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COLONNADE

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Longwood College ~ March, 1951

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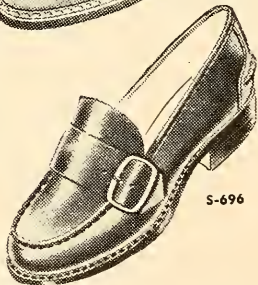
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The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. XIII

MARCH, 1951

NO. 2

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From Across the Desk...

"The Longwood Spirit!" What is it? At its best, it is a spirit of co-operation in promoting all things fine in connection with the College. Perhaps no college is finer than its publications, for the publications of a college supposedly represent the best that can be set forth by its students.

If yearbooks, newspapers, and magazines are to exist in any college, the students must support them by way of submitting on time ample material that is worthy of the money that it costs to publish them.

THE COLONNADE was founded for these two purposes: to stimulate creative writing and literary research by the students of the College—both the regular term students and the summer term students—and to give students a means of publishing their productions and of keeping the college aware of the literary achievements of her students.

It seems that the talented students of Longwood College would be highly appreciative of the opportunity of submitting articles for the COLONNADE—a literary magazine by the students for the students. THE COLONNADE is not meant to be a facsimile of THE SPECTATOR or OF THE OLD MAID; it is meant to be a magazine that puts before the public the best literary talent in Longwood College. Edison says "*Genius is nine-tenths sweat.*" True or not, a good deal of sweat necessarily goes into good writing.

The future existence or non-existence of THE COLONNADE lies in the hands of the student body. We of the outgoing staff feel that the students will prove their "Longwood Spirit" to the incoming staff by submitting, unsolicited, articles representing their best thinking and writing.

E. F. D.

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Three Times a Bridesmaid

HELEN GUTHRIE (Summer School '50)

“THREE times a bridesmaid, never a bride,” it is said.

Three times have I been a bridesmaid. That may doom me to spinsterhood. Even so, I shall at least have vivid memories of three weddings. I admit being thrice a bridesmaid has been exciting, but it has taken a heavy toll in both mental strain and money—so heavy that in my mercenary moments I have even thought of renting my one blue dress, my two yellow dresses, and my one hoop skirt to some prospective bride for her attendants. She would, of course, have to ignore the various desires as to length, style, and material.

My experiences of being asked to be a bridesmaid began two years ago when my sister announced that she had chosen October 30, 1945 as “the day,” and that she had chosen me as her bridesmaid. The whole family immediately proceeded to get in a dither, but fortunately for me, it was time for me to go back to North Carolina to teach school. In letters from home, I got snatches of information as to how, when, and where this biggest event in our family history was to take place. My blue velveteen dress finally arrived, and with many misgivings about the price I tried it on. It was beautiful. And it actually fitted! But there was that long train! “Wait a minute,” I thought, “only brides wear long trains.” How that train got added to my dress, I’ll never know. But I did have one piece of good luck. My roommate, who is a home economics teacher, came in our room about that time. And after making many unkind remarks about my brain or lack of it, she graciously took her scissors and got rid of the train. And then—bless her heart—she hemmed up the dress for me!

Somehow I dreaded asking off from my job. But my making several pretty excuses to the superintendent, I managed to get off in time to go home for the rehearsal, which

I am glad to say went off fairly well. The next night, however, there were many last minute headaches, but all of us finally got on our wedding garments. About ten minutes before time for us to start to church, Mother called Mary, one of the other bridesmaids and asked her to come in and adjust her corsage for her. Just as Mary came through the door, she tripped and would have fallen flat if the bustle of her dress had not caught on the doorknob. We rushed to her and unloosed her from the doorknob, but to our dismay, we found that her dress was torn apart more than halfway around the waist. Since pinning up such a tear was out of the question, I rushed around and found a needle and a spool of thread. In the meantime, Mother went to the church to assure the groom that nothing had happened to the bride. It took me at least five minutes to find the needle and thread. However I finally got the needle threaded, and one of the guests and I went to work on the dress—first one and then the other. But both of us seemed to have five thumbs on each hand. After about five minutes of rapid sewing, we stood back to view our finished product. To our horror, we had sewed the entire seam wrong side out. Hurriedly we ripped out what we had done and began once more. By the time another five precious minutes had flown by, we were ready to start to the church. That was one time a bride was late—fifteen minutes to be exact—for her own wedding!

Several months after my sister’s wedding, Mary Ellen, one of my friends from college days, wrote and asked me if I would please be one of her bridesmaids in July. Not having learned my lesson from the previous hectic experiences, I glibly accepted. In a very short time she sent me a fluff of yellow ruffles and some yellow organdy material which my roommate deftly constructed into a dress. According to request,

THE COLONNADE

I arrived at Mary Ellen's several days before the wedding—a thing I shall never cease to regret. On the first night, there was a stuffy bridge party, and I spent most of the evening grinning and making small talk with people whom I had never seen before.

The most of the next day I spent with a dust mop in my hand. After each visitor—and there were many who came to see the gifts and the bride—had left, I kindly mopped the floor to get rid of any footprints that might keep the house from looking spotless. In the meantime, the prospective groom, who was making a nuisance of himself, was put to work washing windows, and sweeping a flagstone walk from the garage to the house. Other members of the wedding party arrived the same day as I did, and each one was given a definite task. Frankly, it was a weary group of attendants who went through a rehearsal the night before that wedding!

On the day of the wedding, we got up earlier than usual in order to have more time for more work. About two hours before time for the luncheon which was being given to the wedding party, I put down the dust mop and went to my room to dress. But alas! Mary Ellen was already there with a piece of white material in her hand. And believe it or not, she asked me please to make the slip which she was planning to wear under her wedding dress that afternoon! She wondered if I could finish it before lunch. She would have done it herself earlier, but it had just slipped her mind! My roommate, the one who is a home economics teacher, would have raised her hands in horror, if she had seen the sewing methods I used. But I finished that slip before dinner! And really to the casual observer, it resembled a slip. Why she hadn't bought a ready-made one is another thing I'll never know.

By the time luncheon was over, I was so exceedingly tired that I suggested that we take a nap, so that we would be fresh for the evening.

"Well, we'll see," came the guarded reply of the bride's mother.

What she really meant was that she wanted me to squeeze oranges and lemons

for the punch that was to be served at the reception that evening.

