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The Colonnade, Volume XVll Number 1, December 1954

Longwood University

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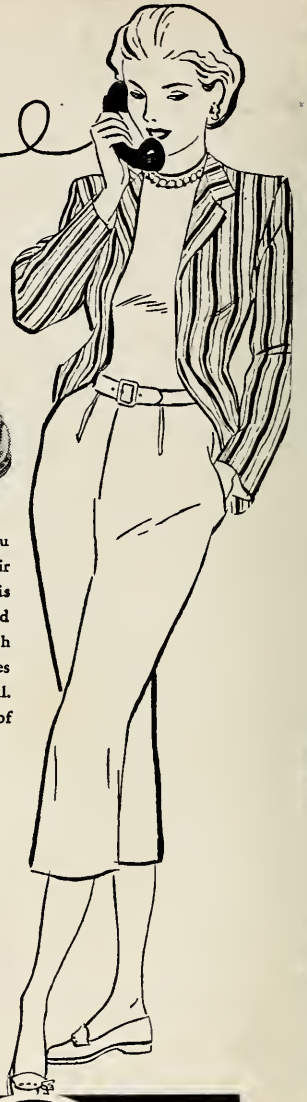


Baldwin's

The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE
Farmville, Virginia

Vol. XVII | December, 1954 | No. 1

Inside The Colonnade:

In this issue, the **Colonnade** is proud to feature articles on aspects of our state that are little known even to native Virginians. These are: a novelist from Newport News, the legends of the southwestern part of the state, and a group of people known as the Guineamen who reside in Gloucester, Virginia.

The cover will refer the reader to the article, "Southwest Virginia's Forgotten Folklore", on page 7. Designed by Nancy Lenz, the cover illustration tells pictorally one of these legends—the story of a frustrated lover who is killed in an attempt to get a purple rhododendron for his beloved. The author, Fannie Scott, is from Norton, Virginia, and therefore much of her material is drawn from first-hand knowledge of her subject.

On page 5, Margaret Ann Felton gives a critical evaluation of one of Virginia's most prominent young novelists, William Styron. We are grateful to Mr. Styron for his helpful comments in a letter to us. He graciously consented to answer all our questions—"for whatever my opinions on myself might be worth".

The final article in the section dealing with Virignia is by Harriet Klohr. Harriet is a freshman at Longwood and is truly a literary "find". With a striking insight and a facile pen, she treats the Guineamen of Gloucester with sympathy and discovers poetry in their simple, aloof existence.

Judy Billett wrote the story that opens this issue, "Cliffie Crisket". Written almost entirely by a stream-of-consciousness technique, "Cliffie" tells the story of a small girl's confusion in a complex world. As is often the case, however, the child is more aware of the riddle of life than her adult protectors.

Another short story entitled "Bridge of Sighs" will be found on page 21. This is a whimsical account of a wise feline who lets us in on the secrets of a bridge-club session. Nancy Quarles is the author.

Again, the Review section is in the capable hands of Mary Cowles. Here, students voice their opinions on events of general interest. Included are criticisms of the film, "The River", the Norfolk Symphony Orchestra, and "Blithe Spirit".

The art work in this issue is, we believe, first-rate. Illustrations were done by Florence Blake, Jeanne Saunders, and Jeanne Lynch Hobbs.

Also included are two poems by Margaret Ann Felton, "La pluie dans la nuit" and "Ballad". More verse will be found on pages 10 and 11, where several students try their hand at imitating the "giants" of poetry.

Finally, if you don't like any of the foregoing, or if you don't like to read at all, there are some funny pictures on pages 12 and 13 drawn by Florence Blake.

Our thanks go to our business staff, without whose help our efforts would have been in vain. Betty Scarborough is responsible for the advertisements and all business transactions, Phyllis Nurney, Margaret Miller, and Ann Brierly, for typing the copy, and Joan Harvey and Margaret Beavers, for circulation.

—Barbara Southern

CLIFFIE CRISKET

JUDY BILLETT

"POLLY, you're a doll, but you know that there is fairies. They is! They is! I seen 'em in the thicket. I seen a whole flock of 'em round the corner of the house. I did! I did! But when they seen me they scooted away to beat sixty! Two feet high and white . . . but I only glimpsed 'em.

"Polly, are you listening? (Yes, Mommie Bridget.) You're a doll. Molly's a doll. Dill's a doll. Doll, doll, doll. Three dolls. You're all Dolly. My mommie's a mommie. Mrs. Oliver is a mommie. Mrs. Minns is a mommie. Mommie, Mommie, Mommie. Three Mommies. They're all Mommie.

"Let's drop pebbles in the puddle. Plink, plunk, plunk. Hear 'em? That's the way the fairies make a music. A little rock makes a plink and two big ones makes a plunk. Plink, plunk, plunk. Two is a plunk.

"Polly! Hear them birds over in that thicket? Hear 'em? They're having a big fuss. Why don't you go over and tell 'em to be quiet? (I can't, Mommie Bridget, I'm scared of 'em.) Jonathan - Bell! Don't you flop like that. Just because you're an elephant. (Grr-uph! Grr-uph!)"

Mommie McCraw is back in the kitchen, wearily sweeping the worn-out floor, running the kettle over the supper dishes.

Mercy on us, mercy on us. Bridget is at it again. Six years old and she still talks to her dolls. Bridget ought to be old enough to have better sense. Just like that when she was three years old. Her play-like friend. What was his name? Cliffie Crisket—that's what she called him. Played like she was leading him by the hand, and said he slept up in the top of the closet. Always said he told her he was so lonesome for real boys and girls to play with. Poor little girl. I guess it was because she didn't have no playmates. Sure was glad when them Olivers moved in with that little boy of theirs last year. Oh . . . but, oh . . .

Again and again, dish after dish. Stack them onto the draining board. Scald them with hot water from the kettle.

Better go out to the pump to fill the kettle again. All of Bridget's dolls, lined up around the casing of the cistern, their arms and legs flapped every which way. But where's Bridget?

There's Mrs. Oliver across the lot. Taking down her clothes at this hour. Why, she never thinks of nothin'! Even let her little Clifford run off and get killed last fall when they were moving in. And such a shame. Bridget and that youngun used to have such a good time together. Well, I'll ask her if she's seen Bridget.

"Hey there, Mrs. Oliver! Have you seen my little girl?"

"No, I'm sorry."

"She was here just a minute ago. Oh law, where in the world could she have gone off to?"

"Bridget! Oh, Bridget! Are you in the chicken yard?" No answer. Oh, this fog. It's gittin' dark. I'll never see her now. Better run on though. "Are you in the pasture?" Nope. Well, she might even be at home after all. Run past black tree limbs in the meadow, through grey fog, across the road, into the yard.

Who is this in the back yard, sitting on the pump casing? Bridget and a dirty, ragged little boy, jigging and singing. "Too old, too old, too old to cut the rhubarb any more, Dang De dangdedang, Oh, old Uncle Arnie, he's too old," they sing, and then stop.

"Well, here's Bridget," the little boy says.

"Bridget! Where have you been? I've been looking all over for you! You've had your poor old mom worried clear to death! Just look at your clothes! Have you been down in the bottoms wading in that creek again?"

