in the cave.

Here they would lie on their stomachs and watch the sand-fiddlers merrily chasing the foam as it drew itself back to sea. The sea would gather all of its strength into one great drum of water, and then break with a deafening rumble and chase the fiddlers far up onto the beach. Each bubble stretched itself like a long, transparent finger, in an effort to catch the fiddlers. But each time they escaped by an unseen inch, and the sea fell back to try again.

The Spring passed into Summer. Mike Shane and Banner had gone away. O'Hara had Mason, and Mason had O'Hara, and each day was like a corporation. They were the owners. They were the investors. The dividends were sometimes great and sometimes small.

It was an undecided day in July—a day that could not make up its mind between darkness and light—a mumbling murmuring day, as if it had not slept well the night before. It was an easy day to be sad. The atmosphere encouraged sadness.

O'Hara and Mason walked along the beach. O'Hara was thinking about Banner. The thoughts were delicious to his brain, as if he had taste-buds there, and he kept thinking them over and over. Mason was thinking of nothing—one of those moments—like a roll of velvet, unspoiled, unruffled by anxiety—when the cycle of mood and circumstance, of desire and reality, strikes upon the same tune; a moment when one is glad to be where one is and doing what one is doing.

Then O'Hara began to be impatient with the day for being dull and for his thoughts being so exciting and for there being no joining of the two. He jumped up in the air, made a soft whinny and ran up the beach, pretending that he was a horse.

He looked back at Mason, who was poised between motion and stillness. "Come on, Mason!" he called. "Gallop with me, gallop with me!" It was like a merry song, and Mason could not resist. He broke into a run, as if he, too, were a horse, and as if it were indeed a very fine thing to be.

He wished that he could make the horse-

Continued on page 22

Have You Read These?

LIVE WITH LIGHTNING
BY MITCHELL WILSON

Reviewed by Sara Cregar

LIVE with Lightning is a novel of our time set in the period between the depression and the aftermath of World War II. It is the story of a frustrated, fightened young physicist told honestly and realistically. It is also a beautiful love story showing the breakdown of a man's integrity and the restoration of his faith in himself.

Erik Gorin begins his career as a physicist at Colombia University where he works as an underpaid assistant-professor. Young Gorin dedicates himself to his work however insecure it may be. He works eighteen hours a day teaching and preparing himself for research through which he hopes to contribute to the scientific studies of his day.

At a party given by one of his associates, Gorin meets and falls in love with Savina Valterra. A year later they marry, and although Gorin has only a small income, the young couple are determined to conquer their poverty. Erik's high standards, integrity, and ambition are overwhelmed by his desire to give Savina and their child a life of security. Finally, in 1936, he goes into the field of commercial physics. Gorin is not weak, but the demands of society overcome his strength. These were depression year: jobs were scarce and salaries were low.

While working in this field, Erik invents a revolutionary machine that promises to speed up the steel industry fifty percent, only to find that the same invention has been patented ten years before. He succeeds in breaking the former patent. His employers, however, take over his invention. His lack of power to prevent such a catastrophy awakens him to a realization of his inadequacy in coping with the social forces with which he is surrounded. He is further disappointed when he learns that the company does not plan to develop his machine and put it into production. Completely disallusioned Erik leaves the company and goes into the nuclear research field, which was in line with his former studies at Colombia University. By this time, our country was at war and Erik did-not realize that his work would help end the war.

After the war, Erik is offered an excellent position with the atomic commission in Washington. He learns that this has been instigated by a cheap politician who expects favors in return, so he flatly refuses the offer. Almost middle-aged now and having finally found himself despite the influence of society, Erik Gorin becomes a professor at Stanford University.

Live with Lightning is an absorbing novel!. It is a dramatic, tender, yet tragic story about the struggle of a man against his society.

THE EGYPTIAN
BY MIKA WALTARI

Reviewed by Ruth Lacy

MIKA WALTARI in his book, ***The Egyptian,*** sweeps his readers back, back through the centuries to the Egyptian empire. Once again this era of Pharaohs and sphinxes lives and breathes.

The story of this ancient civilization is revealed through the life story of a young doctor, Sinuhe. He is a physician in the court of Pharaoh Akhnaton, and his story will make a museum mummy become more than just a lifeless reminder of the past.

Having close contact with the Pharaoh by means of his position, Sinuhe is involved in the tangled web of Egyptian politics and intrigue. He is sent out from the city, Thebes, to see the world and learn what he can from it. Through his eyes is seen Syria,

mercenary and corrupt; Babylon, the traders' mecca; Crete, the gay mistress of the seas; and many other historical places giving each a new significance in the eyes of the reader. Sinuhe's skill and art as a physician brings him in close contact with kings, generals, and high priests. And so he becomes involved in conspiracies, battles, and strange religious rites.

