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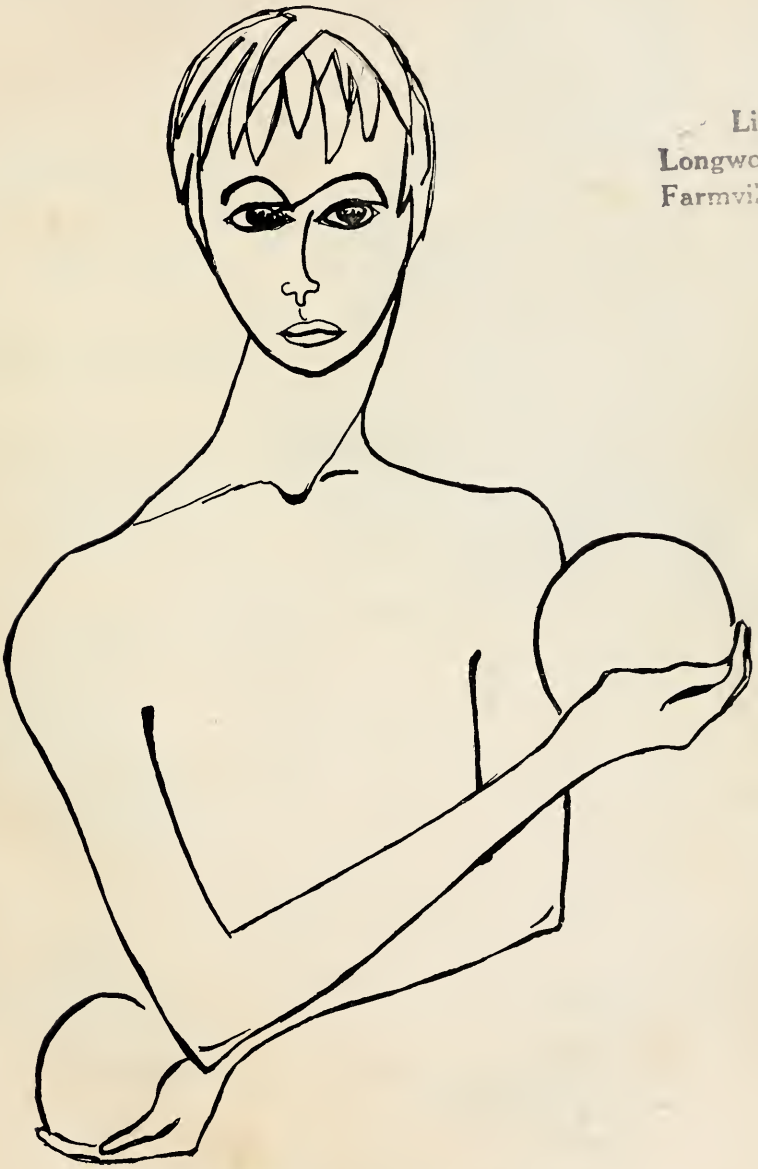
The Colonnade, Volume XVl Number 1, December 1953

Longwood University

the colonnade



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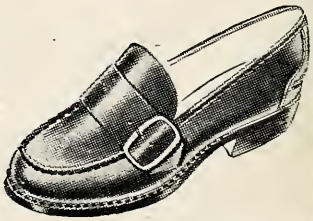

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The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

Farmville, Virginia

VOL. XVI DECEMBER, 1953 NO. 1

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From the Editor . . .

Fall should be a time of reflection—a time when we stop momentarily to review our past experiences and to evaluate our mistakes and achievements. Such an evaluation should enable us to build on our achievements and avoid repeating previous errors.

In our attempt to improve, we of *The Colonnade* have carefully evaluated previous issues in an effort to preserve what was successful. As our cover suggests, we reflect, weigh new ideas, and draw up future plans. We will never be completely satisfied in our attempt for a better magazine.

It has always been the purpose of *The Colonnade* to print the best writing of the students of the College. Now we hope to enlarge upon this objective—to make *The Colonnade* appeal more definitely to student interests and encourage more student writing. There is no simple way to reach this objective. One solution may be to lighten the tone of the magazine by printing more humorous writing. This issue represents an attempt to integrate the material submitted to us with our objectives.

—E. E. M.

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THE COLONNADE is published three times a year by the students of Longwood College, Farmville, Virginia.

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MATHIS DER MALER

Lura A. Beavers, '54

ART is to its creator a means of expressing an idea or emotion. In the line and color of a canvas we can read the love of country, the inner thoughts of the soul, the excitement of a busy market square. Through tone and rhythm we can experience faith and beauty, hope and love, because the composer wants us to know these emotions which cry out for expression and inspire his work.

Centuries ago there lived a man named Mathis Nithart, whom we call Mathis Grunewald. He held the position of court painter for the Archbishop of Mainz during the tumultous years of the beginning of the Reformation inspired by Martin Luther. He was a deeply religious man, and the strength of his convictions is best evidenced by his most famous work — the Isenheim Altarpiece. Gruenwald was commissioned to paint this altarpiece prior to 1516 for the Abbey Church of St. Anthony in Isenheim.

The work is created as a polyptych containing nine panels. In these paintings the central panel is a **Crucifixion** which Gruenwald painted with such intensity that his attitude has been considered to be sadistic and gloomy. Perhaps if we examine the reason for his painting more closely, we will re-interpret this attitude. The Antonite monastery was a haven and healing place for those afflicted with various diseases of the skin and blood stream. St. Anthony was supposedly the patron saint and healer of such who went in to kneel before the altar with bodies broken and diseased; when upon looking up they saw the thorn and sword-pierced body of their Lord as Grunewald had conceived him. Immediately, their affliction would become easier to bear, because Jesus had suffered like them. This would not be the attitude portrayed by a sadist, but by a benevolent and understanding spirit.

If the Isenheim altarpiece is viewed as the outgrowth of deep religious emotion, it is not surprising to learn that Grunewald was later very much attracted to Martin Luther and this new religion that was growing within the hearts of men. Leaving his art and the patronage of the Archbishop and the church which he represented, Mathis became one of the first converts to Protestantism. We can only guess with what fears and misgivings he set out.

