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75th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
LONGWOOD COLLEGE
SPRING 1959

GULF

Complete Auto Service

Walker's Restaurant

Club Breakfast, Lunch, Course Dinner

Fountain Service

U. S. 360 and 460

Burkeville - - - Virginia

The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

Farmville, Virginia

Vol. XXII | Spring, 1959 | No. 2

IN THIS ISSUE

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LITERARY LIF

by Ju

In 1889 the students of the State Female Normal School at Farmville, Virginia, decided to publish a magazine which would depict the life of the school in all its phases. A staff was organized and Volume I of *Greetings from the Daughters of Virginia* was published in December of that year. The magazine was small, poorly put together, and had a simple white paper cover with the word "Greeting" stamped on it in gold. Most of the issues have disappeared, however, and only two, the December 1893 and the December 1894 copies remain in the College Library.

Because several departments and organizations contributed to the magazine, it was not entirely a literary publication, and a great part consisted of obituaries for college students and recent graduates, announcements of recent marriages, jokes, and local news. In short, the magazine served not only as a literary outlet but also as a news reporter.

A typical issue of the *Daughters of Virginia* consisted of several poems, some very short stories, character sketches, and a few articles. Most of the stories and poems are simple in plot and would probably be appropriate for a seventh grade reader today. One such story is entitled "The Autobiography of a Normal School Pencil," in which the academic life of the college is viewed by a perambulating pencil. This amusing story gives the reader an idea of college life in 1894, but it is implausible in some aspects, such as the way the pencil got lost time and time again, yet never failed to be discovered, perhaps on the opposite part of the campus, by its rightful owner.

The editorials in this magazine are interesting because they concern the same topics that we today hear from the older generation. For instance, although the college had officially been in operation only about 10 years in 1894, one long editorial was devoted entirely to informing the college girls that they would be more appreciative of their school if they would realize what hardships the girls had to suffer "many years ago" before many improvements "modernized" the school.

Sometime between 1894 and 1897, the *Daughters of Virginia* was abandoned in favor of a new magazine, *The Normal Record*. Although only one copy of this publication is available in the library, it reveals few major changes from the old magazine. The contents are mostly articles and notes on science, religion, school happenings, jokes, and "brain-teasers," and several reprinted poems by Poe and Wordsworth. Although the magazine contains few short stories, these also reflect the influence of popular writers of the time. The following excerpt from a short story, which appeared in the 1897 issue of *The Normal Record*, reveals the influence of Poe's *Ligeia:*

> "Then I looked into the eyes, those large, those shining, those divine orbs. They became to me as the twin stars of Leda, and I to them the devoutest of astrologers. Ah! my beautiful Eleonora!"

Most of the poetry is, like the stories, pretty, but simple in thought and "old-fashioned" in language. Some of it, however, reflects serious thought, and several, like the following, show how memories of the Civil War had been impressed upon these southern girls. Here is one of the less sentimental poems on that tragic theme:

The Confederate Flag

Like storm clouds drifted o'er a sunset red,
But ere the menace falls bright stars of gold
Break through the gloom, a future fair unfold,
The bars of blue across our banner spread.
That flag a brave and noble host has led,
Then filled with life and hope, or young and old;
Now strewn like leaves, wind-tossed upon the wold.
Before that flag an enemy has fled,
Not once, or twice, but many times, and cheers
Of exultation rent the air. But when
The hour of darkness came and hope was dead,
Our flag, though drooping, fell not with our tears.
The stars uprose; from the blue sky again
Upon a land, peace-walled, their radiance shed.

T LONGWOOD

arris

The College Library has no records of any literary publication after the June, 1897, issue of the *The Normal Record* until the October, 1906, issue of a new magazine, *The Guidon*, appeared. The first of the four copies available is Volume III, so the magazine must have originated in 1904. This magazine shows great improvement over the previous publications, both in content and organization. It was published four times a year, contained 72 pages, and was sponsored by two literary societies consisting of about 100 members. Each cover was alike, being paper bound in deep purple with the name of the magazine and the Virginia seal stamped in silver. Most of the stories have a tendency to begin well but abruptly end happily-forever-after. The stories are definitely more mature than those in the previous magazines, although they are still not above the level of *Seventeen*. Here are some amusing lines taken from a short story entitled "Pat's Diary":

> "I wish Peg could see Virginia (Pat's new roommate). She is beautiful. Her hair is really golden and she 'does' it beautifully. But her chief beauty is in her eyes; they are deep violet. I know I shall love her dearly . . ."
>
> "Polly has wavy, chestnut hair, merry brown eyes, and the jolliest laugh; in fact, she is the dearest, best all-round chum a girl ever had . . ."
>
> "I do miss my own loving Peg so much . . ."
>
> "Ah! the delicious fear and trembling—would we never reach the ground? . . ."

