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# The Colonnade, Volume XIX Number 1, November 1955

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# The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

Farmville, Virginia

Vol. XIX

November, 1955

No. 1

## ... Of Monuments and Men

What has shaped our great American heritage? It's the uncountable mass of small things, really: the builders of stone and steel, the writers of human aspirations, the great thinkers, and the innocent bystanders.

As a citizen of the world, Jefferson blended European designs with native American ingenuity and materials to produce our most distinctive form of American architecture. As a Virginian, Ellen Glasgow showed that although the South felt spiritually detached from the rest of America, it offered a typically American lesson in courage.

The center feature, a satire on some misconceived ideas of American history, was designed by Jean Heickelbech. The cover, which is illustrated by Nancy Lenz, also adds its share of humor in depicting the modern American Adam.

It is our hope that when you have finished this issue you will see that it takes many bricks to make a building—and many men to make America.

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# *On the Edge of Town*

by NANCY LEE BRUBECK

I live on the edge of town  
Where the symphony of a moonlit countryside  
Meets the disharmony of the city,  
And the city pauses in her stride and bows her head in shame.  
For the blare of the horn is lost in the beauty of the call of the whippoorwill;  
The mournful call of an owl rides on the wind and the night is still.  
Great indeed was the composer of the stillness of the country night.

It is here where I live that a battlefield is found.  
The quiet country meets the city sound,  
And they clash and fall to the ground.  
They rise stunned and the country slowly retreats  
But the pulse of the city relentlessly beats  
Like a drum with restless cadence.  
The city proclaims her victory,  
Then hangs her head in shame.  
For a beautiful voice she cannot claim.

Then the country issues her cry of distress.  
It is heard in the low call of a fox.  
He knows what man has done.  
Dead in museums where man can see  
Are objects that were once wild and free.  
In zoos are his animals  
But restless pacing marks their unrest.  
Hungrily they stretch forth their noses in search of free country air.  
Yet man with his knowledge has put them, where?

I often wonder what people would do  
If they could stand here beside me,  
If they could only see  
The battle at the edge of town.  
What would they do?  
They'd shake their heads and frown,  
Because no matter what we feel  
We must expect this—it is real.  
This is civilization.  
This is the punishment man has brought  
To those who live on the edge of town.

# A Black and White Dog

by CAROLYN WAUGAMAN

THE day was very hot. A little black and white dog lay in the shade of a tree beside the dusty road. He had been bitten rather badly while engaged in a battle with a fox less than two months before, and his wounds had left him weak. Chasing foxes had been the favorite pastime of the black and white dog, but this was the first time one had ever turned on him. After all, he was a very small dog. He couldn't have weighed over fifteen pounds and his legs were quite short. The little dog raised his head and then dropped it again across his paws. He sighed quite audibly, for he felt sure that he would not live much longer.

The black and white dog's home was a little white house nestled beside the same dusty road. It was neither a big house, nor was it a shack such as the poor whites lived in; this type of house was an uncommon thing to see in Georgia in 1864. A man lived in the house with his wife and their eight-year-old son.

The man was sitting in the kitchen; so were the boy and his mother. She did all the cooking that was necessary and they liked to sit in the kitchen. The woman was sewing; she was making a shirt for her son. The boy was playing with a whip. It was a large, black snake whip, but his mother did not scold him for using it in the house. He was very good with the whip, especially for a boy so young as he, and she did not worry about his breaking anything with it. In fact, she was not even thinking of the boy and his whip at all. The father of the boy was doing nothing. He just sat in a chair and looked out the window at his fields. The boy drew the whip back slowly and popped it at a fly perched on the back of a chair. He hit the back of the chair about two inches below the fly, and it buzzed up angrily.

"Father," the boy broke the tense silence, "why is it so hot?"

The man did not answer.

"Father." The boy waited about ten seconds. "Father."

The young man started and turned his head quickly, "Yes, son?"

"Why is it so hot?"

"I suppose it is just a late summer." He turned to his wife. "I have heard that Sherman said, 'War is hell.'"

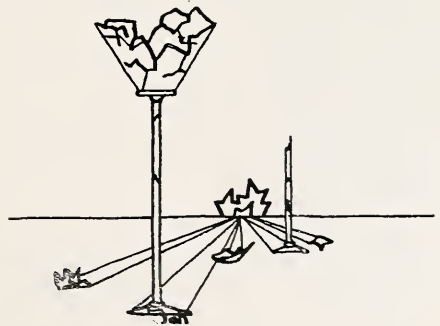
"Yes," his wife replied.

"He should know," the husband answered, "He seems to be in charge of the war right now."

The little boy smiled. "Then that makes General Sherman the devil, doesn't it." He stated.

His father smiled back at him. It was not a very good smile, but he tried at least. "You are a very smart boy, Chris." He reached his hand over and rubbed the boy across the head.

The black and white dog was lying in the same place beside the road. He was not sleeping. He trembled once and whined. It was a very sad whine. He wanted to tell the little boy something. He and the boy were very



close friends.

In the house the little boy stirred in his chair. He got up and walked to the door.

"Where are you going?" his mother asked.

"I am going to find my dog," the boy answered her.

"Please don't go out."

"He is my best friend. I have to talk with him."

"Don't go out."

The boy came back to the chair and sat down.

The little dog lying with his head on his paws heard the horses' hoofs thumping on the dirt road while they were yet several miles away. When the horses reached the white house, the men rode them right past the black and white dog without even seeing him. And though the little dog felt very sick he got to his feet and padded silently after the horsemen.

In the house the boy had left his chair again. He had gone into the front room and was looking out the window. The man and his wife were still sitting quietly in the kitchen. Suddenly the man leaned over and put his head in his hands. His wife touched him on the shoulder. She felt sorry for him. He was a very smart man, but he was not a very brave man. She knew, though, that this was nothing to be ashamed of. Some of us just aren't very brave.

"Don't worry so, dear," she whispered. "I don't think they will come."

At that moment the boy appeared in the doorway. "They have come," he said. "There are five of them."

They heard the banging on the door and a very rough voice yelling, "Open up!"

The man went to open the door before they broke it in. He thought to himself—I will be nice to them. Maybe they just want the food.