However, we are not the first to question this artist and his motives for giving up art for the sake of his personal ideals. During the early years of the twentieth century another artist visited this altarpiece. He was the German composer, Paul Hindemith. The altarpiece and its creator were of vital interest to Hindemith because he, too, was suffering from oppression by his government and suspected of being false to the party line. In time, Hindemith composed an opera he entitled **Mathis der Maler,** or **Mathis, the Painter.** In a review of the opera in **The Living Age** (August, 1938) we get a contemporary view of Hindemith's handling of the theme.

> As a dreamer, **Mathis** belongs to that neo-historical group . . . in which the reinterpretation of history and its leading protagonists is attempted. Emphasis is placed on the symbolical meanings of the characters and their background, rather than on individual histories. **Mathis** personifies the eternal problem; whether art has any justification unless rooted in the reality of life. In choosing the problem, Hindemith, a great poet and a musician of the first order, who formerly avoided problem themes, here reveals his calibre as a philosopher.

In the capacity of philosopher, the composer seeks to find the true place of the artist in society. Shall he cater to patrons to achieve worldly fame? Must he live for things spiritual to the disregard of physical desires? Hinde-

(*Continued on page* 21)

"Father, Forgive Them"

Jeanne Lynch Hobbs, '55

DEATH! Funny what feelings you experience when you hear that word. First, you think of the terrible emptiness that invades you . . . and then you wonder . . . why? I remember I came close to hating that selfish, non-feeling "God" I was taught to worship. Why was he granted the power to give and take while man is just a minute fraction of a great universe, to be tramped upon, beaten, and left to die? Two days ago I couldn't have answered this question, but now, as I sit in this quiet room, I understand.

Our village was like any village in Poland —gay, friendly, full of laughter and of tears, but rich in oh, so many ways. Our village store had been newly painted ond even now I laugh as I remember how we teased poor old Mr. Pappoff that his bald head was just as red as an apple and a frightful bit shinier. Then, there was the Father Korus who managed to scold all of us boys for annoying those useless creatures we called girls. Oh, and how could I forget Miss Anski, our very proper, very precise school teacher. She would rap so hard with that yardstick of hers that we swore it was a flat hammer in disguise. These are just examples of the folks in our village—real people with real hearts and real love.

Most of all, however, I remember one old man and old woman. He was patient, kind, and had lived in our village with his family since he was born. Everyone lovingly called him "good old Marcus", for that was just what he was. The old woman, his wife, was everything in a woman—her name as inspiring as she—Pascha. Marcus and Pascha Demios. I remember "good old Marcus" would always look at us boys and shake his head and say, "Just you be careful, you young boys, there's so much you have to face when you grow old. Have fun, but remember you still have an unpaid debt to our God."

It was shortly after school had started two days ago and everyone was impatiently wishing this terrible ordeal were over—not knowing exactly why, unless it was the lure of romping in the hills or racing with each other to the store to see if Mr. Pappoff had any extra candy he didn't want to spoil.

Miss Anski called upon me to give an account of my summer vacation but, knowing very good and well she wasn't the slightest bit interested in the gophers I'd caught or that Bess had stopped giving milk, I couldn't seem to get my heart into it. Still, I tried. In the middle of my speech I heard a strange rumble in the distance outside the school house. Thinking I was hearing things, I proceeded with my laborious task until these sounds were plainly audible. What could this be? I thought. Then, as if God were in the room telling me, I sensed somtehing terrible was about to happen.

The next thing I knew the walls were shaking about me, and fire was breaking out all over. I couldn't imagine what had happened until the next split second when I realized this shattering of my world about me was being caused by bombs, and they must be German bombs. Our village was being destroyed before my very eyes. I remember one of the girls I had teased so unmercifully looking at me with pleading eyes for help before a rafter fell across her back. Miss Anski tried desperately to get some of us to safety, but that was not to be her fate . . . I noticed one of her arms was completely annihilated and heard her whisper as she collapsed to the ground, "God save you, my children." I screamed. I screamed until I could scream no more . . . my insides a mixture of fear and sickness. I remember getting up and running as fast as my feet would carry me, completely oblivious to the third bomb that dropped a few hundred yards in back of me. I couldn't breathe or even see where I was going—all I knew was that I couldn't stand still!

Ahead of me, lying in the street I saw Mr. Pappoff . . . Mr. Pappoff, who never did any-

one any harm, lying there with his body twisted in agony. His head was still bright red but this time it was blood causing the hue. He didn't say anything to me—just looked for a few minutes and closed his eyes.

This is a dream I thought . . . this can't be possible! I staggered onward, not knowing what force motivated me, and to my right I saw Father Korus giving last rites to my neighbors' oldest boy. His legs were missing, but he was smiling into the Father's face as if to say, "I'll be all right, I'll be okay."

I trembled all over and started biting my lips until I could feel the flesh beneath my teeth and dug my fingernails into my face, hoping to accomplish some miracle of transformation by inflicting this added pain upon myself.

I lifted my eyes, and it was at that moment that I saw the most dreadful thing I had ever witnessed. "Old man Marcus" was walking slowly up the middle of the street carrying Pascha in his arms and staring straight ahead. He was muttering over and over repeatedly the Bible scripture I had learned from Father Korus, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do." Pascha's face was unrecognizable but Marcus didn't seem to notice. He had no outward cause of pain, but I knew this man was suffering more than anyone else I had seen in that village. He walked on past me, not even glancing my way, and on down the street. I couldn't stop watching him even as I saw that he was heading straight for the church that was on fire and on the verge of collapsing. Without hesitating a step, Marcus Demios carred Pascha through the doors of the church into the flames and disappeared into the crumbling mass.

The ground seemed to swirl about me. I imagined I was on a desert with people within feet of me asking and pleading for help, but I was held by an invisible force that pre-

(*Continued on page* 20)

A Season's Thought

The woman stood on a moutain top,
Her arms were lifted high;
Her cold black hoir raced in the wind;
Her chilled lips kissed the sky.