In spite of all our work and worry, the wedding was a comparatively dull affair! No one fell! No one was late! No one did anything out of the ordinary. Perhaps everyone was too tired to do anything much.

It was not until the next March that I received another "I'm engaged—Will you be a bridesmaid?" type of letter. This time it was from Scotty, another special friend from college days. To be her bridesmaid was one of those things I just couldn't refuse, and my poor roommate just couldn't refuse to make another dress for me. Even with her help, my lean bank account almost balked at the idea of another yellow dress, much less one with a hoop skirt. Who in the world could need two yellow evening dresses even if one did have a hoop skirt?

On my arrival two days before the wedding, I found that Scotty's future in-laws had moved in *en masse*. There were carloads of them! Carloads, I tell you! Consequently, Scotty had to pack the four of us bridesmaids in a big room in the home of her next door neighbor. And still the in-laws kept coming. Many of them brought both pets and children. By this time the house was in a uproar. There was so much going and coming that it reminded me of the Grand Central Station in New York. We bridesmaids hoped for privacy and quietness on the afternoon of the wedding. But what a futile hope! I counted fourteen different girls who found it necessary, for some reason or other, to dress in our room. When they finally vacated the place, I spent about ten minutes searching for my clothes in the debris that covered the bed. And I was a bridesmaid, mind you!

As the hour for the nuptials drew nigh, the preacher came out of the room behind the pulpit. In doing so, he caught the sleeve of his robe on the doorknob—doorknobs must be possessed at wedding times—and a loud ripping sound went through the church. The preacher looked down and saw the tear, but he ignored it and went on to

Continued on page 22

GIT OUT, SON!

LESTER TROUT

AFTER several attempts, I secured my first job as a miner in the coal fields of Kentucky. I worked in what was then known as a pet mine or pony mine. These mines were so called because ponies were used to transport the coal from the face to the driftmouth. My section boss, Jeb Turner, told me that I must buy a shovel, a pick, a crowbar, a carbide lamp, a hard-hulled hat, and a pair of hard-toed shoes. Whew! Did that equipment cost me? Yes, sir! Twenty-seven dollars and fifty-eight cents! It took me a week to load enough coal to pay for them. By the end of that first week, I was as sore as a boil, and every muscle in my body pained like a tooth-ache. All in all, I was ready to quit. But about that time, Mose Farley, who was also a loader, came over to my place to see whether I was straight with the Union. I told him that all week I had been so damn tired by quitting-time that I didn't feel like doing anything except eating supper and going to bed.

With great decision in his voice, he said: "You'd better git straightened out at the Saturday meetin', or the boys will likely toss your can off the hill Monday morning."

"There's no need to worry about it, Mose," I replied curtly. "This is my last shift. I wasn't cut out for this type of work."

"Trout," he said, "there ain't no use o' you takin' that attitude about it. You jist stick with it a while longer, and you'll become a damn good loader. You've jist got to sorta' build up to it. I know jist how you feel. You work till you think you're goin' to die when night comes. Nex' mornin' you probably wish to hell you had died. But you'll live. I know—I ain't dead yet."

Upon reconsidering things in general, I decided to keep my job and join the Union at the Saturday meeting Mose had spoken

of. Before I joined the United Mine Workers Union, I thought of it as an undemocratic organization. This was due to my ignorance of Unions — what they stood for—why and how they were organized. But I found out first-hand that the United Mine Workers Union was a brotherhood to protect the miners. Before the U. M. W. Union was established, men worked ten, twelve, and sometimes even more hours a day for the pitiful sum of two dollars or less. In those days the operators didn't worry about the safety of the miners even. In many instances men were killed because of the lack of safety timbers or other safety materials. Not because they wouldn't set the timbers, but because the company didn't give them the timbers to set. Of course a miner could quit—even then. But jobs were scarce, and his dependents had to be fed and clothed. In order to give comforts to his loved ones many a man is tempted to take a chance with death, you know.

At present, thanks to the Union's safety committees and their work, unnecessary deaths are not frequent. If this safety committee declares a man's place unsafe, the company either gives him equipment to make his place safe or finds him another place that is safe. As one who has worked in a mine, I feel that the U. M. W. Union is a democratic organization. Really it is a brotherhood of the men, for the men, and by the men. In the organization, each man has an equal right to vote, hold office, etc. Having joined the U. M. W. Union, I felt a little more secure than I had before; consequently I stuck with the mines a while longer. My place at this time was called "first-right," because it was off the main drag—the first place to the right. The pony driver, Preacher Blackburn, was supposed to rotate his trips and to pull out one car for each miner before he started the

rounds again. It happened that near the mouth of my place was a side-track where the extra empties were kept. One day I walked down to the side-track to get an empty car and to ask Preacher to pull my load off. As I approached the side-track, I could hear Preacher screaming at the ponies. Then, I saw a light go by the mouth of my place. It passed toward the outside. By that I knew that I had been passed by and that I would have to wait until he took that load out and returned; so I slowed down my pace. Suddenly, I heard a bang as if two cars were coupling together. A yell followed. At once I recognized it was Preacher's voice. I broke into a run. "Lord God, have mercy," he was moaning! "Lord God, have mercy!"

"He's badly injured," I thought. "I must rescue him even at the risk of my own life." But his next words changed my mind. In a sing-song, nigh-to-crying voice, he wailed, "I've cut my goddam fingers off." Even at the moment the combination of his reverence and profanity made me smile.

Eventually I was considered a good loader, and I was earning good wages—about sixteen dollars a day. Everything was going well with me till one morning while I was waiting at the driftmouth for work time to roll around, Mose came over to me and began a conversation.

"Do you still feel that you're not cut out for this type of work, Trout?" he asked.

"You know something, Mose?" I replied, "I'm beginning to believe that a man cuts himself out for whatever he does instead of his being cut out for it."

"Now, Trout, you're gittin' wise to this old world," Mose said. "If you set your mind strong enough to do somethin', you kin do it. I'd like to see you set your mind to somethin' better'n this, though. You can't ever git anywhere workin' fer the other feller. Git out o' this damn dungeon, git an education, and git into somethin' where you can work fer y'self. That's the only way a man can ever git anywhere in this old world."

