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The Colonnade, Volume XlV Number 1, November 1951

Longwood University

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

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The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Vol. XIV | NOVEMBER, 1951 | No. 1

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Edits from the Editor

This issue explores a characteristic of Longwood girls throughout the years, which has been especially significant to us this year. I speak of the loyalty which exists in the hearts of the past students of Longwood College for the present Longwood College—a characteristic of which we are proud.

On October 20, about seven hundred alumnae came back to pay tribute to their alma mater. They came from all points of the country—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, West Virginia, Louisiana, Florida, Georgia, Maryland, North Carolina, and all parts of Virginia—not just the recent graduates, but graduates from as far back as 1894. In Jarman Hall today stands a Standaart organ—concrete symbol of their loyalty and intangible love.

Longwood has not always had the advantages which, I am afraid, we take more or less for granted today. It has taken years of hard work to build her from a Methodist Female Academy with a very small enrollment and limited curricula to a thriving state college of 599 students preparing for vocations in nine different curricula. To our alumnae who have served our college worthily throughout the years, we owe an everlasting debt of gratitude. To Dr. Joseph Leonard Jarman, the President of Longwood College from 1902-1946, we also owe our deepest thanks.

To our President, Dr. Dabney S. Lancaster, we the present students of Longwood College feel a loyalty equally great as that of our alumnae to Dr. Jarman. To Dr. Lancaster we look for our guidance and inspiration in the future. The past has brought us a heritage which should inspire each of us today to uphold Longwood College as nobly as have the students of the past.

To the continuation of this characteristic loyalty in the past students of Longwood College and in the present students of Longwood College, this issue of THE COLONNADE is dedicated. May it grow stronger with time.

—N. A. G.

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THE PINE

MARGARET PERROW, '55

First Prize Winner, Prose Contest

THE man scraped up the remaining crumbs of cornbread and pushed himself back from the table."I'll be over on the south hill today. That pine's coming down."

"A look of dismay crossed his wife's face as she paused in her clearing of the dishes. "Oh, leave the tree, Dan. It's the only one left, and the land's useless—." She shut her mouth and silently resumed her work. The man reprovingly arose from the table and crossed with a heavy tread to the corner where he kept his ax.

"I'll make the decisions around here. Next year I'll have corn on the south hill, but the tree's going first."

He picked up the ax and ran his thumb over the smooth, sharp blade. It made a slight, rasping sound against the roughened finger, like that of a garter snake sloughing its old skin.

Wrapping the left-overs of breakfast in a cloth, his wife laid them on the table, and clasped her hands before her.

"You just want to see that tree gone, because it galls you to have anything bigger and taller—." She broke off suddenly and disappeared into the next room, and he turned menacingly. Growling angrily, he snatched up the cloth-wrapped food, stuffed it into his shirt, and shouldering the ax, strode from the room.

The door banged harshly as he stepped out into the chill of the early morning air. There were still patches of frost in the shadows where the rays of the autumn sun had not reached; and there each painted leaf upon the brown grass bore an etching of silver. However, his indifferent eye ignored them as he traced his way through the crisp fall carpet to the chicken run. The water pan there had a glaze of ice in it, and it made a silvery tinkling noise when he crushed it with his boot heel.

Reaching the edge of the clearing, he turned toward the house and raised a finger to his mouth. A shrill whistle rose on the air. Before it had ceased, he heard a shuffling sound; and a hound loped down the path. He stopped before his master and quivered delightedly.

"Heel!" said the man gruffly. The dog obligingly dropped back a respectul distance, and the two began their journey. The man shuffled along, shivering slightly from the autumn nip, and the hound sniffed excitedly into cold and leafy dens on either side of the path. Occasionally, he would cease his explorations and dash after his master.

The path wound beside a small creek which bubbled over stones and under logs, carrying with it leaves, sticks, and other woodsy trash only to be deposited in eddying pools among the rocks.

Presently, the man came to a point where the stream in its meanderings transversed the path. The water was low, exposing a series of wet, round stepping-stones, irregularly placed across the creek. Here he knelt and drank several handfuls.

"Cornbread was dry," he remarked to the dog as he came up to investigate. The tip of the animal's tail vibrated faintly; but as his master rose, he backed away and resumed his sniffing among the leaves.

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The two crossed the creek, sliding a little on the damp, brown rocks. Normally the hound would have splashed carelessly through the water, ignoring the stepping stones; but today the frosty air made him more prudent.

The noonday sun made the poplars on the south hill shine like gold. It was a comparatively small hill, probably the remnant of an ancient geological outcropping. Now it was covered with sumac which blazed scarlet in the autumn sun. A gigantic pine on the summit towered high into the crisp air and defiantly waved its green needles over a mass of red and gold.

Gazing at the tree, the man felt a conquering urge sweep down to his clenched fingertips, and they tingled on the ax handle. His lip curled.

"You won't be here long to plague me. I'm going to have corn on this hill, come next spring."

He spat into a clump of goldenrod, and began to climb the gentle slope, scrunching the dry leaves and grass under his feet.

The ground underneath the pine was covered with a thick, springy layer of brown needles which exuded a spicy odor. The hound had obediently followed his master up the slope. Now he wrinkled his nose excitedly at the smell, so unfamiliar to all save those who had visited the lone pine which rose straight and tall above the mass of beeches and poplars.

Stepping under the tree, the man kicked at the needles on the ground and muttered, "Dirt'll grow corn fine. It won't take long to clear the hill after this tree's down." He propped the ax against the base of the pine, took off his jacket, and threw it aside. Then, taking up the ax again, he paced round and round the tree, hacking down some sumacs that might interfere with the swing of the blade. Having downed every bush within a radius of twenty feet, the man gripped the ax and gave a mighty slash at the trunk of the pine. The gleaming blade buried itself into the wood with a solid clonk, and a little shiver ran up the tree and disappeared in the green needles.

"There—that'll hold for a while." He stepped back with a satisfied air, and drew out the small, cloth-wrapped bundle of food.