Besides the rather sentimental, diary-type story illustrated above, *The Guidon* also published many "true" tales that were handed down among the families of the contributors. One of these tales, "The Lady In Green Silk," is a good example. It is an exciting ghost story which was experienced by a young girl of 10, but today it would be suitable only for adventure-minded children.

The Guidon made one major change from the previous magazines—an "open column" which published suggestions for school improvements and notes of thanks for things already done. One such "appreciation" appeared in the March-April issue of 1907:

> "Farmville's patent sidewalks are built by a new system of engineering, and are much spoken of. The new model walks down High Street are noticed by all pedestrians. This beautiful street is steep, and bisected by a rough muddy road much higher than the neat crossing. Here one sees the most perfect feature of the new system, Farmville's exclusive patent drainless drainage. There are no culverts, no ugly drains, no unsightly gutters. To observe it in perfect operation one should walk down High Street on a wet day, and hear the admiration expressed by the passers-by. The Farmville people know a good thing when they see it."

Practically all of the stories take place at or near the College and most of the poetry is a reflection of school life, the usual theme being "pursue a good man, not an education, and if you insist upon the education, don't become a teacher; the rewards are not worth the effort." Most of the essays concern the lives and works of famous writers, particularly Dickens, Lamb, and Wordsworth, and the editorials are usually articles on improving oneself and sermons reminding the college girls to appreciate what they have and not forget the hardships of the "old days."

Although the College girls were hampered by the influence and set ways of their families and teachers, there is much evidence of a new and broadening outlook in *The Guidon*. Students began writing articles on "The Commercial Value of Cellulose" and "Oral vs. Written Expression in Lower Grades," and articles from national magazines such as "The Ideal Teacher," (*The Atlantic Monthly*) and "The Chemistry of Commerce" (*Harpers Monthly*) were intelligently discussed.

There are good jokes and bad ones, local jokes and world-wide ones, but *The Guidon* surpassed all the previous magazines in printing jokes that are just as appropriate today as they were over fifty years ago. One good example of these

(Please turn to page 12)

Counterpoint: 1885-1959

She ambled among
the monochrome of green
in a prim garden.

You and I are not
ground-bound
but with
a bolt and a bounce
we leap like children
holding
helium balloons.

Patiently, she
placed the minutes
like small, stained stones
into the mosaic of day.

Boldly, we
sculpture and
knock
chunks of hours
out
of the day-rock.

She arranged ideas
in scrolled drawers
to be taken out
like linen
on occasion.

We snatch at myriads of
dazzling ideas
dangling
mobile-manner
in a large room.

In speaking
she poised
each word
as delicately as
a porcelain
tea cup
not to be
defiled by a heavy-handed reply.

We toss out plates of words at sale price
and laugh to hear
the rattle and clatter
when they
tumble together.

She sat under a tree
contentedly,
pulling the shadows
around her
like a shawl.

You and I rush under the sun
and scoop up
warmth
weaving it
as a sash
swashbuckler fashion.

BY LAVERNE COLLIER

TONIGHT IS FOREVER

by SANDRA CLEMENTS

Thad Morton rode very slowly toward the big plantation house, expecting any minute to hear the crack of a rifle. He let the reins of his horse go slack, and he kept his hand well away from his holster so that anyone watching from the house would know that he had no intention of withdrawing his gun. But there was no sound from the house; in fact, there weren't many sounds from anywhere—only the flutter of birds and a very, very low cannon rumble from the west. He swung into the driveway lined with poplars and boxwood which were now turning brown. He was still a good five hundred yards from the house, and even a crack shot couldn't hit him from that distance.