"Oh, she's all right, Mrs. McCraw. I taken good care of her. She dropped her doll in the water down by the crik, and she almost waded out to the drop-off trying to get it. But oh no, I wouldn't let her drownd. I catched her quick!"

"Yes, Mommie. I didn't even know he was there and he just jumped up and told me not to go any farther."

"Oh, Bridget, what are you talking about? Don't you know you might of both been killed? Little boy, don't you know any better than to go playing down there without your mother? Hah, don't you? I'm afraid you better go home, little boy. Just go home. I'm sorry. Maybe if you bring your mother you can just come again sometime."

Hanging his head now. His little eyes look hurt, like he'd been slapped. Looking at Bridget, turning away. His shiny golden hair falling down the back of his neck. His bare little shoulders. He looks so pale and thin.

I've got to call him back! But a body can't let their children play with trash. Why, he doesn't belong to anybody for miles around.

Look at the little boy walk away down the road, into the fog.

"Mommie, why did you talk to Cliffie like that, like you didn't even know him?"

"What are you talking about, Bridget? Cliffie who?"

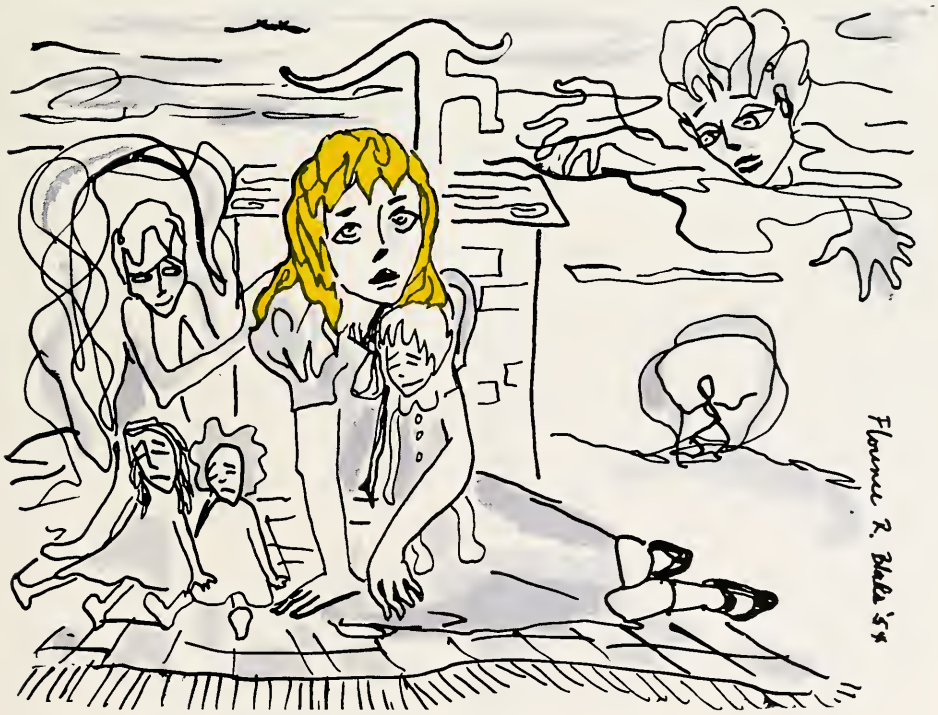
"Why just Cliffie, Mommie. Just the same old Cliffie that always was."

"But baby, that little boy wasn't Clifford. Why, he had yellow hair and his face was so white. The Cliffie Oliver that we knew was dark and he had black hair. And besides . . ." But no. Bridget can't understand about death. She's too little.

"But, Mommie, don't you remember, we always used to play together, always and always. And now he misses me. He said he doesn't have anybody to play with anymore. I wanted to ask him to come in awhile."

Him, come in! Always? What does she mean? She didn't know that Clifford Oliver so long. Dad will get mad. Baund ta. "Now, Bridget, your dad would storm and rare if he saw you playing with that dirty little boy. You

(Continued on page 24)



There were three Cliffies. Where did they go?

La pluie dans la nuit

I heard the patter of rain last night.
Crystal footsteps in hurried flight
Stopped for a moment on the window pane
Before they hurried on again.

And then I heard the wind come by.
She called to some and they answered her cry.
She picked them up and blew them high,
Then left them to flounder against a cold, dark sky.

The others found their way to earth.
I heard them go—their reckless mirth
Brought forth a tinkling fairy-tune.
The pale notes frightened the misty moon.

Then were the scurries—only a few
Of those who'd forgotten the rendezvous.
Timid clouds—in sudden fright—
Laid bare the naked soul of night.

When just before I closed my eyes,
A moonbeam trickled from the skies.
Helping it find its path to light,
Twelve crystal fairies sprinkled the night.

Its glow so soft—its light so fine—
That even the moon tried not to shine.
Ashamed, it crept about the sky
Looking for a place to cry.

—Margaret Ann Felton

young virginian of distinction

William Styron

Margaret Ann Felton

WILLIAM Styron modestly declares that he never expected to be a star on the literary stage. Nevertheless, in 1951, at the age of 26, he established himself as the author of a highly successful and controversial first novel, **Lie Down in Darkness.** Since then, he has written several short stories and pieces of criticism. Sharing the rising interest in this young author, the **Colonnade** editors recently questioned Mr. Styron about his first novel and his literary theories in general. His replies are reproduced in the following essay.

Mr. Styron grew up in Newport News, Virginia, and attended school at Christchurch. While at Duke University, from which he graduated in 1947, he became interested in writing short stories. Later he took a short story course under Hiram Hayden in New York. Here he was once asked to invent a short story plot on the spur of the moment. The theme of this story developed into the absorbing, intricate **Lie Down in Darkness.**

Styron spent three years writing and rewriting on his novel. Much of this time was spent in trying to eliminate the influences of writers he admired, but he was not entirely successful. Of these influences, Mr. Styron said in his letter to the **Colonnade:** "Among contemporary writers, I think I have learned the most, technically, from Joyce and F. Scott Fitzgerald. The **maitre** of all, though, has been Flaubert who should be read over and over."

Mr. Styron will admit to only "a pinch of Faulkner" in his work, but there is more similarity than this. For example, the **New Republic** said, "Faulkner seems to have a liberating effect on Styron's imagination. We might even say his book is best and most personal when it is most Faulknerian." For whatever it is worth, one of the paragraphs in **Lie Down in Darkness** is 52 pages long.

Though they can hardly be called influences, there are similarities between Styron and two other Southern novelists. The reader may be reminded of Ellen Glasgow's **The Sheltered Life** in the way Styron uses the nuances of conversation between characters to comment of Southern society. Like Thomas Wolfe, Styron used the region in which he grew up for the raw material of his novel.

In fact, one might claim a likeness between Styron's Port Warrick and James Joyce's Dublin, but Mr. Styron denies more than a superficial parallel in his letter to the **Colonnade.** "I think I can safely say that despite my great admiration for Joyce I intended no parallel between Dublin and Port Warrick. If, however, Joyce's 'attitude' toward Dublin was one of melancholy affection,

(Please turn page)

then you might say that my attitude toward Port Warrick is about the same, and no more complicated."