Three of the soldiers came into the room. The black and white dog slipped quietly in behind them and ran over to the boy. Chris put his arm about the dog's small body and drew him close to his side. The boy had retreated

under the table. The sides dropped down but when a bigger table was needed they would fold upward. The soldiers could not see him but the dog had found him very easily. The boy was lying on his stomach watching through the crack where the sides cleared the floor. The three men who had come into the room were very dirty, for the boy could smell them quite distinctly from where he lay. He knew that the big man was the leader because he had three stripes on his uniform. All the men had dirty faces, and about a half inch of beard protruded from the lower half of the leader's face. He was chewing tobacco and had gotten stain on his chin. Suddenly he turned his head and spit loudly on the floor. The boy felt a great shock when he saw this and he knew that he hated the big man very much.

"Would you like food?" the father said. The big man threw back his head and laughed. "Yeah, we want everything ya got we kin carry. Baker, git everything eatable ya kin find. I'll see if I kin stirry up something worth taking." The big man went into the parlor. The young man and his wife stood in the kitchen. They did not look around; they did not try to follow. The big man came back carrying two crystal goblets. The boy wondered why he had chosen the goblets. He saw his mother grow tense. She was strange about those goblets. "Is these worth anything or is they just glass?" The big man looked at the young woman. His eyes were very sneering.

"Please," the mother looked afraid but she spoke very calmly, "they're not worth anything. My mother gave them to me. She's dead. They're all I have from my mother—please."

The big man laughed very hard, because this was what he had wanted; this was what he had hoped for. He held the goblets by their slender stems, one in each hand, and he smashed them together hard. They shattered, almost like tearing paper, so easily. The woman sobbed once very quietly. She would kill this man with her bare hands. The big man stopped her before she touched him. He

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# Architecture

Design of brick on brick is a strange release  
For man's emotion—a ball of clay pounded by agony.  
Stranger still, the writings and paintings  
Of men who stripped the flesh from their bones  
In a noble endeavor to lay their souls  
Upon a piece of paper or a sheet of empty canvas.  
They ask of humanity, a soundless question  
And receive an answer of silence—till death.  
So they have opened their arms upon the horizon,  
And filled it with their strange and thwarted shapes  
So beautiful in their sadness and silent whispers.  
For generations they have cried to the world  
With their pyramids and sphinxes  
And opened their calloused hands beneath the sky,  
And waited for someone to understand.

CAROLYN WAUGAMAN

# Symbol



Within  
The crystal ball  
A rose bud  
Floats—  
Serene in its beauty.  
Alas—  
A careless hand  
And  
Through  
The ugly crack  
Seeps a  
Tear  
For a love  
Not meant for  
Me.



LOIS ANN CHILDERS



# THOMAS JEFFERSON

by MA



WHEN you are strolling around the Longwood campus have you ever noticed the architecture of the buildings we live in? Do you realize that they are models of Jeffersonian architecture? Many outstanding characteristics of Jefferson's style can be seen in our Ratunda, the Colonnade, and other buildings.

Longwood illustrates the influence Jefferson has made upon architecture in Virginia. Many people think of him as an amateur architect who merely designed a few homes in his spare time. This is not true. Jefferson was not a professional architect in that he made money from his drawings, but his methods of drawing and planning buildings were truly that of a skilled craftsman. In his lifetime no one compared with Jefferson and his drawings in precision and professional quality.

Throughout Virginia there are many examples of his distinctive work. He was one of the leaders in the revival of classical architecture. He created a style that has dignity and austerity, and he has introduced a love for severe simplicity and refinement. Jefferson was practical-minded, too, in using red

clay bricks, made in Virginia, as his building material. These were substantial and easy to obtain and contrasted against the white columns.

He enriched the plain Roman style columns with the detail in the moulding. He used four types of capitals: Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Tuscan, all of which were used by the Romans. Jefferson was true to the ideals and forms of Rome; he didn't use the Greek orders and never broke the entablature on top of the column. He kept to Palladio and the Renaissance architects, whose ideas were derived from Rome, Greece, and France.

The homes were built on hilltops or riverbluffs to afford a view of the countryside. Jefferson originated the low, strung-out Roman style country house. He usually designed a mansion with a center main block two stories high and lower wings. On each side of the mansion would be a small house or cottage which was connected to the house by a walkway. In the rear and underneath the passages were the servant's quarters, kitchen, etc., which were concealed from the front by the slope of the land. The passageways were often accentuated by the use of colonnades and arcades.

Jefferson used as porches porticoes supported by columns. He adopted the use of domes to crown homes. Often these domes covered octagonal shaped rooms which had one side that was glossed and opened into a garden like a French salon. Another feature of Jefferson was that he disliked stairs and put them in concealed places.

Jefferson's greatest talent was his ingenuity in adopting the designs of temples to liveable houses. He truly influenced Virginian architecture, and there are many homes throughout the state that he has planned or

# AMERICAN ARCHITECT

TEEL

helped plan in some way. There is little record of Jefferson's work in architecture before he built his home, Monticello. However, the plans for Monticello are done so well that it is evident that he had had previous experience.

The Randolph-Semple house is one of those accredited to him at this time. It is in Williamsburg and thought to have been owned by Peyton Randolph and later sold to Judge Semple. This house was inspired by Plate XXXVII of Robert Morris' book **Select Architecture**. It has a central block two stories high and two wing rooms. The main building has a pedimented roof while the wings have hipped roofs. The stairway is concealed behind a chimney in a typically Jeffersonian way. One wing is a dining room and the other is a drawing room. The only ornament in the house is a mantel in the drawing room that has fretwork in the frieze. The pedimented porch has Doric columns. In this house Jefferson achieved the complete symmetry that he wanted.

Brandon is another home designed by Jefferson when he used Morris for his ideas. The home is in Prince George County, having been built for Nathaniel Harrison in about 1765. Brandon was adapted from the plan of Plate III in Morris' **Select Architecture** with a few variations. The house is one central block with wings which connect with smaller houses. There is a cross hall and the stairs are on one side in the back. All the buildings have hipped roofs and are made of brick, which are the outstanding characteristics.

When Jefferson discovered the works of Palladio his style changed, and he created his own definite type of design. There are a great many homes that serve as examples of his work and illustrate his style.

One of these is Brema, a beautiful home on the bank of the James River in Fluvanna



County between Richmond and Charlottesville. It belonged to General John H. Cooke. In 1817 General Cooke started designing and building his home, and he often consulted Jefferson about the planning. Jefferson was able to help Cooke and to recommend two men to work for him, John Neilson and James Dinsmore. One of these men worked on Monticello and had helped Jefferson.