At once her regiments fell in,
Their ranks were filled with wrath,
And hordes of them descended
In a brilliant, sweeping path.

They covered all the country side
In a single, chilling blow;
They made the world seem clean and pure,
These glistening flakes of snow.

The woman called upon the winds;
They answered her with fury—
She, the only judge of speed;
She, the only jury.

The woman's eyes were frosty cold,
Her nose an icy splinter,
And, all in all, her features told
The woman's name was Winter.

—Jeanne Saunders, '57

The Night of the Storm

Dorothy Armstrong, '55

First Prize Winner, Short Story Contest

We couldn't remember a more frightening storm. The fury of the wind snapped the thin branches of the trees back and forth, and tore about through the underbrush like a wild thing. It built up and up in a violent crescendo, then died away gradually with a low, moaning sound, only to rise again, stronger than before. And the rain—if only the rain would stop that insistent pounding—pounding. We had been through bad storms before, but this one was different somehow. There was something indescribable in the atmosphere that night—not just the storm, although that was part of it.

I had gone out to feed the chickens at about five-thirty, and the sky had had that peculiar leaden aspect that always precedes a storm. The wind was freshening, and it moved across the fields, bending the green stalks of corn forward as it came. The whole world seemed to be holding its breath.

After feeding the squawking chickens, I hurried inside to the warm smell of biscuits, brunswick stew and hot coffee. This was going to be a good night to stay indoors, warm and comfortable with the knowledge that the house was sturdy and well-protected against the ravages of the weather. My family was already seated at the table waiting for me to come in before saying grace. My mother was wearing her blue-checked gingham dress that I liked so much, and little Jimmy was beating his spoon on the table, although he knew that he would be stopped in a moment by Mother's patient, somewhat resigned voice. Just as we were finishing dessert, the storm broke.

"Goodness," exclaimed Mother, "all the windows are open upstairs. Sally, you had better go up and close them before we're blown out of the house."

"All right, Mother," I answered, and clattered up the steps, feeling a gale of wind and rain rush toward me from the dark upstairs hall. Just as I was struggling to close the last window, a peal of thunder cracked down from the sky so loud that I thought lightning must surely have struck the old maple tree in the front yard. When I looked out, however, I could see the tree still standing there as it had for over a century. Reassured, I went back down to the living-room, where the family was huddled about the radio, trying to hear the announcer's voice above the crackling interference.

"He says this will be the worst one we've had around here for twenty years," my mother said, and her face looked white and pinched. Little Jimmy was clinging to her skirts, whimpering and crying. The thunder and lightning were all around us now—too close for comfort.

Uling, our big, white Persian cat, got up from his corner, stretched and stalked restlessly about the room. Suddenly he uttered a low, uneasy cry, and the hairs along his back began to rise.

"What is it, Uling?" I asked, running to pick him up. The cat hissed, and I felt a sharp pain on my arm. Uling had scratched me for the first time I could remember. Then, before we could stop him, he had slipped outside through his little opening in the door.

"O, Mother," I sobbed, "he'll be killed!" Somewhere I had heard that cats attracted lightning, and Mother had to restrain me from rushing out to look for Uling.

After the cat left, the storm seemed to affect everyone's nerves. Mother put Jim to bed at about eight o'clock, and she came downstairs soon afterward with the news that he had gone to sleep right away, in spite of his fear. The three of us sat there in the living-room, not wanting to go to bed, and the tension was almost unbearable.

The clock was just striking twelve, when my mother suddenly smothered a shriek and pointed to the window. Following her gaze,

(*Continued on page 20*)

Reflections

Autumn

Awake,
Mortal! Behold
The miracle without!
Summer is past, and gently falls
The leaf.

Fog

Erie mist creeping,
Clinging undaunted to all;
Distorting the world.

The Well

Deep in the black pit
A phantom splash amid stone—
Now unused and bare.

A Feather

Floating on careless
Wind, a thing all white and rare—
Guiltless like the dove.

The Bridge

Spaning the ribbon
Blue, mighty structure sublime
Golden link of lands.

Lois Ann Childers, '56

THE FUGITIVE

ANNE THOMAS, '57

SNOW—cold, cruel, silently relentless snow. How slowly and innocently it falls, pure and white; and yet, how menacing and forbidding is the very silence of it. So stealthily, so quietly, it creeps in upon you through the darkness and emptiness of the night. How gently it spreads its blanket, giving all beneath it an aspect of loneliness and solitude, and bringing with it cold-merciless, impartial cold—and death.

The snow began to fall an hour ago. It has covered the jagged rocks of the mountain side and made them smooth and even; it has covered the branches of the trees and shrubs clustered here about my cabin—my hiding place. The roof of the cabin also must be covered by this time. Good. The white snow will make the cabin a part of the mountain side. They'll never find me here. But I must not build a fire. The smoke would surely betray me. It is cold, but I must not build a fire. Thank God there is no wind, for if the wind blew through the cracks in the wall, I would freeze. All I can do is just sit, and wait.

The silence is deafening—like the inside of a tomb. It's as though there were not another living thing on this mountain but me. What am I doing here? Why am I sitting here in the cold with my gun beside me, waiting? What chance of escape have I? On one side there is death at the icy hands of Nature; on the other side, death at the hands of man. My only hope is to wait, to sit and wait—and pray.

What was that noise? A stealthy footstep crunching in the ice? An avalanche of snow dislodged from a branch by a careless hand? My imagination. It's nerve-wracking sitting in the silence, alone. How easily a man could lose his mind in an atmosphere like this.

I wonder how near they are by this time. How could they possibly find me here? The snow has surely covered my trail. No dog could follow a scent tonight. There is no moon. The icy trail will be dangerous in the pitch blackness of the night. And yet . . . The noise again! I'm sure of it this time. That was no trick of the mind, no fear-inspired fancy. That was a footstep, careful and deliberate. And there's another, and another. How many men are there? It's hard to tell. I dare not go to a window to look out. I dare not move from my corner. I dare not even breathe, for I might break the deadly silence and betray myself. The sound is dying away. Could it be that they have overlooked the cabin? Could it be that they will not find me after all? But they might come back. All I can do is wait.