I respected Mose; so I promised him I'd think it over. About a week later, just around quitting-time, Preacher, the pony driver, came running over to my place. I knew something was wrong!

"Trout," he yelled, "come and give me a hand quick! A big kettle-bottom has Mose Farley pinned down."

We ran to Mose's place as fast as we could. Preacher jacked the kettle-bottom up, and I pulled Mose from under it. Poor, kind Mose!

"How are you feeling now, old timer?" I asked.

Finally in gasps he answered, "I'm a goner, Son. See that my wife gits my insurance and my pension, won't you?"

"Aw, don't talk that way, Mose," I said.

He leaned forward in my arms, spit out a couple of mouthfuls of blood, and said, "Take my advice, Son. Git out of this God-forsaken hole."

His eyes closed and his body went limp in my arms as I whispered, "Sure, old timer . . . sure."

I got out of the mines, never to return. Mose was right.

She frowned on him and called him Mister,
Because he had merely vister;
Then just for spite
The following nite
This naughty mister kister.

ANONYMOUS

JEALOUSY

HELEN AGNEW

His name was Joe. And he was the most flop-eared, big-footed puppy in that countryside. From the looks of him, his origin was definitely hound dog, but since Ellen had picked him up as a stray pup at the local county fair, there was no way of being absolutely sure.

Joe didn't remember much of that day. He only remembered the walking feet, the dust, and his fatigue after looking so long for his mother. And then two lovely white hands had descended from above, and he had been lifted into the air, dust and all, and hugged against someone's breast. At first he had whimpered loudly at such an outrage, but Ellen had calmed him as best she could while looking around her for his owner. She had been walking along the fairway with her older brother, Dave, when she had seen the lonely, forlorn little pup lying in a small clump of grass scarcely a dozen inches from the feet of the trampling crowd. With a little cry, she had run swiftly to the little dog, snatched him out of harm's way, and was stroking him gently before she realized that she was the focus of Dave's accusing eyes. Giving a hopeless shake of his head, he walked slowly toward her.

"Ellen, how many times have I told you that you just *can't* go around picking up stray animals? You'll have us eaten out of house and home before you know it. And besides, this looks like too nice a puppy to be a real stray. The owner is probably looking for him right now. Has he got on a collar? Let's see."

A full inspection of Joe's rather scrawny, puppy neck disclosed no collar. Ellen heaved a sigh of relief. Joe was beginning to like this strange person who held him so tightly. As for the boy with her — well, he might be all right in the long run, but he certainly wasn't as nice

as the person he called Ellen. In fact, Ellen was just about the nicest thing, other than his mother, that he had ever known.

All this time, Dave and Ellen had been arguing about what was the best thing to do with Joe. Dave said that of course the honorable thing to do was to leave the puppy there, so that the owner, who was probably looking for him anyway, would find him. But Ellen maintained that of course the best thing to do was to combine the honorable and the humane.

"And just how do you propose to do that?" queried Dave.

"Why, we can take him home and advertise in the paper for his owner. We just *can't* leave him *here*, Dave. Look at him! He's just a puppy, and he's frightened and lonely. Besides, there's no telling what might happen to him in this crowd."

"Uh-huh", said Dave. "I suppose if the advertisement isn't answered in six weeks, we'll just keep him."

"Well," said Ellen innocently, "I never thought of that, but it *would* be a good idea, wouldn't it?"

A snort from Dave was his only answer.

But, as it happened, they did as Ellen had suggested. That was how about six months after the county fair Joe happened to be lying in the warm, fall sunshine on the back porch of the Morrow farmhouse. He had grown considerably in those six months. His feet were still enormous, and so were his long, floppy ears. His body had filled out, and his coat was like gleaming brown satin. And he was taller by some eight inches. His eyes, like those of all hound dogs, were big and drooping. Even when he was romping with Ellen and at his happy best, those sad eyes looked as if tears would spill over their lids at any minute.

Ellen liked to pretend that Joe could

understand her when she talked to him. This pleased Joe immensely, and at the same time disappointed him sorely. Didn't his beloved mistress *know* that he could understand her? The fact that she couldn't understand *him* was no reason for her to suppose that *he* couldn't understand *her*.

After much persuasion, Mrs. Morrow had allowed Ellen to fix a bed for Joe in her own bedroom. This, too, pleased Joe immensely. But beware to anyone but Ellen who tried to move him when once he was settled for the night. He considered the bedroom his own personal domain from nine o'clock at night until six-thirty the next morning, and a murderous growl would greet any intruder in between those hours.

It so happened that one fall afternoon Ellen went to town on an errand for her mother. That afternoon Joe, who was always unhappy when his goddess was not about the premises, was lying disconsolately on the porch awaiting her return—his eyes even droopier than usual. He was the picture of dejection. His head was resting on his ungainly paws, and the wrinkles between his eyes had grown so deep that his forehead looked like that of an old dog. Now and again he would get slowly to his feet, walk a few steps, then flop to the floor again with a thud. Why hadn't Ellen taken him with her? She usually did. Something was afoot and it bothered him. He closed his worried eyes and tried to decide exactly what it was.

Joe heard the car turning into the lane, and with a bound, his lanky body was off the porch and across the lawn. He was beside the car the moment it stopped moving. On opening the car door, Ellen was met with an avalanche of big feet, big ears, and big sad, happy eyes. And then—it happened! Joe was astounded, for in Ellen's arms was—of all unearthly things—a *cat!* At first he couldn't believe it. A cat! *Anything* but a cat! Even another dog would be bad enough. But a cat!

Ellen patted his head and turned toward the house. He heard her crooning, actually *crooning*, to the hateful little beast she held in her arms. Why, his mistress

didn't even *like* cats! She had told him so just the other day. But there she was, leaving him alone in the yard and disappearing through the back door with a cat in her arms! He didn't even feel like doing battle with the usurper. So he just stalked back and forth across the yard, emitting murderous snarls and growls at imaginary felines.

All that afternoon Joe stalked back and forth, thinking that Ellen would notice him from the window and come out to comfort him. But no Ellen appeared. He became more despondent as the afternoon wore on. Finally the door opened and Ellen appeared—with that hated ball of fur still in her arms. Well, if that's the way she wants things—and he stalked as majestically as his big feet and floppy ears allowed to the farthest corner of the yard. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Ellen climb into the car again—the hateful cat still in her arms—and drive off down the lane. He just couldn't understand it. How could Ellen put out so much on a mere cat? How could she do this to him?