Brema is purely Palladian with the central building overlooking a broad lawn. The entrance has four white columns, and on each side there are terraces that connect two storied offices. The rear faces the river and has a recessed porch. The offices, which are decorated with columns and arches, are connected by half-concealed passages. He was able to do this by building it on a hill. Although Jefferson was only consulted about the building of Brema and was not the actual designer, the house in many ways is the finest example of the teachings of Jefferson.

Estoutville is another example of Jeffersonian architecture. It was owned by John

*Please turn to page 14*

## *The Thief*

High in the heavens amid the thunder's clash  
Down by the seashore within the wave's splash  
Cradled in valleys or the treetops tall  
Time repeats and repeats her constant call.

The suffering cling to hope and dare not heed;  
The pompous scorn her inescapable seed;  
The lovers fear some joy she might incur,  
But the lonely eagerly welcome her.

She scratches the lines in the withered cheek  
And erases a tearstain from the weak,  
Makes a rose of beauty beyond belief,  
Then shapes cruel design in the fallen leaf.

Time is the thief of youth in every land  
And all life sifts through her eternal sand.

LOIS ANN CHILDERS

## *... Of Life*

Each tiny grain of sand  
That falls with the  
Passing time, takes  
With it part  
Of an hour,  
A day, a  
Life.  
But sand  
Always will  
Reverse itself  
And be used again;  
Whereas time gone with  
The sand can never be relived.

VIVIAN WILLETT

# UGLY DUCKLING

by ANNE WHITE THOMAS

I GUESS my mother is about the most beautiful woman in the world. She has long, golden hair that shines when she brushes it—she lets me come in her room sometimes and watch her when she brushes her hair. She says my hair will be just like hers when I grow up, but Daddy doesn't think so. He says no one will ever be as beautiful as my mother. He calls me "Ugly Duckling" sometimes, and says he wonders how such a beautiful woman ever had such a homely daughter; but he laughs when he says it, so I don't mind. Some people say Mother looked just like me when she was eight years old, but I think they must not remember too well, because my mother couldn't have had such straight hair or such a big mouth or so many freckles.

My mother can do most anything, too. She can swim even better than Daddy can, and she can ride horses and write poems and paint. Some of her poems even got printed in a magazine, and Daddy made frames for her pictures and hung them all around the house. There's a bowl of fruit hanging on the dining-room wall, and the one in the living-room has trees and hills and a little stream in it. The one I like best of all, though, is a little girl playing with a kitten. That's in my room, and Mother says the little girl is supposed to be me, but she's much too pretty for that.

Mother can do lots of other things, too. She used to cook pretty cakes and make fudge on Friday nights, but Mag does all that now. Mag is our maid, and she's nice to me, but Mother says she's lazy and irresponsible. I don't know what that means, but it must be bad, because Mother told me not to talk to Mag too much.

I remember sometimes, before Mag came to work for us, we all three used to go on pic-



nic together. Mother would fry chicken and make potato salad and sandwiches and cake, and we'd all get in the car and go out to the lake. We had good times then because Mother was always happy and laughed a lot. She's even prettier when she laughs, and Daddy used to tell her so, and then he'd chase her up and down the beach, and when they came back they'd both be laughing. I liked it when they were happy like that, even though I never did understand what was so funny. They hardly ever laugh anymore, and it's been a long time since we had a picnic. Every time I ask about it, Daddy says he's too busy and Mother says she doesn't like sand in her potato salad.

Daddy and I still go to the lake sometimes without a picnic, but Mother can never go because she always has a club-meeting or a headache or something, and it isn't the same without her. I always have to play in the water by myself, and Daddy just sits on the beach

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# Symbolism In Ellen Glasgow

by ROBERTA SCOTT WILLIAMS

FROM the first appearance of her earliest novels, Ellen Glasgow has been recognized as a master of her craft as a novelist. Yet, because she uses it with such subtlety, the symbolism in her works has often been greatly underrated. The fact that her characters symbolize the various people of an age has been recognized by most readers and critics, but aside from this there are many other uses of symbolism still to be found in her works. Like Poe, Henry James, Crane, and Hemingway, Ellen Glasgow took her work seriously and saw with almost uncanny perception the limitless creative possibilities in symbolism. This paper will discuss a few of her major uses of symbolism in **Vein of Iron** and **Barren Ground**.

The very title of **Barren Ground** suggests one of the major symbols in this novel. From the very first chapter to the final sentence, the one major theme of desolation, poverty, and constant struggle is kept before the reader in the broomsedge, scraggy pines, lights and shadows, and barren earth that make up the landscape of the countryside around Pedlar's Mill. Everything—theme, characters, plot—revolves about the landscape. Miss Glasgow has said that the land is a symbol of fate—the fate of generation after generation of farmers, good people rather than good families—the fate to which they are all born and against which they all must struggle. **Barren Ground**, then, is the story of the triumph of courage and undefeated will over fate, or the ultimate triumph of Dorinda Oakley over the cruel land that has dealt her so much unhappiness.

To reinforce this major symbol of fate which forms the theme for the entire novel, Miss Glasgow has used several things in the landscape symbolically. First of all, there is

the broomsedge—that relentless menace of the poor farmers that creeps steadily over their meager fields despite their efforts to turn it back. Because it is the only thing that will grow in the barren ground, everyone hates it since it is a constant reminder of their own failure to conquer the land (or their fate). "It thrived on barrenness; the solitary life that was the one growth in the landscape that possessed an inexhaustible vitality. To fight it was like fighting the wild, free principle of nature. Yet they had always fought it. They had spent their force for generations in the futile endeavor to uproot it from the soil." Gradually this perennial battle with the broomsedge has become so much a part of their lives that most of the people have given up all hope of ever overcoming it. The broomsedge has become a kind of dictator for everyone, especially the older people. As one farmer puts it, "If you stay here long enough, the broomsedge claims you, and you get so lazy you cease to care what becomes of you. There's failure in the air."

For Dorinda Oakley, more than for anyone else in the novel, the broomsedge symbolizes a fate from which she is constantly trying to escape. Every time something happens in Dorinda's life, it is interpreted by means of the broomsedge. For example, after she discovers that her lover has married another girl, all the love in her young heart dies forever. "The area of feeling within her soul was parched and blockened, like an abandoned field after the broomsedge has destroyed it." And, although she goes to New York to try to forget what has happened, she can never forget because everything she sees reminds her of broomsedge and the landscape at Pedlar's Mill. "Longer shadows stretched over the grey pavement, and the rows of dingy

houses, broken now and then by the battered front of an inconspicuous shop, reminded her fantastically of acres of broomsedge." Finally, realizing that she can never escape from the broomsedge (her fate), Dorinda decides that the only thing to do is to go back to the farm and conquer it. After years of patient struggling and hard work, she succeeds in making a fairly happy life for herself and in ridding herself of the fate of the broomsedge by conquering it.