Eyeing the man's every move, the hound came up and sat down, thumping his tail so violently against the ground that the dried needles gave little jumps under the blows. A piece of bread tossed at his nose brought forth a sudden snap. The bread disappeared, and the dog resumed his stare.

The man ate quickly, occasionally throwing bits of food to the hound. On finishing his meal, he arose, and brushing the crumbs from his clothes, spoke to the dog.

"Now get! I can't work with you underfoot. Understand?"

He raised his hand, and the dog, cowering ever so slightly, moved back into the sumacs.

The man rolled up his shirt sleeves as he advanced to the ax buried in the tree trunk. Resin had oozed out of the cut and down the bark, leaving an odorous sticky trail around which buzzed a solitary fly.

Wrenching forth the ax, he swung it upward and made another slash an inch above the first. Now the chopping began in earnest. With rhythmic strokes, the shining steel rose and fell, the chips flew in soaring arcs, and the gash in the soft pine fibers deepened.

The man paused in his work and wiped the sweat from his forehead with his grimy hand. He glanced up at the green needles above his head.

"She'll come down," he thought as he flexed his arms and rubbed dirt onto his slippery, callused palms.

He gave a dozen more strokes in the cleft; then, with a quickened swing he made a few on either side. The whole tree trembled, and resin oozed down onto the needles at the base of the pine—liquid gold. The man walked to the other side and slashed; the ax bit once, twice, thrice—six times.

He stook back and watched. The whole tree quivered; there was a whispering sound —louder, louder, and then with a mighty rushing it swayed. A screeching noise of wood breaking, and—O Lord, no! He saw it coming and ran, but a branch caught his body, whirled him around, and held him.

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America as Seen Through the Eyes of a Foreigner

Olga Rodriguez, Puerto Rico, '52

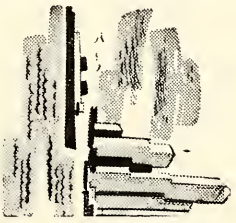
I was sixteen when the problem of choosing a career came upon me. I had often told myself how interesting it would be to become a teacher. As a matter of fact, my mother was a teacher, and through her I was able to observe the ups and downs of the teaching profession. The noble objective, the wonderful chances of associating with youth, and the even growing chance for intellectual enlargement found in teaching caught my interest. I was eager to give my time to the learning of foreign language learning than living in a country where it was spoken. That is why I came to the United States. I wanted to identify myself with a culture different from mine, so that I might take it back to my people and help them to understand another nation —through learning of its language and customs.

What were my impressions of this country before I came to it? Well, my ideas about it were not genuinely my own. Everything I knew had been the result of reading books, magazines, and newspapers. The Americans were mostly pictured as an industrious, money-making, regimented people. The women were pictured as bossy, free, and vain, thinking only of the latest fashions in dresses and hats, both of which were fantastic. Had I not come to the States, I would have believed the Americans a dominating, money-making, self-centered people, for they had invaded our island, taken possession of it, and controlled it for a long time, imposing on us as far as possible everything that was American. They had a tendency to believe that it was not important to speak any language other than their own, and so they required us to learn to speak English.

Somehow I knew that the only fair way of judging Americans was to identify myself with them by living among them, and by getting to know them as I know people of my own blood. I feel that I have achieved this to a certain degree; consequently, I feel quite satisfied about having come to the United States.

I arrived in the United States during the most beautiful season ever created—autumn. Having spent all my life in a country where it is very difficult to tell one season from another, I felt deeply the magic of autumn with its riot of glorious colors and invigorating air. Although I landed in New York, my trip south to Virginia gave me the opportunity to see and appreciate a great part of the beauty which the United States has to offer to its visitors. To me, New York looked all gray, with its tall buildings blocking out the sun. But I enjoyed its cosmopolitanism, its variety of amusements, its museums, and other cultural centers.

I have been lucky enough to have a motor trip down through the South. In this way, I got a rapid glimpse of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Washington, D. C. On later occasions, I have flown to Miami, and I have seen the eastern coast of the United States with all its beauty. The American splendor



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Longwood Limericks

A gal with a memory bad,
And a figure equally sad
Went off to a college
To acquire some knowledge,
But acquired her man, Not so bad!

ANN MARIE GRAY, '53

If there's one thing I don't like to hear,
It's, "Please take a call down, my dear."
The third time, Dear Friend,
It must be the end!
For campus ain't fun---Is that clear?

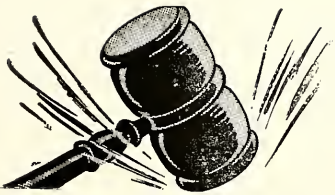
ANN JONES, '53

There once was a fellow named Minton
Who decided that he'd go to Vinton.
He blew up his room
And thus met his doom,
So Vinton got rid of "Bad Minton."

FLORA BALLOWE, '52

On a steamboat that hailed from Gibralter
Came a handsome young gent they called Walter.
Though he hid his ambition
T'was a gal's intuition
That led Walter straight to the altar.

BETSY HANKINS, '53



JUSTICE

BARBARA CASKEY, '53

Third Prize Winner, Prose Contest

LEE disentangled her long frame and stood up slowly, at the same time wiping the ashes off her bedspread. Once again she bent over her neatly packed suitcase to be sure that everything was there. All the packing must be finished, and everything must be ready at precisely 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, to catch the 10:30 train into the city. The large box containing all the things that just wouldn't fit into the suitcase lay open on the floor before her feet. To keep the flimsy thing from falling apart, she must have a string around it. She wondered absently what nook or cranny might be harboring one.

Lee looked into her rather untidy dresser drawers and lazily rearranged some of the untidy piles into other piles just as disreputable looking. With a sudden feeling of disgust, she slammed the drawers shut and turned to look out of the window. She had always considered herself a little lucky to have been assigned this room; the view from the windows was unusually fine, the best in the school probably. Tonight the moon was trying to escape the bonds which seemed to tie it to the distant hills; its thin shadows had spun a silvery web of enchantment over the landscape. Various species of moths gathered around the single streetlamp; they seemed to be going through a ritual as round and round the magnet they flew.