Only two of the characters in **Lie Down in Darkness** had any real-life parallels, and those parallels vanished as the story developed. He worked largely by instinct because the poetic insight which he sought might be lost if he worked according to a formula. Though there obviously are symbolic overtones, they frequently resist interpretation. To quote Mr. Styron, "I suppose both clocks and birds I was using more or less consciously, though for what reason I'm unable precisely to say." Though there are Freudian implications in **Lie Down in Darkness**, Mr. Styron claims no knowledge of psychology, normal or otherwise.

As for the novel itself, critics seem to agree, first of all, that **Lie Down in Darkness** has no thesis to present. There is nothing in it about a "frame of reference" or a decline in "values." It simply records the domestic degeneration of an upper middle-class family in the Tidewater section of Virginia, but the story is presented boldly and with brilliant insight. The focus of the novel is upon a funeral procession as it moves from the depot of Port Warrick to the cemetery where Peyton Loftis, the oldest daughter, is to be buried. Her tragedy is revealed through an intricate pattern of flashbacks which range from soft-toned moods to the turbulent, confused fury that culminates in her suicide.

In this series of scenes, Mr. Styron has painted the portraits of a weak, sensitive father, a neurotic mother, and a girl whose instincts are bound by rules stronger than any made by society. The story moves on several levels at once. Personalities are reflected and examined from every angle until their distortions are finally made clear and meaningful to the reader. Regardless of how vacillating the characters may seem, Mr. Styron has drawn them sympathetically; it is in this light that they appear to the reader. Mr. Styron is especially good at creating atmosphere through visual effects. The reader sees himself at the social functions of a middle-class southern business society—at the University of Virginia, at Sweet Briar, at a birthday party, and a wedding. The reader can identify himself in the tragedy, and watch himself in his worst moments of folly. Styron expected his novel to "infuriate most people from Port Warrick and to move everyone else to tears," but even the residents of Port Warrick seem to have been moved.

Mr. Styron's unique style has aroused the interest of most of his readers. For this reason, the **Colonnade** editors questioned him specifically about its importance. His reply was, "The style just happens—' Le style, c'est l' homme'—and it is just a writer's good fortune if his style happens to be more handsome than, say, Frances Parkinson Keyes."

Mr. Styron is at present living in New York City, but he will soon move to Connecticut. He is trying to write another novel but finds it "as difficult as scaling Boulder Dam with my fingernails." He has no real hobbies, but his interests lie in history—especially Civil War history — poetry, and politics, though he admits being wildly ignorant of the latter. He hated intolerance, but says he would not fight for any political cause, mainly because he is not a fighter.

Mr. Styron says he would rather do other things than talk about literature, but he is not averse to discussing it. To him writing is a source of pleasure. He is quoted in a recent periodical as saying, "If out of all this (chaos) placed as vividly as I can place them in their moments in time, there are people who emerge worthy of a few moments of someone's reflection, then I am satisfied." He has declined to identify himself with any group or school because he considers them "artificial concepts fostered by critics and other quacks."

Last year, Mr. Styron was awarded a scholarship for a year's study in Italy. While in Rome, he wrote that he was quite incapable of enjoying a painting, a piece of sculpture, or any symbol of antiquity. However, instead of considering this a hindrance, he feels he is thus more acutely conscious of his modern environment. People become too much involved with life, he thinks. "The wonders about us are too thick to be undaunted by a few madmen who always fall . . . Perhaps the miseries of our century will be recalled only as the work of a race of strange and troubled children."

Southwest Virginia's Forgotten Folklore

FANNIE SCOTT

RECENTLY at Richmond a man asked to be guided on a tour of Southwest Virginia. He was directed by the Virginia Travel Council through Williamsburg, then up the Shenandoah Valley. The man said, "I've seen all that—I want to see Southwest Virginia." Next, they directed him to Roanoke and on down to North Carolina. Finally when he pinned them down, the council admitted that they knew nothing about Southwest Virginia.

This area is rich in history, legend and beauty that is still unknown to the public. The Virginia Travel Council, which publishes information on scenic spots, has advertised only as far west as Lee's Chapel at Lexington, Virginia. This article will present to you some of the closely entwined history and legends of the real Southwest Virginia.

In this section in Scott County, we find Natural Tunnel, which has existed for untold centuries, a rare gem of scenic beauty. This stone marvel has been ground to its present grandeur by a heroic little river, Stock Creek. The cavern winds its way through the mountain for 900 feet. To give you an idea of the size of Natural Tunnel—if it were possible to place Natural Bridge at the entrance of the tunnel, there would be ninety feet of wall remaining at the top of the tunnel rim, and on either side there would be over two hundred feet of space to spare.

In Wise County on the road between Appalachia and Big Stone, we find Bee Rock Tunnel, the shortest tunnel in the world. John Fox, Jr., gives us an interesting story about this tunnel. Fifty years ago the purple rhododendron was very rare. The only known bush was found on the top of Bee Rock. To get the flowers you would have to climb the mountain to one side, balance on the rock's thin edge, slip down by roots past rattlesnake dens till you hung out over the water, and then reach for the flowers.

The only person known to climb for these flowers was a Virginian named Grayson, a strange man who was friendly with no one. Sometimes he drank a great deal, but this never loosened his tongue. He would disappear for several days at a time. One night when Grayson returned from one of his disappearances, Fox read aloud of the engagement of a Kentucky woman who was well-known for her beauty. Fox could tell from Grayson's expression that Grayson was the one engaged to the woman. After this Grayson and Fox were close friends.

Grayson loved the woman deeply, but after one visit he returned dark and sullen. Finally he came from his room and went up on the rocks with Fox. There, without bitterness or malice, he told Fox that she had refused his proposal. In a desperate attempt to win her back, Grayson had promised to send her something she had never seen: a purple rhododendron. The flower was now blooming on Bee Rock, and Grayson was determined to go after it.

He and Fox started up the rock, but when they reached a certain point, Grayson told Fox to wait there and let him throw the flowers down. While climbing, Grayson slipped several times, but a root or branch always saved him. Finally he broke off the beautiful purple flower. As he started down, Fox heard the sibilant whir of rattlesnakes. He saw Grayson cover his face and then fall from the rock. As he went by, Fox could almost swear there was a smile on his face. At the bottom of the gorge he found Grayson in a crumpled heap. There was one bloom left on the rhododendron.

On the road from Norton to High Knob we

(Please turn page)

find Benge's Rock where the half-breed Indian chief's last raid was ended. Here the cruel and crafty Benge fell victim to a frontiersman's bullet.

About ten o'clock on April 6, 1794, Mrs. Elizabeth Livingston was sitting in her house when the fierceness of the dog's barking alarmed her. Looking out the window she saw seven Indians approaching her. She was inside with a ten-year-old child, a two-year-old, and an infant. Old Mrs. Livingston was in the garden. The Indians furiously tried to burst the door open. They then set fire to an adjoining house, and the smoke drove Mrs. Livingston and the children from their home. All the prisoners were hurried a short distance to the place where the Indians were dividing their booty. They were busy and seemed careless about the children. Mrs. Livingston took advantage of this and got the children to escape. The flight of the Indians and their captives continued until April 9.

