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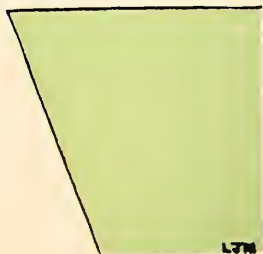
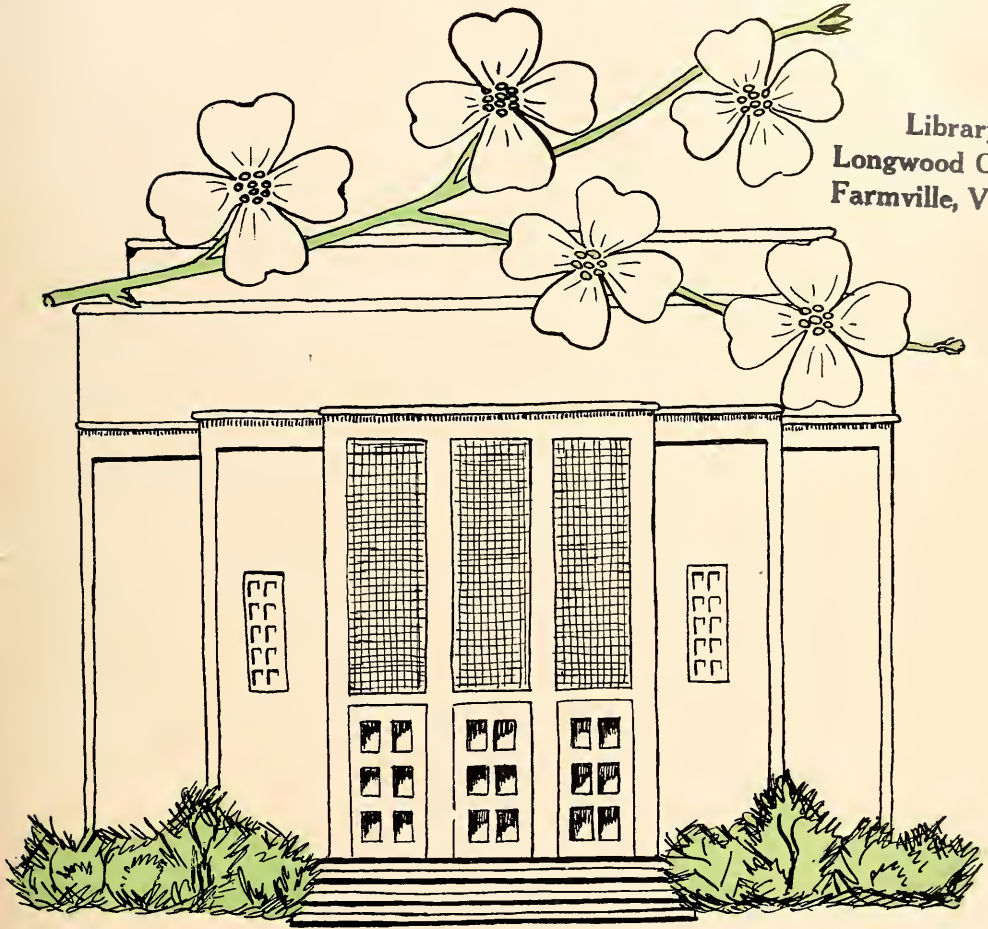
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Library

THE COLONNADE

Library
Longwood College
Farmville, Virginia



Longwood College

May, 1950



*"My
cigarette?
Camels,
of course!"*

With smokers who know...it's

Camels for Mildness!



Yes. Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and *only* Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking **CAMELS!**

The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Vol. XII

MAY, 1950

No. 3



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From Across the Desk . .

As the end of the school year approaches, the new *Colonnade* staff presents the final issue of creative writing by Longwood students. It is with sincere regret that we say good-bye to the old staff. And now before they leave, we seize the opportunity to commend them for the excellent job they did with the magazine and to thank them for the invaluable help they have given us in putting out our first issue. Within the space of a year, according to the rating given it by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, the magazine jumped a hundred points. Such a feat is indeed unusual. This was due largely to improved art work, advertising, and content. We of the new staff are hoping to raise the rating another hundred points. At any rate we are looking forward to carrying on the high standards the outgoing staff has set for us.

Since the purpose of the *Colonnade* is to foster creative writing at Longwood, we hope that the magazine will prove inspiring not only to those students who have had articles published but also to those unknown writers who have been too timid to submit their writings. We want the students to realize that this is their magazine and that without them, the publication of it would be impossible. We, therefore, urge the student body to cooperate with us in our efforts to foster their talents.

However hard we of the staff and of the student body strive to put out a good magazine, we cannot do it without the help of our faculty advisers. By their helpful hints and full cooperation, they spur us on to achieve those high standards of which they believe we are capable. We thank each of them heartily.

And now we wish to express our gratitude especially to Mr. James M. Grainger. In his quiet, scholarly manner, he has through the years, helped in shaping the policies of the magazine, and he has ever inspired the staff. To him we dedicate this issue of the *Colonnade*.

—E. F. D.

THE STAFF

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Contributors: JACKIE JARDINE, NANCY JEFFREYS, BARBARA ANDREWS, ROBERTA BROVNING, JOHN COOK, BEVERLY SMETHIE, CATHERINE BONDURANT, BARBARA BROWN.

Member
Associated Collegiate Press

As Students and Friends See Him

BY JACKIE JARDINE

FORTY years of service—forty years of loyal devotion to high ideals — forty years of dedication to the search for the beauties in life. This is one of Mr. James M. Grainger's unsung but everlasting contributions to the college he loves.

A man in whom is found a rare combination of fine qualities, Mr. Grainger stands for the upright, for the pure in thought and deed, and for the simple. He firmly believes that the natural, the sincere, the scholarly, the refined, make for the happy life. Although such a life may pass unnoticed by the headlines, it brings fulfillment. Love for beauty and learning, and service to one's fellow man are no vain abstractions for Mr. Grainger. They are part and parcel of his every day being.

His skin is tanned by his healthy outdoor life on his farm; his tall, lean body is straight and disciplined. In his dark discerning eyes is a light that shows the depth and serenity of his spirit as well as his keen interest in all things around him. He faces the world with certainty.