Away back in the corner of Bev's dresser drawer, Lee found her string. It was just a short piece of yellow twine, much like the kind used by the drugstore downtown. She smiled to herself as she noticed the familiar objects strewn about the drawer — the remains of an old rose corsage that Ted had given Bev at least six months before, the horrible green hair clamps, and the beautiful old pin that Bev's mother had left her. The string was tangled around the pin, and Lee wearily began to separate the two. Three friends poked their tousled heads into the room, and Lee looked up with a start.

"Are you excited about your week end?" one of them asked. Without waiting for an answer, she continued, "What I would give to leave this place, if just to see the window display in Tom's Hock Shop!" Lee laughed and closed the drawer.

With great difficulty, Lee roused herself after her impromptu nap. She swung her feet down to the floor to test for heat and debris, so that it would be unnecessary to open her eyes until the last minute. True to form, but much to her disgust, the floor was cold; and as she stood up, the cold moved in a wave upwards from the floor until it penetrated her whole body. At this hour of the night, they were expected to huddle under blankets until bedtime, which could be—and often was—a good long time. A little squinting disclosed her slippers protruding from under the radiator, and she hopped her way over to get them. There seemed to be much commotion in the building, and Lee wondered if she had missed any excitement while she was asleep.

The door creaked open, and a solemn-faced girl entered. Lee recognized her as a senior.

"Under the circumstances, Lee, I think you had better come with me. We want to talk to you about something that has come up." She spoke softly, but somewhat authoritatively—very much as one would expect a Student Government president to speak. And she *was* the Student Govern-

(*Continued on Next Page*)

ment President! She waited.

Lee said nothing; she just went over to her mirror and began to comb her hair. The sight of her face in the mirror alarmed her! The eyes showed fear; the mouth twitched; and the skin looked pinched and white. Something was wrong!

The President led the way out of the room, and Lee folowed. Everyone seemed curious as to what was going on. Lee felt a little flustered, for they all looked up as she went by. Yes, something was wrong.

The lounge was crowded. Bev was there, she noticed, along with what seemed to be the entire administration. She nudged Bev, but Bev dropped her intense look of concentration just long enough to freeze at her touch.

"The assembly will come to order," announced the President, and Lee sat up a little straighter in her chair. "All the evidence has been collected. We are ready now to present our case." She looked directly at Lee. Lee shivered involuntarily.

"As you all know by now, Bev has had a very valuable pin stolen." Lee gasped, and Bev sniffled a little but continued to stare straight ahead.

"It is surmised that the pin was stolen during the supper hour. At that hour the maids were not on the halls. It is true, also, that several students on that hall had already had dinner downtown and were back in the hall at that hour. Will the sergeant-at-arms please ask the witnesses to come in?"

The door opened to admit the three girls whom Lee had seen together that evening. They stood near the door, nervously shifting from one foot to the other.

The President continued:

"As you all know, stealing is a crime that is not tolerated in this school. It is a serious thing to brand a person for the rest of her life and thereby unfit her for the social responsibilities and privileges she naturally has the right to expect. But for stealing, there can be no excuse." Turning to the three, she directed a question.

"We have checked on the story. Please begin," interrupted the Dean of Women.

Claire became the mouthpiece for the group. Her evidence went on and on, and Lee felt as if she were in a vacuum.

The witness continued: "We saw Lee looking in Bev's dresser drawer. She seemed to be very much surprised when she saw that we had noticed her. Although all the evidence points to her as the guilty person, we do not think that she would have done such a thing unless she were in a very desperate situation."

Lee sat very still; all eyes were glued on her. Panic seized her. They were right; she has been in Bev's drawer. How were they to know that she had taken only a piece of string! A gasp! And then she fought her way through one stumbling sentence after another: "I was in Bev's room tonight, and I did see them while I was there. But I didn't take the pin. I took only a piece of string—yellow string. Bev would have given it to me, had she been at home. I needed it right away; so I took it. She stopped for breath. Cold eyes told her that no one believed her. She continued. Her words seemed to strike the bare walls and bounce back at her.

"I know that all the evidence points to me, but I didn't do it." Bev looked at her, but did not make any move to speak.

Lee began again, desperately. "I would not even want Bev's pin. I know how much it means to her." She said nothing more.

The President looked around the room, and then at Lee. "If you have nothing more to say," she said, "please return to your room and stay until you are called for." Lee slowly left the room.

The moon was higher now. The moths about the lamp swarmed round and round. Lee raised the window as if to invite the night to swallow her up. The rays of the moon played a spotlight on her, branding her as a thief. She wished it were all just a bad dream that would be forgotten when she woke up. But it was not a dream.

Someone was coming into the room. Lee wanted to run to get out of the spotlight, so that no one could see her. She recognized the voices of her best friends. In them she would find sympathy. But no! They, too, believed she was guilty. They suggested

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Letters from Virginia Poets

PATRICIA TAYLOR, '53

JUST after October 15, the day set aside by Governor Battle as Virginia Poetry Day, Flora Ballowe and I wrote to several outstanding Virginia poets, asking them which of their poems they liked best and why. We are so proud of the letters that we received in reply that we want to share them with the readers of ***The Colonnade.*** Most of the poems which the poets have mentioned as their favorites are in our library.

Nancy Byrd Turner of Ashland, Virginia is the author of ***Star in a Well,*** 1935, ***Silver Star,*** 1937, ***A Riband in My Rein,*** 1929, and other books of poetry. She has been on the staff of ***The Youth's Companion*** and of ***The Atlantic Monthly.*** In 1930 she was awarded the Golden Rose, the annual award of the New England Poetry Society for distinction in poetry; in 1937 the Randolph-Macon College Poetry Award; and in 1951, the annual $1000 award of the Lyric Foundation. Those who read Miss Turner's poems readily understand why The Lyric Foundation awarded her the $1000 award.