It was beginning to get dark. Joe was still lying dejectedly in the far corner of the yard. He could barely see Ellen get out of the car and walk toward the house. "Joe," she called. "Joe, where are you?" She would have to do a lot more calling than that before she could force him to come near that horrid cat. "Oh, there you are," he heard her say. And with that, she came toward him. Puzzled by his woeful looks, she said, "Why, Joe, what in the world is the matter with you?" Joe deigned to glance up sullenly from his sagging brows. And wonder of wonder! There was no cat in her arms.

"Joe, you are jealous of Fifi!" So *that* was his rival's name! "What a silly name—just right for a cat," he thought disgustedly. But where was this—this Fifi? "Joe, you mustn't act like this," Ellen said reproachfully. "I was only keeping Fifi for Aunt Mary this afternoon while she was at the bridge club. For shame! Acting like such a jealous baby!"

And with that she hugged him tightly

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Memories Remain

My love is like a miser bold.
It hoards my dreams of you,
And memories it will ever hold
Of things we used to do.
The night we met, I little thought
That love might ever be;
Nor would admit 'twas you who brought
My heart such ecstasy.
With stubborn will, I fought your kiss,
Your words I cast aside.
I thought I knew the way of bliss—
A false and foolish pride.
But when you left, my pride withdrew
And tears I shed in vain;
Yet solace comes through dreams of you
For memories remain.

FLORA BALLOWE



His Easter Suit

(Written at 12 years of age)



She dressed him up all spankin' white;
With black shod shiny toes;
And in his dime-sized button-hole,
She placed a little rose.
He tried to smile; no smile would come.
Can't people understand
That when a boy is dressed this way,
He can't be called a man?
He made his way to church that day—
A most self-conscious boy,
But when he finally reached the church
He gave a yelp of joy.
For there before him stood "the boys"
All dressed, and ill at ease,
From shiny shoes to well scrubbed cheek;
He knew they'd never tease!

ROBERTA BROWNING



All night these searing words tortured Gerry's aching brain!

The Persecuted

Second Prize Winner in Short Story Contest

CLEO HOLLIDAY

"AND every American citizen will readily admit—" The voice of Clyde Fitzsimmons sounded like an airplane droning endlessly somewhere far away. Gerry was not listening to any of the statements the attorney was making.

"Dear God, is there no end?" he sighed. Somewhere deep in his mind, he remembered having asked practically the same thing once before—a long time ago. Those days of anxiety had not been in vain. After all he had been invited to Laura's party. Laura had greeted him at the door, had smiled politely, and had moved on to the other guests. Every way he turned, small groups of people shut him out with their lively conversation with each other. Nobody seemed to know that he was even there. Suddenly a wave of relief came over him as he spied his friend, Don, talking animatedly with several of the boys and girls. Slowly he made his way through the crowd. Don, always the comedian, was telling his latest joke to an appreciative audience. Quietly he had wedged himself into the gay circle.

"So, the Kike pulled out his watch, and —" Don's voice trailed off as he saw Gerry's face among his listeners. All Gerry could think of now was how he could get out fast—just anywhere, so that he could hide from the thousands of faces that stared at him. Swiftly he left the room.

"It's that Jew, Levy, again," someone in the crowd whispered. It was the tall athlete from across the railroad tracks.

"Oh, Dear God—"

"Order! Order in the court!" commanded the judge.

As the events of the last three weeks swept through his mind, a sudden extreme weariness came over him. Thursday, three weeks ago—that was the night! All the

way from the Veterans Administration office where he had received his discharge papers to the place a block away where he had parked his car, he had kept telling himself that he was the luckiest guy in the world: He was out of the army; Helen still loved him, his old job was waiting for him, and he had \$5,000 in the bank—money he had saved. His mind had been a million miles away that day when he backed his car from the parking lot and stopped for the red light a block away from the V. A. building. He remembered that the light had changed, that he had pressed his foot gently on the gas, and that the car had moved on smoothly. He remembered, too, that suddenly he had seen a thin white arm fly up directly in front of his car, and that he had stopped with a lurch. Numbed with fear he had automatically climbed out of the car. The little lady had lain very still—too still, he had thought. She had crossed against the light.

"Oh, Dear God—"

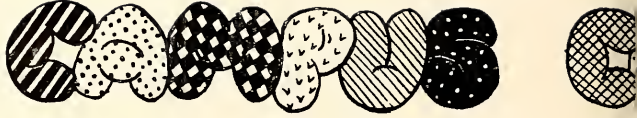
"The defendant, Gerald Levy, has told you it was an unavoidable accident. But I tell you," said the Prosecuting Attorney in a loud voice, "it was an avoidable accident. It was absolutely due to carelessness. I charge you, consider this case as if the deceased had been your mother or grandmother. Make your decision. The prosecution rests with you!"

He had been taken back to his cell.

Jew! Jew! Red light! Guilty! Accident! All night these searing words tortured Gerry's aching brain. After a few hours of fitful sleep he awoke sobbing. Slowly his mind cleared, as his cell door swung open.

"Only got about ten minutes," muttered the warden. "Better hurry it up."

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THE CONSTANT BORROWER

Down the hall there's always one who borrows clothes from every wardrobe but her own. Don't ever expect to get them back with the same number of buttons as when she borrowed them.



THE LACKADAISICAL LASS

Who doesn't know the lass who thinks studying isn't worth her valuable time? She spends her time in the movie, in the Snack Bar, or in the College Shop. Loudly she proclaims that school is a farce and that she doesn't own a book.

Here's a group of familiar characters. We pass them in the halls, sip cokes with them in the "Snack," share our troubles with them, laugh with them, go with them through our four years of college life. They're terrific material! They keep us happy throughout our days of to'l. They're Great—and we love them all! Could one of them be You or I?