Mr. Grainger has seen a large part of the United States. He was born in Knoxville, Tennessee. It was from the University of Tennessee he earned his B. A. degree. Later he took another B. A. at the University of Cincinnati. And he received his M. A. from the University of North Carolina.

Since then he has taught in the Baker-Hemel School for Boys, the University of North Carolina, the State Normal School at Hyannis, Massachusetts. In 1910, he was appointed head of the Department of English Literature at Longwood College, then known as State Female Normal School. Two years later, the Departments of English Literature and Language were combined with Mr. Grainger as head of the

department. During his forty years at Longwood, Mr. Grainger has written studies on ballads, the teaching of English and related topics, the "Vahispa" Movement in education, debating, and other subjects. He has spent much time working on the syntax of the King James Version of the Bible. And he has taken an active part as chairman or member of many school, state, and regional committees dealing with the study of English. His history of his college, *A Century of Progress*, was published in the *Alumnae Magazine*, 1940. At various times he has been instrumental in obtaining lecturers for the college. Among the distinguished persons that he has been instrumental in bringing to Longwood are Robert Frost, Charles Morgan, John Erskine, Robert Tristram Coffin, and Carl Sandburg. And to Mr. Grainger goes the credit for establishing *The Focus*, which was the forerunner of *The Colonnade*, as well as for establishing the forerunner of *The Rotunda*.

The Grainger family is a large, talented closely-tied group. When Mr. Grainger's five daughters and four sons were young, the entire family participated in an orchestra whose classic repertoire contained Haydn quartets in which the piano part was adapted for the flute. While in college, Mr. Grainger played the flute to help pay his expenses. Several members of his family have since shown a special affection for the flute. Mr. Grainger says that the family orchestra was organized with the idea that through it each child would be imbued with the joy of music in the home and would, thereby, have some extra family bond to take with him in later years. Today the sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Grainger are living in California, in Connecticut, in North Africa, and in Virginia. Surely they will take with them in their careers as homemakers, teachers, artists, and music-

THE COLONNADE

ians the quiet dignity and wholesomeness provided for them by their earlier years at "Old Buffalo Farm."

As a teacher as well a person, Mr. Grainger excels. In the classroom, he is natural, upright, scholarly, inspiring. He does not believe in large technical terms or in inflated treatises; he believes in the simple principle that education is a step by step growth. He often reminds his students that the Wright brothers had to find out how to run their plane on flat land before they could get a good start in the air. Practicing what he preaches, Mr. Grainger is concerned with things and people as they are, not as formal diplomas say they are.

If someone were to ask Mr. Grainger what would be his advice to all college students, he might give these answers;

1. Pursue relentlessly whatever has the deepest call for you. In other words, follow

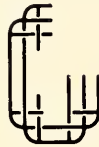
the best that is in you—your greatest bent or talent.

2. Strip yourself of all artifices, and face the world squarely and with love and trust for your fellow man, for only in so doing will you find a responsive worthwhile world.

3. And most important of all, seek the spiritual in all fields of life, for without the spiritual, life is meaningless.

But Mr. Grainger does not preach; he teaches by example.

It is through his wisdom, his foresight, and his highmindedness that Mr. Grainger has played such a big part in making Longwood College what it is. And so to Mr. Grainger, teacher, scholar, poet, musician, and Christian gentleman, we are deeply grateful for his forty years of service to us and to our college.



PINK, DINK, AND TINKLETOE

Honorable Mention in Poetry Contest

Books are just the nicest things,
They carry me away on wings.
From fairy dells to goblin dens,
I've made so very many friends.
There's Pink and Dink and Tinkletoe
Among the fairies that I know.
We climb up and down the rainbow,
Play tag among the silvery stars
And Dink says if I'm very good
We'll ride the moonbeams up to Mars.
Then Mother calls me down to tea

And Fairyland goes down with me.
And as we talk of school and play
And various things I've done all day,
Pink upsets my glass of milk
And spoils our pretty cloth of silk.
It wasn't my fault as you can see
But Mother blames it all on me.
My wee friends take me by the hand
And we climb upstairs to Fairyland.

CATHERINE BONDURANT

MEDITATIONS

How empty be this firmament;
It cannot, will not, change.
For life drags by eternally
And each lives out his own sparse share
Of solitude and loneliness.

Ignore the fact of other beings,
Who drift as aimlessly as thyself;
Resist the longing to belong—
And see the grey horizon stretch
Forever dim with tears unshed
For companionship unknown.

Happiness cannot exist—
Shyness and doubt expel the love,
And broken heart sighs,
To expire alone.

A smile can change the whole of life
And make a sad heart glad.
The clouds dissolve and melt away
And mist takes on a silver hue.
Each sparkling miracle is due
To one so sweet, of gentle spirit
Thinking soft of things of love.
The sun will never disappear
When such true thoughts have seen the light.
It carries on through darkest night,
And life will nevermore be drear.

I live my life in longing
For you, whom I may not have;
And yet, through wailing emptiness
Of heart's dream unfulfilled
There is a wisp of comfort
Like to a ray of sun
In the midst of winter's chill.
And though you know not, nor ever will,
This bit of you
Brings gladness to my day,
And light to my life.

BARBARA LEE ANDREWS



"And then he burst into the room."

THE NOTION

NANCY JEFFREYS

(Third Prize Winner in Short Story Contest)

“WHAT time is it?” Little Mike asked. His mother looked at her new watch and studied it closely before answering. “Ten - a - and one half - a - minutes to nine.”

Little Mike jumped up from the wicker chair by the stove, kissed his mother, and in one leap bounded out the door. His explanation for his hasty departure came as he ran down the steps. “I’ll be late for Joe,” he called from the first landing. Then on the second landing, “We’re playing marbles today.” Then on the third landing, and a dim little voice like that at the other end of a dream, “And I can’t be late!”