To heighten the contrast between Dorinda, whose indomitable courage enables her to overcome her fate, and the people who have become resigned to the fate of the barren land, more symbolism is woven into the landscape in the scraggly pines in the broomsedge fields and the lone harp-shaped pine that grows tall and straight in the Oakley family cemetery on the hill. With its rocky base to protect it from the choking roots of the broomsedge, the tall pine has grown into the tallest tree in the county. In a way the pine symbolizes Dorinda; it has strength and endurance, and just as she finally does after years of struggle, it has achieved success in spite of the broomsedge. The rocky base around the pine symbolizes Dorinda's courage and unconquerable spirit that keeps her going when everything else looks like failure.

Because it has achieved success on the very land he has never been able to conquer, Dorinda's father has a deep love and admiration for the big pine. He will not allow anyone to cut it down, and even when he is dying he insists on keeping the window shade up so that he can see the pine from his bed. Dorinda knew what the tree meant to him, for she says in a conversation, "Sometimes in stormy weather that pine is like a rocky crag with the sea beating against it. I suppose that's why Pa likes to look at it. All the meaning of his life has gone into it, and all the meaning of the country. Endurance, that's what it is."

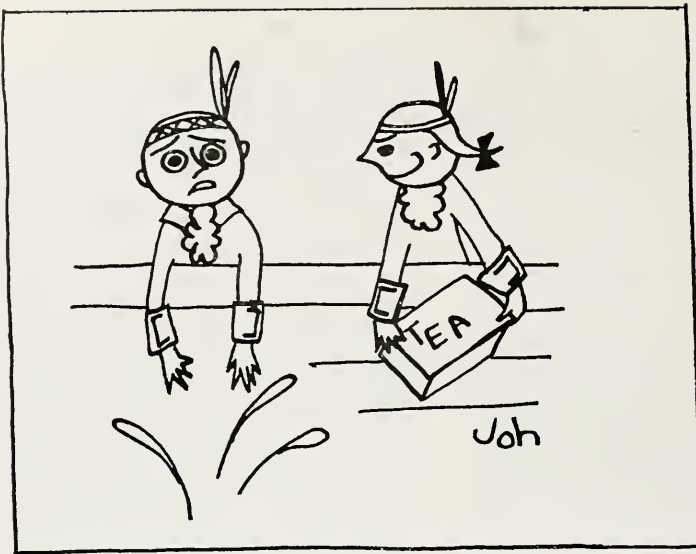
Contrasting with the tall pine are the scraggly scrub pines that grow along the edges of the fields of broomsedge. Scrawny, half-starved by the relentless roots of the broom-

sedge, yet still struggling to gain an existence from the land and conquer it, they represent the majority of people, including Jason Greylock and Dorinda's father, who live at Pedlar's Mill. Born to be farmers on land passed down from generation to generation, these people know no other way of life and continue their struggling existence in much the same way as the pines, striving to find a living in the land that dominates their very lives.

The landscape in **Vein of Iron** is full of symbolic values too. God's Mountain, the highest of the chain of mountains that surround the village of Ironside, represents that link between the physical world and the spiritual, or, as Mr. Fincastle expresses it, "God's Mountain is the oversoul of Appalachian Virginia." The lower part of the mountain is visible, but the top is covered with a swirling blue mist that prevents anyone from seeing beyond. This symbolizes the part of life which everyone has seen and experienced, while the other part, which is hidden, out of sight, we must find through new experiences. When John Fincastle, old and dying, returns to the Valley after years in the city, he is finally able to see through the mist on the top of God's Mountain. "Suddenly, as the road looped round a shaggy ridge, the heavens parted, and the friendly shoulder of God's Mountain marched with them on the horizon. Only . . . this was not the mountain he remembered. For he could see through this empty space. God's Mountain, which had once seemed immovable, was floating on, with other fragments of the actuality, into bottomless space." This symbolizes the last experiences man must have before he can see through the mist of life and pass on beyond into life everlasting.

Thunder Mountain, lower than God's Mountain, does not have the blue mist around its summit. It symbolizes the romantic idea of life, the life that is actual and visible. As a child Ada Fincastle believed that if she climbed to the top of Thunder Mountain, she would then be able to see through the mist on God's Mountain. Gradually she learned that

*Please turn to page 20*



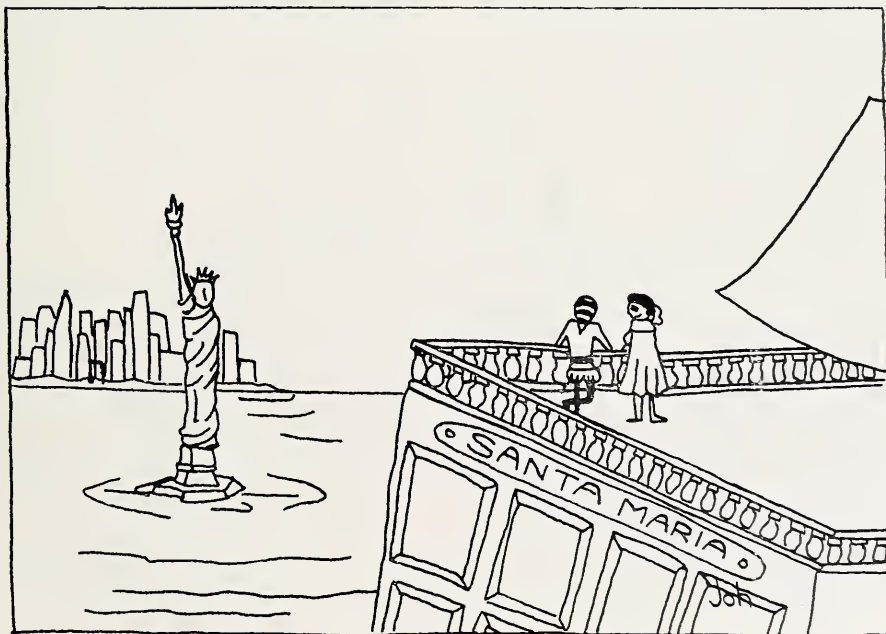
"Jove! Does this mean coffee and Crumpets  
from now on?"