Dear Miss Taylor

Your interest in my poetry is much appreciated. I should say that from a purely literary standpoint my sonnet, "Incident" is the best thing I have done,—and so in one sense is my favorite, too.

The poem was written around a little note that I found in some science column, to the effect that no motion is ever lost. "Not a pebble falls," the note ran, "but the stars tremble."

When the sonnet was accepted by *The Atlantic Monthly,* the Editor at that time, Ellery Sedgwick, wrote me that the opening word "crumb" was not to his liking, since in his mind that word connoted bread. So, though I disliked changing my work, I searched reference books for a synonym, could find nothing usable except "scrap," and with great distaste substituted that. The proof went back to the office with "scrap" written in, but lo, when the poem appeared in print, there was my "crumb" intact! I can only say, he must have thought that I was the author of the alteration. And no doubt he preened himself over his fine poetic sense in thinking up "crumb". Anyway, crumb it is.

The sonnet is to be found in my book of poems, "A Riband on My Rein". If that book is not where you can refer to it, drop me a card, and I will send you a copy of the poem. I'd copy the lines for you tonight, but my schedule is so full that there isn't time. Later I can, though.

Sincerely yours,
NANCY BYRD TURNER

* * * *

Julia Johnson Davis, a graduate of Longwood College, took postgraduate courses at Columbia and Harvard Universities. She is President of the Poet's Club of Norfolk, Virginia, and a member of the Poetry Society of America.

Robert Peter Tristram Coffin says of her: "This fine poet has the great gift of the timeless phrase. She is both Southern and universal, and a wonderful combination of downright human nature, sharp observation, and lyrical lovliness. No modern ballad is sharper or tenderer than ***The Garnet Ring,*** and there are few poems in the Negro speech as fine as hers."

Dear Miss Ballowe,

It is difficult to judge one's own work, and say which one considers one's best. "The Garnet Ring", which is the title poem of my book just issued is probably the most popular I have ever written, though I myself am extremely fond of another long ballad, "Dark Ellen". "To An Ass", is I think my favorite of the sonnets; "John", of the dialect poems, and "November Afternoon" of the others.

Last week I sent a copy of my new book to the Library at Longwood, and you may be interested in looking over that. The cover will also tell you something about me, including

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the fact that I am a graduate of Longwood!
Wishing you all success, I am,
Sincerely yours,
JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS

* * * *

In 1936, Josephine Johnson of Norfolk, Virginia, with her ***The Unwilling Gypsy*** won the Kaleidograph Press Book Publication Award. That same year, for her creative work in poetry she was made an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa by the College of William and Mary. During the years 1944-1948, she served as Co-President of the Poetry Society of Virginia with Mary Sinton Leitch. Her poems have appeared in magazines of this country and England and have won a number of prizes.

My dear Miss Ballowe,

I have been fantastically busy, or I should have answered your letter of inquiry before now.

I take a real interest in the COLONNADE, for years ago my sister, Julia Johnson Davis, was Editor of its predecessor, the GUIDON. I think the COLONNADE's featuring of Virginia poets a most interesting project.

* * * *

I think my favorite poems are "Evening Prayer", "Yet From the Heart's Deep Silence", and perhaps "In This Stern Hour", all of which were published in Harper's Magazine. It would be quite impossible for me to say which is my "best" poem as I think a writer is not often the most competent judge of his own work. I did enjoy very much writing a poem called "Low Country" which came out in the Saturday Review of Literature, because I love assonance and internal rhyming.

* * * *

I do hope this covers what you want, and if I can be of any further service to you, please call on me. With all good wishes,
Sincerely yours,

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

* * * *

Ruby Altizer Roberts, of Christiansburg, was made poet laureate of Virginia by the 1950 General Assembly. Mrs. Roberts is the author of two books of poems, ***Forever Is Too Long*** and of ***Command the Stars.*** Her poems have been published in more than seventy periodicals, and she has received a number of awards for her work.

Dear Miss Taylor:

I was delighted to learn that you planned to feature Virginia Poets in the next issue of your college magazine. I do not know of another state which can boast of such an impressive array of outstanding poets as the Old Dominion.

I suppose my favorite poem is "Remembering a Brother." It was written after the death of my favorite brother and has been reprinted six times that I know of. "Cocoon" is another poem that won some acclaim and one that I could include on my list of favorites.

Please send me a copy or copies of the next issue. I shall look forward to having it.

With appreciation to you for your continued interest I remain,
Yours sincerely,
RUBY ALTIZER ROBERTS

* * * *

Mary Sinton Leitch, who lives at Bayside in the Tidewater section of Virginia, is the author of four books of poems, several plays, and an autobiographical adventure story called ***Himself and I.*** Mrs. Leitch has also edited an anthology, ***Lyric Virginia Today,*** and she has served as president and co-president of the Poetry Society of Virginia. Her poems have been published in many leading periodicals.

Dear Miss Taylor:

I suppose my poem THE POET is my best. So the critics say, but I think my best is the poem I am going to write.

As I have no idea what sort of "statement" you want me to make, I deluge you with printed material and leave to you the task of picking out whatever bit of my story you wish to use.

Good luck to your COLONNADE!
Cordially,

MARY SINTON LEITCH

* * * *

Leigh Hanes, editor for twenty years of ***The Lyric,*** the second oldest poetry magazine in America, lives in Roanoke. He has written "Song of the New Hercules," "Green Girdle," and other volumes of poetry. His letter not only gives the names of his favorite poems, but it also contains some critical comments which are almost as revealing as the poems themselves. No

wonder the magazine under his editorship "maintained its reputation as one of the best magazines of verse in this country."[1]

Dear Miss Taylor:

It is splendid that you are going to feature Virginia poets in *The Colonnade*, but this is the most difficult of questions that you have asked—as if you asked a mother which of her three children is the most worthy. I hardly know how to answer in regard to my work.