I wonder if the snow is still falling? Yes, I can see the white flakes against the pitch black sky. But there is ice on the window, and soon I won't be able to see out at all. It's getting colder in here. My breath is freezing in little clouds. My hands feel stiff and numb. I've got to move around. Every joint in my body aches. It's so hard to walk. All I want to do is rest—lie down and rest. But I must not go to sleep. If only I could build a fire—warm my hands. If only something would happen! Something to break this confounded silence. A cigarette is what I need; I'll light a cigarette. I've got to find a match, but my hands are so cold. I can't find one. I must have one somewhere, I know I have a match—but I don't! No matches. I couldn't build a fire, even if I wanted to. I can't even light a cigarette. Wonder if there is a match anywhere in the cabin? I'll look—on the mantle, in the table drawer, on the shelves—no. No matches, no food either. No food, no matches, nothing. Nothing but bare, empty drawers, bare, empty shelves, bare walls, bare floor, bare ceiling, Lord, I'm going crazy!

I've got to rest, calm my nerves. Rest and wait—and think. Think about anything, my home, my family, anything except this icy tomb, those men out in the night, hunting me down like an animal; think about anything except the man lying dead in the street back

(*Please turn page*)

there.

It's getting light outside. They'll surely find me now, in the daylight. I don't care. I want them to find me. I can't stand this any longer. I wish they'd hurry. It's so cold, and the wind is beginning to blow. I'm so tired. Maybe if I sleep for a while, the time won't seem so long. Sleep . . .

Snow. How deliberately it piles its flakes, one upon the other. It seems such a slow process, and yet it is so relentless, so unceasing. It falls so gently, and yet, when once it begins to spread its icy blanket, no human hand can stop it; no force but God himself can check its deadly work.

How long have I been asleep? It's pitch dark in here. Surely I could not have slept the whole day through. Why haven't they found me yet? They must have passed by here a dozen times. Why haven't they seen the cabin? It was light when I fell asleep. Certainly they could have seen the house in the daylight. They should have found me by now. Maybe they've given up the search. Maybe they won't find me after all. Maybe I've won! But still, I can't be sure. I must wait longer, to see if they come back.

I can't understand why it's so dark. It's warmer, too. The wind must have stopped blowing. Is the snow still falling? It must be deep by now. How long have I been here? I wish there were some way to tell. Why didn't I wear a watch? Why didn't I bring some matches and some food, too?

I have to see if it's still snowing. It's so dark in here; if only I had a light. The window, where's the window? My eyes are getting used to the darkness now. But the window is covered with ice—I can't see out. No, it isn't ice, it's snow. The window is covered with snow. It must have drifted up against the side of the cabin while I was asleep. That's why it's so dark in here—snow, covering the window. I'll go to the door and look out. I must see if it's day or night. The door is stuck. What's the matter with it? There, it's opening; I can see—snow! Snow against the door too, falling through the open doorway into the room. It must be covering the whole house. Tons and tons of cold, white snow. It's on the roof too. How long can those rotten boards stand the strain? How long can I withstand cold and starvation? I'm trapped! Trapped in a tomb that I created for myself. Trapped in a tomb of snow.

A Smile

Deep
Within your soul,
A captive
Struggles for release
Free him!
For he will show the world
Your love of life.

BARBARA ASSAID, '54

Horace Mann

Horace Mann—it has been stated—
Was not himself well educated.
Nor were his folks—they were too poor
To pay the rates the school asked for.

But they were awed with great respect
For learned men and facts correct.
Horace, too, (like Dad—like son)
Admired an educated one.

He had a vision in his youth
That he should help to spread the truth
And also have the school to be
Made for all the people—free!

Thus it was he went to work,
And worked 'till people didn't shirk
The call to teach and fill the mind
With knowledge of a better kind.

Just when he raised school standing up,
His God said, "Sir, you've done enough."
His work was stopped by Heaven's hand
And now he dwells in Glory Land.

