

5-1952

# The Colonnade, Volume XIV Number 3, May 1952

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LONGWOOD COLLEGE

# THE PLAINMAN

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA



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# The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE  
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Vol. XIV

MAY, 1952

No. 3

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### A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

On the cover of the *Colonnade* is a picture of hands stretching upward. Almost within reach of these hands is that long awaited and hard won prize, the diploma.

This picture, "Hands Reaching Upward," was chosen for this issue of the *Colonnade* because it symbolized so many things to us. It is especially fitting at this time because it is symbolic of graduation, of the end of four long years of work toward a much desired goal.

To us of the *Colonnade* Staff this picture has yet another significance. It is symbolic to us of our striving after a better and worthier college magazine. Within the past few years, this ideal has become a little more attainable. However, it is only with the help of you, the students, that the improvement of the Longwood magazine can become not an ideal, but a reality.

B. A. C.





# Deep Roots

BY LOU JAMISON, '53

LESLIE RANDOLF left school with a sense of well-being that day. Either it was the early spring weather or the great satisfaction she got from teaching that made her feel this way. Just to walk and look at God's world was her present goal. As usual the bus driver stopped at the corner, but she waved him on and began the long journey across town on foot. She knew she would be late for supper. It was already 5:00, but that didn't matter at present.

She had gone only a few blocks, however, when she was made to realize that the world was not quite so lovely after all. Dirty, undernourished children began to cross her line of vision. The houses lining each side of the street told the same pathetic story as do the houses in the slum district of any other city. She began to hurry a little in an unconscious effort to evade that which was ugly.

Suddenly a thick guttural voice from behind her called out, "Hey, Good-lookin'! —you in the suit!" At first she was startled and a pang of cold panic shot through her heart. Then, as the man veered unsteadily alongside her, she saw that he was no more than nineteen, if that, and disgustingly drunk. In his effort to remain upright, he forgot about the woman and slumped against a lamp post.

A figure draped across the steps of a nearby doorway was watching them. There was something about the face of this figure that held Leslie Randolph's attention in spite of herself. Then as the person spoke, she knew what it was.

"Don't be afraid of my brother, Miss Randolph. He won't hurt you."

The voice belonged to Jena Lombardo. Leslie Randolph remembered her as a star athlete at Thomas Jefferson just two years

ago. She'd always liked Jena, even though she seemed to carry constantly a chip on her shoulder. Several of the teachers had made complaints about the girl, but Leslie Randolph had always found her an apt and eager student in physical education classes.

Jena was a tall, well-built girl with excellent muscular co-ordination. The blackness of her short-cropped hair bespoke her Italian ancestry. But the clear blue eyes peering out from under arched black brows belied the fact. If dressed properly, she would be an arresting young woman. Today she was clad in a rather shabby man's shirt and blue jeans, and on her feet were a pair of well-worn tennis shoes without socks. On the whole, she looked as desperate and as undernourished as any of those about her.

"Why Jena," Leslie Randolph exclaimed, "I almost didn't recognize you! It has been two years since I last saw you, hasn't it? Let me see, it was the day you won the city tennis championship. Tell me, why didn't you come back to school for your junior year?"

"I didn't like school, and school didn't like me. Besides, I'm makin' money now. Pa got me a job runnin' the cuttin' machine at the cigarette factory. I get \$.75 an hour. That sure beats school!"

It was starting to get dark, and Leslie Randolph cared even less for this neighborhood at night than she did during the day. After saying a brief goodbye to Jena, she walked to the corner and got on the first bus that came along.

All that evening Jena's words kept running over and over in her mind. It was obvious that the girl was unhappy. Her words seemed to sum up all her hatred of society in general. Leslie Randolph felt an

*(Continued on Page 17)*

# Spring Hat

*This poem is by Mary Isham B. Gordon, a member of the class of 1892. Mrs. Gordon was editor of the first magazine ever published at this college.*

"A hat, did you say?"  
"Yes, that's what I said,  
A hat for the adorning  
Of a very pretty head.

My wife couldn't come,  
And she feels so forlorn,  
I thought I'd come down  
And buy her one.

Do you call that one, Lady?  
It looks more to me  
Like some kind of nest  
You found in a tree.

And you say that one is  
The very top of fashion?  
Well, It's certainly not one  
I'd gamble my cash on!

And I surely can credit  
Some tales I have heard  
And buy it instead,  
For a cage for my bird.

Do you call that a hat?  
O, come now, Lady, do—  
It's not like a single thing  
That I ever knew.

How much did you say,  
Only just a twenty?  
Well, then, fix it up.  
That's more than a plenty.

You think she will like it?  
I hope that is so—  
For a woman's reactions  
Are unpredictable, you know."



KEEP YOUR EYE ON:

# GRAHAM GREENE

BARBARA WHITE, '53

GRAHAM GREENE, who is said by some critics to be the greatest English novelist of our time, is virtually unknown in America. However, this same writer has been very popular in England and on the continent for the past decade. Why has Graham Greene been so completely overlooked by the American reading public? There seems to be no answer to this question. Doubtless, few people even know that he was the author of *This Gun For Hire*, a murder story made into a popular movie in which Alan Ladd played one of his first starring roles. *This Gun For Hire* is definitely not to be thought of as one of Greene's best novels, but the great strides which he has made in the literary world since the appearance of this novel make him a writer well worth watching.

Mr. Greene was born in the town of Berkhamsted about twenty-five miles northwest of London in 1904. For the young Graham, son of a schoolmaster, the place held little charm. He particularly disliked the school where, as he said, the prevailing idea was that privacy could only be misused. As a means of escape, Graham read a great deal. At the age of fourteen, he read Marjorie Bowen's novel, *The Viper of Milan*. Miss Bowen believed that goodness has only once found a perfect incarnation in the human body and never will again, but that evil always has and always will find a home there. Graham read all this and saw that it was true. From that time on he wrote, inspired once and for all with a theme.

At the age of sixteen, after several attempts at suicide and a try at running away from home, he was sent to London to be psychoanalyzed. He lived at the analyst's house—a period he remembers as being delightful, perhaps the happiest of

his life. He emerged from the psychoanalysis correctly oriented but bored stiff. In his seventeenth year, he tried without success the most drastic cure known for boredom—Russian roulette. To play this exciting game, he placed a bullet in a six-chambered revolver, spun the chambers, put the muzzle to his head, and pulled the trigger. The chamber containing the bullet failed to explode. He learned that he could enjoy the world again by risking its total loss.