Benge's fatal mistake was that he did not expect pursuit and moved in a careless manner. But a determined party under the command of Lieutenant Vincent Hobbs rushed to Stone Gap, where they discovered some Indians had passed. Pushing on, they came upon two of the Shawnees sent ahead to hunt for game. After killing these two, Hobbs prepared a surprise ambush. The point was a narrow ridge overlooking a deep ravine down which the Indians would pass. Hobbs and Van Bibber soon sighted the redskins with their captives. Benge, in charge of the younger Mrs. Livingston, was leading. The others followed in single file. An Indian keeping watch over the elder Mrs. Livingston was in the rear. When the Indians were opposite them, Hobbs and Van Bibber fired simultaneously, Hobbs killing the half-breed chief, Benge, and Van Bibber the savage next behind him. The Indian guarding the elder Mrs. Livingston tried to tomahawk her. However, his aim was bad and the woman escaped with her life. For Benge's scalp, Hobbs was presented with an expensive silver-mounted rifle. Hobbs' descendants have promised to give the very gun that killed Benge to the museum at Big Stone Gap.

Across High Knob were many Indian trails which lead to Fort Blackmore and nearby Nickelsville, where the only real fort, Dorton's Fort, is still standing. One night Robert Kilgore, the builder of Dorton's Fort, had a dream. A messenger on horseback stopped at his home and told him to flee to the forthouse, for Indians were coming. He then awoke. But falling asleep he dreamed the same dream again. He awoke the second time very much disturbed, but on going to sleep the third time he again dreamed the same dream, except this time he was told that on opening his door the next morning he would see two head of cattle, one male and one female, approaching Copper Creek, on the opposite side from his house. Sure enough, when he opened the door the next morning, it was the first thing he saw. He was now thoroughly aroused by the strange coincidence of his dream and lost no time in seeking shelter at Dorton's Fort. And, believe it or not, that night Indians encamped on the cliff overlooking his house.

The Breaks of What? To Kentuckians it is the Breaks of Sandy. To Virginians it is the Breaks of Cumberland. At any rate it is one of Nature's wonderlands. It is sometimes referred to as "The Grand Canyon of the South." It is situated in Dickenson County, Virginia, and extends into Pike County, Kentucky. This place was made famous by John Fox, Jr., in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

Many people think that someplace in the Breaks area is Swift's Silver Mine. Before the time of the Revolutionary War, two Englishmen, Swift and Munday, were exploring. Some Indians took them to a remote, mountainous spot and showed them some shining ore. They took all they could carry back to the settlement. Soon Munday and Swift started back with packhorses. However, they became involved in a quarrel in which Munday was killed and Swift was severely injured. He was taken to an Indian village where he slowly recuperated, but shortly afterwards he lost his eyesight. With the help of others he attempted to give directions and make a map to lead to the precious metal. The attempt was unsuccessful, and to this day no one has located the mine. People are even now roaming the mountains trying to locate Swift's Silver Mine.

Many spots have received their names from romantic or tragic legends told about them. One of the most beautiful, as well as

(Continued on page 23)

Have You Ever Wondered About

THE GUINEAMEN?

HARRIET KLOHR

IN Gloucester County, there lives a unique group of people—the Guineamen. For twelve years I have lived with them, played with them, and occasionally loved them; but never could I say I understood them. They remain an enigma, a puzzle with some pieces missing, a song played lyre-like on the marsh grass that ceases suddenly as I draw near. Like Pandora, I am always trying to open the box that holds their secrets.

Where did these people come from? That, probably, is the clue I am looking for. Various theories have been suggested, but they are vague and leave too much unexplained. Most historians say they're descendents of English and/or Hessian deserters from Cornwallis' army after the Revolutionary War. This sounds like a perfectly logical explanation, and it may be true. They were dubbed Guineamen, say the historians, because of the British coins, guineas, which they jangled in their pockets. My great grandmother had a theory of her own about the naming of the Guineamen. She contended that the early slave traders had seen them standing on the shore waiting for the boat to land and declared they acted just like the natives of Guinea. What these traders didn't understand was the fact that the coming of a strange ship was the only contact these queer people had with the outside world.

There are several other theories worth mentioning about the origin of the Guineamen. They could possibly be descendents of Moorish Gypsies. Their dark skin, hair, and eyes certainly back up this theory. American Indian blood could, of course, account for these very un-Hessian physical characteristics. Prior to the Revolutionary War, there were many white indentured servants in Gloucester. Where they went after they were set free, no one knows. This, to me, seems the most logical explanation of where the Guineamen came from.

The first thing people ask me about the Guineamen is, "What do they look like?" It's hard to give an accurate description. As I said, they generally have dark hair, eyes and complexion; although occasionally you see a brown-eyed blonde. They are of medium build. The women tend to be plump but the men are wiry and muscular from hard work. All Guineamen have perfect "poker faces". It's impossible to get even a vague idea of what they're thinking by the way they look.

The Guineamen make their living from the water just as their fathers and grandfathers did. Say what you will about them, they are not lazy. They work with their seines or dredges from sunrise to sunset. It's quite a sight to see them, in their hip boots and rough denim work clothes, as they start out in the morning. The larger boats are fog shrouded hulks while the bateaux are barely visible. Piled on the decks of some of the larger boats are mountains of seine net. The men move about silently as if they were loathe to break the spell that hangs over the entire scene. Just at sunrise they put the last of their equipment aboard their boats and cast off. Thus, another day's work begins. In the evening the scene is quite different. The wharves ring with the high pitched laughter of the women as they stand around waiting to see the day's catch. A boat load of fish, crabs, or oysters means food, clothes, and church collection.

After supper the men all congregate at the nearest store. These stores are one-room affairs with pot-bellied stoves in the middle of the floor, dirty glassed-in candy and cigarette cases on the left hand hand side, a Coca-Cola case on the right, a couple of wooden barrels of salt fish in the corners, and assorted foodstuffs scattered about.

(Continued on page 18)

PO

IN THE

Walt Whitman

Hail, you women of the fleet feet!
Yonder, go! Yea, go, with your heart singing and proud.
And it is the same with me as it is with you.
I salute you, I motion you. Follow me!
Screaming, foreign races,
You are mightier than the Appomattox.
n'est-ce pas?
Yea, taller than the burnished Rotunda.
The sprawling structure is yours!
Raise your banner.
Salute, cannon!
Blow, trumpets!
Beat, drums!
Great music of the storm,
Sing your song to the red and white.
Hail!

—Florence Blake

Emily Dickinson

What funny little children
Tiptoe off my brain,
Pause and stop and chat awhile,
And then go on again.

They play croquet with hoops of life,
Love and hate for balls.
Butterflies of fantasy
In golden nets enthral.

You elves, you children, stay awhile!
Fill my mind with dreams.
Make my raiment whole again
With gold in all its seams.