Upon returning to Egypt, he faces civil war. The Pharaoh has dethroned the old God, Ammon, and set up a new one, Aton, who is a God of love and justice. This attempt to establish a world of peace fails. Sinuhe realizes that this new God is ahead of his time, and also that Egypt cannot survive the destruction of her armies and the freeing of her slaves. The Pharaoh, betrayed by his peoples, his priests and his queen, sees his Kingdom go down in ruin.

But this novel has more than an historical and a political significance. It includes the women Sinuhe loved—the beautiful courtesan, Nefernefernefer, and the kindly and understanding Merit.

This book is outstanding from many points of view. Each character is a personality with different morals, beliefs, and ideals. Throughout the story, Sunuhe himself, remains a compassionate, skeptical, solitary and lonely man.

FATHER OF THE BRIDE

BY EDWARD STREETER

Reviewed by Betty Scott Borkey

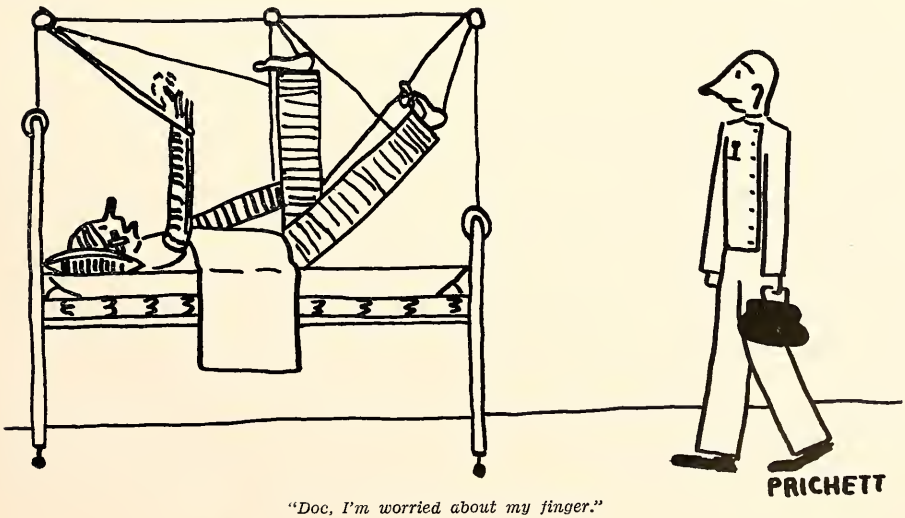
FATHER of the Bride is an hilarious book that has laughed its way to a place among the best sellers of today.

This book tells the comical story of a father's shattered nerves and checkbook as a result of the wedding of his only daughter. Mrs. Banks, the mother, can well be pitied as she lives through the embarrasing moments of her husband's behavior when the groom's parents are met. But the laughs are many as Mr. Banks makes one social blunder after another.

As the day of the ceremony draws closer the small, inexpensive wedding becomes a bigger and more elaborate affair. Mother, who never remembered a thing to Mr. Bank's knowledge, now has a marvelous ability for remembering every detail of each gift. All this only adds to poor Father's bewilderment and misery.

Edward Streeter follows Father from the very beginning of the wedding plans, down the aisle with the beautiful bride, and then through the endless hours of the reception.

This book, cleverly illustrated by Gluyas Williams, has a laugh in every line.



"Doc, I'm worried about my finger."

O'HARA

Continued from page 19

like whinny as O'Hara could. He tossed his head back, though, and shook his hair as if it were a mane, and it served his purpose as well as sound.

It only takes one gesture, one sound, to make a child into anything he wants to be. One "moo" and he is a cow; one "anchors aweigh" and, although he lives 300 miles inland, he is on the sea. The imagination is quick and pliable, rushing in around the base of suggestion as soft sand fills in a hole made by a stick. When youth is gone, it often takes three or four sticks to loosen the loam.

The tiny jockey married a woman at least twice his weight. After the ceremony he asked some of his guests to drop over to his apartment. The best man looked doubtful.

"Thanks, Sammy," he said. "but it's kind of late. Maybe your wife wouldn't approve of company at this hour."

The jockey shrugged.

"Oh, I don't expect you to stay long," he explained. "All I want is for you guys to help me carry the bride across the threshold."

So they raced up the beach, Mason a few feet behind O'Hara. They passed the big dune and came to the base of the cliff, where the land rose high above the beach and ocean, like the prow of a ship. There was a ledge of steps worn in the side of it, from the flatness of the beach to the peak. O'Hara ran up the ledge and Mason followed. O'Hara seemed happier than he had ever been. Mason thought that his laughter was a grand thing to hear .