His mother looked out the window and down the street to catch the last part of Little Mike’s sentence. He waved to her. “It is for the championship!” And away he sped. She watched him dart down the street, his cap in his hand . . . past Mr. Gondola’s fruit-stand . . . almost stumbling over a stray puppy . . . running on. Mama’s son. She smiled to herself and to the room, as she often did, and settled her plentiful self into a wicker chair by the kitchen table. It was a hot day, and she had much to do. There were the potatoes to peel and the peas to shell. The clothes were dirty again and needed washing. Every week they became dirty and needed washing. She wondered if it would always be that way. But what did it matter, as long as Little Mike was there. He always did things to make her laugh or smile whenever she settled down in their sparsely furnished room. Somehow he always came just when she needed him. When every hope had left her, and she seemed almost dying for some inward hollowness of heart and stomach, little Mike would come running in, or he would shout to her from the street, or throw

a pebble against the window so that it rattled with the adventure that he himself always seemed to suggest in his every movement, in his every spoken word—in his sparking dark eyes that knew nothing of stillness or dullness. A shiver suddenly touched her shoulder and covered her back. A breeze from the river lifted the curtain and waved it—just as women on the pier wave good-bye with their white handkerchiefs. She rubbed her arm briskly. It was July. It had never been hotter. Mama knew now that it was a chill. It had nothing to do with the months or the seasons. It had come only when the heart was afraid. She had such an awful feeling of foreboding. Women often do, and men scoff at them, and shrug their shoulders, and joke about their weaknesses to the boys at lunch-time. But the women keep on having their presentiment and sometimes they’re right.

Noon came and Mama finished the washing. The white sheets flapped on the clothes-line between the shabby tenement buildings. The sun that shines down on broad farmlands and happy people, shone on her sheets. The same rain, the same sun.

Mama pulled her chair up to the window and settled down with a heavy sigh. Her arm rested on the window-sill. Out there in the street, she thought—nowhere else to look but out there into the dirty street. The children who needed to be washed at least as often as the clothes, were tossing a ball into the air. It always came down. Mama slipped into reverie—perhaps her only pleasure, except little Mike. Some women went to the movie houses and sat for hours and came out blinking their eyes on facing the strong sunlight, and looking like disillusioned children when life comes back

too suddenly after fantasy. And some women kept a bottle of gin tucked behind the flour tin in their cupboards to make their afternoons seem better than they were. But Mama dreamed.

Today she dreamed about little Mike's becoming a great architect and designing churches as well as beautiful, inexpensive houses where the poor people could live. It was one of her favorite dreams. Little Mike would be sitting behind his walnut desk in the Jefferson Building and a dozen important men would be standing around, waiting for consultations, for contracts, for the advice of little Mike. The buzzer on his desk would buzz and the cool voice of his secretary would say, "Mr. Novak, your mother is waiting to see you". And all the people would be sent from the office, and . . . Another chilly breeze came in from the river and touched Mama's shoulder. Two icy shivers went all over her back. She trembled. What was it? The buzzer buzzed, and the secretary said in a cool voice, "Little Mike is dead, Mrs. Novak". Mama sat upright and stopped thinking. She rubbed her arms as she had done before. Funny how you can just be sitting and thinking and all of a sudden you get a crazy notion. Try as hard as you will, you can't stop it. All the time you know it's all wrong and that such a thing cannot be. But it kept coming back into Mama's head. "Little Mike is dead . . . Little Mike is dead." From all directions pain shot through her arms and into her heart. She got up, walked over to the stove, and shook the pan of boiling peas. She washed her hands, wiped them with a towel, folded the towel nervously, and looped it over the rack. She walked back to the window again and looked out—watching, waiting. He should be home now, she thought. Soon a pebble would be rattling against the window-pane or she would be

hearing his voice from the street, or a rap, rap, rap on the door. Soon it would surely come. Funny how notions can bother you—can make you believe them, no matter how foolish they are. Mama looked at her new watch. Twenty-five minutes past one. He was seldom late. She collapsed into the wicker chair. The pain was almost too much for her. Suppose it were true! The tears came and filled her eyes until the room seemed to be melting in the heat before her. She would not want to live another moment if Mike were really dead . . .

A shrill whistle from the street came to the window.

Tweet-t! tweet-t! Mama leapt up and looked down.

"Hello, Mama!" It was Mike.

"I'm coming, Mama!" And he disappeared into the doorway beneath.

"I'm almost there, Mama!" He was on the first landing.

"Coming closer!" He was on the second landing.

"Here I am, Mama." He was on the third landing. And then he burst into the room, his dark eyes flashing brighter than ever. "I won!" he said, "I won from Joe!"

Mama smiled and tried to blink away the tears. Little Mike stopped laughing and came over to her. He reached out and touched the tears that were splashing down her cheeks. He looked at them curiously. "Tears, Mama! Why are there tears?"

Mama smiled her biggest smile, and pulled Little Mike into her lap.

"Because I am happy," she said. "I always cry when I am happy." Little Mike cried, too.

And there they sat, hugging each other. The little boy laughing and crying, and not knowing why. And the big woman laughing and crying, and not knowing why.



Somewhere - - or Everywhere

BY JACKIE JARDINE

WE get education in funny places, and the places are everywhere. It's up to each individual to brush aside the camouflage and look a little deeper to find it. It's not something we obtain from merely being present in a college four years. Nor does a degree necessarily certify that the recipient is a walking tome of wisdom. Opportunities to learn abound; but to profit from our contact with the world and the knowledge that awaits us, we desperately need searching eyes, open ears, a generous heart, and a discerning mind.

People of all sorts offer education to those interested. It is known by sociologists that many delinquents whose scholastic opportunities have been poor, develop a high sense of sociability. Delinquents sense their own lack of book learning and their own inability to attract on the intellectual level; consequently, they strive to attain an amazing knack of getting along with people. Hence, they are often more highly adept at recognizing emotions, discerning feeling, or carrying on a conversation (needless to say, of an inferior type) than a highly intellectual possessor of several degrees. People are books—all we have to do is learn how to read them as the quotation goes. And, as with books, some people make better reading than others. The various parts are brought together into a better-integrated theme, and the sub-plots develop more interestingly and constructively. Once in a while, we run into someone with the qualities of greatness, whose ideals are lofty and inspiring—someone with an open heart, mind, and a willingness to learn. Then our reading is fascinating and elevating. However, even fools can possess some few qualities we lack; moreover, we can often profit by their errors and thus avoid pitfalls in our own lives.