VIRGINIA FORWARD, '57

HOW TO E

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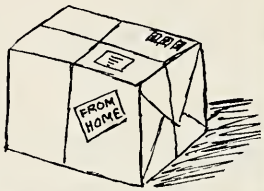
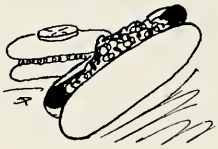
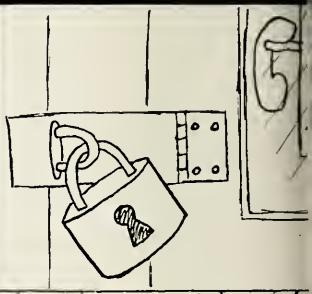
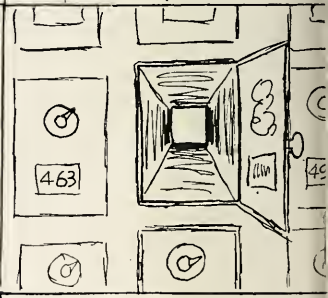
 FROSH		
 SOPH		
 JR.		
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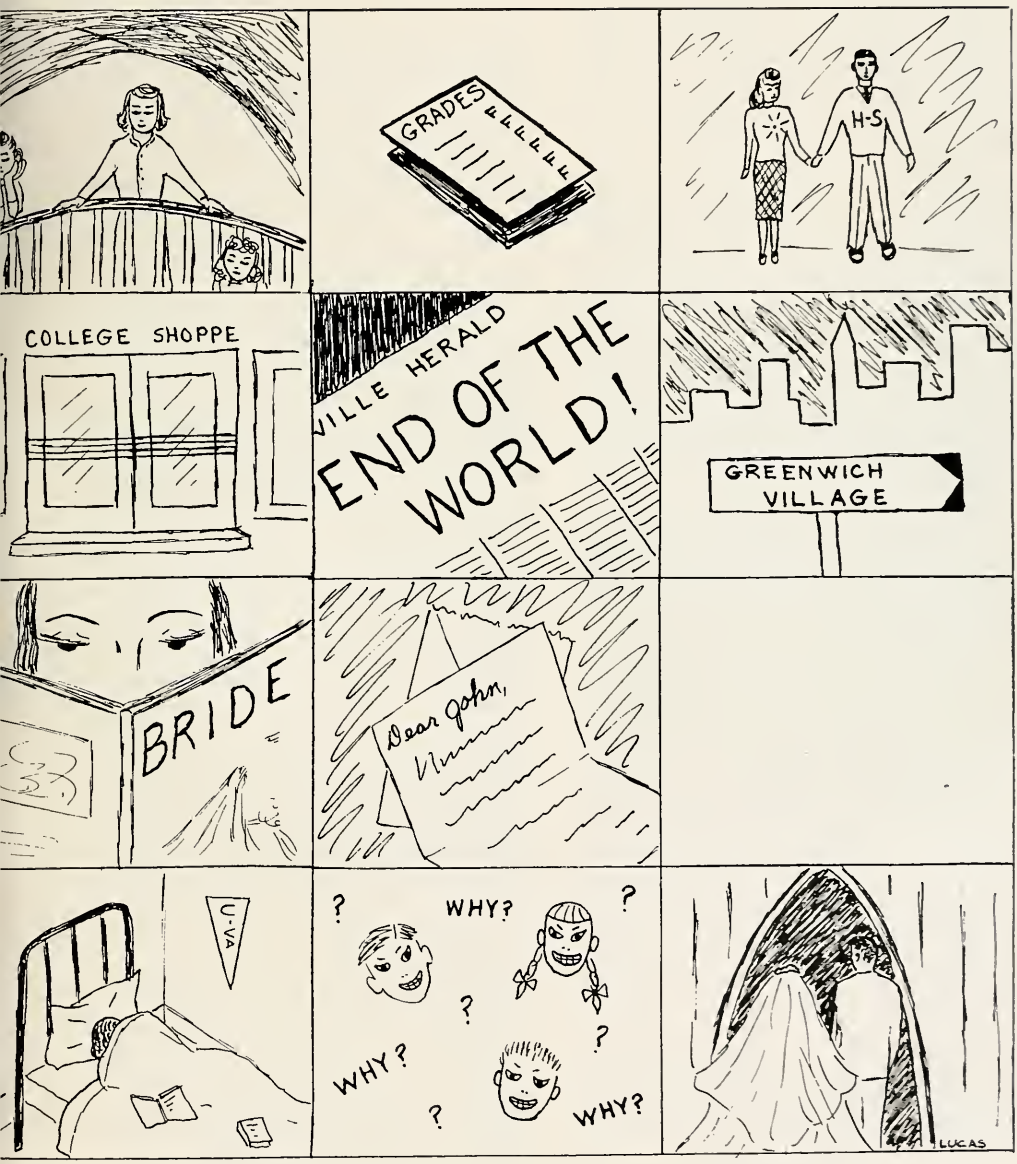
C CLASSY!

FAVORITE PASTIME

BIGGEST WORRY

AMBITION



THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

THE semi-annual visits of the Philadelphia Orchestra to Richmond are eagerly awaited by people in eastern Virginia. The evening of October 26 found a large audience filling the Mosque for the concert by this orchestra, now considered the outstanding symphonic group in the United States. Mr. Eugene Ormandy, a long-time favorite of Virginians, had already promised a program which was familiar and well loved by many people.

There is always the chance when music is so familiar and often hackneyed as are the Beethoven "Symphony Number 5" and the "Capriccio Espangnol" of Rimsky-Korsakov, that the performance will be a repetition of past experiences. This was certainly not the case. Through the expert interpretations of Mr. Ormandy and the faultless artistry of the musicians, both of these selections were made to live for the audience. The fullness and depth of the Beethoven symphony seemed to envelop the listeners in an awesome silence. It was as if they were hearing it for the first time.

The "Variations on a Theme by Haydn" by Johannes Brahms, which opened the program, set the mood for an evening of good listening. From the opening bars, there was a feeling of union and interpretive agreement between Mr. Ormandy and the orchestra.

"Nuages" and "Fetes", the two Debussy Nocturnes with which the orchestra began the second group, showed the same excellence of musicianship. William Kincaid, solo flutist, is especially to be commended for his fine performance in these selections.

To bring to a close this fine performance, the Philadelphia Orchestra presented the rhythmic and beautifully orchestrated "Capriccio Espagnol". The brilliance, intricate instrumental patterns, and constantly changing timbres, made the "Capriccio" a favorite of the audience. The difficult double-stop passages for the violin in the fourth movement ably proved the virtuosity of the concertmeister.

For an encore, the orchestra presented an aria from "The Snow Maiden" by Rimsky-Korsakov. This seemed to continue and firmly establish the mood which had been set by the "Capriccio Espagnol."

BETTY ZOE BAILEY, '54

REVIEWS A

Mary Cowl

BARTER THEATRE OF VIRGINIA

AT some point between the time Eugene O'Neil wrote his delightful **Ah, Wilderness!** and the presentation by the Barter Theatre, October 28, there were some definite changes made. Some of the changes were necessitated by the limitation to one set and were quite understandable, but there were also changes in the meaning and purpose of the play. Owen Phillips, director, interpreted it as broad comedy bordering on a farce, instead of as the tenderly humorous and poignant play that O'Neil wrote. His own portrayal of the father was one of good natured tolerance instead of compassionate understanding, and Miss LaVern's Mrs. Miller touched lightly on the burlesque. The probable reason for the comic interpretation is that Barter strives to reach many unsophisticated audiences. The fact that Owen Phillips and Miss LaVern seem most at home as comedians would also explain their interpretations.

Within the media of comedy the parts were well acted, especially by Jerry Oddo and Frank Lowe. Occasionally Lowe's characterization made Richard seem silly instead of the sensitive, very intelligent, and highly idealistic boy he was. This was the result of direction, because Mr. Lowe seems to have an ability for sensitive interpretation and that wonderful quality of making a character come alive. Blanch McKinney gave her usual, quiet performance. Tom Green, an English teacher from Danville, was very good as Arthur, the pseudo-sophisticated older brother. Kay Kendell seemed miscast as Muriel, and Tom McKeehan gave a very good characterization of Mr. McCoomber, but he appeared nervous and mumbled his lines.