"And away we go!"



"No! Stop! His shirt isn't Sanforized!"



"We seem to be off course, don't we, old man?"



## Thomas Jefferson: American Architect

*Continued from page 7*

Coles III and is in the Green Mountain section of Albemarle County with a beautiful view of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The designer was James Dinsmore, the same man Jefferson recommended to work with General Cooke. The house, which has a portico supported by Doric columns, is built upon a hill.

Farmington was actually planned by Jefferson for George Divers, but Divers died before the home was completed, and later General Bernard Peyton finished the home with a few ideas of his own that differed a little from Jefferson's. The main part of this home is an octagonal wing which has tall windows like Monticello on the first floor and circular windows on the second. Jefferson shows his fondness for the Chinese fretwork in the roof top balustrade. Farmington comes closest to comparing with Monticello. It is now used as a country club a few miles outside of Charlottesville.

Barboursville was the home of Governor James Barbour in Orange County. Barbour built the house, but he sent his workers to Monticello for training, and the plans for the house were drawn by Jefferson. The house was built of brick with a portico on each front. There was a passage through the house, with stairways in corridors on each side. The south front had an octagonal drawing room with a cornice that was finished with a Chinese fret balustrade. On the western side of the lawn were two long buildings which were used for servant's quarters.

Jefferson owned several estates, but the only one he called home other than Monticello was Poplar Forest near Lynchburg. Sometimes he had to go there to get away from his many visiting friends, who nearly ate him out of his home. This house was taken from William Kent's **Design of Inigo Jones**. It was an octagonal house with a two-storied dining room in the center surrounded by four rooms with octagonal ends. There were four chim-

neys so that each outer room had a fireplace. Outside, there were porticoes on the front and back, and a boxwood walkway along the front.

Edgehill was the home of Jefferson's daughter, Martha, and her husband, Thomas Mann Randolph. It was originally a one-story frame house with a portico and cornice, but it was later moved and a brick house was built, which followed Jefferson's specifications for only the first floor.

Jefferson persuaded his good friend James Monroe to live in Albemarle County near his beloved Monticello. In Paris at the time, Monroe wrote, "I shall confide to Mr. Madison, yourself and Mr. Jones the fixing of a spot where my house shall be erected." Jefferson accordingly had a small house built for Monroe on a hill in sight of Monticello.

All of these examples of Jeffersonian architecture have been homes of other people that were in some way influenced by Jefferson. Naturally, the finest example of his architectural skill is his own home, Monticello, which demonstrates his tastes, talents, and even his personality. Jefferson received the land for his home from his father. The area was a little mountain near Shadwell, where Jefferson had dreamed of building a home since he was a little boy. He named the place Monticello, which is Italian for little mountain.

As early as May 18, 1768, he had made his first plan, which was taken from a drawing by Morris. There was to be a central block with an entrance hall and a staircase in the back on one side and a little room on the other. The wings were entered from the rear room. The main fault of this plan was that the three rooms could not be used together.

The second plan moved the door from behind the chimney so that all three rooms opened into each other. Jefferson also changed the stairs, planned the house of brick instead of frame, and added a piazza with a portico to the front. This drawing showed influence of Gibb's **Book of Architecture**.

The third scheme drew from Leoni's **Palladio**. Monticello was to be built all on one floor with the entrance flanked by two square rooms. There was to be a long salon behind

## THE COLONNADE

the entrance hall with two smaller rooms on each side. In the front was a portico of three bays with broad steps on either side.

The plan that was actually used was a combination of the last three. This time Jefferson kept the wings as they had been but arranged the main block so that he had a view of the Blue Ridge Mountains. An entrance hall facing the north opened into the salon. Then another arch opened into a north portico that had been added. To the left of the hall was a stair hall, and to the right was a small room with another stair. Doors at each end of the hall opened into the two wings. The second floor of the main block was a library.

Jefferson began to level the mountain to build his beloved Monticello about 1768. It was planned in a U-shaped group with a brick cottage on one side and a matching law office on the other. Walkways connected these outer buildings to the main one, and underneath these walkways were the stables, servant quarters, ice house, kitchen, and other work areas. These passages formed right angles along the north and south side of the west lawn.

About 1808 the mansion was finally finished. It was now three-storied; the two-story portico was now replaced by white columns. The front of the house facing west was topped by a dome. This was the influence of the Hotel de Salm, but Jefferson got his design from the temple of Vesta as drawn by Palladio. The dome was built over the old library, after the walls had been raised to accommodate a billiard room in an apartment under the dome.

The ground floor was greatly added to by four more rooms and a central hall on the east side. All four rooms were kept low so there could be a mezzanine story above. The high center hall split the mezzanine into two sections.

Jefferson worked on his mansion for almost sixty years off and on. When he was not either tearing apart his beautiful Monticello or rebuilding it, he spent his time designing and making furniture, such as his famous drawing table and music stand. His inventions showed great originality, but they also had style. One beautiful table has an octagonal

*Please turn to page 18*



# The Turn at the Bridge

by MARJORIE ALLGOOD

MARCH is the one month of the year I don't like. The whole world seems lost, and the hard earth doesn't look as though it will ever yield another crop. The weary months of winter have placed life at its lowest ebb. I guess that it's during this part of the year that man experiences his most depressing moments of life. At least, that's the way I felt as I drove through the barren countryside on my way home from a trip to Tyler City during one of the early days of March. From the looks of the drab, winter-beaten farmlands I was the only living soul anywhere near.

About a mile or two down the road I pulled up to a small service station for gas and to stretch a minute before going on again. After telling the station attendant how much gas I wanted, I decided to go into the station just to talk to anyone who happened to be there. So I walked into the station, pulled up a chair, and made myself comfortable.

"Rather deserted country you folks have here," I said to the sort of handsome middle-aged man who stood blindly gazing out of the station window.

"She should be deserted! She's never given her people anything but a hard time."

At first I didn't exactly know how to take

his reply, but I gathered at last that he was just as tired of winter as I was.

"Well, I guess winter makes everything look dead after so long. I was just thinking how good it would be for spring to get here."

"It doesn't make much difference to me whether spring gets to this part of the country or not, being as I won't be here to see it."

"Moving?"

"I guess you could call it that. But right now I don't exactly know when I'm going."