Residence in a college scarcely guarantees the acquisition of knowledge, be it

book-learning, social acumen, aesthetic appreciation, or just plain common-sense. True, college increases our factual information, gives us, perhaps, the basis for a profession as well as the opportunity to learn to live with many diverse personalities. However, a college education gives only a veneer of all these things. It provides a doorway to untold realms of wisdom. But to do more than point the way, it cannot. We must be the searchers, the diggers, the yearners. Too often we are momentarily fascinated by the philosopher or the poet. We retain one or two thoughts of his ideas or his life; and in later years, are considered "cultured" by our acquaintances because of our show of "genius" when we vocalize our stock knowledge. We may never have sought deep into our poet's or philosopher's life or the true meaning of his message.

To continue, so very often we are shown how a full life should be led and what adds to growth and happiness. But in too many cases, we study such truths, admire them at a distance, and then forget them. Many of us fail to apply useful principles to our own lives, although we are aware of such principles. The way to wisdom is too hard and long, we think; the love for learning and the aching for wisdom we scoff at and spurn. And, consequently, we never manage to climb even for a moment out of our little, ready-made ruts—during our whole lifetime.

On the other hand, we occasionally run across the person who feels he has conquered all the learning to be had in the world. Nothing and no one can convince him he is wrong. He exemplifies the fallacy of a true-and-false test, because, of course, the more we know, the more we realize the vast majority of ideas and opinions cannot conclusively be proved right or wrong. With his smattering of knowledge and his

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resulting dogmatism and narrowmindedness, he is more ignorant than the illiterate who KNOWS he knows nothing, and is ashamed.

A large number of college graduates are satisfied with what they have learned in school; they feel that their education has been completed and that further study is not essential. Once they leave college and proudly frame their diplomas to have them gather dust, they also leave books and intellectual topics behind. However, even if we all lived to be as old as Methuselah, we would still be relatively ignorant compared to the vast amount of knowledge that is waiting to be mastered. A truly learned person is never without a new book to explore, a new thought to mull over, or a new field to conquer. Our education is never complete — we only reach certain milestones.

Some people have never had the chance to get a "higher" education; yet, in the opinion of those who have had much formal schooling, these few individuals embody the good tastes, the appreciations, the eagerness for truth and beauty usually associated with highly "educated" people. They have taken an active interest in their

world, read not only current works, but also the past thoughts of great men that have helped to make our lives what they are today. Because they are keenly aware of the trends of the day, they make every effort to keep in touch with the sentiments of the times. They know beauty when they see it — in art, music, words, and ideas. From the knowledge they have derived from their travels and from their everyday routine, they have sifted the lasting from the trivial. And the lasting and truthful, they have striven to incorporate into their own lives.

After all, wisdom is how we use our knowledge. A multitude of facts carried around in our craniums to be unearthed on remote occasions, certainly will not insure our being "real" people. Like Solomon, we may wish to be the wisest creatures in the world, but unless we embody what we have learned into our lives, we remain fools and jesters. We have brains with which to reason and to think, we have a fascinating world, and we have unlimited opportunities for exploring the known and the unknown. What else can we ask for? Do we care to be truly "educated"? The answer lies in each one of us.

A ROSE

Third Place in Poetry Contest

On the rose's crimson petals
Dew is sparkling in the sun.
Butterflies of rainbow brilliance
Hover to consume her sweetness.
She, in a last and noble gesture,
Lifts to heaven her gleaming petals —
Gemlike petals tremble gently
As the blossom droops to die —
Beauty lacking strength must wither
And with wind her life shall fly.

ROBERTA BROWNING

WINGS

(*To One in the A. A. F.*)

Soaring aloft as an eagle flies,
Proudly and high in the sun-bathed air,
Into the infinite blue of skies,
Far from the earth with its endless care,
Winging, no danger or fear he knows,
Piercing ethereal, lucid space;
His mission lures him, and on he goes
Above clouds of the filmiest lace.

Helpless am I to keep him from harm;
I cannot shield him high in the air.
But love is a talisman — a charm;
I solemnly bow; I say a prayer.
Eagles are safe beneath heaven's dome;
Guided by instinct aloft they fly;
And Love will bring *him* safely back home
From beyond the blue veil of the sky.

GRACE OAKES BURTON

SPRING RAIN

The sky opaque, a dome of grayish space
Impenetrable, stretches over all;
Recurrent, steady drops of water fall.
They speed to earth as on and on they race.
Who has not felt spring rain in upturned face,
Or sensed the misty spray, a murky wall
Of density, beyond the trees so tall,
And known the passion of the rain's embrace?

When parting clouds let through the truant sun,
The rhythmic fallings of the droplets cease.
A blest relief as follows poignant pain
Succeeds the pounding, mightly marathon
Of rushing feet. A welcome, hallowed peace
On earth descends, as plants drink in the rain.

GRACE OAKES BURTON

Summer's In

BY JO



1. What to do this summer is the question that faces Lena Longwood as June 5th steadily approaches.



2. She could be a camp counselor and enjoy the gifts of nature or . . .



3. She could put her typing skill to practical use getting a job in an office or . . .

The Offing . . .

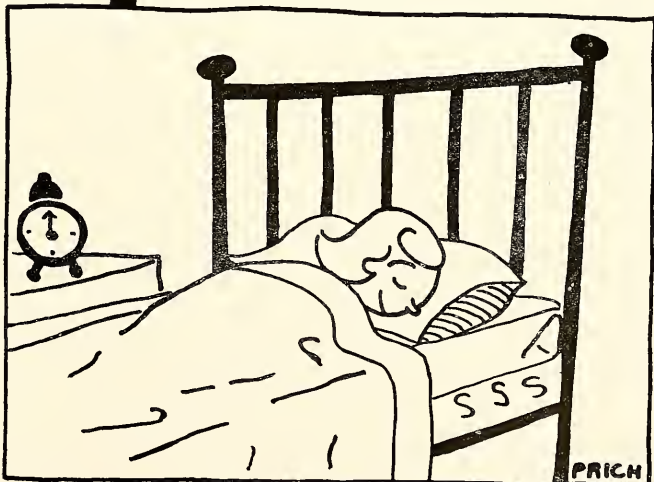
RICHETT



4. She could earn a tidy sum by baby sitting or . . .



5. She could gain invaluable experience by clerking in a department store but . . .



PRICH

6. What's the use of wasting her valuable summer away when she could so easily live like a princess and sleep 'til noon every one of the glorious vacation days?