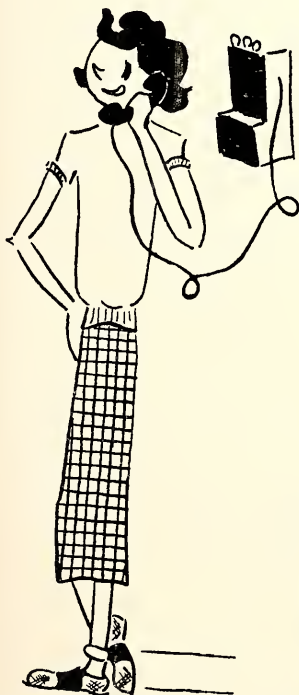
THE PERPETUAL LATE-TO-CLASS

This little Miss must think that the Administration has decreed that classes wait for her to read her mail and sip a coke or two in the "Snack."



BRASSERS

by Joan Prichett



THE EVER - PRESENT CIGARETTE BUM

She and her like never know what it is to buy a pack of their own. She'll come in, bum a "weed," and sit there and smoke it while she discusses the problems of her life.



THE CUTE LITTLE CUTIE

School wouldn't be complete without the cute little cutie who has trouble scheduling her dates. Bell Telephone is paying larger dividends this year because of her suitors.

THE BRAIN

There's always a "brain" on every hall. As soon as class is over, she rushes back to her room and digs into her volumes of hidden lore. O, how we do admire her—especially the night before exams!

PRICK

Fertile Eyes

None can know me
Better than you know me.
Your eyes,
In which we both sleep
Gave a better life
Gave a better fate
To the man I am
Than they gave
To the dark world around.
Your eyes,
In which I travel
Gave a significance beyond earth
To the road signs.
In your eyes
Those who reveal us our infinite solitude
No longer are what they thought.
None can know you
Better than I know you.

PAUL ELUARD
(Translated by Madeline Bigot)

To Live Here

I built a fire
Because heaven had left me
A fire to be my friend
A fire to fold me in from the wintry night
A fire to live better.
I gave it what the day had given me.
Woods, bushes, wheat fields, vineyards,
Nests and their birds, houses and their keys,
Insects, flowers, furs, festivities.
I lived with only the noise of crackling flames,
With the lone fragrance of their heat.
Like a boat was I
Sinking into deep water-
Like one dead had I
Only one unique element.

PAUL ELUARD
(Translated by Madeline Bigot)

Night Life In Paris

MADÉLINE BIGOT

SUPPOSE for a short time that you were not a teacher or a student at Longwood College, but that you were a tourist in my beloved Paris. As a tourist in Paris for a short time, doubtless you went somewhere every evening including Sunday, for time was precious. And not once did you come back before the small hours of the next day . . . But each time you came back with a glow deep in your heart—that Parisian glow that Paris never fails to kindle—that indefinable "*je ne sais quoi*" which can't be explained. "It is 'atmosphere,'" we French say—a fundamental setting before which marches such gorgeous pageantry as only Paris can offer—a pageantry that brands each item of its sparkling profusion with the stamp of the unforgettable.

You saw some excellent movies, and you remembered the names of such producers as Cocteau or Carre. You heard music . . . You remembered the exquisite string quartet of the Loewenguth brothers who played Mozart as you had never heard it played before. The best orchestra—it was indeed difficult for you to choose the best one—but maybe you thought the "Orchestra National du Conservatoire" was the best. You cheered, dreamed, and cried when the powerful musicians of that powerful orchestra played Debussy, Frank, Faure, Durufle. Like everyone else who hears them, you were so completely absorbed that for the time being you were lost to the world . . . You went to exhibitions. Art—real art in all fields—not only in what was shown but also in how it was shown. Nothing in those great complex achievements of art was left to chance. Often effect was reached through soberness—severe but effective. But always there was

that purity and delicacy of taste that prevails in the art of the galleries of Paris.

You saw plays — various kinds, of course, but always good ones. Curious, that feeling of fulfillment that you had, wasn't it?

On Friday night, someone told you that you were to go to the Opera House—that it was the fashionable night when seats were double in price and when formal dress was compulsory. You went, and you did not regret it. Your wonderment really started outside on the Opera Square when you saw a beautifully dressed audience step from cars and taxis and go up the stately marble steps. Once inside the theater, all seemed unreal for the first few minutes: white marble, gold ornaments, crystal chandeliers . . . all in all a vast dazzling sight that had the lure of both fairydom and art. The hall itself was gorgeous—almost too much so. In 1900 style, it displayed an overwhelming quantity of gold and dark crimson velvet that gave it a look of wealth and warmth. The splendor of the performance was equal to that of the hall, and you thoroughly enjoyed it, for it was truly artistic.

The next day the old expression, "Gay Paree" nagged your mind so relentlessly, you just had to investigate that gaiety. You had some difficulty in finding a certain cabaret, the address of which had been given to you, and which definitely had an attractive name: "L'ane Rouge",¹ or was it "Le boeuf sur le Toit"?² Anyway, the place was in a hilly part of the north of Paris in a grim quarter called Montmartre or Pigalle. Little crooked badly lighted streets, lovers in dark corners, women waiting! At first, you wondered what for, but you soon understood and winced. Then you reached

the place at last. It was rather shabby looking and it had only a small, dimly-lit entrance, but cars all around and all along the sidewalks, showed that many moneyed people had already arrived. After paying your heavy tithe, you found yourself in a crowded, smoky, low-roofed room where groups of people sat around small tables where drinks and delicacies were being served; and in a corner, scarcely higher than the floor, was a stage on which the entertainers appeared. But what could it be? The man on the stage was addressing you and attracting everyone's attention to the "foreign looking" tourist who had come to take a pungent sniff at the wicked part of the Paris life. Another tithe you paid for being late. That done, the man resumed his song. The crowd, you noticed, was composed mainly of foreigners, who of course missed most of what was being said or sung—a witty weaving of jokes, political, funny, or dirty. Though the air was stifling, and heavy with the fragrance of perfumes and the odors of strong drinks, all could satisfy their greedy eyes with every variety of equilibrists, jugglers, and dancing girls.