The lights and setting were very good. The one backyard set was really quite sufficient, and the use of blue lights to signify youth and the future, and amber lights for middle age and the past was quite effective. With the exception of the fierce violet that Miss LaVern wore, the costumes were splendid, right down to the high-button shoes.

MARY COWLES, '55

PREVIEWS

iew Editor

ANGEL STREET

ANGEL STREET by Patrick Hamilton was presented November 19 and 20 by the Longwood Players and the Hampden-Sydney Jongleurs. Considering the unforeseen difficulties that forced Dr. C. L. S. Earley to postpone **Romeo and Juliet** and choose, cast, and rehearse a new play in only four weeks, the mere presentation of the play was in itself a major achievement. The limited time made it necessary to choose a play with a small cast and a fairly simple set; the mauve, cluttered, and very Victorian decor was designed by Florence Blake.

Ellen Porter took over immediately and gave such a masterful performance that she bound together what is artistically a rather weak play. Her acting was so sincere and so convincing that many of the playwright's blunders went unnoticed.

Ellen had an able antagonist in Elwood Rice as the thoroughly destestable Manningham. Rice admirably handled a completely unsympathetic part and succeeded in evoking a suitable horror from the audience. There was little character development in the role, but this was inherent in the part, not a weakness in the direction or in Rice's understanding of the character.

Porter and Rice were ably supported by James Parker on Friday and Tom Moore on Thursday as Sergeant Rough, Scotland Yard's Angel of Justice. Jeanne Lynch Hobbs as the impudent maid, Nancy, Patsy Abernathy as the ever faithful Elizabeth, and Dave Meleney and Tom Stewart as policemen, made up the rest of a fine supporting cast.

Both Tom Moore and James Parker gave fine performances, but each had his own interpretation. Moore was a kindly, benevolent, very serious and elderly detective. Parker's "Sergeant" was reserved, spiced with a bit of dry humor, a poker face, and a fine sense of timing that gave the audience a humorous outlet for the tension created by some of the more serious scenes. Jeanne Hobbs showed a rare and delicate sense of balance by playing Nancy to the hilt without over-doing it. Patsy Abernathy, who had developed the most convincing accent, quietly and unobtrusively made a good part of the role of Elizabeth.

Dr. Earley for the wonders worked with a slow play, Beverly Taylor for the beautifully timed lighting, and again Ellen Porter for her sensitive interpretation are to be especially congratulated for a play well given and well received.

MARY COWLES, '55

JEROME HINES, BASSO

MR. Hines, the outstanding young basso of the Metropolitan Opera, gave a very informal and very entertaining performance to open this winter's Artist Series on October 22. His casual and friendly attitude had the audience eating out of his hand from the moment he stepped on the stage until the end of his eighth encore two hours later. Although neither were displayed to their full advantage in this concert, Mr. Hines has a magnificent voice and great technical skill.

His program, which was very light, left much to be desired; and those who came expecting to hear basso arias left disappointed. The first half which consisted of one aria, **Largo** from **Xerxes,** and several art songs by Strauss, Wolf, Shubert, Duparc, and Saint-Saens was very appropriate but certainly required no great effort on the part of either the singer or his audience. With his burlesque rendition of Rogers and Hammerstein's **Some Enchanted Evening** as an encore to the first half, the program began to weaken. Some of the selections in the second section were Daniel Wolf's **Rain Tonight**—a sophisticated version of **Rain, rain go away**—**Jonah and the Whale, A Sailor's Life** and six more encores.

Mr. Hines not only sang down to his audience; he made jokes, grimaced, and cavorted on the stage. Mr. Hine's talent is plainly recognizable, and one day he may inherit the crown of Chaliapin, and Pinza if he remembers certain things: first, the true artist never lowers his high standards regardless of his audience, and strives always to give a good performance; and second, good taste is indispensable to anyone who depends upon the fickle public. Mr. Hines made the serious mistake of alienating many of those in the

(Please turn page)

audience who are the future opera-goers and his future patrons.

Alexander Alexy, accompanist for Mr. Hines, gave a very competent if rather uninspired performance following the intermission. His solo selections, the Saint-Saens arrongement of Bach's **Bourree, The Maiden's Wish** by Chopin-Liszt and Mendelssohn's **Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso** were obviously chosen to display his technical dexterity rather than his powers of interpretation.

MARY COWLES, '55

SIR HUBERT WILKINS, Lecturer

On November 12, Sir Hubert Wilkins, world famous Arctic explorer, gave a lecture with moving pictures in Jarman Hall. Sir Hubert explained the great extent of the Arctic, and the true characteristics of this region and of its people.

His main objectives were to make us see the necessity of establishing military posts along the Arctic, and to help us to understand the conditions under which men would have to work. His theory is to use submarines designed to move under the ice and to launch guided missles from them by means of an elevator platform. Much of his experimentation has been for the armed forces to find better methods of protection and combat in the polar regions. After his lecture, Sir Hubert showed movies taken in the Arctic regions of North America and Asia to illustrate some of his research in this field.

Those who were not in Sir Hubert's small audience missed a very entertaining and informative lecture.

MARY COWLES '55

Watch for These Events

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

Roy Jesson, Pianist, December 4, 8:00 P. M.
Christmas Concert, Longwood and Hampden-Sydney Choirs, December 13, 8:00 P. M.
Columbus Boychoir, January 12, 8:00 P. M.