—Mary Cowles

NS

R OF...

e. e. cummings

in ads we have Pep—
Si?
our Old Granddads make us dream
in our Made-In-Foam Brass beds
When the Sunkist morn awakes us
we think "to pill or not two pill
a little of Carter's Liver"
i decided for myself
to have really Happy
biscuits
so-o-o-o
we add water to the Pepsi-Dismal
and treat ourT**zone to a T**Bone
while-u-wait
in your Dainty-All-Day-Sheer-Delights
for the continued-from-the-last-Time
to find
whichtwinhasthetummy

—Virginia Forward

Ogden Nash

I voice a complaint to our modern society,
Which undeniably threatens my piety.
I loathe its blueprint of accepted conventions,
Which ordains us slaves of our modern inventions,
Which demands a car for every occasion,
And seeks excitement in tax evasion,
Which watches us sway on insanity's border
As we view a televised point of order,
Which considers the man of the hour a dope
Unless he dreams in Cinemascope.
Oh, for the days without people or phonses
When there was no one around to keep up with the Joneses.

—Jeanne Saunders

YOUR ROVI

Question of the Week: *Would y*

Oh, boy! I'd dive right in.

Hos the administration approved?

FLOREN

That'd

Vur gud.

Do we have to wear those beastly tank suits?

G REPORTER

pport a student-faculty rec-swim?

BLAKE

what?

Sounds educational.

May I wear this?

Of course not! When?

May we bring our dates?

NORFOLK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

THE Norfolk Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Edgar Schenkman, presented an entertaining and varied evening of music in Jarman Hall on November 23.

The first composition on the program was Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C Minor, adeptly transcribed for orchestra by Dr. John Molnar, head of the Longwood College Music Department. Perhaps because the orchestra had performed this composition only once before in concert, there was some uncertainity in the performance.

The highlight of the program was Beethoven's Concerto No. 4 in G Minor for piano and orchestra, featuring Mr. Roy Jesson as soloist. Mr. Jesson played with the greatest technical skill and sensitivity of expression. The fault, if any, lay with the orchestra, which did not give him the support he deserved.

The orchestra was at its best while playing the Symphony No. 4 of Mendelssohn. The allegro vivace and salterello movements, somewhat alike in their joyous bursts of melody and invigorating rhythmic pulse, were particularly well performed.

Romeo and Juliet, an Overture-Fantasy by Tschaikovsky, was weakened by irregularity of tempo and uneven performances by the percussion and brass sections of the orchestra. Both were stunningly loud.

The program was concluded by two encores: Debussy's **The Afternoon of a Faun** and excerpts from **The Damnation of Faust** by Berlioz. The orchestra failed to create the necessary impression of tranquility in **The Afternoon of a Faun,** but the Berlioz selections were played with great spirit and assurance.

Generally, Mr. Schenkman and the orchestra gave an excellent performance and justified the impression that they are the best of the three civic orchestras in the state of Virginia. The members are largely students and teachers, who live near Norfolk and rehearse there twice a week. Under the competent guidance of their director, they have already brought good music to many music-hungry areas. As they enlarge and gain confidence in the repertoire, the orchestra will become even more worthy of the pride of Norfolk and Virginia.

—ELSIE WELLS

REVIEWS AI

BLITHE SPIRIT

ON the evenings of November 18 and 19, the Longwood Players and the Hampden-Sydney Jongleurs under the direction of Dr. C. L. S. Earley joined forces to present a tour de force of fancy, **Blithe Spirit,** by the master of sophisticated comedy, Noel Coward.

The director and the group as a whole should be given special commendation for choosing a play which would serve as such a challenge to their abilities. It takes an added degree of skill to carry off Coward's trickery with the jaunty air that is required. This feat was accomplished for brief moments throughout the production; and it is the feeling of this reviewer that with another week of rehearsals, the cast would have been able to sustain these moments much longer. The seance scene in the first act and the latter part of the first scene of the second act were particularly prominent for this polished frivolity.

Although each character seemed to understand his part, everyone was fighting so hard to maintain his own characterization that a certain failure to work well as a group resulted. As has been said, another week of rehearsals would have enabled all of the players to relax and to discriminate between those lines which were important and those which should have been "thrown away". Such improvements would have raised their production from the rank of good to that of superior.

Lighting, which is more important in the theatre than is commonly realized, in that it helps create and sustain a mood, was handled in a new but very effective manner for this show. There were no border lights, footlights, or balcony spots used, but spots rigged above the stage and frenelles in the wings replaced them. Although there were several dark spots at those times when the entire stage was supposed to be lighted, the special effects —particularly those used on the ghosts—were most impressive.

PREVIEWS

The set enhanced the idea of a "drawing room comedy", and enabled the actors to move freely and to assume characteristic positions. The props, sound effects, and the special effects at the end of the show were unusually good and did much to enliven the performance and to make it more professional.

The direction of the play was exceptional with the exclusion of the large group scene. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Coward, under the pseudonym of C. L. S. Earley, wrote in four parts so that more people might gain some acting experience. Actually, these characters—Mr. and Mrs. Vivian, Rex Holladay and Jane Evans—contributed much to the general liveliness of the show.

Despite its defects, **Blithe Spirit** proved quite enjoyable to very receptive audiences. The members of the cast and crew may feel justly proud for taking a difficult play and making it another memorable one for all who attended.

—NANCY NELSON

THE RIVER

THE River flows on and the world turns, and the endless cycle of birth, life, and death remains unchanged. This was the most encompassing theme of Jean Renoir's beautiful movie, "The River", based on Rumer Godden's autobiographical novel. This theme was developed not only in the plot of the movie but also in the use of Indian customs and festivals. The worship of the goddess of birth and death in the feast of light and the spring festival for the goddess of fertility were especially symbolic.

The actual plot of the movie carried a second theme: that brief and painful period in life when, as Valerie put it, "the make-believe ends", when one suddenly ceases to be a child and comes face to face with the adult world of love and death and birth.

As narrated by Harriet, the oldest child of an English family living in India, the film is a series of impressions and events in the lives of three adolescent girls and their families. The arrival of Captain John, a young American veteran, touches off the happenings that take the three children, Harriet, Valerie, and Melaine from the enchanted world of childhood into the reality of adulthood.

Valerie was spoiled, beautiful, and eighteen, a girl who wanted desperately to fall in love, but discovered later in a moment of reality that somewhere within her a child still lurked who didn't want the "make-believe" to slip away. Sensitive and poetic Harriet was the ugly duckling, torn from her "kingdom where nobody dies" by the death of her only brother and by her feelings of guilt. And there was Melanie, the wise and lovely child of an English father and an Indian mother, who was torn between the culture of East and West and was not entirely happy in either. At the end, each girl discovered for herself the wisdom of the goddess of birth and death: that something must die to make way for something else to exist.

"The River" is perhaps the most poignant and beautiful interpretation of adolescence that I know, as well as the most realistic. It is a rare and sensitive artist who can portray childhood without sentimentality or exaggeration. A sensitive audience, one that can see its own childhood in the proper perspective, is also necessary to appreciate a movie such as "The River". The realism in certain scenes was so penetrating—as when Valerie smoked her first cigarette—that the audience paid the actors the high tribute of embarassed laughter. This was especially true for those who had recently passed through this period of adolescence and still had a vivid memory of the pains of early teen-age.