Thad rode high in the saddle—even though his back was breaking—and surveyed the land. He concluded that it must have been beautiful before the battle of Fredericksburg. But now one wall was partially collapsed and the rest of the house was smudged black from smoke. Two columns were broken and planks held the porch roof in place. Even now, though, Thad could imagine how it must have looked as the scene of lawn parties and costume balls with beautiful ladies and handsome gentlemen parading the grounds.

He was less than 25 yards away and beginning to wish that if anyone were going to shoot that they'd hurry up and get it over with.

"I reckon that's about far enough, Yankee." The voice was distinctly feminine and southern.

"Yes, ma'm, if you say so." And now he could see the barrel of a shotgun peeping through a crack in the door.

"If you're wondering why I didn't shoot you, it's because I've got to save my bullets."

"Yes, ma'm. I'm not crying."

"What do you want, Yankee, and how many of your buddies are waiting in the grove?"

"I'm all by myself, honest. I thought if the place was deserted . . . ."

"You'd loot it."

"No, ma'm. I'd stay here a day or two. I'm on my way to Chancellorsville to join General Hooker."

"Well, now, that's real nice."

"Miss, I've been in this saddle about four days, and it's not the most comfortable place. I was wondering if I could . . . ."

"I reckon you'll be moving along—that is, unless you want a bullet between your eyes."

"But I've got to have food and water. Besides, we're all one family even though you wear gray and I wear blue."

"Somebody in that 'family' killed my mother, mister."

"But you can't hate me for something somebody else did. I'm sorry about your mother, but I'm sorrier for the man who did it. He has to live with it. Look, here's my gun." He took it out of the holster with his left hand and threw it to the door. "That's all the arms I've got except a hunting knife."

"Let's have that, too."

He reached back into his saddle bag, secured the knife, and threw it beside the gun.

"Get down." She opened the door, picked up the weapons and stood before him—the rifle cocked. She was beautiful. Her dress was worn and showed quite a bit of her shapely, young body. She couldn't have been more than 16 years old.

"Well, what are you looking at?" she asked. "Do you want food or don't you?"

"Yes, of course. How about calling me Thad? My full name's Thaddeus Phillip Morton, but nobody ever uses all of it. What's yours?"

"Sally Johnson, not that it's any of your business. Come on."

She led him down into a semi-dark, musty cellar in the back of the house. Reassuring two Negroes who sat huddled in a corner, she picked up two apples from an almost empty barrel and a potato from a bushel in practically the same condition. Upstairs in the kitchen she sliced off two pieces of bread, poured a glass of milk, and cut a small piece of ham from a hock.

"Are you leaving enough for yourself?" he asked.

"Why should you care?"

"You seem to think that I hate you. I haven't figured out why yet. Yes, I'm in the Union Army, because I don't believe in the things you do. But, you see, I was born in Macon, Georgia."

He said no more as he ate hungrily, but Sally didn't hold the gun quite so tightly. Perhaps it was because Thad didn't really look like a butcher of women and children or some dire monster. His face was young and tanned, and a lock of blond hair fell on his forehead. His eyes were as blue as his uniform must have been once, and his mouth was small and sensitive. His beard made him look almost 30, and the bars on his soiled jacket indicated that he was a captain.

When he finished, he wiped his mouth with his sleeve and said, "If my calculations are right, I'm east of Fredericksburg by about 10 miles and it's April 25."

"You're about 15 miles from the city, but I don't know what the date is." The harshness had gone from her voice.

"Well," he said, pushing his chair back and getting up, "thank you very much. People certainly know what they're talking about when they speak of Southern hospitality."

She looked down at the floor and said, "Mr. Morton, I, ah, I reckon you may as well take a nap as long as you're here. There's no use riding 'til you fall off the saddle."

"Thank you, but I really have no right. You've been a lot nicer to me than you had any call to be. I'll be riding," and he turned toward the door.

"I just thought a tick bed would feel better than the ground."

Thad erased a smile quickly before he turned and said, "That's awful nice. Thank you, ma'm."

"You've no call to use ma'm. I'm just 17."

"Then you call me Thad because I'm only 21."