And when you came out, you wondered about the night life in Paris—so brilliant and varied and high-brow on one side and so sordid and low and gloomy on the other side! Even though you had just a glimpse—just an inkling of that frenzied "quon-

dian" (daily) reality which from dusk to dawn makes the pulse of that great city beat like mad. You thought, "Vice! Sensuality!" didn't you? Maybe that is what Paris night life is to an outsider, but not so to the Parisian who loves Paris and feels in his bones that he is part and parcel of all that is Paris. No! Paris is not evil, low, and despicable, nor is the "Parisian temperament" ever low and despicable. To every Parisian, the term "Parisian temperament" implies that one has a tremendous love of pleasure and a tremendous capacity for enjoyment as well as a tremendous yearning for things cultured and refined. Paris—a "cultural and artistic center of the world"—generously feeds her people with the cultural, the artistic, and the refined. But when whim and fancy call for the light and the gay side of life, the most cultured of cultured Parisians thrust themselves whole-heartedly into the pleasures of the Parisian night life, which though gay and sparkling, is inherent with art. Oh, the joy of doing things merely for pleasure. Independence! Individuality—not wickedness!

Of course you did not become completely attuned to Paris unless you caught the "Parisian temperament." If you did, you will return.

1. The red donkey.
2. The ox on the roof.

The Pool

Nestled deep in star-plashed glade,
Hidden from all mortal eyes,
Tranquil, lucid, limpid, cool,
Lies a little silvery pool.
It whispers to the ebon sky,
"I have your moon, your twinkling stars.
Mirrored here on water bright,
I hold your wonders of the night."

BETSY WILSON

THE SPELL

CATHERINE STEVENS

MRS. RANDOLPH rushed into the old plantation kitchen. Spying the small black woman sitting in the corner, she snapped sharply, "Isabelle, get that bread out of the oven! Don't you smell it burning?"

Isabelle rolled her black eyes toward her mistress and stared.

"Do you hear me, Isabelle? Get that bread out of the oven."

Isabelle made no reply.

"What's wrong with you?" Mrs. Randolph questioned as she hustled to the stove and drew out the bread already burned to a black crisp. "You have been very insolent here lately, Isabelle. I'll speak to the Master about you." With that Mrs. Randolph turned and walked out.

Isabelle just sat there sobbing, her black face all awry with distress.

"I'se jes' got to git rid of dis heah spell dat's been cast on me. I kyarn't talk to nobody nor onderstan' what dey is a sayin'. Dey think I'se sho' nuff crezzy. I shoulda knowed bettah dan to go down to old Ahab's cabin, but dey kep' a-begging me to he'p dem clean de place. Hit wuz dem lil' green balls I kep' a pickin' up dat put dis heah spell on me. Dem balls wuz full of sperrits, I tells yo'. O, Lawd, I jes' don' know what to do!"

As she turned to get up, she saw old Aunt Lizzy coming in the back door. Rushing to her, she burst into tears afresh.

"Now, now, honey chile, don' yo' do none of dat dyah. I knowed dat ole nigger Ahab wuz up to sumpin'. He's dun went and bewitch yo' wid dem dar green balls of his'n. But now don' yo' fret, Honey. I knows whar to take yo'."

Isabelle smiled sadly at Aunt Lizzy and rolled her tear-stained eyes as if to thank her, but she did not speak.

"Come on, Chile," Aunt Lizzy said and

took her by the hand. She led her past the row of Negro cabins to a small log cabin about a mile down the road. Aunt Lizzy knocked on the door, and immediately a tall black Negro opened it. His hair was woolly and white, and his clothes were old and shabby.

"Wha'cha want, Ant Lizzy?" he asked sternly.

"Dis heah chile is got a spell on urr from ole Ahab. Tell urr how to git rid of it."

"Come right in," he said rather sauely.

Aunt Lizzy walked in, Isabelle at her heels.

"Now, Ant Lizzy, ye jes' sot over dar in de condah while I break dis heah charm. And yo, sot heah, gal." With that he began to hop around her, spraying a sickening-sweet tonic on her head as he did so. Then he placed a piece of green wax in each of her ears and said to her, "Can yo' heah me?"

Isabelle responded quickly by nodding her head up and down. She tried to speak, but she couldn't.

"Now I'se agwine tell yo, Chile, what you has to do to speak agin. Tween now an' tomorrow night yo' has to jump in water over your haid." With that the witch-doctor led the two women to the door. Yo' can pay me in brown sugar," he said.

The women hurried back to their cabins before the Master had time to miss them.

The next morning about eight o'clock, Aunt Lizzy saw Isabelle kissing and hugging her two little black-eyed children. "Isabelle sho' nuff do love dem chillum," she thought and turned back to her dish-washing. Then all of a sudden she heard a splash that sounded as if it came from the old well. Rushing out of the house, she ran to the old well to see what it could be.

Continued on page 23



Have You Read These?

SON OF A HUNDRED KINGS

By Thomas B. Costain

Reviewed by JOANNE STECK

THE author of the exceptionally popular books, *Black Rose*, *Ride With Me* and *The Money Man*, has again brought to the reading public another great novel.

In his latest novel, *Son of A Hundred Kings*, Mr. Costain has come closer to his own heart and experience than in any of his previous stories. *Son of A Hundred Kings* is certain to capture the attention of the reader immediately. A young boy, Ludan Prentice, was shipped out of England to join his father in Canada. Prentice was not Ludan's true name, for he did not know what that was. He scarcely remembered his mother and had not even seen his father. Ludan arrived in the little Canadian town of Balfour with an oilcloth sign sewed on the back of his coat: "This is Ludan Prentice. He has no money. He is going to his father in Balfour, Ontario. Be Kind To Him." Passengers on the boat and train looked at him strangely. His arrival in Balfour was quite sad also, for that night his father committed suicide. Ludan was left now on a new continent with no relatives and no friends.

But honest hospitality in Canada as in the United States took Ludan in charge. A poor inventor offered to give him a home, and the town contributed two dollars a week to his support. Then it began to seem that Ludan might be heir to a title and to an estate in England. The town swelled with pride in what it had done. Ludan was not a charity ward—Ludan was a potential person. When an investigation was started, Ludan became the most important personage in town. As time went on, he was

accepted as a citizen of Balfour. He fell in love with Antoinette Milnew, although the fence between them was high. This was not only the actual fence that separated Uncle Billy's little back yard from the magnificent Milnew estate, but the imaginary fence of wealth and place that ran between a young man of unknown origins and the daughter of a wealthy man. Norman Craver, son of the richest townsman, wanted Antoinette, too. Consequently he and Ludan fought it out between them.