The combination of photography and narration created a poetry seldom achieved on the screen. Too, the photography played a large role in suggesting the symbolic values of seemingly irrelevant details. The most memorable examples were the kite fragments, the stairs leading down to the holy river, and the flowers and colors of the spring festival.

The cast was made up almost entirely of actors unknown to American audiences. Esmond Knight and Nora Swinburne were cast as Harriet's parents, and Arthur Shields as Melanie's Anglican father. The greatest

(Please turn page)

weight fell upon the small but capable shoulders of Patricia Walters as Harriet. The part of Melanie was played by Rahda, a well-known Indian dancer. Thomas Breen played the soldier, and Adrienne Carre played the selfish Valerie.

It has been suggested that Harriet's story of Krishna and his bride was an obvious and forced device used solely to display Rahda's ability as a dancer. It is true that the scene appeared irrelevant, but when one considers the important part that dance plays in Indian worship, it is hardly conceivable that in a movie so true to native customs it could be left out. Further, since the plot itself is only supplementary to the theme, it is against the life-death theme that the dance should be measured. The scene, drawing its characters from the plot, also dramatizes the courtship ritual which the three girls and Captain John are a part of.

In Renoir's interpretation, the Indian scene, the river itself, and the life that took place on its banks played a more important part than it did in Miss Godden's book. In the film, the ancient wisdom and religion and the quiet, sure philosophy of the Indian people is juxtaposed with the unsure searching and awakening minds of the adolescents. As Harriet said, "It could have happened somewhere else, but it would not have been the same story."

—Mary Cowles

WATCH FOR THESE EVENTS

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

Mata and Hari Comedy Dance Team. January 5
Joel K. Ebersole, Tenor. February 15
"Pygmalion", the Dublin Players. March 9
"Dark of the Moon", the Longwood Players. March 17 & 18

LYNCHBURG COLLEGE

"Man in the White Suit" (movie). January 15
"Bicycle Thief" (movie). January 29
New Art Wind Quintet. February 28
"The Skin of Our Teeth", Anta Touring Players. March 17

RICHMOND (at the Mosque)

"The Caine Mutiny Court Martial". December 14
"Tunis Anyone?" Princeton Triangle Club. December 18
Philadelphia Orchestra. January 3
Alexander Brailowsky, Pianist. January 11
The Festival Ballet of London. January 20
Yma Sumac and Company. February 8
Victoria de Los Angeles, Soprano. February 24
Academy Award Festival at the Lee Theater during December.

RANDOLPH-MACON WOMAN'S COLLEGE

Feldman Chamber Music Society of Norfolk. February 8
"Julius Caesar", Players Incorporated. February 23

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

Phyllis Curtin, voice recital. January 14
Iren Marik, Pianist. February 13
Houston Peterson, "Adult Education Unlimited". February 24

Life Can Be Miserable

JOAN JONES

I AM telling my story in the hope that it may serve as a reminder for other misguided girls who might be tempted to make the same mistake I did. I've been wrong, I'll admit, but perhaps when you hear my story you won't condemn me.

I'll begin at the beginning. My first picture of my mother was of her bent over a washing tub, scrubbing my father's and brother's grease-soaked clothes. Her hands were red and calloused but they were always kind. Mom tried. Oh, yes, how she tried to make life easier for me; but what could she do? When I describe my father you'll understand why.

He was not at home very much, and although this is not a nice thing to admit, I didn't miss him at all. I know now that he was drunk a good part of the time. That was one of the many things I realized that I must accept. I was the daughter of the town drunk who lived on the wrong side of the tracks.

I went to grade school but I never had any close friends. The teachers didn't like me either, which gave me the feeling that no one was interested in me. Life was cruel to me, but I held my head high through it all.

One day during my second year of high school, I came home to find the doctor's car parked in front of our shack. When I rushed in, he broke the sad news to me gently. My beloved Moms would never work again; a heart attack had left her an invalid. Another of fate's cruel blows!

I was numb for the next few days as I tried to make a decision. Finally, I quit school and took a job in a jewelry store. I was underpaid but it was a job. It might help pay the doctor bills and perhaps some day our Mom's operation. I worked hard and conscientously but eventually I was forced to realize that I would never in fifty years earn the fabulous amount the operation would cost. I became desperate. I was fatigued; my strength couldn't hold out much longer.

It was in this frame of mind that I walked to work one cold, rainy morning. After two years I was entrusted with the key to the jewelry shop. It's hard to recall my feelings at that moment. My whole life seemed completely unfair. The future looked hopeless and my mother was growing worse each day. I knew that I must have the money immediately.

As if in answer to my prayers, when I opened the door, my eyes fell on a diamond necklace ready to be boxed and delivered. To me it looked exactly like the $10,000 I needed so desperately. I murmured, "For you, Moms," as I siezed it and slipped it in my coat pocket. I had a vague idea of losing myself in the city. It was as though I were dreaming.

I have no idea how long I walked. Aimlessly I trod block after block, with the rain beating in my face. Finally I stumbled into a brightly-lit diner and sat down in a back booth. Dazedly, I reached into my coat pocket and pulled out the necklace. Somewhere in the background Christmas carols were playing. Suddenly the full impact of what I had done hit me. I was no better than a common thief! Blinded by tears I jumped to my feet and rushed for the door. In my haste I stumbled into a tall, blond young man.

"Hold on, now," he said, and caught my shoulders, steadying me. "Suppose we sit down and you tell me what those tears are for."

He sounded so kind that I followed him to a table, and over steaming mugs of hot coffee, I sobbed out my story.

When I finished, he was silent, and I watched him with wide eyes. Then he led me out the door and went with me to return the necklace. I lost my job, of course, but they

(Please turn page)

did not press charges. For this blessing I give thanks.

From the first minute there in the diner I think I knew Bill was the man for me. We were married four months later and spent the next two months traveling abroad. I lived in a happy dream the day the boat sailed as I stood on the deck waving goodbye to the well-groomed woman in mink—my Mom. They tell me we toured Europe, but I'm sure it was Heaven.

Let my story serve as an example, and your life will never be all black. Don't repeat my mistake; hang on and keep your faith. Remember, it's always darkest just before the dawn.

THE GUINEAMEN

(Continued from page 9)

Occasionally there is a small room at the back where those who desire can get some strong corn whiskey. The men sit on stools or lounge against the counters and talk far into the night. These gab fests are their favorite form of entertainment. A stranger hearing them talk would be mystified by their dialect. It is just another part of the mystery of the Guineamen. Their topics of conversation are varied. They discuss segregation and Senator Byrd, jet planes and new Fords, good boats and bad boats, pretty girls and those not so pretty; and there's always an undecurrent of "have-you-heard-that-Frank's out-gunning-for-Jack-again?"

The Guineamen are very religious. They attend Baptist, Holiness, and Church of God Churches. They love old fashioned hymns, the more mournful and tear-wrenching the better, and if there is guitar accompaniment, they are in a seventh heaven of blissful misery. They like preachers who rant and rave and predict dire happenings if the people don't repent of their evil ways. Religion to them is a means of escape from the drab world of reality.