While at Oxford University, Mr. Greene joined the Communist Party, and for six weeks he was a dues-paying member. When he found that membership would not get him a free trip to Moscow, he somehow managed to disentangle himself from his party affiliations.

After Oxford, the young man found the girl he wanted to marry. This, however, posed a new problem: the girl was Catholic, and he was not. There was only one thing for him to do—become a Catholic. This conversion to the Roman Catholic faith colored everything Graham Greene wrote thereafter, and he became a passionate analyst of every shade of religious feeling. He is perhaps the first major English novelist who has put his Catholic beliefs into his writing.

His fiction has been made subtle and deep because of the implications behind all of his work. Even in his so-called "entertainments," *This Gun for Hire*, *It's a Battlefield*, and *England Made Me*, the interest is not in events but in persons, and not in outward actions of persons but in their minds and feelings. From beginning to end, he is overwhelmingly occupied and preoccupied with psychology, particularly abnormal psychology.

(Continued on Page 19)





## Where th

THE unlit neon sign over the door said "Pete's Grill." Below, on the sidewalk, was a metal stand with the day's board of fare written on it. Inside, the air was slightly stale with the smell of cigarette smoke and fried food. Jean, the waitress, came out of the kitchen just as a well-dressed couple seated themselves in one of the brightly table-clothed booths.

The woman was young—quite young, Jean thought. In her early twenties. Jean eyed her hat with envy. Navy blue with frilly white flowers and a froth of veil.

"Gosh, I wish I had one like it," she thought, picturing in her mind her own shabby black one. "It would go so well with my hair," she said to herself. With that she gave a toss to her long blond hair which she had caught back in the thick net.

Jean handed the couple menus.

"What'll you have?" she asked after a slight pause.

While waiting for them to decide, she studied the young woman. Navy blue suit, white collar and cuffs, white shoes. Then she glanced at the young woman's tanned legs.

"She must have been in Florida to get a tan like that in April," she thought.

Then she pictured to herself the handsome couple lying on a broad expanse of white sand. The rhythmic thunder of surf beat in her ears. The girl wore a white bathing suit; the young man was in tropical print trunks. But somehow the girl Jean's mind didn't have reddish-brown hair.

*"They're each of them alone  
In the land where the dead dreams go."*

ALFRED NOYES

# Dead Dreams Go

BETTY COLLIER, '53

the color of that which had peeped from beneath the blue hat with its white trimming. Instead, she had long blond hair. She was tall and slim—taller and slimmer than Jean really was. And the sun shone down upon the girl, and a warm glow penetrated her whole body as she stretched out upon the hot sand and the gay-colored towel. The girl turned slightly and gently touched the tanned arm of the boy beside her . . .

"I'd like the broiled sirloin," said the young woman looking up from the menu. "No vegetables, just tomato and lettuce salad. And coffee with cream, please."

The girl in blue turned to the young man.

"Darling, I hope this will be good. Julia told me that the food here was delicious even if the atmosphere wasn't so ritzy. Anyway, they can't go wrong with what I ordered. Really, I'm not very hungry. I wish that we could have waited lunch for a little while."

"Well, I was starving, my dear. I just couldn't wait any longer," the young man said a trifle too loudly. He frowned and bit his lip. "I don't understand why we had to eat out, anyway."

The girl in blue quickly retorted, "You know the apartment is a mess. We've just gotten back from our trip. I simply haven't had time to unpack, buy food, and cook, too."

"I'll have a ham sandwich and black coffee, please," the young man said, turning to Jean. He looked back quickly at his

young wife. "We'll have to start eating at home more, honey. We simply can't afford to eat out as we used to do."

Jean wrote down the order hurriedly and started toward the back of the restaurant. As she passed a table laden with beer bottles and surrounded by sailors, a hand reached out toward her own.

"Take my order, Blondie?" asked a rough voice.

Jean drew aside with a forced smile on her face. "Be with you in a moment," she promised.

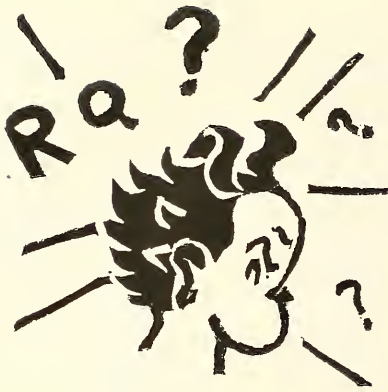
Her heart thumping, she entered the hot kitchen. As she yelled out the order to the fat cook in his soiled apron, she felt a momentary flood of repulsion.

"Oh, if I could only get out of all this," she thought, as she glanced around at the platters of raw meat, the cauldrons of steaming vegetables, the blackened gas range.

"That girl is so lucky! Gosh, how I'd love to have a cute home of my own and be able to go travelin'. They must be happy together. They've got everything to make 'em happy," she thought.

Jean took clean glasses from beneath the ultra-violet machine. Filling them with ice, she was suddenly transported from the restaurant kitchen and its food odors. She was standing before a clean, white-enameled table on which were a plate of delicious hors d'oeuvres and a silver cocktail shaker. Tinkling laughter and soft

*(Continued on Page 20)*



# What's Your R. Q.?

You can't read!

Before you, the reader, say that such a statement is absurd, consider the findings on the "Thorndike-McCall Test for Comprehension in Silent Reading." According to the results of this test, it has been proved that the average reader comprehends only 80% of what he reads.

The term Reading Quotient—or R. Q. as it is abbreviated—indicates how well you can read. If you would like to find out your R. Q., read at your normal rate of speed the following review of a book and a play. Then, without glancing at them again, answer the questions at the end of these reviews. Instructions for scoring yourself are at the bottom of page.

## **MITTEE** by *Daphne Rooke*

*Houghton Mifflin Co.*

As strange and unusual as Africa itself is the current best seller, *Mittee*. In this book the world of "King Solomon's Mines" is brought to life once again by Daphne Rooke. Miss Rooke is not only a brilliant writer, but she also has an intimate knowledge of the land about which she writes, for she has spent a large part of her life in this section of South Africa.

In direct contrast to the amazing background is Mittee, herself, a rather wild Afrikaner school teacher who could easily be taken as one of Margaret Mitchell's southern belles. With Selina, her mulatto maid and friend, Mittee travels across the plains of South Africa, teaching "the three

R's" to farm-owners' children. When Paul Du Plessis, the son of a government official, asks Mittee to marry him, she agrees. However, Mittee realizes that she does not love Paul as he loves her. Because of an odd arrangement of circumstances, Selina falls unmistakably in love with Paul. This love of Selina for her mistress's husband widens the gap already present between Paul and Mittee.