LYNCHBURG COLLEGE

Movie, **Open City,** January 23
Movie, **Oliver Twist,** March 6
Dublin Players, Irish plays, March 18

RICHMOND (at the Mosque)

John Brown's Body, December 15
Caine Mutiny Court Martial, January 8
José Greco and His Spanish Dancers, January 14
Porgy and Bess, January 18-23
Artur Rubinstein, Pianist, February 20
Zino Francescatti, Violinist, March 1

RANDOLPH-MACON WOMAN'S COLLEGE

National Symphony Orchestra of Washington, February 27

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

The Mikado, Puppet Playhouse of Augusta, Ga., January 10, 3:00 P. M.
Elizabeth Bowen, British Novelist, February 25, 7:30 P. M.
Alan Barth, Editorial Staff, **The Washington Post,** March 5, 7:30 P. M.
National Symphony Orchestra, March 7, 3:00 P. M.

WITH A QUIET HEART

An autobiography by Eva Le Gallienne

"I HAVE enjoyed the past, I find the present good, and I look to the future with a quiet heart."

With these words, Eva Le Gallienne concludes the second story of her life (the first, **At 33,** was published in 1933) and most aptly expresses the philosophy which she has attained through many of the experiences related in this book.

For anyone interested in the theatre and the world which revolves around it, this book will hold a particular fascination. There are intimate sketches of many stage and screen stars drawn from Miss Le Gallienne's association with them. Included in this group are such notables as Sarah Bernhardt, the Lunts, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Charlie Chaplin, Leslie Howard, and Greta Garbo.

With A Quiet Heart is a well-planned book written with thought and balance, beginning with the violent cataclysm (her hands were nearly burned off) which cut Miss Le Gallienne's life in two and ending with her conclusions about her life and work.

Although some of the author's ideals and beliefs concerning the theatre and its ultimate purpose may not be in complete accord with those of her readers, it must be remembered that these judgements were formed by an artist peculiarly sensitive to the transient beauties of life and the innovations created by a changing world. These are the beliefs of one who has lived long enough and completely enough to have gained a keen insight and perspective.

With A Quiet Heart is written with charm, kindliness, humor, and has an almost lyrical quality. Above all, the author's intense devotion to the theatre which "spreads out beauty, truth, wisdom, compassion, gaiety, magic, and understanding of our fellow men into life" is emphasized. No sensitive reader will be able to close this book without having gained a sincere respect not only for Eva Le Gallienne's devotion to the best of human values in the theatre, but also for her nobility of spirit as a human being.

NANCY NELSON, '55

Alone

And the sea roars . . .
And the gull soars . . .
Alone.

Snow falls
Each flake
Alone.

Music plays
Each note
Alone.

Time moves on
Man ever stands
Alone.

MARY ANN KING, '54

Metaphors

FRANCES BAILEY, '57

A Tree

In spring a tree's a woman, young and fair,
Awakened from her slumber by the sun.
The bee, her lover, finds the wondrous sweetness
Of the fragrant blossoms in her hair.

As time flows by, the summer with its power
Finds her alone. Her lover now is gone.
Yet bravely still she primps, although the foe,
Dread winter, advances with each new-born hour.

But in the fall her weary fingers slow,
Her radiance faded by the rush of time.
With shudders as the autumn chill she knows,
Her beauty she surrenders to the foe.

Winter, laughing gayly o'er his prize,
Surrounds her with his dreaded cloak of gray.
She helplessly in supplication stands
And lifts her old gnarled fingers to the skies.

On Little Things

Laughs are chubby little girls,
With sparkling eyes and golden curls.
Who can the darkest grouch beguile,
And turn his frown into a smile.
Who never did a stranger find,
Nor was to any beauty blind.
When she leaves, all worries go,
And lingers still a rosy glow.

A naughty little boy's a frown,
Who turns the household upside-down.
Who kicks the cat and pulls his tail,
And causes little girls to wail.
Whom no one loves but Mother Dear,
And all the neighboring gardeners fear.
And all the world in dire despair
Walks off, and leaves him frowning there.

He Used Chains

Pat McLemore, '55

Did you know that one of the first surgeons in the United States of America lived and practiced medicine in Virginia? Did you know that this man was born not far from Farmville, and that he is buried in the College Church Cemetery at Hampden-Sydney?

Dr. John Peter Mettauer, little known to many of us, played a large part in the history of medical surgery in our own country. Stowed away in the back issues of medical journals and in the pages of a few reference books, the facts about this fascinating personality and truly great man have been obscured by passing time. Yet he lived most of his life in Prince Edward County, on land purchased by his father from Andrew Johnston. Here he attended school and established a school of his own.

Dr. Mettnauer was born in 1787, the son of Francis Joseph Mettauer, an Alsatian surgeon who came to the United States shortly after the American Revolution, and Jemimiah Crump Gaulding. He attended grammar school at Hampden-Sydney, entered Hampden-Sydney College, and in 1809 received his degree from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School.

A tall, austere, eccentric gentleman, Dr. Mettauer was greatly respected by his many acquaintances. He never attended any social or religious functions. Indeed his days must have been filled to capacity, judging by the amount of research he carried on and the great number of patients who flocked to him. An imposing and, apparently, a domineering character, Dr. Mettauer was even obeyed after his death. He always wore a tall stovepipe hat, even while operating or at meals, and he requested that he be buried in it. In order that his instructions be carried out, an extra long coffin was made.

Busy though he must have been, he found the time to marry four women. His wives, in order, were: Mary Woodard of Norfolk; Margaret Carter of Prince Edward County; Louisa Mansfield of Connecticut; and Mary E. Dyson of Nottoway County. He was the father of ten children.

For only two short periods of time did Dr. Mettauer live outside of Prince Edward County. During the War of 1812 he lived in Norfolk. For one school year in 1835-36 he was professor of surgery in Washington Medical College in Baltimore.

At one time Dr. Mettauer deservedly acquired more than national fame. He was, it has been said, one of the most remarkable men the profession of this country has ever produced. He operated before the day of anesthesia, equipping his operating table with chains. Most of his instruments he made himself. Dr. Mettauer published a large number of articles about every subject in surgery and medicine. Some of his discoveries in corrective operations were the first known in his field; for example, his operation on the eye for cataracts.