Lyric poetry is such a personal experience, for both writer and reader, that impersonal criticism is like a shot in the dark. Taste, mood at the moment, background and past environment—all enter into it so suddenly and so persuasively that about all one can do is to shut his eyes and leap. He may land safe and sound; he may find himself broken into fragments. For this reason, I used to maintain in *The Lyric* that there is no such thing as professional criticism of lyric poetry, for professional critics are invariably biased, and will not let themselves go to enter into the mood and experience of the poet. About the best critic of lyric poetry is an intelligent reader, who is not burned out emotionally and can still objectify himself—who can still find something outside of his own little ego that is of interest and importance.

There is one thing about lyrics, however, that one can count on as being safe: That is their ability to repeat, to keep coming back, and every time still fresh, as if just written, with all their pristine glow and implications and glimmer. This really is about the only test. You have struck gold if a lyric is as fresh, as meaningful and persuasive twenty years after it is written as on the day it was born.

But you haven't asked me for all this editorial chatter! You have asked me which of my poems I think is the best. And I wouldn't answer if I could, for if I did, I would see some of them slip off into a corner and cry their hearts out. I am thinking of several that would do that very thing, and I'll not hurt them; for they are still just as dear, just as vital for me.

But I can say this: There are several that seem to grow richer with the years, and instead of losing power and appeal and beauty and meaning, they actually seem to gain more of these qualities. "Song of the New Hercules"—I read it the other night and felt the same old sweep of power and wonder—is as fresh today as when Harriet Monroe first published it in *Poetry* in 1928; "Mountains" and "Mountains in Twilight" have the same lift (for the first) and calm depth (for the second) as when first published twenty years ago (Mountains in 1926!). And here's "Woodland Spring", a poem that Edwin Markham, Dr. Metcalf, and many others chose out of many—I read it again last night, and I still thank the good Lord that I wrote it. One poem, a simple, hearthfire thing, that professional critics would surely scoff at, but which contains some of the most subtle phychological feeling and thinking that I am capable of, grows in demand with the passing years. This is "Santa Claus"—an answer to a little boy's questioning, growing in mind and spirit.

I haven't answered you, but I have done the best I could. And I want you to know how deeply I, as one of Virginia's poets, appreciate your interest in us. If only others would do likewise!

With best wishes to *The Colonnade* and its staff.

Sincerely,
LEIGH HANES

1. Mary Sinton Lewis Leitch, ***Lyric Virginia Today,*** P. XI

Dr. Joseph Leonard Jarman

PRESENTATION
OF
JARMAN
MEMORIAL ORGAN
OCTOBER 20, 1951

I am speaking this afternoon for thousands of Dr. Jarman's "girls." Many of them are now assembled here in this beautiful new auditorium; many are scattered over the United States and in foreign lands.

As alumnae, we loved and admired him for his remarkable personality as well as for his achievements. We knew him as a leader, as an educator, as an administrator, as a friend, and as a lover of beauty. He sponsored the beauty of all the arts—architecture, painting, sculpture, drama, literature, and music. But to him personally, the greatest of these was music. Because of this, and because of all the arts, music is the most immediate, the most powerful, and the most universal in its effect, we chose music as the medium through which to express our devotion to him and his ideals.

Dr. Jarman always selected excellent professors for the music department. Year after year he brought musicians of a high order for the college concerts; he encouraged and enjoyed the work of our glee clubs and choirs; he loved to hear us sing, and he loved to sing himself. The joy he gave with his naturally rich baritone voice, we still cherish.

Throughout the years he sang to many and varied audiences. But we like most to think of him as going "on Sunday to the church," and

"Singing in the village choir."

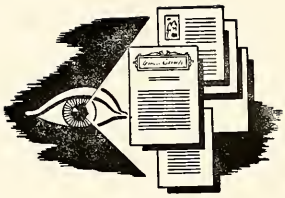
And I am sure he is singing now in Paradise.

The last song we heard him sing was ***Keep On Hoping.*** He put his very soul into it, for to him it was not just a song; it expressed his philosophy of life.

In 1946 when we told him that we were planning to present to the College a pipe organ in appreciation of what he had meant to us, he was doubly pleased. He thought first, of the College and what the gift would mean in the lives of the students; and then he thought of the alumnae who wanted to honor him. We are glad that he knew, while he was still among us, what the gift would be.

Today, Dr. Lancaster, the Alumnae Association presents to Longwood College this Standaart pipe organ. We believe it is a great instrument. We hope that the College will possess it proudly and that it will mean much in the life of the College and in the life of the community. We hope that it will always be regarded as a fitting memorial to a great college president—Dr. Joseph Leonard Jarman.

MARIA BRISTOW STARKE, CLASS 1914



Eyes on Virginia Authors

MARIA AND THE CAPTAIN

ISABEL DUNN (BOBBS-MERRILL, 1951, $2.75, 286 PAGES)

ISABEL DUNN, the author of ***Maria and the Captain,*** is a young Virginian who lives in Richmond with her husband and two children. Although she has been writing for newspapers for ten years, she began writing fiction only a few years ago. ***Maria and the Captain*** is her first novel of importance. In it she portrays people and events real to her and to Richmond. Almost every Virginian knows someone just like Aunt Phoebe or the Captain; and the social events, though amusing, are familiar to all of us.

According to Mrs. Dunn, she decided that there had been interesting Southern girls since Margaret Mitchell's Scarlet O'Hara, and that some people south of the Mason Dixon line were not quite so sensational as those pictured by Erskine Caldwell. Therefore she wrote ***Maria and the Captain,*** a delightful novel which captures all the charm of modern day Richmond. Her contrasts of the slang of today with the speech of yesterday; of the sophistication of the debutantes with the graciousness of the girl of days gone by are chapters taken from the history of two very definite periods.

The story centers around Maria, a captivating eighteen-year old, with a mind of her own and with a knack of doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. To her father, the Captain of the story, none of her friends seemed to be just the right people. This, of course, upset him a great deal; for he was a Southern gentleman of the old school, who took great pride in the family honor as well as in the bullet holes in his Confederate flag. But really the only Yankee that made those holes were the moths in his own home.