ALMA MATER, FAREWELL

GRACE OAKES BURTON

AT last we realize the inevitable truth that "one must take the bitter with the sweet." In retrospect we see four interminable years of hard work, endless rain, and fried apples. How we have berated the food in the dining hall, the furniture in the dormitories, the rats that managed to die in the wrong places, and the incessant bells that prodded us on when we wanted to loiter or to sleep!

There seemed to always be tests, term papers, instructors whom we could never please, and practice teaching of the "brats" that we couldn't teach because they thought the supervisor was the teacher, and we were superfluous additions to the training-school faculty. During the period of a particular initiation on the college campus, some of our pupils were even bold enough to call us "goats." Why would any dignified schoolma'am be given such an appellation?

Our patience has been worn out with teaching, and our shoe soles with running to and from meetings. We have often burned the midnight oil in desperate attempts to cram a little knowledge into our tired minds. We have writhed under restrictions which seemed to place us in the category of adolescents. We have looked forward to the time when our four-year sentence would be completed, and we would be liberated. And now that time has come.

There is a strange nostalgia in the air. The strains of Red 'n' White seem to be heard less frequently, and there is about the melody of the familiar song a peculiar plaintiveness that we never realized before. We look up at the Rotunda and our chins quiver with a strange vibration. This is *home*, and we are about to say farewell forever.

Whenever we walk through a colonnade, whenever we see snowballs and pink dogwood in bloom, whenever we hear the word college, we shall think lovingly of Longwood. Gone are all the worries of college days—the fear that we might not be accepted in the organizations of our choice, the dread of a possible "D", the anger engendered by certain mid-semester estimates, the complaints about the millions of steps we have had to climb, and the disdain for the "impossible" food and for the ants that could always find the morsels which we salvaged from the dining hall. We think of our college friendships and of the fun we have had, and there seems to be dew on our eyelids. In sincere contrition, we speak aloud as to one's own mother and we parody familiar lines:

"Forgive, Alma Mater, dear Mother to thee,

Thy daughters, true, faithful, and loyal will be."

THE WIG

Honorable Mention in Poetry Contest

He stood upon the bridge at noon,
His nerves were all a-quiver.
He had to cough, his wig fell off
And floated down the river.

A maiden spied it floating down,
And brought it to him in town.
He thanked her once; he thanked her twice,
For she was kind and very nice.

Soon he married the maiden fair —
Though she knew he had no hair.
They'd often laugh at how they met,
And praised all wigs both dry and wet.

JOHN COOK

Goldilocks and the Three Squares

BY JOAN PRICHETT

GOLDILOCKS, a Shortstick cutie with personality plus, went for a walk one Spring afternoon as soon as she finished her drawing in Biology lab. She walked slowly up College Avenue in hopes that she could find some excitement for a lonely day. Goldilocks would have walked faster, but she couldn't. Her loafers were in that highly coveted condition of being so rundown that if she moved faster than a slow, flop-flop amble, they would fall off.

As she walked along, Goldilocks made a figure that people just naturally stopped to gaze upon. She had a lovely face. Of course, her nose was only slightly crooked and one sided, but that didn't detract from her beauty. Her blond hair, once long and ebony black, was cropped close to her large, irregular head. When the sun shone on her golden locks, she looked like a Greek goddess. However, when she was in the shade of the trees, a peroxide green tint showed up and she looked like a geek from a Picasso original. Goldilocks knew this, so she avoided the shady spots and therefore walked in golden beauty.

After walking for what seemed an eternity, Goldilocks happened upon a quaint looking brick cottage set back far from the busy street in a cool shelter of Tree of Heaven bushes (more commonly known of as stink weeds). It was the Ata Bita Pie Fraternity house.

An unsurpressable urge compelled Goldilocks to change her course and walk up the narrow, winding walkway that led to the structure. The grounds were neat and well kept except for the fact that there was no grass on the lawn. That didn't detract too much, however. There were so many cans and bottles lying about that grass couldn't have been seen if there had been any.

Soon Goldilocks was standing at the

closed door. She knocked. When no one answered, she opened the door cautiously and peered in. The only sign of life was a character who was racked back on the sofa, apparently sound asleep. She gave a throaty hello, but the sleeping hulk made no move.

Feeling slightly rebuffed, Goldilocks wandered into the kitchen. There on the table were three bowls of floating biscuits. Goldilocks, like every other college girl, detested such fare, but she was so hungry that she walked over to the table, took a spoon, and began eating. The first bowl was small and its contents hardly appeased her ravenous appetite. She continued eating until she had completely devoured the middle size and large bowl of floating biscuits.

After such a long walk and hearty meal, Goldilocks decided to go into the living room to wait for someone to come and offer to drive her back to school. She saw that the least uncomfortable looking chair was over by the window so she walked over and sat down in it.

While she was sitting there waiting, she must have dozed off, for when she awoke, she heard loud, irritated voices coming from the kitchen.

"Who ate my floating biscuits?" asked a large gruff voice.

"And who ate my floating biscuits?" questioned another voice.

"Urp!" said a high pitched voice. "Who cares?"

"We care!" the two chimed in.

"If I get my mitts on the crumb," said one, "I'll tear him limb from limb. It's all right for 'em to use our house, smoke our nails, and drink our budloe, but never our floating biscuits! I'll moider the bum!"

Goldilocks sat up straight. "Who do they think they are, the squares? I've never heard of such smoes in all my born!" She was mad then. Haughtily, she headed for

Continued on page 24

Waltz Ballad

BY MARIA JACKSON

THE time was three o'clock. The date was May 6. From my vantage point on an ant hill, I cast alternate glances at the sky and the program I held. Little black clouds scudded around, over the amphitheatre of the Longwood Estate, and the crowd gathered to see the unfolding of our May Day theme, "Waltz Ballad".