However, the woe of conflicting loves is actually only a secondary aspect of the book. Although the story takes place at the time of the Boer War, the author is primarily concerned with a problem which today is very close to everyone in the United States, as well as in South Africa and other countries—the eternal conflict between blacks and whites.

This story, told through the eyes of Selina, the mulatto, is well worth the time you spend reading it. In this novel, Daphne Rooke's completely unaffected style of writing is guaranteed to provide you with many hours of suspense and enjoyment. But here is more than a gripping presentation of one of the most burning problems of today; here, in this novel, is a searching insight into this problem of race and an attempt to answer it.

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## **A SLEEP OF PRISONERS** by *Christopher Fry*

*Oxford Press*

In *A Sleep of Prisoners*, Christopher Fry has produced a short religious alle-

gory to be presented in a church. The whole drama takes place in the course of one hectic night. The four characters of the play are actually battle-fatigued prisoners-of-war who fall asleep in the church where they are housed. All of the prisoners have dreams which they enact upon the stage. Each in his dreams is no longer a prisoner-of-war, but a Biblical character. They assume the roles of Peter, David, Cain, and Abel, respectively, and walk and talk with each other. In their delirium, they re-enact battle scenes, rant and rave like madmen, and tear at each other's throat. Although they are at first presented as prisoners-of-war, the appearance of each man's true nature in his dream proves that each is really a prisoner of self—of his own fears, guilts, and aggressions.

A prime requisite of all good writing, whether of a religious nature or otherwise, is clarity. The noticeable lack of this very necessary characteristic makes the reading of *A Sleep of Prisoners* a rather trying experience. The shifting of focus makes for a confusing psychological kaleidoscope rather than for any clear philosophical light. But something can be gained from the struggle.

Mr. Fry's play is not to be perused lightly; *A Sleep of Prisoners* is for deep thinkers. It is definitely not for the unsophisticated reader. —BARBARA WHITE

### QUESTIONS

1. What is the full name of the author of *Mittee*?
2. How did the author of *Mittee* gain her intimate knowledge of the country in which the story takes place?
3. In what part of the world are the scenes of *Mittee* laid?
4. What are the occupations of the two main female characters in *Mittee*?
5. What does Selina do to increase the estrangement of Mittee and her husband?
6. What is the first name of Mittee's husband?
7. During what period in history does *Mittee* take place?
8. With the fictional characters of what modern author is Mittee compared?
9. With what important social problem is

the author of *Mittee* primarily concerned?

10. What one word describes the style of the author of *Mittee*?
11. Over what period of time does *A Sleep of Prisoners* take place?
12. In what type of building are the prisoners housed?
13. How many characters are there in *A Sleep of Prisoners*?
14. What happens to the prisoners after they fall asleep?
15. Do they seem to be their own selves in their dreams?
16. Besides being prisoners-of-war, in what other respect are these men prisoners?
17. What is a prime requisite of good writing?
18. To what type of reader does the reviewer of the play think that *A Sleep of Prisoners* would appeal?
19. Is this play a lengthy one?
20. What company published *A Sleep of Prisoners*?

### ANSWERS

1. Daphne Rooke. 2. She spent a large part of her life there. 3. Africa. 4. Mittee is a teacher and Selina is her maid. 5. Selina falls in love with Mittee's husband. 6. Paul. 7. During the Boer War. 8. Margaret Mitchell. 9. The race problem. 10. Unaffected. 11. One night. 12. A church. 13. Four. 14. They dream. 15. No, they assume the roles of Biblical characters. 16. Each is a prisoner of self. 17. Clarity. 18. The deep thinker; the sophisticated reader. 19. No, it is very short. 20. The Oxford Press.

### RATING

Give yourself five points for each correct answer. Score yourself thus:

**95 and 100**—Excellent. Your ability to comprehend what you read is unusual.

**85 and 90**—Good. Your comprehension is above average, especially if your score was **90**.

**80**—Average. You, like all average readers, comprehend only 80% of what you read.

**Below 80**—Poor. However, don't be discouraged. If you were taking the real "Thorndike-McCall Test," your score might be higher.



# The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round

VIRGINIA HANSEL

POPULAR music plays an integral part in the lives of most students. Throughout the colleges of the country, students enjoy popular music for their "listening and dancing pleasure." Whether the music comes from a top name band on the dance floor, from a juke box in the college recreation hall, or from a record round-up on the local radio station, it serves as a constant source of pleasure.

—The trend in popular music since 1944 has been toward the vocalist, as compared with the 1937-1943 era of top-name bands. With the recent advent of the Billy May orchestra, the musical public is beginning to revert to the former trend. This will create a demand for instrumental works with less emphasis on the vocalist. The orchestras of Ray Anthony, Ralph Flanagan, and Les Brown are contributing much to the change.

—One of the most exciting newcomers to the field of popular music is a tango known simply as "Blue Tango." Several recorded versions can be obtained, but Leroy Anderson's excellent rendition takes the honors. Besides "Blue Tango," his orchestra has made a recording called "Leroy Anderson Conducts," which includes such selections as "Serenata," "The Syncopated Clock," "Jazz Legato," and "The Waltzing Cat." Mr. Anderson is a Harvard man but even Yale men will concede that this Decca long-playing record is something special.

—Another band producing fine music in the popular vein is the Hugo Winterhalter Orchestra. The orchestra plays an "oldie" brought back, "Charmaine," and the Winterhalter musical touch leaves nothing to be desired. For those who would like a more accelerated tempo, Ralph Flanagan's version, with vocal honors for Harry Prime, is certain to please.

—During recent weeks such tunes as "I Wanna Love You" by the Ames Brothers . . . Les Paul and Mary Ford's "Tiger Rag" . . . "The Blacksmith Blues" by Ella Mae Morse . . . "A Guy Is a Guy" by Paul Weston with Doris Day on the vocal . . . "It's All in the Game" by Tommy Edwards have seen the best-seller list. Not to be omitted is a Mercury release by Richard Hayes, singing in the imitable style of Johnny Ray, "I'll Walk Alone" from the film "With a Song In My Heart." I will go along with these hits; but "Wheel of Fortune," being almost totally void of music value, does not rate a vote from me.

—Now that Kitty Kallen is back with the Harry James Orchestra after six years, record fans can expect great things such as "I'm Beginning to See the Light" and "I'll Buy That Dream," hits produced a few years ago by the Kallen-James combination.