(*Continued on page 21*)

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM"

(*Contined from page* 5)

vented me from doing so. I screamed again, hoping that this time I might die from it. "God," I shouted, "There is no God! This is not my God doing this!" I heard the rumble again of the planes overhead and heard more bombs dropping and looked up in defiance when Father Korus made his way to me and yanked me down to shelter. With the shelter came blackness.

As I look about this room, I find it impossible to smile; but I have a feeling of compassion and of love in my heart. Now I realize that God must do his will even though we on earth cannot always understand. During the two days I have been unconscious, a voice kept saying over and over, "Just you be careful, young boys, there is so much you have to face when you grow old. Have your fun, but remember you still have an unpaid debt to our god." These were the words of "good old Marcus," of course.

I didn't suffer physically as did the greater portion of my village folk, but the mental anguish I have already been through, and shall go through in the future, is only a small portion of the price I must pay to fulfill my debt to God—and in the name of Mr. Pappoff, Miss Anski, the Demios, and the many others—with God's help I **shall** fulfill this debt!

Him: I dreamed I was married to the most beautiful girl in the world.

Her: Were we happy?

THE NIGHT OF THE STORM

(*Continued from page* 7)

Father and I froze in horror. There, peering at us from outside the window was a strange, white face. For about half-a-minute we sat there, unable to move, and then the thing disappeared as suddenly as it had come. All at once, piercing the dead silence of the room, my father laughed harshly.

"The cat," he gasped.

Of course, it must have been the cat, we all agreed, chiding ourselves for letting our overwrought imaginations get the better of us.

At last, after what seemed like an eternity, the storm finally spent itself, and morning dawned bright and clear. After Father went outside to survey the damage done to the crops, he came back carrying the body of Uling.

"Struck by lightning," Father explained. "Old Doctor Thornton was walking past, and I asked him if he could judge the time Uling had been struck."

Here Father looked at us strangely and dropped his bombshell. "He's positive the cat died not later than nine o'clock . . . "

PHILOSOPHY

Life is
A moment in
Eternity's night before dark
Clouds blot out the moon, and then
move on.

FRANCES BAILEY '57

HE USED CHAINS

(*Continued from page* 19)

Young men who wanted to study under him came in droves from all over the country. To remedy this situation he established and maintained for a while a medical school. Prince Edward Medical Institute was organized in 1837, and from here were graduated quite a number of physicians. In 1847 this institution became the Medical Department of Randolph-Macon College, the faculty consisting of Dr. Mettauer and his two elder sons. The school was suspended at the beginning of the Civil War and was never reopened.

Dr. Mettauer died of pneumonia in 1875. A great man in his own right, he is deserving of recognition as a "first" in the field of medicine.

MATHIS DER MALER

(*Continued from page* 3)

mith answers "yes" to these questions, but can the artist afford to follow his generous impulses and rebel against oppressors of self and society? In answer to this question, the cardinal appears in the opera and advises Mathis to cultivate his art and leave politics to politicians. This, no doubt, represents Hindemith's solution to the problem. He desired that art be permitted to live for its own sake apart from the world's political strife. Both Hindemith and Grunewald felt that art transcends all barriers and comprises a world of its own, proceeding from the world of man to express his deepest thought and emotion.

Thus we have a fusion of the arts. It is a difficult task for one man of genius to interpret another. Only when the minds of the two can be united, until their spirits can strive toward the same goal can this be accomplished. In the sixteenth century, Mathis Grunewald felt a call and knew the chains of a mind torn between his art and his ideals. His beliefs and convictions, and perhaps his doubts, were so real that Paul Hindemith, nearly four centuries later, could understand them and in some way make them his own, because he was in sympathy with them. Only in this way could he portray **Mathis der Maler**, for they were friends.

LISTEN

Listen,
Far off—yet near
A melody floats on
Memory's wings, and an old love is
Recalled.

LOIS ANN CHILDRESS, '56

ANTICIPATION

Red ball
Do not tarry.
Drop behind thy Master,
So I can hurry out to see
My love.

MOLLY ANN HARVEY, '56

THEY LAUGHED AT THESE BACK WHEN

An American boy was sitting on the couch with a French girl in a draughty room.

"Je t'adore!" said the American.

"Shut it yourself, you lazee Yankee!" replied the mademoiselle.

COLONNADE, 1945

A professor we know claims he can remember way back when neck was a noun.

COLONNADE, 1940

Thoughtful friend: "My good man, why don't you take the street car home?"

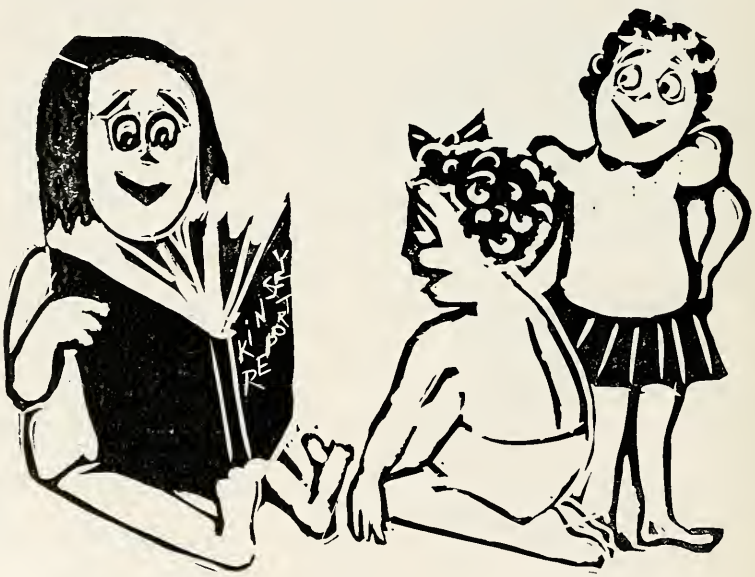
Illuminated one: "Sh' no ushe. Wife wouldn't let me keep it in the houshe."

COLONNADE, 1941

"I hear the Faculty is trying to stop necking."

"Is that so? First thing you know they'll be trying to make the students stop too."

COLONNADE, 1944



"Aggie, What Does E-X-T-R-A-M-A-R-I-T-A-L Mean?"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