I had judged from this man's general appearance and conversation that he must be a fellow farmer, and evidently his farm was somewhere in this vicinity. So I, being a curious gent by nature, continued our question and answer game.

"You must be going to move to the city to find work. I know a lot of fellows around in my part of the country have pulled up their stakes and headed for the city. Don't guess you can much blame 'em. Another bad year like those we've been hoving and we'll probably leave all these farms to the Devil!"

The station attendant's reappearance behind his counter put a damper on our conversation for the time being. I paid for my gas and then turned to leave.

"Hope you fare well in your new life. Who knows, maybe I'll run into you some day. As a matter of fact, this time next year I might be in your same shoes!"

"Pray you're not! . . . Ah, are you by any chance going by way of Rock Bridge?"

"I pass right over it on my way home. Why? Could I give you a lift or something?"

"Yeoh, you see, I'm supposed to catch a ride from there to Addington. Suppose I could ride with you that far?"

"Come right along. I sure could use a little company."

It seemed pretty strange to me that any-



## THE COLONNADE

one would want to use Rock Bridge as a meeting place. There were no crossroads there. Nothing but a big, lonely river and a clump of bare trees. But I figured that his reasons were his own and my knowing about them wouldn't help the situation any.

For five minutes after the car had started rolling neither one of us said a thing. He didn't look too enthusiastic about talking, and I didn't have any intentions of bothering any of those thoughts going on behind his worried face. But there was something that was awfully funny about him. He didn't act like a man who had to begin a new kind of life. Why, instead, he was calm as peace itself.

After so long the heavy silence was too much for me.

"Say, I don't believe we've properly introduced ourselves yet, or maybe I just didn't catch your name. I'm George Dixon."

"Oh . . . my name; Jim Niles. I'm not too good at meeting new people, so I guess I must have forgotten."

"Guess all of us forget sometimes. I sure do. It takes a wife and four kids to help me remember any people I meet. Speaking of families, you must have left yours at home today."

"Yeah . . . I left them at home."

With these words his face turned back into its motionless freeze, and I was beginning to look forward to the time we'd reach the bridge. No company is bad enough, but talking to a stone statue is worse.

Forgetting, for a moment, the silent stranger beside me, I looked up to the cloudy heavens above. Their darker shade of gray made the lifeless world of half an hour before seem even closer to death. I was certainly looking forward to getting home again.

Then the stone statue said something to me which made me jump a little. Hearing him say something without my prompting him sort of surprised me.

"The bridge is just around the next turn."

I knew the bridge was around the turn, but he sure did want to make sure I didn't forget it.

"Looks like you're right about the bridge.

You sure this is as far as you want to go? I could take you to within three miles of Addington."

"No . . . no thanks. This is far enough."

Slowly the car came to a stop. Slowly Jim Niles opened the door. He never said another word. He just got out of the car and walked straight to the grassy bank. He didn't turn back to say 'thank you' or anything.

"I hope the fellow you're waiting for gets here, and good luck on finding that job. Just might be I'll bump into you one of these days."

There was no reply. Maybe he hadn't heard me. Oh well, it didn't matter. We were only strangers. In only a few seconds the wheels of the car began to turn again. With every revolution of the wheels over the winding road, the bridge became smaller and smaller, and finally it was nothing.

Jim Niles worried me a little throughout the rest of that trip, but by the time I reached home and finished some work I had to do, he was completely gone from my thoughts.

Two days later a small item on the second page of the newspaper caught my eye. It read: "Man Disappears—Believed to Have Drowned in Rock River."

Jim Niles . . . March and I had certainly helped the Devil carry out his plans.



## Thomas Jefferson: American Architect

*Continued from page 15*

shape, and it was cleverly designed with drawers for filing.

Jefferson's clock in the entrance hall is one of the most fascinating of his inventions. It is operated by a system of cannon-ball weights. The balls on the left-hand side make the clock strike on the hour, and the right-hand balls show the day of the week.

For his reading he had a special chair which revolved and had a long ottoman that he could pull up under his legs. Over the chaise there was also a table with a revolving top.

On the east ceiling of the porch is a large compass which is connected with a weather vane on the roof. Jefferson could see this compass from several rooms, a glance out of the window telling the direction of the wind.

In Jefferson's later years his greatest achievement was founding and building the University of Virginia. He spent much time going to Richmond to present his plans for the college and persuading the state to adopt them. He was successful and was given full charge of the project.

The site of the building was about two hundred acres of land about a mile from Charlottesville. The area was high and clear; there was nothing close by to harm the students' health. Here the "academic village" grew according to Jefferson's own plans and specifications.

One morning Jefferson told his overseer, Edward Bacon, to get ten men to accompany him down to the site to start the foundations. With an Irishman named Dinsmore, they went into Charlottesville to a store and bought some twine and pegs. Then they went out to the location of the college. Jefferson walked around and looked over the land, before he drove the first peg for the foundation of the University.

Jefferson educated the masons and bricklayers and designed special tools for them. He

*Continued on page 22*

## Ugly Duckling

*Continued from page 9*

and pokes at the sand with a stick. He never looks hoppy anymore, and sometimes he even gets cross with Mother. I don't see how anybody could ever be cross with Mother, because she's so kind and gentle, and so beautiful. She hardly ever gets angry with me.

Like the other day, when I broke the vase that sits on the hall table—the one that Daddy gave her for their anniversary. At first she looked like she was going to get mad, but then she just laughed kind of funny and helped me glue it back together before Daddy got home. When we finished and it was as good as new, she said, "Isn't it a shame everything that's broken can't be patched up like that?"

Mother is always playing games with me and acting like she was a little girl my own age. I guess she knows how lonesome I get with no brothers or sisters to play with. The other day she made up a new kind of game to play. She asked me how I'd like to go with her to live in a big city where there were always bright lights and parties to go to, and where we could go to all the shows and eat in big restaurants all the time, and do all the things we had always wanted to do. I said that would be wonderful, but I didn't see why we couldn't take Daddy along. I said he would get too lonesome here by himself, and Mother just looked real funny and said, "I suppose he would."

It's funny, but now that I think about it, Daddy looks kind of lonesome anyway. At least, he looks different than he used to, but I don't see how he could be lonesome with Mother and me around all the time. Still he always looks sad and worried, and he doesn't talk much, and he looks a whole lot older than he used to. When he comes in from work he just sits down in the den with his newspaper and doesn't say anything to anybody until supper-time. And sometimes when Mother comes in and tries to talk to him, he just mumbles a few words to her, and keeps on reading his paper.