Around me, scores of spectators consulted watches, and leaned forward expectantly as the clear notes of young yodlers echoed through the glade to set the stage in southern Germany, the birthplace of the waltz. From behind the pines that banked the dais marched a German band, the pride of Farmville High School. Their brass strains fixed a rollicking tempo for the Landler, "a dance of the peasants in which hands interlocked, arms entwined, and couples ecstatically whirled as the story of love and court unfolded."

Hardly had the reverberations died away and scarcely had the braid-trimmed skirts and jackets of the peasantry disappeared into the woods when, in graceful studied contrast, nobility swayed into view. Turning their partners with hands interlocked to present the Allemande, a gay,



The Recreated Varsovienne

flowing Dance Sentimental of German origin, the members of the Queen's court conceived a tableau of sheer white loveliness. Taffeta, hoop, and net moved for a minute before us and then were gone.

With a graceful high-prance, the ballet corps turned our thought to the last decades of the nineteenth century, the romantic days of Strauss. As I swayed unconsciously to the three-quarter time of "The Blue Danube," I snatched a momentary look at the program and read: "The Blue Danube, typical of the Strauss and Viennese period of the waltz, is interpreted best by a ballet corps in which the dancers move in a form stylized from the classical period of the ballet." The dance began slowly, increased in action, came to a leaping pirouetting climax, and restored itself to its original quiescence as the corps and male figure posed to paint a picture which seemed in its stillness and precision to be a Degas original. So much so that the effect was startling when the "painting" suddenly became alive, and its blueclad figures danced from the green to make way for the Weber group.

Led by the Dance Muse, a group of



The Painting Became Alive —

WALTZ BALLAD

nymphs descended the hill in two lines to form a circle, and to wind and weave their way through the natural movements of the Dance Poetic with all the exuberant joy of the emotions. The Grecian-like figures whirled and leapt until the grass floor seemed a rain-bow of lavender, yellow, green, and pink silk, and then retired to the dais to make a gently rocking frieze for the Varsoviene.

A circle of peasants dressed in blue cottons came onto the green to reveal in a series of three dances, the influences of Scandinavian countries on the waltz through the recreated Varsoviene.

As the last dancer skipped behind scenes, I heard the ominous rumble of thunder. Excitement mounted, for the big moment had arrived, and the crowd was torn between the fear of being caught in a storm and the fear of missing the entrance of the Queen. For a moment there was a buzz of indecision, and then silence.

The court, wearing smiles that took the place of the sunshine and displaying wrist corsages of red roses, came in with measured steps to a musical background of Tschai-kowsky's "Waltz of the Flowers" from the Nutcracker Suite. Forming two rows, they waited. The sight of the maid-of-honor carrying an arm bouquet of red roses must have incited old Sol's sympathy, for as the spectators leaned forward in open admiration, the sun, as if paying fitting tribute to our lovely Queen, broke through the clouds. The rays glistened on the bowed heads of Her Majesty's subjects as they curtsied as one to made their obeisances. Graciously acknowledging this, her due homage, Queen Dolores mounted to her place. Standing, she viewed the Dance Idyllic. It was a "memorable figure, that of the heart in which the image of the romantic, the sweet, the sentimental, and the beautiful was intermingled into one extravaganza of rhythm, color, and movement." The whirling figures of the Blue Danube dancers made a lovely contrast to the slow movement of the court figures and to the swaying motions of the Weber group. As the piano sounded the last notes of the "Waltz of the Flowers," the entire entourage form-

Continued on page 23



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Have You Read These?

NEVER DIES THE DREAM

BY MARGARET LANDON

Reviewed by Sara Cregar

NEVER DIES THE DREAM is an inspiring story of India Severn, missionary to Bangkok, Siam. With a generous spirit India fought innumerable odds such as ignorance, poverty, disease, and the fatalistic spirit of the Siamese people to establish her mission school in Bangkok. Her school, pitifully lacking in funds and equipment, overcame all obstacles to train native Siamese girls as Christian teachers.

As years go by, India's unselfish heart demands that she harbor orphans, indigents and others whose characters are questioned by her fellow missionaries in Bangkok. This generosity of India's brings about the greatest obstacle of her career. It arouses disapproval and jealousy in the other missionaries, particularly that of Grace Rutherford, who causes Jasmine Hall to be closed.

Margaret Landon tells the unforgettable love story of Angela, a lovely American girl. Angela had married a handsome Siamese prince while in college in Chicago. After an extended honeymoon he brings his young bride to his native home. Here Angela learns she has married a stranger, a foreigner, a man she will never understand because he is totally different from Americans. The prince, soon after returning home, assumes the Siamese dress and native habits. One of these habits it seems is polygamy, so he takes two more wives. Angela lives a tormented life in a house of strangers. She makes friends among the white

people in Bangkok but she is ashamed to seek their aid in escaping from her distress. When the prince is killed in a freak accident, in desperation, Angela turns to India Severn, who welcomes her at Jasmine Hall. India restores Angela's faith in life with her kindness and faithful spirit.

Margaret Landon makes her characters seem like people we might know. One of the best is Mr. Denniseart, the American ambassador, a man unfit for the ruthless game of diplomacy. The characters of India's school are a motley mixture; Darun, a faithful native teacher; Dulcie Kane, an eccentric American spinster; the three Siamese orphans, accomplished hoodlums ranging from 6 to 12 years in age.

Never Dies the Dream well supports Margaret Landon's reputation earned by her previous book, *Anna and the King of Siam*.

THE GOLDEN APPLES

BY EUDORA WELTY

Reviewed by Patricia Taylor

THE GOLDEN APPLES is about Morgana, Mississippi, its inhabitants, and some of the things that happened there during the first half of the twentieth century. The book begins as Miss Katie Rainey tells in her own words about the family across the street, King and Snowdie McLain and the twins. It ends forty years later when King and Snowdie come to Miss Katie's funeral.