O'Hara was prancing up and down on the edge of the cliff, looking out to sea, throwing his arms above his head. Mason thought that perhaps he should not go too near the rocky edge, but he did not know how to stop O'Hara. He seemed very far away. He was looking at him and wishing that he could laugh as O'Hara did, when he saw a big rock slip and give. O'Hara had one foot propped against it. Mason rushed forward, and for one moment their eyes met. Mason seemed to reach out in space but could grasp nothing. And then there was a silence, a great mass of concentrated silence that fell and burst on his ear-drums until they were submerged and deafened.

He saw O'Hara's body give away from the land and fall. There was a pain in his throat, almost like a sound, a scraping noise like wood digging into wood, And then he fainted.

Angus was not a soft man. Life rarely penetrated him, and death made even less impression. For he judged a man as he judged a hoe. And when the hoe was broken beyond repair, it was useless; it fell out of his vision. It no longer existed. And as O'Hara had never really attained the brief p i n n a c l e of usefullness, his death, to Angus, was no more than his life had been. Even as he pulled the sheet over the small body and closed the pale, staring eyes, he

could feel nothing but pity—for himself—for his dead wife—and for the poor dumb Mason, who stood nearby with his arms dangling as if they were broken at the joints.

He looked at the little body under the sheet, and there seemed to be anger rising in him. He looked at Mason and could have slapped him with the back of his hand. He did not know what he was feeling, or if he could, and somehow he wished that he could cry as Mason was crying.

"Go on home," he said, "it's all over now." He was thinking what fools they both were, and cursed because he could not comprehend their foolishness.

Mason staggered out the door. The wind touched his hair and lifted it up from his brow and he ducked his head because he didn't want the wind to touch him—any part of him. He wanted to bury himself in the sand where he could hide from all the open things and places where there was O'Hara and where there was no more O'Hara. His confused brain was dim, like twilight, when the shapes of things go fuzzy and the chairs turn into hunched men and the shadows into birds.

"What happens," he thought, "to light? And why does it go into other rooms when they close the door and say good-night, and what happens to everything when it is nothing?"

He sat down on the big dune and raked his fingers through the sand. He bent his head down closer so that he could see the tiny crystals that were really hard and bright when you looked at them so small and near. He looked closer and even closer at a wet drop that fell down his cheek and onto his finger. "O'Hara! O'Hara!" he murmured and cried. The dumb and the inarticulate had found a voice and wept behind the big dune where no one could see.

July changed into August, and August changed into September. It was still very warm, remembering Summer.

Mason was walking down by the beach one afternoon with his hands in his pockets. He had taken his shoes off and was watching his feet sink into the wet, packed sand along the edge of the water, and the ray of light that came out all around his feet.

He heard a noise behind him, like the sound of someone running to catch up with him. His heart jumped quickly before his head could r e m e m b e r. "O'Hara!" he thought, "it's O'Hara coming to meet me!" He turned, with his eyes bright. A chestnut colt that he had never seen before raced by him over the foam. It held its head high, and the wind was all happy in its mane. He had never seen such a beautiful sight. He stood back to watch it, unable to move or speak. He watched it with his eyes until it faded into the shades of sand and foam.

Then, he started—as if struck by a big thought. He ran up the beach, his eyes wide, his hands waving uncontrollably in front of him. "O'Hara!" O'Hara!" he shouted and cried, and kept running.

Come Away With Me

Continued from page 9

dens; and you, doubtless, will be trying to hear the cry of the cuckoo. And if you do, put your hand on your wallet, for there will be money coming your way soon.

Alas, good things must past, and now you must think about going back to school to begin your third quarter. A hard one it will be, because at the end of it, exams will decide whether you pass or fail. The third quarter is usually a short one, for it is interrupted by the ten days of Pentecost (Whitsuntide) another holiday.

But here it is the first of May. The day, which is the Day of Work, is celebrated in happier ways. It is a pity that in our villages, the May Poles disappear from year to year. Happily we have kept a nice custom. The first of May is also the Day of the "Lily o the Valley" and in France this flower is famous for its bringing good luck. The streets are scented with its fragrance. You cannot miss it. Your friends will send you bundles and bundles of Lilies of the Valley, and the boys that you pacs in the streets will offer you a bunch for your button-hole. Even the old peevish man has his flowery bunch. "Muguet porte-bonheur!" Happiness for the whole year, everybody! The early days of May also bring the children who are preparing for their first Communion into the streets: the little girls like brides in miniature in their white veils and fluffy dresses, and the little boys in dark suits and white armbands.

Now June is coming and with it the written exams and the baccalaureate. And in July, the fever of the oral exams hardly passed away, would you like to throw away your notes and books and join with the children of France as they sing their old irreverent but good-hearted song?

"Vivent les vacances;
Adieu les penitences . . .
Les cahiers au feu;
Le maitre au milieu."

or

("Shout hooray for the holiday;
Goodbye to the rod we glady say.
Books and notes into the flame,
And teacher, too, the fire will claim").

CHESTERFIELD CONTEST FOUND ON PAGE 22