—In view of the realization of many people that the popular music of the day is not all that it should be, let me recommend some comparatively old songs dressed up with more recent orchestral backgrounds—The Andrews Sisters on a Decca label doing "It Never Entered My Mind" (incidentally one of the greatest Rogers and Hart songs ever written) . . . "Summertime" by Richard Hayes . . . Sy Oliver singing "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" . . . Frankie Laine's superb recording of "Jealousy" . . . "September Song" and "Diane" by Billy Daniels.

—The popularity of all these songs is a transient thing; the name "popular music" alone implies that such music rarely stands the test of the years. But this reviewer is willing to vouch that the musical selections which have been mentioned here will be tops on your Hit Parade and will give you pleasure for months to come.

# The Lovelife of an Icecubean

FÆE JERNIGAN, '55

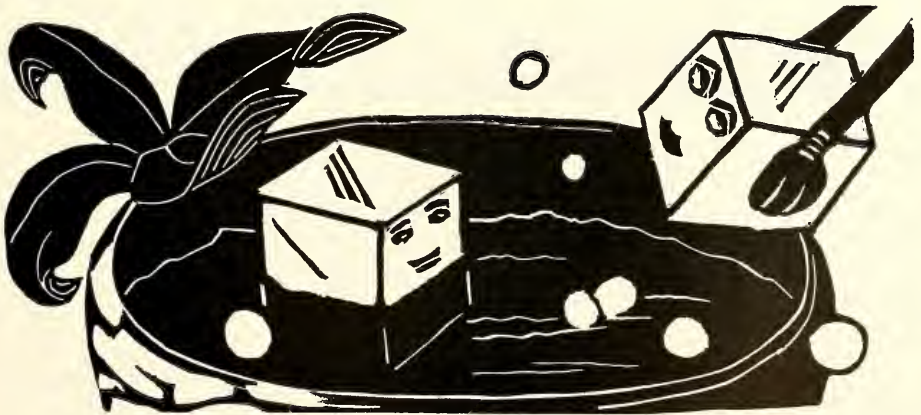
HERE once was a lovely Icecubean named Icelia. Her lover was a handsome lad called Iceac. Iceac and Icelia lived in a small village commonly known as Refrigeration which was located in that distant land of Icecubea.

Knowing that their lives would be short, Iceac and Icelia decided not to procrastinate in joining themselves in the holy bonds of matrimony. So, in the cold atmosphere of this ice land, they went into their cubicles to prepare themselves for the big moment of their lives. There, they soon expanded to their mature size; but the cold in the cubicles permeated their very beings, and they found themselves going into a coma and becoming ice-hearted. However, deep in their subconscious, they still loved each other with the little ardor that remained within them. Finally, unable to withstand the drugging effects of the terrible cold, they lost consciousness.

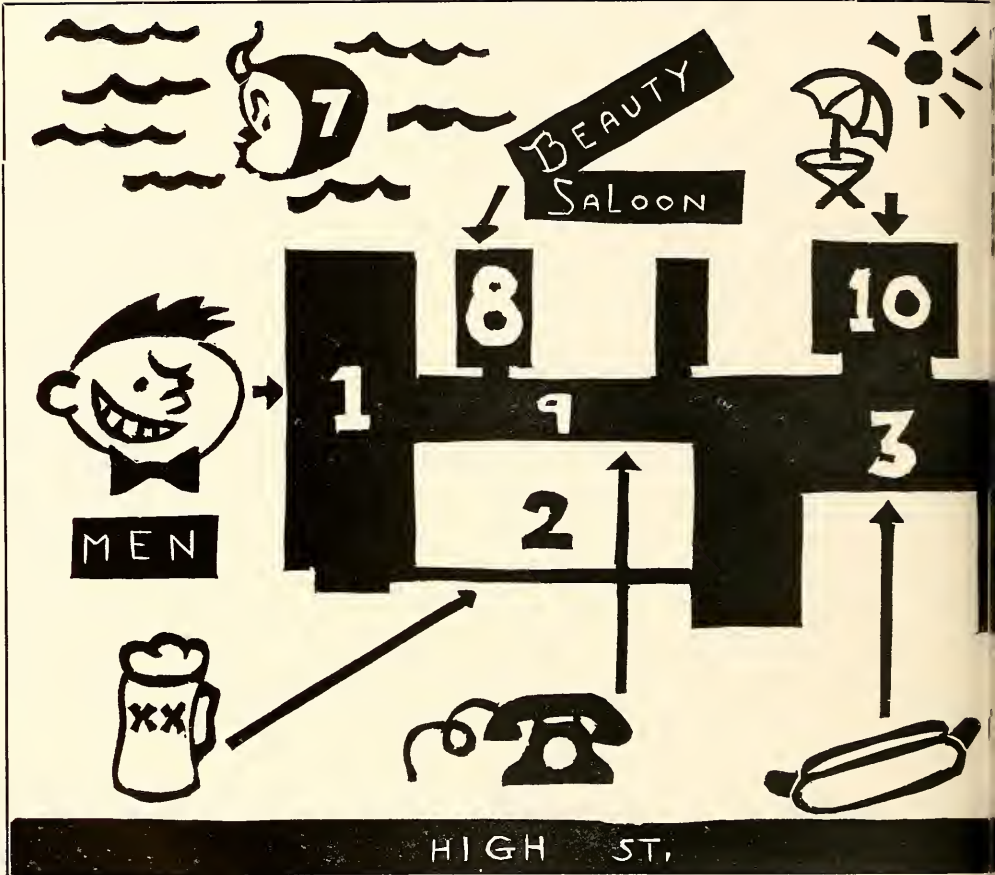
The next noon they were awakened quite suddenly by a flood of hot water that was being poured over their bodies. Then came

a back-breaking jolt. Icelia found herself being plummeted into a transparent abyss. Seconds later Iceac joined her. Bewildered, they clung to one another—partly in fright, and partly in knowledge that this was their last chance to be together and to assure each other of their eternal love.

Their shivering bodies melted one into the other while about them human couples danced or stood around chatting gaily. A few of their friends came cascading into the lighted pit with them, but the lovers took no notice of them. Then the drowning, brownish liquor for the highball enveloped them—but it did not separate them. They clung together even more desperately, for they knew that under the dissolving power of that brownish fluid they would soon be disintegrated and cast down into a nearby gullet—the road of death. Suddenly, with a heart-breaking wrench, they were torn from each other's embrace never to meet again except in the evaporated world of the hereafter. They sobbed as they bade each other a wet farewell.



# LONGWOOD WAS NEVER LIKE THIS— Or, We C



KEY

1. Student Building will be converted into a hotel for visiting male guests. There will be a billiards room and massage room in the gymnasium.