They are extremely superstitious. Ill omens, or "tokens" as they are called, are regarded with the utmost awe. The sound of rattling chains is a sure sign of death; seeing two stars shoot in the same night means very bad luck; a dog howling during the dark of the moon means that a stranger walks nearby. Anyone who scoffs at these signs is branded an outlander forever.

The Guineamen are known for their feuds. Grudges are passed down from father to son, each adding his own bit of fuel to the fire. For years the Guineamen had been allowed to go their way, paying little heed to the law. Because of the murder of a seemingly innocent, kindly old storekeeper, the law is beginning to take a hand in the motley affairs of the land of the swamp.

The murder of Mr. Jack merely climaxed a series of robberies, threats, vandalism, and black market operations staged by the Maryus gang, a well-organized group bent on making Guinea's reputation worse than ever. The gang consisted mainly of young boys, hungry for easy money and old, hardened criminals bent on getting revenge.

The feud between Mr. Jack and his brother Frank really was behind the whole affair. If Frank hadn't suddenly gone gun-happy and shot Jack, the petty crimes would have gone on and on. Brother killing brother is considered the lowest of crimes in Guinea. Frank and the other members of the Maryus gang are now in jail, but the effect of the feud will never be forgotten. Guineamen can't stand ridicule from the outside world, and this affair has put them on the defensive. Never mention it to them; they won't talk about it to an outsider.

They're strange people, these Guineamen who dwell in the swamp land of lower Gloucester. Outsiders can never hope to understand them. Their reputation for crude manners, rough speech, and violent tempers usually overshadows their many g o o d character traits. Be a Guineaman's friend and he'll lay down his life for you; be his enemy if you wish, but stay away from his domain. When war comes, the Guineamen are the first to enlist; when the war ends, they are eager to return to their homes. They love the clear blue water, the endless marshes, the feel of fish net in the cool early morning, the lamplit stores, the whitewashed churches. If you wade in the marsh to hunt soft-shelled crabs when you're young, you'll always come back to stay, or so they say. I guess they're right because I'm counting the days until I can see the "Three Sisters", "Pilot", and "Sweet Lucy", as, loaded down with oysters, they pass my house at sunset.

EXECUTIVE SEAT

JACKIE MARSHALL— MOLLY ANN HARVEY

THIS is it. The setting is here, the time is now, and the characters are in the story. To begin with, you're in my city—Gizzard City. You're walking my streets—Gizzard Streets. You're eating my food—Gizzard Food. You're looking at my building—Gizzard Building.

Here in this building, the George Goble Gizzard Building, the wheels of industry turn round and round. Everyone works twenty-five hours a day, solemnly devoted to the task of proving our motto, "Gizzard's Got Guts." But through this door, across this rug, behind this desk, sitting in this vacant chair is not Mr. Ignat Yesman. Yes, faithful Ignat died at the spokes two weeks ago. Being a small man, he stumbled over a parked car and his child ran over him with a lawnmower. The shock was too great for him and he went all to pieces. So now I need a new general manager.

I have sent word for my three biggest wheels to roll in immediately. One of these men will fill the vacant chair in the inner office.

As I look through my telescopic lens, I see Mr. and Mrs. Homer Swete Hoam humming down in a helicopter; Mr. and Mrs. X-Plus steaming in on the Super Chief; and Mr. and Mrs. Van Ulcer barreling in by Buick. Before they all descend upon me, I shall acquaint myself by the files on the life of Homer Swete Hoam and family.

Homer is an average father of two average children who live in an average house in an average suburb and are on the whole a fine, upstanding, average American family. On the other hand, it is obvious that some day the two average children will undoubtedly grow up to become men and women. Mrs. Hoam loves her average husband devotedly. She is anxious to please, and would be an asset to her husband if she were a little less clumsy. I shudder in anticipation of her forthcoming visit.

Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X—X-Plus, Mr. and Mrs., the henpecked husband and his damsel from Dallas. I find that this couple is extremely well liked at exclusive night spots such as Joe's Grill, Mac's Bar, and the Dairy Queen. Mrs. Plus is the type of women who is even more plus when minus. When she walks in a room, men are glad they're men and women wish they weren't. Mr. X-Plus is the type of man who has got what it takes but forgot where he put it.

And as for our last couple, Mr. and Mrs. Van Ulcer, who have the type of marriage which isn't quite on the rocks but still floundering in the sea — I find that they have terrific qualifications for the position. Mr. Van Ulcer is a man who has entirely devoted his gallstonic condition to my Gizzard—forsaking all others including his grieving wife and the smallest Ulcer.

Aha! The door chimes! It must be wheel number one and spoke, er, spouse.

"Come in, come in! It's good to see you, Homer, my boy. And Mrs. Hoam, what an average looking dress you're wearing today. Would you like a drink? Coffee, perhaps? Oops—next time, Mrs. Hoam, would you stand over the perculator—coffee spots on blue fox rugs are extremely distasteful, you know.

"Aghhhh!! What is it? What is it? Get it off—why hello, it's you, Mrs. X-Plus—how good to see you. What a beautiful gownless evening strap you're wearing tonight! And Mr. X-Plux, how do you do it, my boy?

"Ahem! Sit down my friends—Oops—Mrs. Hoam? What'll you have, Mr. and Mrs. X-Plus? Vodka? Oops, Mrs. Hoam!

"Hernando! I say, Hernando! Where is that butler of mine? Hernando, come out and answer the door.

"Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Van Ulcer! How are you good people?

"Now, my friends, relax and listen to me. I suppose you all have some idea of why you're here. As you know my faithful general manager, Ignat Yesman, left this world two

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Ballad

And when you go to Greenwich, dear,
Be sure to visit Knoll.
You know the place where I spent those days,
Those very few days last fall?

It's right on the crest of the mountain top
With a few shacks here and there,
But from the east there's a lovely view
In the fall before the trees go bare.

And pay no heed to the people there,
They are all quite grey and cold.
And they'll walk right past without a word
In the fall—before the leaves grow old.

And don't be afraid when a tall storm wind
Comes howling during the night,
Or you see those dim, weird figures walk,
Covering their heads from fright.

You say you don't think you can make it?
But my dear, you really should.
You must see those wonderful leaves
In the fall when they glow in the wood.

Tell you what—I'll meet you there.
Do I mind? Why not at all.
I have nothing else on earth to do,
You see, I died last fall.

—Margaret Ann Felton

BRIDGE OF SIGHS

NANCY REDD QUARLES

I MUST hurry; I'll be late if I don't. Really I am a sight; my fur is all rumpled and my whiskers look as though they've never been washed. I'll have to remember not to go past Mr. Lowe's house next time; Thomas Bowser has been more than usually obnoxious lately. Ah! Here I am at last. Just in time too.

It's the third Monday in November, and the Monday afternoon Ladies' Bridge Club is holding its regular session at the home of Miss Bertha Clayton. The ladies include Mrs. Lydia Edmunds, Miss Elsie Crabb, and Miss Mary Layman; and now, as I walk into the parlor, they have just begun to drink their mid-session cup of tea. I believe I'll just walk over to my accustomed place by the fire and curl into my pillow to enjoy the town's choicest gossip items. Oh yes, before I go any further, allow me to introduce myself: I am J. Timothy Craton, Miss Bertha's white cat and a very influential member of this household.