Neither the Captain nor Aunt Phoebe looked with favor on Maria's desire to be an actress, but it was this desire that led to some of the most amusing episodes in the book. Had it not been for the Christmas play, Maria would never have led the "Debutante Ball" with that slight fringe of her Judus Iscariot beard still clinging to her chin; nor would she have met Winthrop Spaulding, the Yankee newspaper man.

How Aunt Phoebe did hate that Yankee upstart! His great-grandfather had been in charge of Richmond during the Civil War, and Aunt Phoebe remembered it only too well. Have a Yankee in the family? Heavens no! Why she had even changed the name of her Lincoln car to that of Robert E. Lee.

In spite of the fact that Aunt Phoebe had all the money in the family, Maria went right ahead and fell in love with that Yankee and left her very faithful and very proper beau, Bill Featherstone, to his stuffy bank job and his Southern pride.

Maria's trials as an actress, her faux pas as social editor of the newspaper, her escapades in general, and the Captain's dozen or more ins and outs of hot water, as well as his lively off-the-record tales of the Civil War make ***Maria and the Captain*** a thoroughly entertaining novel for one who wants to relax and laugh.

MARY COWLES, '55

SUNDAY IN VIRGINIA AND OTHER POEMS:

BY GERTRUDE CLAYTOR

E. P. DUTTON COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY
MAY 1951, $2.75

STAUNTON, Roanoke, New York City, and Richmond claim the Virginia poet, Gertrude Boatwright Claytor. Staunton claims her, because she was born there; Roanoke, because she was in college there; New York City, because she lived there for a long time; and Richmond, because she lives there now. Today Virginia as a state claims her as is indicated by the fact the ***Virginia State Conservation and Development Department*** has had her poem, "Alexander Spotswood." put on a bronze marker and set in stone just where the Skyline Drive crosses the Spotswood Trail.

Her book, ***Sunday in Virginia and Other Poems,*** she divides into three section: "No Numeral But One," "From a Far Country," "The Magnolia Tree." To the crucial Civil War period, she devotes one entire section. This section she calls "The Magnolia Tree." Such poems as "War Declared in Richmond, 1861," "Picket's Charge," "Gettysburg," "Ballad of the Shenandoah," and "New Market" make us live again the events of the period—the outbreak of the war, the actual fighting, the final struggle, and the first attempt at reconstruction in the ravaged land. Lee and Grant live in these poems!

Gertrude Boatwright Claytor's warmth of heart and closeness to nature and her apt imagery make her nature lyrics delightfully alive. Somehow in her quiet way, she is able to open our eyes to the everyday beauties around us. She doesn't stab us; she just makes us see and enjoy nature with her. Her poems reflect a sort of polished gentility that we Virginians like to call Virginian. ***Sunday in Virginia and Other Poems*** is truly a volume of lyric treasures! As single poems, "Sunday in Virginia," "Indian Wife," and "Pioneer" are especially fine.

ELIZABETH STONE, '53

MY CLOSE SHAVE

BARBARA MITCHELL, '55

I knew I was going to be murdered that cold and dark afternoon. There was a heavy snow falling outside, and the room in which I was imprisoned had a strange scent, as if a dozen bottles of perfume had been spilled. Crowds of people rushed past the window, going home from their late shopping tours; but everyone seemed to ignore my screams. Perhaps they couldn't hear me through the thick, plated window. I cried more than I ever had in my entire life.

My father was sitting over in a corner. He looked very sad, but for some strange reason he would not come to my aid. The chair in which I was seated was huge. I could not see my feet because of the large white cloth tied around my neck.

There were two men at my side. One was holding my arms down; the other was standing near my head. I was petrified. What were these men doing to me? I screamed as loudly as I could, but it was useless. One woman passing the window seemed to hear my cries. She turned to glance in and my heart leaped up. Maybe she would help me—but no, she only smiled and walked away. Oh! If only she had known the agony I was experiencing. Why, why, didn't my father rescue me! Maybe these horrible men had hypnotized him. One of the men walked away. Maybe I can get away now, I thought.

I scrambled out of the chair only to find myself being lifted up into the air and being put back into it by a large bearded man, who coughed a wicked hoarse cough.

The other man got a small funny looking machine which made a terrifying noise. As he placed it against my neck, my back started tingling as though a thousand pins were being stuck in it. Finally I was allowed to get up, and then I was led to a mirror. Was the terrible image I saw really I. I could hardly recognize myself. All little boys look funny, though, after their first haircut, I guess.

Day

So trills a tiny thrush from yonder hill,
With days of lasting beauty, mortals feel
To every man: "Arise and till the sod!"

Aurora's morning glows that spread on high
Replace the silver sphere that is the moon;
And earthly creatures know that morn is nigh,
That day's brief span of life commences soon.

So they arise to challenge new-born day,
To great the newly christened world of light
That gives them courage to go on life's way
Ere darkness brings again the peace of night.

And the day begins for all who love it—
Man and bird and beast—for God's about it.

Barbara Assaid, '55

For him who hides because of fear
We shed a sympathetic tear.
But he who hides because of shame,
"Tis better we forget his name.

Whoever wishes to be great,
Must foster love, and banish hate.

Wherever evil thoughts abound,
Chaos and hate will soon be found.

If you would reach a higher peak,
Be not afraid to work and seek.

To doubt that there is one Supreme
Is making nightmare out of dream

Flora Ballowe, '52

TO BE FREE

Eloise Macon, '55

THE wind, usually bouyant and mischievous, plods along wearily among its cedar friends. It dismal sigh echoes over the entire mountain side. The majestic cedars sway back and forth. Beneath them a young rabbit peers through the dry leaves in his quest for supper. Suddenly, he halts—his long sensitive ears standing erect. Danger! He scurries away.