2. The Colonnade will be rented to a local businessman who plans to convert it into Schlitz Pavilion. The school will provide the pretzels.

3. The Rotunda will be left basically unchanged except for two minor improvements: the stairs will be replaced by escalators and the Dean's office will be used as a hot-dog stand.

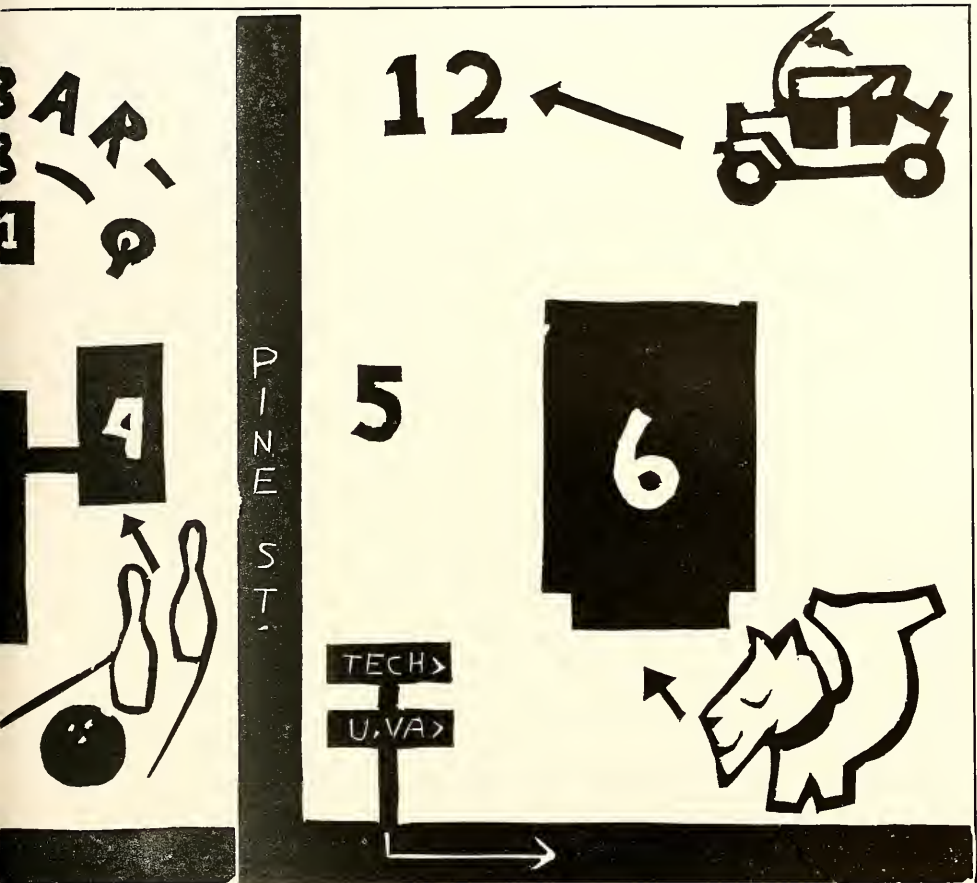
4. Library hall is tentatively slated to house the bowling alleys and bridge rooms which the school so desperately needs.

5. The library, now considered obsolete, will be completely removed.

6. Jarman Hall will be converted into a burlesque house. The Great Urpley and His Troup of Trained Wire-Haired Terriers are slated to be the theater's opening attraction.

7. Part of the athletic field will be excavated and a mammoth-sized pool constructed. Miss Iler has instructed the architects to install lights in the bottom of the structure so that night swimming will be feasible.

# Dream, Can't We?



MAP

8. The infirmary, which Dr. Lancaster feels will be unnecessary from now on, will be utilized as a beauty salon and bath house.

9. Tabb Annex will still be used as a dormitory. However, phones will be installed in each room. Mrs. Conner has stated that all beds must be made up by 8:00 P. M.

10. A roof garden, which will be complete with orchestra and dance floor, is being planned for Main. During the day, the roof will continue to be used for sun bathing. Mrs. Beasley and her staff will serve lunch to loungers between the hours of 1:00 and 4:00.

11. The Home Economics Building will be converted into a drive-in Bar-B-Que. Miss Jeter and Miss Staggs are training a group of faculty members in the art of car hopping on roller skates. Miss Jeter reports that most of her students are making remarkable progress.

12. The training school playground has been appropriated as a parking area for the five hundred "new" cars which the school has purchased for student use.



# Poetic Interpretations

## "To Cassandre"

*Pierre de Ronsard*

Dearest, let us see if the rose  
Who just this morning did unclose  
Her red robe to the brilliant sunshine,  
Has lost any at all, now at twilight,  
Of the folds of her robe red and bright,  
And her radiance equal to thine.

Alas, in the short time her life did embrace,  
Dearest one, she did above this place  
Of her beautiful petals let leave;  
Oh truly thou art cruel Mother Nature,  
Since such a flower cannot endure  
From morning until eve.

*Translated by NANCY LAWRENCE*

## Rimes of Gustavo Adolpho Becquer

What is poetry?  
You ask me while you look into my eyes with yours of blue.  
What is poetry?  
And you ask me?  
Poetry is you!

Today the earth and the sky smile at me.  
Today the rays of the sun  
Reach the deepest part of my soul.  
Today I have seen her.  
I have seen her and she looked at me.  
Today I believe in God.

*Translated from the Spanish by Olga Rodriguez*



# Letters from Abroad

*Edited by* HELEN TANNER

THESE excerpts are from letters from former students and instructors at Longwood College. Although they have left this country, they have kept in touch with their friends here.

\* \* \* \*

Madeleine Bigot was the French informant at Longwood for the session, 1950-'51. After leaving Longwood, Madeleine returned to her home in Paris. She recently left Paris for South Africa where she was married on April 17, 1952. This letter to Mrs. J. B. Edwards was written by Madeleine on her way to join her fiancé in East Africa.

April 4, 1952

Dear Johnnie,

How would you like to be like me, on a big ship, in the middle of the Red Sea, lazily basking in the sunshine . . . It is not a joke!!! My fiancé asked me to join him because his work in East Africa could not be finished till six months later than he thought . . . and you may guess with what joy I accepted. My parents have been very understanding and nice about it all. It is marvelous!