There are many other people in Morgana, and with her wonderful character descriptions, Miss Welty makes the read-

ers feel that these people are their own friends and neighbors. There are Miss Eckhart, the music teacher who rents part of the McLain house for her studio, and Virgie Rainey, Miss Eckhart's favorite pupil, whom everyone expected to make something of herself. A few years later, when Miss Eckhart and Virgie passed on the street, they did not even recognize each other. There is little Jinny Love Stark, with her cheerfully aristocratic philosophy. ("Let's let the orphans go in the water first and get the snakes stirred up, Mrs. Gruenwald.") Jinny married Ran McLain, one of the twins.

If you want to read a book about life in an average American small town, you will like *The Golden Apples*.

UNEXPECTED SUMMER

BY GERTRUDE E. MALLETTE

Reviewed by Joanne Steck

SELDEN MEREDITH and Hall Stoddard were really in for an unexpected summer. Jobs were a "must" for them both, if they were to continue with their college education. Selden, a journalism major, naturally turned to reporting not only for experience, but for the much needed money. She soon found that there was a great deal she needed in the way of practical experience before she could convince a city editor that she was a reporter. She found that one must harden to the grueling job of city reporter. Remembering a candy making course she had taken in high school, she decided to increase her funds by selling various confectioneries. Selden had as many set-backs as any young woman might expect when starting out in

business, before and even after she and Hal went into partnership, making and selling candies. Meanwhile, Selden plugged away at her free lance reporting. She kept her camera handy and an eye out for news, gradually learning by trial and error until the summer ended in a burst of glory. After all, the unexpected summer was a victory for both Selden and Hal. Not only did they obtain their much needed money, but they grew older in time and outlook.

You must read this delightful book and experience in your mind the adventures of these two young people, mystery, action, romance, and interesting information on not one but two very different types of demanding careers.

Gertrude Mallette has made *Unexpected Summer* a must on the reading list of the young college set. These two young people are not much older than any of us, and their adventures will become real and unforgettable as you read.

Father: "Why shouldn't I be friendly with my secretary? We work together every day. It's only logical."

Mother: "Wouldn't biological be a better word, dear?"

—||—||—

A train passenger, who had overindulged in liquor, asked a conductor how far it was from Millington to Memphis. The conductor told him that it was 15 miles. Later the same passenger asked how far it was from Memphis to Millington.

Conductor (annoyed)—If it's 15 miles from Millington to Memphis, it must be 15 miles from Memphis to Millington.

Passenger—Not neshsherily. It'sh only one week from Christmas to New Year's, but it'sh a heck of a long time from New Year's to Christmas.

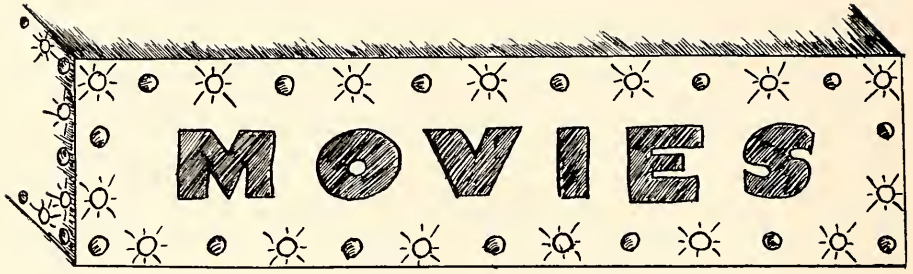


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CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR

Reviewed by Barbara Brown

IF you've ever tuned in — and who hasn't — on a quiz program, and marveled at the long lists of prizes awarded to contestants who almost always are stumped by any question harder than "How much is three plus two?" you'll get your share of laughs from this satire on radio give-aways. Happy Hogan (Art Linkletter) emcees the quiz show, and puzzledly wonders what's happening to his show when Beauregard Bottemly (Ronald Coleman), a walking Encyclopedia Britannica, turns up and seems to know all the answers from cover to cover. Beauregard, who's very scholarly, keeps popping out with the right answers until he's well on the way to breaking the sponsor, "Milady Soap, The Soap That Sanctifies!" The harassed president of the soap company attempts to find a subject on which Beauregard isn't a mine of information. He hires glamorous Flame O'Neil (Celeste Holm), and almost succeeds when she gets the brilliant Bottemly to thinking about a lot of things you can't learn in books. If you see the film you'll discover what finally stumped the expert, and in the process you'll have barrels—Ahem! encyclopedias—of fun!

ALL THE KING'S MEN

Reviewed by Sarah Cregar

ALL THE KING'S MEN is the powerful film version of the Pulitzer prize novel by Robert Penn Warren.

It is the story of an unforgettable man, Willie Stark. Willie, at first, proclaims his interest in honest government. He runs for local office and loses. Party politicians then back him as a third candidate for governor to split the votes. Willie discovers this and turns against them. He becomes governor and for the rest of his life he stops at nothing to gain his ends. His methods are very similar to those of the late Huey Long. He gives the state schools, highways and hospitals, and sees nothing wrong in making bad deals and using blackmail to get them. Willie destroys the lives of everyone who is close to him, but to the day he dies the people believe him to be a great benefactor.

Broderick Crawford, who portrays Willie Stark, Mercedes McCambridge, and the movie itself well deserve the Academy Award which they won.

John Ireland, Ralph Dumke and Sheperd Strudwick are excellent supporting actors in the film.

Judge (to prisoner)—Say, when were you born?

No reply.

Judge—I say, when was your birthday?

Prisoner (sullenly)—What do you care?

You ain't gonna give me no present.

—||—||—

Sophomore (on Rat Day)—“You don't seem to realize which side your bread is buttered on.”

Freshman:—“What difference does it make—I eat both sides.”

—||—||—

Marj. B.—“What's the idea of you wearing my raincoat?”

Dot D.—“Well, you wouldn't want your new suit to get wet, would you?”

—||—||—

A mousey little man tapped the arm of the formidable gent who had been sitting next to him at the theatre:

Little Man—I don't suppose you happen to be Hector Milquetoast of Hartford, Conn., do you?

Formidable Gent: No, I don't. What's it to you?

Little Man (squeaking)—Just this, sir. I am—and that's his umbrella you're taking.

—||—||—

A Southern mountaineer got together a little money and decided that the time had arrived when he was justified in getting a family car. Going to the city, he stopped in at a used-car lot.