A small group of perplexed individuals wind slowly down the path. On each face is a look of astonishment. A tall angular woman holds the lead. Her head is held erect and there is a determined look on her face as if she thinks that she has done her duty and is now through with the whole affair. She moves briskly, not appearing to feel the wind nip at her.

A young boy about eight years old follows trying to match her steps. He can not understand why his aunt has insisted upon his coming along. His face is a picture of bewilderment mingled with a little fright. Often he glances back at the swaying cedars he is leaving.

An old man, whose long knotted grey beard and wrinkled face reflect his age, makes his tumbling way along. In his eyes appears a note of envy and admiration for the scene he is leaving behind. Understanding what courage means in old age, he wonders whether stubbornness should accompany it. He tightens his grasp on the strong arm beside him—the arm of a middle aged gentleman whose entire expression denotes puzzlement, surprise, and the insult of refusal.

Simultaneously the foursome halts on the next ridge. All eyes retrace the winding path up to the little grey shack, barely visible among the cedars. Again they resume their pace, anxious to be free of the entire matter.

The wind continues its vociferous howling. The cedars tremble slightly. The rabbit, detecting no unfamiliar sounds, resumes his work—dashing through the dry leaves with gleeful freeness.

Up in the tumble-down shack an old lady rocks besides a rude fireplace. Her hoary head is bent, her blue eyes are fixed on the fire. "It was thoughtful of them to put in fresh wood. The fire is such a comfort," she thinks. Its bright rays dance in her hair and play upon her pale wrinkled hands. Her small body seems to quiver with the flickering of the fire. She rings her hands in her tattered calico apron.

Was she wrong not to accept the generous offer of the comforts of city life for the rest of her life? Her mind wander back to the time when she had left this shack. She had knelt beside her grandmother as she sat in this very rocker. Then, blinded with tears, she had hurried out, stumbling down the path, only pausing to look back when she had reached the ridge. Despite the call of the cedars, she had run on.

Life in the city had been one great revolution — boarding school, teachers, friends, lessons, parties, graduation exercises—and then pupils. So completely had she been caught in the flood of city life that for a time she had almost forgotten the mountains. But when the excitement had worn off and her youth had begun to fail, she had longed for home. The instatiable desire to be free again had finally driven her back to the shack only a few years before.

Eagerly she had climbed the familiar path, stopping occasionally to scan the mountain side. The cedars had seemed to stare down in disbelief. The single remaining hinge on the door had creaked as it opened. A small mouse had eyed her searchingly and then scurred away through the dust and mold. All this had made no difference. She was home!

I am still at home, she decides. The cedars are again my friends. The woods animals are no longer afraid of me. I am free.

The fire is dying down. A few embers glow faintly. The wind whistles cheerily. From her chair the old lady rises.

AMERICA AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF A FOREIGNER

(*Continued From Page* 5)

of handsome modern buildings, of wide avenues and luxurious hotels has impressed me greatly. It shows how fast a young nation can rise when there is co-operation, true citizenship, and wise government by and for the people.

I have written so far about the material aspect of the things I have seen and of the trip itself. But what about the people of the United States? "The People of the United States" is one of the most discussed topics of today. Almost every magazine in the world has a section called ***Life in the United States, The American People, What the Americans Are Like,*** or something to that effect. On this subject I begin to write by saying that the Americans, as a whole, are a very friendly people. When I say Americans, I mean the people of the small towns, not of the metropolis. The Americans I know are the girls I have had as schoolmates; the professors; the train, bus, and airplane companions; the country folks I have met in historical Virginia; the working class in the small town in which my college is located. All these, to me, are the true Americans. Their friendliness, at a time when I needed it most, has created in my mind a good impression of a country new to me.

Upon my arrival in New York, I immediately started making comparisons between the United States and my own country, Puerto Rico. Everything was different, of course. The entire pattern of culture in the United States is different from ours. Our cultural inheritance is genuinely Spanish; that of the United States is mainly British. History has proved how different the British and the Spanish are. Hundreds of books could be written about Puerto Rico, its birth, its growth, and its recent development. Of course, I shall have to limit my pages, although my patriotic feeling urges me to write on and on about Puerto Rico. I could write in detail of her picturesque beauty which is beyond comparison, of the kindness and warmth of her people, of the problems of her country people, of their unfulfilled hopes and desires, of the hopes of many for a self-government, as well as of the many aspects of her cultural make-up.

After fifty-three years of American control, we have absorbed much of the American culture. However, the influence of four hundred years of Spanish dominion is greater than the influence of fifty-three years of American dominion. We speak Spanish, but we are forced to learn English at the public schools. Our population is mainly Catholic, although all the other religious sects are very well represented. Many of our people constantly come back and forth to this country; consequently, Puerto Rico is up to date with everything that is North American.

The Puerto Rican is a combination of the gay and the tragic. The Latin in him makes him sing, dance, and make gestures with his hands and face. Yet in his gayest moods, he thinks about death and fate. He is the typical Spanish caballero—always gallant to the lady in both word and action. His native tongue is Spanish—the most courteous and poetic language ever spoken.

The American is ingenius, reserved, and calm in his ways. Fate and death do not seem to worry him. The climate makes him industrious and less inclined to romanticism than his Spanish-blooded neighbor in warm languorous Puerto Rico.

It is hard to generalize about things as important as the idioyncracies of a country. I have tried to point out some of the differences I have found between the Puerto Ricans and the Americans, but I must make it clear that I do not find any of those differences wrong. I admire the ingenuity and the friendliness of the Americans as their most desirable qualities. I admire, also, their efforts to keep civilization from suicide. I believe that with time, their interest for peoples different from themselves will be effective in achieving everlasting peace. Although my island with its many problems will ever be first with me, I shall always regard the United States as my second home country.

Sparklin' Spots

"Feudin', Fussin' and a Fightin'."
or "Whose Blonde Hair Is That
On Your Shoulder?"

"I Can't Give You Anything But Love."
or "You Got The Money, Honey,
I Got The Time."