I left Marseilles a week ago. We came through the Suez Canal, which is very quiet now. I am due to arrive on April 12, in Dar-es-Salaam where Tony will meet me. Then on April 16, we shall fly three hundred miles south on the coast where our home is to be. We shall be married quietly on April 17. There are no good places around for a honeymoon. So we shall spend Tony's two weeks' wedding leave in our new home where there is still a lot to be done. Our home is to be a nice, very native-

looking affair with a coconut tree-leaf roof. It will be fairly comfortable with its electricity and bathroom equipped with running water — quite extraordinary for this wild place. The kitchen sounds very primitive, but we shall manage quite happily, I am sure. I am tremendously happy, and I am as impatient as Tony to be two weeks older!

If I can spare a snap of our wedding, I shall send it. My dress is lovely, although simple. It is white, ankle length, very low-cut, with a bolero. All accessories are white, of course. It will be nice, especially as I am getting a suntan here. But I am careful not to get too much, for the heat is terrific.

I shall write again when I have settled down to my new life. I do hope you will write me. Here is my new name and address:

Rowland  
P. O. Box 3  
So. Balfour & Beatty  
MTWARA  
Tanganyika, East Africa

My handwriting is awful, but I have an excuse: I am writing on my knees on a deck-chair, and the vibration of the boat is not helping me much.

It feels so good to relax, and it is so nice to be lazy. I think I shall love colonial life in Africa.

Please write me soon. Tell me all about yourself and Longwood College.

Love,

Madeleine

\* \* \* \*

*Please Turn Page*

In 1943 Julia Braga, who is now Mrs. P. J. Skinner, entered Longwood College. After her return to Fortaleza, Brazil, she kept up with her friends in Farmville. These excerpts from her letter of December, 1952, to Miss Jennings make us realize that inflation is just around the corner in Brazil.

c/o Booth (Brazil) Ltd.  
Caixa Postal 73  
Fortaleza, Ceara, Brazil

Fortaleza is a perfect place for a young married couple. Really we have a gay time here, for we, the British Colony, entertain a great deal. It turns out to be very expensive, though, because the British, Americans, and also the Brazilians drink quite a bit, and prices here are sky high. Every dinner or cocktail party you give, you spend a small fortune, especially on the drinks. Frankly, the prices here are terrific. Clothes are not so expensive. For a reasonable sum, you can get all the clothes you need, and the quality is the best. But food is so expensive that I don't know how poor people can live. You pay almost one dollar for a miserable looking kilo of meat and a dollar and a half for a kilo of what is supposed to be a good piece of meat; you pay over four dollars for a kilo of butter, twenty and at times twenty-two dollars for a bottle of Scotch whiskey. It's really amazing! Nothing is rationed here, but sometimes you can't get what you want or need. At the moment, you can't get butter. When you can get what you want to eat, it is so expensive that most people can't afford it. If we don't have some rain this year, things are going to be worse and worse. Today you see hundreds of beggars in the streets everywhere. Right here across the street from my house is a vacant plot of ground on which a couple and their five children are living under a tree, their only shelter. We, of course, are all right, but these poor people have a miserable life.

Pat is a wonderful husband, and we are very happy indeed together. However, there is one thing he doesn't like about me, and that is my American accent. He is always teasing me about it and is always saying that one of these days he is going to teach me English as the English people

speak it.

My parents join me in wishing for you and Longwood a happy year.

Love,  
Julia Braga Skinner

\* \* \*

Patria Perez of Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, was Spanish informant here at Longwood during the 1949-50 session. In her letter to Miss Barksdale, she recounts the story of her sight-seeing tour of an old cathedral in the capital of Santo Domingo.

Mayaguez, Puerto Rico  
January 3, 1952

Did you know I spent part of the Christmas holiday in Trujillo City, the capital of Santo Domingo? My sister and I spent a marvelous week there, for we saw so many historical and beautiful things. We began our visit by going to the cathedral, the oldest in America. It was built at the beginning of the 16th century and adorned with authentic pictures by Murillo and Velasquez and with sculpture by Benvenuto Cellini. What surprised us most was seeing the crown of pearls and emeralds that had been worn by the catholic Queen Isabel at the time of the consecration of the cathedral. Among the other guarded treasures were an infinite number of precious stones, chalices, and crosses that belong to the cathedral. Have you ever been there? If you haven't, I know that you would enjoy it very much.

How is everything in Farmville? I heard that it has finally snowed there. Believe it or not, here in the tropics we are freezing. How cold it is here! So cold that you have to keep your sweater on all day long. But you know, we don't have central heating here.

I thought about sending you a book about famous Spanish novelists by Jose A. Balseiro, a Puerto Rican who is now teaching at Miami University. Tell me if you would like that or another book. Do you like Rosario Sansores? Please tell me which book you would like, for it would give me so much pleasure to send one to you.

By best wishes to all my friends at Longwood.

Love,  
Patria

## Deep Roots

(Continued from Page 3)

unusual personal sorrow for this strange, hardened creature. She had always supported welfare work, but her own environment had always been too far from Jena's for her ever before to feel a personal interest.

After classes were over the next day, Leslie Randolph went over Jena's school record. She grew angry when she remembered the principal's look of astonishment as he gave her the file.

"Interested in one of our old problem cases, Miss Randolph? I wouldn't waste my time, if I were you. We never have been able to do anything with her kind."

At that moment she felt the same resentment toward society that she imagined Jena must feel. Unquestionably, the girl had been condemned because of her environment.

Jena's history was a startling record of truancies and failures. Yet, nowhere in the record was any report of cheating, stealing, lying, or other dishonesty. The most amazing thing of all was the I. Q. test Jena had taken as a freshman. Although she had failed or barely passed all her subjects, her I. Q. was 132.

The case worker's report included in the file revealed that her home conditions were the most depressing imaginable. It read thus: "The father, Henrico Lombardo, and his son, Anthony, are drunkards. The older sister, Mrs. Theresa Fanelli, lives at home with her three children. Mrs. Fanelli revealed that the mother of the family deserted them when Jena was ten years old. The parents have never been legally married, and it is believed that Jena is not Mr. Lombardo's child. The I. Q.'s of the father, brother, and sister are believed to be in the seventies."

As Leslie Randolph shut the file, a gleam of hope came into her eyes. It was true that Jena had a multitude of strikes against her to begin with, but her very high intelligence proved that there was really something to the girl. A mind like that is seldom found; it shouldn't be wasted. Certainly the girl

had the ability to raise herself. But how was it to be done?

Being an intelligent woman and well-versed in psychology, Leslie Randolph knew that any approach she might make toward Jena would surely be rebuffed at this time. No, she wouldn't suggest that Jena return to high school; she would wait until Jena returned of her own accord. Knowing Jena's ability, she felt certain that the girl would return in due time. All things come to him who waits—even Jena Lombardo.