One of the times Daddy got cross with

## A Black and White Dog

*Continued from page 4*

Mother was just the day-before-yesterday. Daddy came in from work, but instead of reading his paper in the den, he came straight upstairs to Mother's room and slammed the door behind him when he went in. I was in my room, right next door, and I could hear them, because they didn't bother to keep their voices down. Usually when they argue they talk in low voices, and they stop when I come into the room, but this time their voices just keep getting louder and louder, even though Mother knew I was right next door.

Mother asked Daddy who told him he could come in there, and Daddy said he didn't need anybody to tell him where he could go in his own house. Then he said he was sick and tired of the things that had been going on, and that he wasn't going to stand for it any longer. I didn't know what he was talking about, but I could tell he was awful mad; and I wanted to run in there and tell him not to be mad at my beautiful mother, because I knew she couldn't do anything wrong.

Mother said something back to him after that, and then he used some bad words and called her some names I had never heard before, and said she was selfish and vain, and he didn't know why she ever got married at all, because all she wanted to do was run around with men and drink cocktails and spend his money, and she wasn't fit for anything but a street corner. Then he said he was glad he had found out in time to do something about it, and he went out and slammed the door again, and I could hear Mother crying and calling him names.

I started to cry then too, because I didn't see how he could say those things about my mother and make her cry, when he knows how wonderful she is, and how smart and beautiful, too. Besides, he didn't laugh when he said it, like he does when he calls me "Ugly Duckling."

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slapped her across her face with all the strength of a big man. Her husband was not brave, but he was a man. At the same moment his fist smashed into the big man's face, the big man fired the gun. The boy saw his father fall to the floor, heavy and limp, and he thought to himself—my father is dead.

The young woman was sobbing now very much. The boy felt another shock. He had never before seen his mother cry. He thought how strange it was that he had felt such a shock when the big man spit on the floor and when his mother cried and not when his father was killed. The young woman had the stove handle in her hand. The boy had not seen her pick it up, but she hit the big man very hard in the side of the head with the piece of metal. The big man cursed and stuck his sword through the woman's body. The boy saw the sword come through his mother's back. The soldier standing against the wall yelled at the big man, "Creech! A woman!" The big man snapped at him, "Shutup!" He loaded his gun. Then he laughed. He threw his head back and laughed very loud. It was then that the little boy hit him. He leaped from under the table and the black and white dog was close beside him. With all the strength of his eight years the boy swung the black snake whip against the face of the man named Creech. He felt very calm and the thought flashed through his mind—I was wrong a while ago when I said General Sherman was the devil. This Creech is surely the devil.

Creech would have shot the boy then, but the black and white dog was trying to bite him through his heavy black boot. The dog got on his nerves so he kicked him hard across the room. He shuddered. That little dog gave him the creeps. The whip caught him across the other side of his face. It contacted with the added fury of one who has just seen his best friend kicked across a room. Creech screamed. Then he shot the boy. The little dog stirred slightly. He felt very sick and he hurt all over. It would be very easy to lie there,

*Please turn page*

but it was up to him now. It was his fight, and he was such a small black and white dog. He sniffed the boy and found that he was quite dead. He trotted to the front door, which had been left open. The little dog trotted onto the outside wall and lay down. Then he waited.

The two soldiers that had not come into the house were standing with the army horses and the other three horses which they had taken from the barn. The little dog waited. Soon the third soldier came. He loaded the food onto one of the stolen horses. He mopped his brow with his sleeve and sat down in the shade. The little dog lay on the stone wall and waited. The other soldier came out of the house and Creech came behind him. When the big man walked by him, the little dog struck. Quickly and with all the hate in him, he slashed the wrist and hand of the big man. The blood ran in a bright pool into the palm of the big man's hand. He howled, and one of the soldiers ran into the house and brought out the boy's half-finished shirt and wrapped it around the torn hand. The little dog just waited. He waited while the big man kicked him; then he lay there in the dust beside the dirt road and waited while the big man loaded his gun and killed him.

The five soldiers trotted their horses on up the road. The big man was cursing as he rode. His lip was cut where the young man had hit him. His head ached where the young woman had hit him. Across his right cheek was a purple welt where the boy had struck him; across his left cheek was a purple welt oozing blood where the boy had struck him the second time. His hand throbbed mightily from the dog bite. The hair on the back of his neck bristled as he thought of the dog. The cur had lifted up his head and laughed at him just as he shot him. He trembled every time he thought of the black and white dog.

The small dog was glad to be dead. He had a very wise look about him even in death. He had been very sick and he did not mind dying, for he had won his fight. Furthermore, the boy was dead. The little black and white dog had known that he had the sickness. He didn't know that the people call it rabies, but

he knew that he had it just the same. A light breeze began to blow. It ruffled the short hair on the dog's body. A jarfly in the distance hummed once and left the evening bathed in a quiet stillness.

## Symbolism In Ellen Glasgow

*Continued from page 11*

the romantic view of life does not always show us everything about life. The mountain also meant for Ada a place for escape. As a child she dreamed of going up on Thunder Mountain to look for the Indian Trail that everyone told her was there. Later, when she grows up, Thunder Mountain becomes the place where she and her lover go to escape the outside world, and from that time on it symbolizes for her a place of escape from reality and from life.

Another strong symbol in **Vein of Iron** is the city of Queenborough. Miss Glasgow supposedly used Richmond as a model for her Queenborough, and many of the places and streets mentioned in the novel actually exist in Richmond. Aside from these few resemblances, however, Queenborough might be any town in the United States in the early twentieth century where the old stately homes and old parts of the town are being replaced by new buildings and where a new culture and way of life is being substituted for the old. In short, Queenborough symbolizes what happens to any city when materialism and zest for money and a lack of pattern in society take over an old culture and an old way of life.

Like Ernest Hemingway and other users of symbolism, Miss Glasgow gives extensive symbolic values to weather and weather conditions. **Borren Ground**, for example, begins in the wintertime. There is a snowstorm, and the over-all picture of cold and snow and whiteness and desolation symbolizes the drab, dull, day-to-day existence that has been Dorinda's life and the life of most of the people at Pedlar's Mill. Later on, when she falls in love for the first time, ordinary happenings take on a romantic aspect and all life seems to take on new meaning. This period

of supreme happiness in her life is symbolized by the perfect weather of late spring and early summer and by the new buds and flowers that appear on the barren land before the broomsedge takes over the land. After Jason goes away and Dorinda fails to hear from him, the anxiety and tenseness of waiting and the suspicion in her heart that something is wrong are symbolized by the sudden heat of late summer and the drought that leaves everything parched and dry. And, when Dorinda can bear the suspense no longer and decides to try to find out what has happened, the sky is filled with the ominous thunderclouds of an approaching storm.