"I Can Dream; Can't I?"
or "There's A Muddy
Road Ahead."

THE PINE

(*Continued From Page 4*)

The tree came down, down, pinning him ruthlessly to the earth.

One thought whirled over and over through his brain: "It fell on me!" Then consciousness was flooded away by a heavy blackness.

The hound came loping through the sumacs, but slowed to a trot as he caught sight of the felled pine. Circling the tree, he picked up a familiar scent, and poked his inquisitive nose among the thick branches. His tail twitched faintly; he had located the man, the lower part of his body buried under the main trunk. The dog's wet nose sidled over the man's head, sniffing inquiringly at a red stain on one check. Then his pink tongue reached out and licked the head gently.

Something from deep within the man welled up, and he groaned. The dog paused, and cocked one ear at his master. Nothing else happened; so he retreated several feet and parked on his haunches, his tongue hanging out and his eyes glistening.

The man opened his eyes and stared upward for several minutes as he attempted to focus them. He breathed raspingly, and his senses wallowed in a mire of pain and confusion. He tried to raise his head, but a spasm of white-hot agony forced him to lie still. "Odd," he thought, "my legs don't hurt at all." It was true—below his waist he could feel absolutely nothing.

He could barely glimpse the ax. It was lying on the ground where he had dropped it when the tree began to fall. Somehow it comforted him—the blade reflecting the afternoon sun, and the handle shining with sweat.

"Must have a rib broken," he thought, conscious now of the feeling in his chest. He fixed his eyes on the bunch of green needles above his face and tried to ignore the pain.

The dog whined, but the man made no answer; so the dog rose, and slowly meandered down the hill, occasionally looking back to see if his master followed.

A yellow globule of resin oozed from a broken twig and rolled sluggishly down the limb. The man's eyes followed it until with a tiny plop it fell out of his line of vision. He tried to move his arms, but they were pinioned by the weight of the tree. The rasp of his breathing irritated him, and his foggy mind became so vexed that tears streamed from his eyes, and he sobbed.

An ant crawled up the man's face. It had come a long way—over a finger, along the arm to the shoulder, and up the neck, feeling its path among the stubble on the chin. The man could sense its slow tread across his mouth, over his nose—and horror, up to his eye, where it paused and twitched its feelers. It was puzzled by the eyebrow, but finally it disappeared into the matted hair on the head.

The man awoke at twilight. The cold of the autumn air had penetrated to the bone. He was feverish, and his thirsty tongue eagerly licked his lips. The pine needles clicked softly in the chill breeze, but the man took no notice of them. He dimly thought, "The stump'll be out by Christmas, and come next spring—." He couldn't get his breath properly, and he jerked a little with the effort.

A light glimmered in the distance, and somebody shouted. The dry leaves crackled, as several men came up through the sumacs, pushing the branches aside as they walked.

"Over here!" said a voice. The ax-blade shone like silver in the light of a lantern, but the man under the tree took no notice; he couldn't.

The men came up and stood quietly in a circle, looking down. "Poor devil," said one, and he stooped to brush some green needles from the still face.

JUSTICE

(*Continued From Page 8*)

that she confess, so that things would go easier with her. They suggested this and that, and advised this and that, and talked on and on. Lee listened only to her own voice repeating over and over: "I borrowed a piece of string—a piece of yellow string." As she spoke, she almost believed herself.

A government girl came to escort her downstairs. Lee's friends fell silent, waiting for a sign. All at once Lee rose and walked to the window. She reached into her pocket and felt the string. Suddenly she threw it out of the window, the thing that had ruined her life — a simple piece of string. Calmed she walked out of the room.

Outside, moths swooped down and hovered over the sidewalk where the dazzling jewel lay entangled with a piece of yellow string.

We Laughed...

Longwood Professor: "This exam will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three seats apart and in alternate rows."

Bunny Ricks: What would you advise me to read after I graduate?"

Miss Ross: "The 'Help Wanted' column."

Challice Hayden: "Have you ever been up before Dean Savage?"

Harriet Byrd: "Oh I don't know. What time does he get up?"

Doug: "When I get up in the morning, you are in my first thoughts, Frances."

Frances Turner: "Yes, but Bill says that, too!"

Doug: "Well, what if he does? I get up before he does."

Miss Nichols: "Name two pronouns."

Claire Krienbaum: "Who me?"

Margie Hood: "I have no sympathy for a boy who gets drunk every night."

Frosh from Hampden-Sydney: "A boy who gets drunk every night doesn't need sympathy."

Liz Crockett: "How do you find yourself these cold mornings?"

Betty Lou Garrett: "Oh, I throw back the covers, and there I am."

Joan De Alba: "There's a boy in the Rotunda who says he has a dual personality."

Mary Ellen Boothe: "Well, tell him to go chase himself!"

Nancy Walker: "Give me a match, Sadie."

Sadie Creger: "Here it is."

Walker: "Well, can you beat that? I've forgotten my cigarettes!"

Sadie: "Too bad; give me back my match!"

Betty Scott Borkey to student in the training school: "How old is a person who was born in 1902?"

"Man or woman?"

Janice Pinkard: "Did you give Al any opportunities to propose?"

Wanda Karlett: "Yes, but goodness, I couldn't tell him they were opportunities, could I?"

Sis Burton: "Gee, you're a swell dancer. Did you take dancing lessons?"

Clancy: "No, but I took wrestling lessons."

Carolyn Van Toure: "What's worse than eating hash in the dining hall when you don't know what's in it?"

June Manlove: "Eating it at home when you do know!"

Cleo Holiday: "She was kicked out of school for cheating."

Nancy Huff: "How come?"

Cleo: "She was caught counting her ribs in one of Miss Brokenborough's Health Ed exams."

June Paige: "Clay was held up on the way back to Hampden-Sydney last night."

Jan Van Horne: "Yeh, that's the only way he could have gotten there!"

...Did You?

America's most popular cigarette

FLAVOR

MILDNESS