The alert used-car dealer picked out the oldest car in his stock and started to extoll the car's virtues. Finally,

Used-car Dealer: “And take a look at those tires. Those tires will make this car the best riding in town.”

Mountain Man (with resentment): “I don't want no tires. My folks ain't that kind. When they're riding they want to know it.”

“Frequent water drinking prevents becoming stiff in the joints.”

“Yeah, but some joints don't serve water.”

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QUESTIONS

- A** Aslant, I lie surrounded by a word
Which twice repeats a virtue which you've heard.
- B** A letter (from the Greek), a conjunction (transposed),
One from Flanders, here reflected and posed.
- C** A ten dollar bill, and the term “to sell”
Gives one a title, if they're combined well.

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 from different students win a 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 become the property of Chesterfield.
2. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** 20th CENTURY-FOX. This modern age is the
20th Century; a furry friend is a fox.
- B** BLANCH, N. C. The Dogwood State is North Carolina,
Blanch means to pale, or grow white.
- C** CHESTERFIELD-ABC. The smoke that satisfies
is Chesterfield. In the frame the initial letters of
lines 1, 8 & 3, spell A B C.
- WINNERS...

Chesterfield Contest Winners—Norma Roady, Troxie Harding,
Frances Ferguson, “B” Hylton, Louise Redd, Carol Stoops, Shep
Elmore, Ann Neck, Rena Mae Hayes, and Harriet Ratchford.

THE FAMILY PET

Honorable Mention for Humor

"What? You haven't see the family pet?
 We bought her years ago: She's with us yet.
 She's a dog and her name is Porgy
 She's full of fun but her odor's dorgy.
 Her bite is worse by far than her bark
 I think I hear her coming—Hark!
 Big? She's small, I think, for a Dane.
 Oh yes, she's gentle and very tame.
 Please sit there quietly, she likes you, see?
 'Porgy, let go of his leg and come to me.'
 I'm so sorry about her rudeness
 She does have just a touch of crudeness.
 She doesn't think you mind at all
 She's like a child with a baby doll.
 'Porgy, put Mr. Jones' hat back nov
 Don't chew the brim that shades his brow.'
 Isn't she cute? She's like a boy
 Playing with a brand new toy.
 What, you must go? You really must?
 You'll be back sometimes I trust?
 Porgy and I will both miss you.
 Look at Porgy she's trying to kiss you.
 Don't you adore man's best friends?
 You don't?"

BETSY WILSON

Mrs. Gush—That dress is the most perfect fit I have ever seen.

Mrs. Chargit—Then you should have seen the one my husband had when he got the bill for it.

Aunty—Precious, what did you do in school today?

Precious—We had a nature study. Each pupil had to bring a specimen from home.

Aunty—And what did you bring, precious?

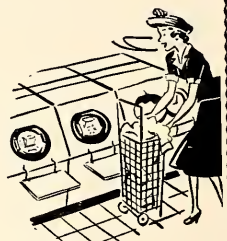
Precious—I brought a bedbug in a bottle.

Schoolboy's definition of a hypocrite:
 A kid who comes to school with a smile on his face.

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Waltz Ballad

Continued from page 17

ed a figure at the feet of the Queen.

Then down from the hill came the square-dancers, the "little yaller gals," and the "green mountaineers" led by their caller who snapped her whip at their heels as she moved nimbly from figure to figure calling: "Ladies go right, and gents go wrong!" In the movements of the Dance Americana, the western influence on the waltz could be seen. The program read, "When the waltz goes westward, it becomes 'Put Your Little Foot'," and indeed everyone's best was put forward as the caller cried: "Swing and sway the Cheyenne way to 'Put Your Little Foot There'." The entire cast waltzed and sang, and even the audience joined in the song until the last of the costumed dancers had left the green.

It was over. The time was late afternoon; the date, a golden day in May, 1950; the occasion, a never-to-be-forgotten pageant, and the spirit behind the whole celebration—Mrs. Emily K. Landrum.

Ezra and Sarah visited the zoo. Everything went well until they came to the zebras.

"What kind of an animal is that?" demanded Sarah, and for a moment Ezra was stopped for he had never seen one, either. But he remembered his army days, and answered after a moment's hesitation: "Why, Sarah, that's a sports model mule."

Pretty Stenog.—What's the big idea of your working steady 10 hours a day? I wouldn't think of it. You know what the code said.


Equally Pretty Cashier—I didn't think of it myself. It was the boss who thought of it.

Rufus—Did you hear about the man who was murdered last night for his money.

Goofus—Yes. Wasn't it lucky he didn't have a cent on him at the time?

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THE REAL REASON

The cherry tree was young and strong—
His father's pride and joy,
But little Georgie was like any—
Other little boy.

He took his little hatchet
And with one fatal blow,
He cut the tree right thru the heart
As if it were a foe.

His father then came running;
His favorite tree was down,
The one that he had cherished
Lay dead—upon the ground.

Then uttered little Georgie,
His world-wide famous cry,
"Father, dear, I did it, but
I cannot tell a lie."

But that is not the reason
That small Georgie did not catch it,
His father held his temper
Because Georgie held the hatchet.

BEVERLEY SMETHIE, '50

Goldilocks and the Three Squares

Continued from page 15

the door.

The three fresh fish came into the hall.
"There she is!" the tall, skinny one shout-
ed. "How much can one girl eat?" the fat
one with glasses said. "I'll give her my
floating biscuits anytime, fellows," said the
little, anemic looking one.

Goldilocks tossed her head and said as
she lumbered down the walk, "Don't bother,
little one. I'm getting this cat out of here!"
She hurried as fast as her pigeon toed feet
would carry her back to school. When she
got there, she ran up to Mamma Face
Graten and said, "And the squares didn't
even offer me a ride back!"

Don't forget to get your copy of "Grem-
linstories" next month and see what hap-
pens when Ashtarella goes to the fancy
dress ball at George and Robert Univer-
sity!

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Rhonda Fleming



"...THAT'S RIGHT. CHESTERFIELDS ARE MILDER. I know that for a fact, because raising tobacco is my business, and Chesterfield buys the best mild, ripe tobacco I grow. Beside that, Chesterfield has been my steady smoke for 11 years."

C.J. Gholson

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