The storm is probably Miss Glasgow's best use of weather symbolism. As Dorinda's worry and tenseness mount, so does the approaching storm increase in fury. She goes for a walk to try to calm her fears, but just as she reaches Five Oaks, the home of her sweetheart and his alcohol-ridden father, the storm breaks and she is forced to go inside. Here the feeling of mounting tension about to be broken is symbolized by a change in the colors of the sky. "The sky was shrouded now in a crape-like pall, and where the lightning ripped open the blackness, the only color was that jagged stain of dull purple." While Dorinda is waiting for the storm to subside, Jason's father sees her and asks her inside. There, in the dark, unkempt, cobwebbed livingroom, Dorinda watches the storm through an open window as it grows steadily stronger. Her tenseness and anxiety mount steadily, too, and finally, unable to bear the suspense any longer, she decides to leave. Then she sees through the window that the storm is dying down. ". . . she saw the shape of the box bush, with a flutter of white turkeys among its boughs, and overhead a triangle of sky, where the grey was washed into a delicate blue." As she turns to go, the old man informs her that his son has married another girl and her worst fears are realized.

Miss Glasgow does not use color symbolism as extensively as Stephen Crane and some other writers, but at least two colors are given

specific symbolic values in **Barren Ground** and **Vein of Iron**. As in Crane's **The Red Badge of Courage**, blue for Miss Glasgow symbolizes the romantic concept of life. In **Barren Ground**, Dorinda, young, romantic, and in love with life, spends her last meager savings to buy a new dress the same shade of blue as her eyes because her lover wants her to wear blue. Here the blue dress represents the extreme values placed on the outward appearance by the romantic. Later on, when they are making plans to be married, "the flowerlike blue of the sky", "clusters of pale blue butterflies," and innumerable other phrases with blue are used to describe Dorinda's happiness. In **Vein of Iron**, blue to Little Ada Fincastle is a highly romantic color. She believes that everything that is perfect should be blue. For example, the blue mist swirling around the top of God's Mountain is her ideal of what heaven should be like; she even asks, "Is the end of the world blue, Mother?"

Red in **The Red Badge of Courage** meant for Crane the reality in life. Something of this same meaning is found in **Barren Ground**. When Dorinda is leaving home after discovering that her lover has married another girl, she looks across the fields to his house, where she first heard the news that he was married, and she sees that "the roof and chimneys of Five Oaks made a red wound in the sky." The red roof and chimney symbolize her first discovery of life's realities as distinguished from her romantic view of life.

This study has been able to give only representative examples of the use of symbolism from two of Ellen Glasgow's novels. Although she is not so well known for her symbolism as other American writers of the twentieth century, perhaps future critics will find it as important in her writing as it is in Hemingway or Crane.

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## Thomas Jefferson: American Architect

*Continued from page 18*

watched them work by telescope from his mountain when he was not well enough to go to town, and his superintendent reported to him all day long. On October 6, 1817, the cornerstone was laid for what is now called Pavilion VII.

Jefferson wanted the University to consist of small buildings arranged like a village rather than a few large buildings. Each professor would have a separate two-story lodge to live in with a classroom on the basement floor. These lodges would be connected by one-story dormitories for the boys. One-story covered walkways were in front of the buildings for communication.

The buildings were erected around an open square. The professors' homes and the boys' dormitories made the east and west sides of the square, while on the northern end was the Rotunda. The southern end was left open for future expansion. Behind the east and west lawns were lovely gardens enclosed in the famous serpentine walls. Jefferson got the idea for these walls in France. They were made of one brick thickness and laid in a wavy, ribbon-like pattern for strength.

Parallel to the gardens on each end of the square were the east and west ranges. Here are found the colonnades and arches that are so distinctive of the college.

The Rotunda, which was adopted from Palladio's drawing of the Pantheon in Rome, was used as the library. It had porticoes six columns wide on the north and south sides, topped with Corinthian capitals of Carrara marble sent over from Italy.

Another contribution to Virginia was the work Jefferson did on the Richmond state

capital. As one of nine people on a board for public buildings, Jefferson was appointed to attend to the plans of the capital. When building was to start, he was in France, but fortunately his plans arrived in time. Jefferson designed the main building after the Maison Quarree at Nimes, but he simplified the plans according to the ability of American builders. For example, the Corinthian order was changed to a simpler Ionic.

From these examples, one can see why Jefferson, though an amateur architect, deserves to be considered a professional. And his influences are still being discovered. About nineteen years ago, an architect in Charlottesville, Milton Grigg, was studying some of Jefferson's drawings. He found some plans for a house for Colonel James P. Cocke in Albemarle. The drawing was for a pure Palladian white house with two wings connected to the main building by semi-submerged passageways. Griggs hunted far and wide for this house. Finally he found a dilapidated home near North Garden that fitted the description. The home, Edgemont, has now been purchased and restored to perfect Jeffersonian condition.

The search for homes Jefferson personally designed may be almost over, but his architectural influence is immeasurable and will always be a source of pleasure to people who love beautiful churches, colleges, public buildings, and homes.

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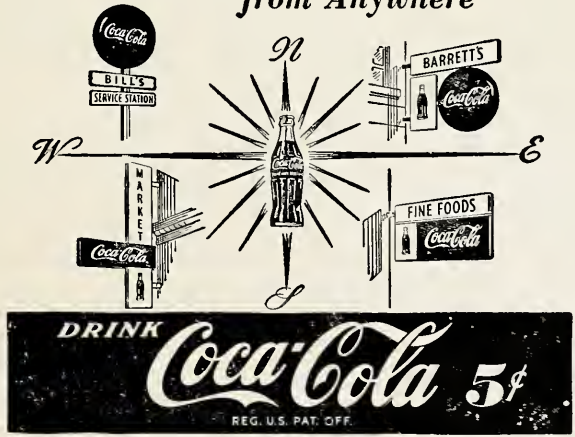
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Easy-drawing, smooth-smoking, good-tasting—that's Winston! And that's what it takes to get all the fun of smoking.

Smoke **WINSTON** the easy-drawing filter cigarette!