All of the characters are portrayed with the skill of a great novelist, and the understanding of a man well acquainted with his material and his characters. Mr. Costain shows the ambitions of the townsfolk, their interaction with each other, their initial fawning on Ludan, and their later rudeness when it looked as though he might not be a duke after all.

So here is another rich, lovable Costain novel, which you may be sure will be enormously popular. His readers know that he always tells a good story. *Son of A Hundred Kings* follows this rule to the letter. Here it is, ready for all to read for sheer, utter enjoyment.

RIVER OF THE SUN

James Ramsey Ullman

Reviewed by SARAH CREGAR

AGAIN James Ramsey Ullman presents to us a thrill-packed story.

Gasping from the impact of his last novel, *THE WHITE TOWER*, we find that *RIVER OF THE SUN* has the same appeal.

More often than not, we find some element in a novel that appeals to us more than any other. The strengthening element in this novel is the setting, the Brazil-

ian hinterland, which dominates, guides, and even alters the lives of the characters of the novel. The Amazonian jungle impresses us with a feeling that it always has been and always will be. It is another world defying man to exploit its endless resources. It makes the reader wonder if this jungle of rich life—of plant against plant, of animal against animal—is the original earth which God created.

The story begins and the principal figures emerge in Manaos, once a boom town but now overgrown by the indestructable jungle. From Manaos a small expedition sets out to explore some of the upper tributaries of the Amazon, searching for the River of the Sun. John McHugh, the man who knows what he wants, organizes the expedition, hoping to find oil in the River of the Sun region. McHugh asks Mark Allison to join the expedition because he once saw the River of the Sun and could be helpful as a guide. Mark Allison, ex-pilot, ex-soldier, has at present no direction in life whatsoever. His character offers an excellent contrast to that of McHugh. Christina Barna comes from the United States to join the expedition. This lovely woman is seeking her husband, who, as a man of science, has been in the wilderness for several years. Nils Barna, her husband, has resigned himself to a life with a semi-savage tribe of Indians. Why he shies from worldly responsibilities and refuses aid to the expedition is the most intriguing point in the story.

As the expedition proceeds toward its seemingly unattainable goal, the story becomes increasingly exciting and suspenseful. The small party faces the hidden perils of the jungle and river, fearing constantly an attack by hostile Indians. In spite of overwhelming odds, these people (and they could very well be actual human beings because they have all the confusing traits of man) at length see their respective goals, not as dreams but as possible realities.

It is hard to believe that against a never changing background, a fast moving adventure story can be told. Mr. Ramsey successfully does this, interweaving a mature love story into his adventure.

RIVER OF THE SUN is a novel with much symbolism but with no moral message. The right and wrong question is decided by the reader. Too seldom do such novels appear on today's book shelves.

RIVER OF THE SUN is satisfying and pleasurable reading.

THE TRAITOR

By William L. Shirer

Reviewed by PATRICIA TAYLOR

OLIVER KNIGHT was an American reporter in Berlin when World War II broke out. He saw Hitler's forces conquer one European country after another. His admiration for the men whom he had seen rise to power almost overnight in Germany and the influence of Olga Busch, better known as the "Princess", were probably the causes for his choosing to work for Germany, when the decision had to be made. Broadcasting to America and to the American troops fighting in North Africa and Europe, he gave the war news as the Nazis wanted it given. He sometimes played American jazz records or worked in other tricks to make the boys homesick. Working under the order of Kurt Neumann, one of the coldest and most brilliant of the Nazi propagandists, he finally became one of the leading broadcasters for the Nazi Propaganda Ministry.

The Germans were still overrunning all of Europe. When they were unexpectedly turned back at Moscow by an early winter and a Russian army which they did not dream existed. Thus their fanatic belief in their own invincibility was destroyed. Later Oliver Knight barely escaped alive from Stalingrad where he had gone to report on the expected victory of the Germans. When Germany surrendered to the Allies, he discovered too late that he was left without a country.

This tragic story based upon the knowledge of Europe gained by Mr. Shirer in the years he spent there, before and during World War II, gives a deep insight

Continued on page 22

So The Proverbs Say—

- 1.—Hope is the poor man's bread.—*English.*
- 2.—The tongue of a woman is her sword which never rusts.—*Japanese.*
- 3.—A bridled tongue is a guarantee of a care-free heart.—*Japanese*
- 4.—Were it not for hope the heart would break.—*Scottish.*
- 5.—A dimple in the chin, your living comes in; a dimple your cheek, your living you seek.—*Welsh*
- 6.—There would be miracles if youth could know and age could do.—
—*Bulgarian.*
- 7.—Silence is a beautiful jewel for a woman, but she wears it so seldom.—*Danish.*
- 8.—The most praised woman is the one who is never spoken of.—*French.*
- 9.—Ignorant heads read the past in history, wise ones read the future.—
—*German.*
- 10.—Everybody thinks himself wise; that is why there are so many fools.—*Hungarian.*
- 11.—If a baby laughs in his sleep he laughs with the angels.—*Italian.*
- 12.—Marry with your ears, and not with your eyes.—*Montenegrin.*
- 13.—Absence is to love what air is to fire—it puts out a little one and fans a big one.—*Spanish.*
- 14.—The eyes believe themselves, the ears other people.—*Swiss.*
- 15.—There are three classes of people in the world; the first learn from their own experience—these are wise; the second learn from the experience of others—these are happy; the third learn neither from their own experience nor the experience of others—these are fools.—*Arabic.*
- 16.—A gem is not polished without rubbing, nor a man perfected without trials.—*Chinese.*
- 17.—The educator deserves the name of father more than the parent.—
—*Hebrew.*
- 18.—He that knows not and knows not that he knows not—Shun him. He that knows not and knows that he knows not—Teach him. He that knows and knows not that he knows—Enlighten him. He that knows and knows that he knows—Follow him.—*Indian.*
- 19.—Be the master of your heart, but do not make it your master.—
—*Japanese.*
- 20.—When the village burns there is smoke to be seen, but a man's heart may be in flames and no one know it.—*Malayan.*
- 21.—A listener needs more intelligence than a speaker.—*Turkish.*
- 22.—A "no" in time is better than a late "yes".—*Brazilian.*
- 23.—Believe only the half of what you see and nothing of what you are told.—*Cuban.*
- 24.—Ignorance is the night of the mind.—*Fijian.*
- 25.—Experience is the teacher of all things.—*Latin.*

The Persecuted

Continued from page 11

"This is it!" sighed Gerry, trembling with fear and apprehension. His heart seemed to fill his body with its beating.