As you all must know, humans who have loved and lost always seem to feel that they know all the snares of romance, even though the snares did not prove too effective for them. Thus on this Monday afternoon the ladies are discussing the recent engagement of Sally Leonard to Joe Thompson.

"Elsie"—this from Miss Bertha—"do you suppose she'll go with him to camp like some of these young snipes who've married quick-like to soldiers?"

"Well, she's pretty wild, but after all, she is Marie Leonard's daughter. Land, Marie's just finished buying her that new dress with the real French lace on it and a hat to match besides. She and Jed really give that girl everything a child could want. If havin' makes a person fit for livin', then that Miss aught to be a real lady. I just don't know, Bertha, but she sure has had good raisin'."

After this lengthy discourse, the married member of the group added her opinion in a voice full of the superiority of one experienced in love and marriage. "Now, girls, don't judge young love too harshly. Remember, my Charlie was in the service, God rest his soul, and I was a bride in an Army camp. I'm sure Sally and Joe will make a go of it, that is, unless she should happen to lose her head over those boys at camp."

"Well, all I can say is she's mighty young to be traveling all over the country, trailin' a soldier in an Army camp. I may be old fashioned, but I believe a woman's place is in the home, 'specially if she's as young and pretty and wild as Sally Leonard," Miss Bertha said wisely.

"I only had one true love, girls, and of course, you all remember how Amy Nelson stole him from me some twenty years ago," remarked Miss Mary Layman. A dowdy woman of about forty years, she still pined for the "true love" who escaped her in her youth. Little did she realize how easily Amy Nelson had "stolen" her love.

"Yes, Mary, we all know," Miss Elsie said and tittered behind her hand to Miss Bertha. "She'd tell us quick enough if we didn't."

"Hush, Elsie! I'd think you'd hush after the way you carried on after Parson Henry stopped calling on you and married Widow Locke," said my Miss Bertha hastily.

"One more hand, girls, and I must go. I'm having company for dinner." Mrs. Edmunds casually threw her choice plum into the conversation.

"Company? Why, Lydia, you didn't tell us you were having callers in this evening,"

(Please turn page)

chorused the ladies.

"Oh, yes, an old friend of Charlie's is in town and he's coming out for dinner. Last time I saw him he was the most handsome and fascinating man imaginable. I'm really quite anxious to see him again."

"How very nice; I know you'll enjoy talking to one of Charles' friends, but won't you need some help on your dinner, Lydia? I'll be happy to come over and do some little thing for you," said Miss Elsie.

"Well, really, I have a roast in the oven and the table is all set, so I don't think there's much left to do, but thank you, Elsie," remarked Mrs. Edmunds.

"Why, I could bring you my blue vase with some of my straw flowers in it," said Miss Mary.

"I still have some blueberry wine left from Thanksgiving," added Miss Elsie, still persistent.

Before I knew what was happening, Miss Bertha had all but promised to bring me to add to the charm of Mrs. Edmunds' home, but then the blow came for all of them. "Really, Mary, I couldn't ask you to come, because I know you are too true to your first love to enjoy yourself," said Mrs. Edmunds.

"That's true, but for your sake, I'd be glad to try," was Miss Mary's reply.

"No, I wouldn't ask it. And Bertha, you and Elsie would be bored to death, I'm sure, listening to the talk of an Army man," Mrs. Edmunds went on.

These two ladies were quick to assure her that they could do their best to seem interested and indeed at that moment, Miss Bertha looked as though she were just dying to hear about the battles in France during the first World War. Mrs. Edmunds repeated, however, that she would never inflict such a tiresome evening on her best friends. "I'll just have to do my best," she said, "and try to entertain Jim by myself. Now, let's play the last hand, for I really must be on my way."

Miss Elsie dealt the cards in neat little piles on the old felt-covered card table and there was a soft clicking sound as the ladies sorted them into the various suits. Then, the hand was played, the tallies taken, and the ladies prepared to leave. But their envious glances followed Mrs. Edmunds as she walked to the little house on the corner.

Of course, I wouldn't want you to carry this conversation further, for, then, Miss Bertha might look for a less observant cat!

EXECUTIVE SEAT

(Continued from page 19)

weeks ago, plus a vacant chair in the inner office.

"Ugh! Er—Mrs. X-Plus, I know your husband's got what it takes, but please uncoil yourself from around my neck. As I was saying—Oops, Mrs. Hoam!! Ahem, well, I must find terrific qualifications in one of you. Mrs. X-Plus, stop crying, you're shrinking my unsanforized tapestry. One of you gentlemen and one of you wives will become the general manager of Gizzard, but first—Oops! Mrs. Hoam!

"Stop! Stop! All of you. Hernando, hand me the telephone. No, not that one, the chartreuse one.

"Hello, operator . . . I want to make a long, long, long distance call. Pearly Gates 214201682. Hello, Ignat? Gizzard here. Listen man, I'm in a pickle of a predicament. Oh? You've been watching? I say, ole' chap, what must I do? Yes? That's the one thing to do. Why not? You know the motto—'Gizzard's Got Guts'. All right, I'm on my way. Till tomorrow, then. Goodbye."

SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA FOLKLORE

(Continued from page 8)

tragic, is that of Hungry Mother's Park in Smyth County, Virginia. Tradition tells us that a mother with a small child was living in a cabin on Molly's Knob Mountain. They awaited the return of the father who was away on a hunting trip. Each day their rations dwindled till finally one day as a snow storm was raging, the mother awakened her child and started down the mountain in search of food. She collapsed from fatigue and starvation at Stony Creek. Some men, hearing the sobs of the child, found him bent over the lifeless form of his mother, crying, "Hungry Mother, Hungry Mother!"

The people of Southwest Virginia are now trying to preserve the legends and folklore of this scenic section. A few things have been done toward accomplishing this, such as the establishment of the Southwest Virginia Museum and the Arts and Craft Festival at Abingdon. In addition to these, certain books and articles on legends and folklore have been written. However, Virginians still fail to realize how much the romantic background of Southwest Virginia contributes to the beauty, history, and tradition of the state.

CLIFFIE CRISKET

(Continued from page 3)

must play with p'lite children. Now, take your dolly Polly and go to bed."

"Oh, Mommie, I don't want to go to bed. (Oh, Mommie Bridget, I don't want to go to bed either.)"

"Up the stairs you go, right now, Bridget."

"Up the stairs you go, right now, Polly."

"Git in bed, Bridget."

"Git in bed with me now, Polly."

"Oh Polly, where do people go that never you see again? People downtown, people whizzing past your car, people, people? Strangers. Maybe play-like, maybe people. Maybe you know 'em. You're a doll, Molly's a doll, Dill's a doll. Dill, doll, doll. Three is a doll. Mommie, Mommie, Mommie. They're all Mommie. People, people, people. Cliffie, Cliffie, Cliff . . . "

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