The school year went on and drew to a close. Jena didn't come back to school, nor did she ever re-enter Leslie Randolph's thoughts.

It was the following spring before Jena showed up again. The softball season had just begun and a tall, dark-haired girl appeared daily to watch the physical education classes. Her clear, cold, blue eyes intently watched each player as she came to bat; yet the girl never spoke nor moved a muscle. Oddly enough, Leslie Randolph never noticed this quiet figure standing outside the fence. But the day came when Jena was no longer quiet.

Leslie Randolph had dismissed her class. As usual she glanced across the field, making a last minute check on equipment. Some careless student had left a fielder's glove propped against the fence on the other side of the diamond. As she went to pick up the glove, she saw Jena.

"Miss Randolph, can I play with the team tomorrow? I promise I won't make no trouble for you."

"I'd like to say yes, Jena, but you know this is a class, not a recreation period. I'm afraid you'd have to be a student to use any of the school equipment."

The words were far from offering encouragement, but then, Jena Lombardo wasn't used to encouragement. She had lost her job, and the old love of sports had welled up in her again. The next morning Thomas Jefferson had a new student, and the softball team had a new catcher.

It wasn't easy for Jena to catch up on her studies. In the first place, she had no interest in them, and no student, even when

*Please Turn Page*



interested, finds it easy to pick up the loose ends of subjects in the middle of a semester. Leslie Randolph saw growing day by day the old wall Jena had built about herself a long time ago. No teacher can consciously stand by and see one of her students fall by the wayside without at least offering a helping hand.

"Jena, I didn't ask you to wait after class because you've done anything wrong. We all know that you're a fine athlete and a good sport, but you're not passing in your other subjects, are you?"

"No, Ma'm, I don't like them."

"I know sports mean a lot to you, but to be really tops in any field, you have to be well-rounded. You're old enough to know a person can't make something of himself unless he wants to—unless he tries to. If life is worth living, it's worth making the effort to live well. Jena, I know you have the ability to succeed. Show the world that you've got what it takes. I'll help you with your studies, if you'll try."

Jena just stood there as if she had been struck deaf and dumb. In her whole life no one had ever before offered to help her. Completely bewildered, she picked up her books and left without saying a word.

The rest of that term Jena managed to make passing grades with Leslie Randolph's help. The girl seemed almost like a different person. As soon as Jena lost the chip off her shoulder, there appeared a quality in her that magnetically attracted her classmates. She still wasn't well-adjusted, but the fact no longer protruded like a sore thumb.

The following summer, Jena kept up her studies with a mulish determination to succeed in spite of all obstacles. Her senior year she became a shining light both as an athlete and as a student. Wholly absorbed with the task at hand, she made no plans for the future. She looked well-content, and Leslie Randolph was quite pleased with herself for bringing this change about.

Jena's life during the coming year was of utmost importance to Leslie Randolph. She pictured Jena in college where the girl would surely free herself from the remaining shackles of her home environ-

ment.

"Jena, are you planning to go to college next year?"

"College is no place for me, Miss Randolph. I could never feel that I fitted in with the girls there. And as far as money is concerned, college is out of the question. Maybe I'll try for a job here in Richmond, or else go into the service."

"You remember, Jena, what I once told you about living well? Now that you've finished high school, you have that opportunity. Don't let it slip through your fingers so easily. You can get a scholarship to one of the state teachers' colleges that will pay most of your tuition. I'll lend you the rest, because I have faith in you. I know you won't let me down. What do you say?"

Jena entered college that fall and stayed four years. During that time she severed all relations with her family—a thing she considered necessary but disloyal. She wanted to succeed; yet she felt was losing something of value to her. During the four years there wasn't a student or professor who did not have a word of praise for Jena. But oddly enough, she could not feel a kinship with her classmates. She had shaken loose all conscious ties with the past; yet the past held her.

The teaching position Jena accepted on the Eastern Shore was a good one. After she had taught there for three years, no one would think of associating her with the lanky tousle-haired girl at the cigarette factory. Faultlessly barbered and tailored, she had not only the appearance, but the manner of a well-bred mature young woman.

But the real difference was in Jena's face. There, deeply ingrained, were the lines of unhappiness—lines placed not by time, but by internal unrest. Her unusual blue eyes stared coldly into space from darkly rimmed sockets. Her lips were taut and the skin around them had a wizened quality. Her face took on a strange haunted look—the same look that one sees on the faces of the homeless throughout the world.

It was a rainy bleak Saturday in February when Jena arrived at Leslie Ran-

*(Continued on Page 20)*

## Graham Greene

*(Continued from Page 5)*

As to his serious novels: (by his own classification, the others he calls "entertainments,") *The Power and the Glory* is about a man who dies, is judged, and goes to heaven; *Brighton Rock*, about a man who dies, is judged, and goes to hell; *The Heart of the Matter* about a man who dies, is judged, and goes to—the Catholic reader will probably say purgatory. *The End of the Affair* is about a woman who dies, is judged, and goes emphatically to heaven. Heaven or hell, good or evil—these are always the primary concerns with Graham Greene.

*The End of the Affair* is considered up to this time to be Mr. Greene's *chef d'oeuvre*. The plot moves along breathlessly from incident to incident, carrying the reader breathlessly with it. In the usual "style a la Greene," there is a masterly economy of words; yet, his characters breathe and have vitality. This story concerns itself with Sarah Miles, who, unsatisfied by her husband, is a wanton until she meets Maurice Bendrix and falls in love with him. For five years they are lovers. During their last rendez-vous, a rain of bombs falls on London. Soon after, Sarah finds Bendrix apparently dead under a door she cannot lift. "Let him be alive, and I will believe. Give him a chance," she prays. Her prayer is answered; Bendrix lives, but only to find Sarah wishing him dead back under the door. For she has fallen into faith as she had fallen into love; she must give up her adulterous affair. In none of his other novels has Greene played

so hard and so long his two major themes—the hunted man and the peace he pursues.

Graham Greene is a Catholic existentialist. This belief, as opposed to conventional Christianity, says that Christ lived and died as he did, not primarily to save the world, but rather to give to man an example of perfection by which man can pattern his life if he so chooses. "If he chooses" is the key-note of Catholic existentialism. Each individual is essentially responsible for his own behavior. In this belief, the doctrine of predestination is destroyed. Man can be completely master of his own soul. There is a relentless refusal of any substitute for goodness, and there is no room for unchristian thinking.