Slowly he walked up the steps to the courtroom. His thoughts were racing in an effort to complete themselves.

"I cannot bear it!" he thought. "The Good Lord knows I didn't mean to do it."

He rose with great effort to receive the verdict.

"Have you reached a decision?"

"We have, your Honor."

"What is your decision?"

"We, the jury—"

Again Gerry pleaded, desperately.

"Dear God, let them end it now.

"—find the defendant not guilty."

"Not guilty," sighed Gerry. "But even yet, there will be no end. I am a Jew! !"

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Three Times A Bridesmaid

Continued from page 4

his place in the pulpit.

To those who would be bridesmaids I have a little advice to give. If you are the weak-hearted and faint type, don't be one! If you are the brave and daring type, once is enough. Each time while I was in the middle of all the hubbub preceding the wedding, I vowed "never again!" But each time when I saw the bride, radiant with happiness, walk down the aisle, I felt fully repaid for the work and worry and money that being her bridesmaid had cost me!

If being thrice a bridesmaid has not irrevocably doomed me to spinsterhood, maybe my own radiant smile will some day repay a bridesmaid or two.

The Traitor

Continued from page 19

into the causes and effects of that war as well as into some of the things which led up to the present one. There are many tense moments in *The Traitor*. The sadistic acts of the S. S. men, the courage of the officers who tried to assassinate Hitler, and the terrifying waiting during the Russian drive on Berlin are all shown with a masterly touch.

"Why it was an outrage!" exclaimed the angry husband. "That farmer charging you \$15 to tow the car half a mile to the service station"

"Don't worry, dear," replied his wife cheerfully. "He earned every cent of it—I had the brakes on all the way."

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The Spell

Continued from page 17

There in the deep, dark well was Isabelle bobbing up and down in the water!

With her usual calm voice, Aunt Lizzy called to her: "I'se agwine throw yo' de bucket wid de chain on it. Yo' hol' to it till I kin git help." With that she lowered the bucket and watched Isabelle grab the chain. Then she ran to the gong the Master used for summoning the slaves and began to beat on it.

In an unbelievably short time the men began to pour in from the fields. With lightning speed they tied a rope around Joseph's waist—that was Isabelle's husband—and let him down into the mossy green well.

"Yo' hol' on! I'se acomin'!" he called to Isabelle in a kind tone. Finally he reached her. Putting his muscled black arm around her, he called to the men. "Draw us up." With each heave by the long chain of slaves, Isabelle and Joseph came closer to the rim of the well.

Everyone stood around with the one question in his mind: "What made her jump in the well?" As soon as Isabelle recovered from the shock, Mrs. Randolph asked her why she jumped in.

"I had to, if I ever wanna talk agin'!" Then Isabelle told her story. When she had finished, the Master smiled and said, "We'll have to do something about this. I won't let old Ahab put any more spells on my people. I'll just bewitch old Ahab, himself. Then he can't put anymore spells on you."

Jealousy

Continued from page 8

around the neck. Somehow he was filled with such ecstasy that he just couldn't keep from wagging his whole body. Then, with all the eight-month-old dignity he could muster, he stood very still and straight and looked up into Ellen's face with a sort of worshipful disdain. People could be so silly at times! Didn't Ellen *know*? Why, jealousy had never once entered his mind! He just wasn't feeling very well that day

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Just For Laughs

"You look sweet enough to eat."
"I do eat. Where shall we go?"

—¶¶—

Policeman: "Miss, you were doing sixty miles an hour!"

She: "Oh, isn't that splendid. I only learned to drive yesterday."

—¶¶—

Professor: "I'm letting you out ten minutes early today. Please go quietly so as not to waken the other classes."

—¶¶—

Then there was the Scotchman who bought only one spur for his boots. He figured that if one side of the horse went, the other was sure to follow.

—¶¶—

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

—¶¶—

Bill: Can you spell weather?

Will: W-E-O-T-H-E-R.

Bill: That's the worst spell of weather we've had in a long time.

—¶¶—

Chemistry professor to his class: If this chemical were to explode, I'd be blown through the roof. Now come closer so that you can follow me.

—¶¶—

Little May: I sure would like to change places with mother sometimes.

Proud Aunt: Why, dear?

Little May: So I could get mad at *her* sometimes.

• Angry truck driver to woman driver after an accident: "Lady, why didn't you signal?"

Lady: "Because I always turn here, stupid!"

—¶¶—

Teacher: Billy, where is the Red Sea?
Billy: On the third line of my report card.

—¶¶—

Daffynitions:

Professor: A person who goes to college and never gets out.

Phonograph: What Edison invented so that would sit up all night and use his electric light.

Genius: The person who can think of another way to start the day besides getting up in the morning.

—¶¶—

Ruth: I dropped my watch on First Street and found it on Third.

Kay: How did that happen?

Ruth: It was running when I dropped it.

—¶¶—

Teacher: Now about your age—

Lou: I'm thirteen.

Teacher: But, Lou, you were only six last year!

Lou: That's right. Six last year and seven this year—that makes thirteen.

—¶¶—

The Tourist was greatly impressed by the Colosseum in Rome.

"Mighty fine stadium," he remarked, "but where's the college?"

—¶¶—

Mother: "Good heavens! Kissing a man! You never saw me do a thing like that!"

Daughter: "No, but I'll bet grandma did."



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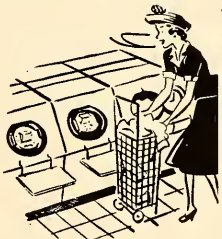
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Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 6...THE BEAVER

"How eager
can they
get?"



FOR once in his life, our fervent friend admits that eagerness can be over-done! He's alluding, of course, to all these quick-trick cigarette tests—the ones that ask you to decide on cigarette mildness after just one puff, one sniff, one inhale or one exhale! When the chips are down, he realizes cigarette mildness can't be judged in a hurry. That's why he made . . .

The sensible test . . . the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test which asks you to try Camels as your steady smoke—on a pack after pack, day after day basis. No snap judgments needed. After you've enjoyed Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you'll know why . . .

More People Smoke Camels
than any other cigarette!