Now living in a flat in London, Mr. Greene looks like any number of his own characters—slightly seedy. His physical appearance is rather unimposing except for his slightly bulging and startling, washed-out blue eyes. The wrinkled skin of his face looks as if it had been shaken loose from the flesh. His wife, with whom he is friendly but not on close terms, lives with their teen-aged son and daughter in Oxford. Because of Greene's reserve and sub-acid wit, his friends are few. However, those who do like him, like him intensely.

During the last decade, Greene has been looked upon as one of the most eminent of English novelists. Today Graham Greene is being compared by the critics with such literary giants as Hemingway and Faulkner—even with Dostoevsky. However, like any other writer, he will have to stand the test of time.

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Margaret Taylor: "Who was that strange boy down in the Rec last night with the long hair?"

Sara Ann Jones: "He's a junior from Yale."

Margaret: "Oh, I've often heard of those Yale locks."

## Deep Roots

(Continued from Page 18)

dolf's house. She went for the purpose of paying off a long over-due loan and of displaying evidence of her success to the one person she couldn't let down. Leslie Randolph was pleased to see her, of course, but something in Jena's face forced her to question for the first time whether she was wrong or right in what she had done for this young woman.

"Hadn't she given Jena the opportunity

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to live well? Wasn't Jena's the typical success story?" The rain beat an incessant rhythm upon the window, and thoughts beat upon Leslie Randolph's brain in the same tempo. Half afraid, she turned and looked Jena Lombardo squarely in the face. There in Jena's face she found her answer.

## Where the Dead Dreams Go

(Continued from Page 7)

music were coming through a door which opened on a tastefully arranged living room. A tall, tanned young man was standing beside her.

"Need any help, Darling?" he was saying to her. "The company and the husband are waiting anxiously for you to reappear—especially the husband." And he smiled down at her . . .

"Rush it up, Jean," shouted the heavy-set cook. "For God's sake snap out of it and get those customers set up!"

Startled, Jean hastily filled the glasses with water and pushed her way through the swinging door. Through the rectangular glass peep hole in the upper part of the door, she could see the couple talking excitedly.

"Wonder what they're planning?" Jean thought. "Maybe they're gonna have a party or go to the theater." And she remembered the night that stretched ahead, bleak and lonely. "Guess I'll take in a movie," she decided. "I've finished my new book."

As she approached the table, the couple suddenly stopped talking. Jean did not notice the grim expression on the young man's face. Putting down the glasses, she moved away to the table where the sailors were waiting impatiently.

"What do ya say let's have a little service for a change!" demanded a red-faced sailor. "Another round of beer and a hamburger apiece."

Jean rushed back to the kitchen to fill their order before they could say anything insulting to her.

"I don't see how the other girls can laugh and joke with those sailors," she thought. "They make me sick."

As soon as Jean had left, the young

man and woman resumed their conversation.

"For heaven's sake, can't you even be decently polite!" she cried. "All I did was ask you why you didn't try for a raise."

"Stop pushing me!" retorted her husband. "I'm tired of your continual demands. Why can't we just settle down and enjoy what we have instead of—"

"Be quiet," whispered the young woman. "Here comes that waitress. Don't let's start another argument."

"I'm not arguing. I'm just fed up with the way things are. I can't take it any longer," he said bitterly.

Slowly and methodically Jean set the food down before them.

"Why are they so quiet?" Jean wondered. "Well, I guess you don't have to talk all the time," she said to herself. But she lingered, arranging silver and waiting to

hear a chance word.

"It's so nice just being around people like them," she thought.

But out of the corner of her eye she saw new customers waiting to be served, and she reluctantly moved away.

When she returned from the kitchen after filling the orders of her other customers, she headed toward the young couple's table. The booth was empty.

"Why, they're gone!" Jean exclaimed under her breath.

She glanced down at the partially eaten steak, its juices already hardening on the once sizzling platter. Half a ham sandwich remained on the other plate.

"They hardly ate anything." Jean thought. "Gee, it must be love."

As she cleared the table of dirty dishes, she tried not to think of the night that stretched ahead—bleak and lonely.

---

## *A Voice In the Distance*

There's a voice in the distance, calling  
 To nations shattered and worn,  
 Perplexed in the midst of battle  
 And torn in the midst of scorn.  
 It calls to the people of all lands  
 Who are filled with selfish pride,  
 Who forget their noble heritage  
 And are fallen from Freedom's side.  
 It calls to many an alien shore,  
 Across many a wandering sea,  
 To all those searching visions of peace,  
 And it calls to you and me.

There's a voice in the distance, saying,  
 "Break barriers 'tween race and clan,  
 Dispel greed, war and hatred,  
 Join as brothers—man to man"  
 It speaks of a love known to every tongue,  
 One stalwart faith, one creed  
 Which serves to unite us all  
 And to meet each human need.  
 It speaks to the rich and humble,  
 To lands both barred and free,  
 'Tis the voice of Brotherhood—pleading  
 And it speaks to you and me.

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## **NATURAL HUMOR, THEY CALL IT**

The following answers were actually given by students to questions on examinations:

"A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives."

"Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of saliva."

"Typhoid fever may be prevented by a fascination."

"A Yankee Clipper is a northern pickpocket."

"Three members of the cat family are Papa Cat, Mamma Cat, and Baby Cat."

"Georgia was founded by people who had been executed."

"The Gregorian Chant was developed by a tribe in ancient Greece."

"A mountain pass is a pass given by railroads to their employees so they can spend their vacations in the mountains."

"Dew is caused by the sweating of the earth."

"The nails would get very long if we did not bite them occasionally."

"The stomach forms a part of the Adam's apple."

"Sanitary suggestions for milking: If a cow switches his tail, it may hit a bacteria and knock it into the milk pail."

"Dikes are made of rocks and cement, or, in cases of immediate danger, of bags of dirt, or even the people have huddled together to keep the water from entering Louisiana."

"The approximate annual rainfall of New York is mostly in the spring."

"How a knowledge of biology aids in pruning a tree: After pruning a tree, clean the dust out of the pores and allow the tree to grow prunes again."

"Sir Walter Raleigh was the undertaker of the Jamestown Colony."

"Queen Victoria is the only queen who sat on a thorn for sixty-three years."

"A permanent set of teeth consists of eight canines, eight cuspids, two molars, and four cuspids."

"The cause of indigestion is trying to make a square meal fit a round stomach."

"Insects may be destroyed late at night by pouring Paris Green on them. This is the time when they are at home."

"The alimentary canal is in the northern part of Indiana."

"Sixty gallons make one hedge hog."

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