"If you'll take that uniform off, I'll wash it. It looks like it could stand some suds. You can sleep in that room over there. I'll bring you a blanket and you put your clothes outside the door—Thad."

She walked away hurriedly and Thad followed instructions.

As Sally stood over the scrubbing board, she tried to remember if her father and brother had gone to Chancellorsville. She was sure that was the place. They had left almost a week ago, giving her explicit instructions to kill herself before submitting to a Yankee. Sally knew that when they left she would be entirely on her own. Ever since the attack on the City the Negroes had been no good at all. But at least they had led her to safety when the soldiers had come. If only her mother hadn't gone back into the house. . . . But Sally mustn't think of that now. The Negroes had been in the cellar, too afraid to come out, and she had sat at the front window day and night watching the road for a sign of movement.

Now she thought about the orders Thad must be carrying. In cleaning his pockets she found nothing. In his saddle bags? Of course, the only logical place. Why, if she could get those and send one of the Negroes with them to the Confederate lines, perhaps they could score an overwhelming victory over the North. Perhaps even the decisive victory of the war. But the Negroes couldn't go; they would panic and probably never find the lines. So, Sally thought, I will have to go. Oh, but that would never work. As soon as Thad wakes up and finds me gone he'll trail me. If only someone could go. I could keep Thad here for two days at least. I know I could; I saw the way he looked at me this morning. Oh, I know I could! But Sally also knew that she wouldn't deceive him even though he was a Yankee and even though a Yankee had killed her mother. Sally knew that, all of a sudden, she was in love with Thaddeus Phillip Morton.

She pressed the uniform until it looked much better than it had, and then she tried to get some sleep. During the night it rained and grew very cold. Sally got up to get another blanket for Thad. She hadn't heard anything from him; he might not have slept for days.

His heavy breathing was the only noise in the darkness and silence of the night except for an occasional rumble of thunder—or was it a cannon? He never moved as she spread the extra blanket over him and brushed the lock of hair off his forehead.

Why, he looks just like a little boy, she thought, a little boy sleeping peacefully.

But on the little boy's face were lines of worry, even though a trace of a smile was on his lips.

I wonder what he's dreaming of. Perhaps a woman. Perhaps a battle. He's so young to be made to fight. I wonder if he'd wake up if I kissed him lightly. Yes, I guess he would.

(Please turn to page 13)

BRAVE BANNER

Under the lanquid, listless sun
A poppy bravely stood.
The ruddy head was gaily held
Upon its verdant rood.
Beside the soldier, comrades fell,
From battle heat and drought.
The poppy nodded o'er the dead
Then tossed its head about.
At length the siege was made complete;
The sentinel toppled at his post
Without a sigh of faint regret
For what the struggle cost.
After the desolation came
A gentle life-reviving rain.

LILLIE ROGERS

THE COMING DAY

So soft and subtle came the dawn
To tint the far horizon gray,
That lingering night, despite his brawn,
Was taken unaware by Day.
Her lightened hues with growing pride
Stole ever upward in the sky;
And with their lightness sought to hide
The last brave star, who would not die.

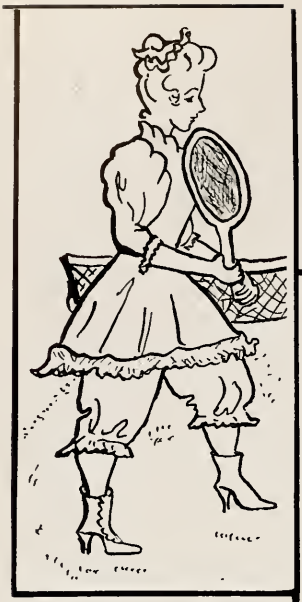
The waves, that dark had kept from sight,
Swept ever in with rhythmic roar.
Their framing crests, revealed by light,
Approached with joy the waiting shore.
Each sea that broke upon the sands
Cast down the fragments it had born,
And tried to clutch with grasping hands
The scavengers aroused by morn.

The rising sun now paved a road
Of gold before it on the sea,
And with a smile laid down his load
Of glitter for the world to see.
It filled with awe the heart of him
Who, breathless, watched the coming day;
And offering up a simple hymn,
He knelt upon the sands to pray.

EDMONIA LEECH

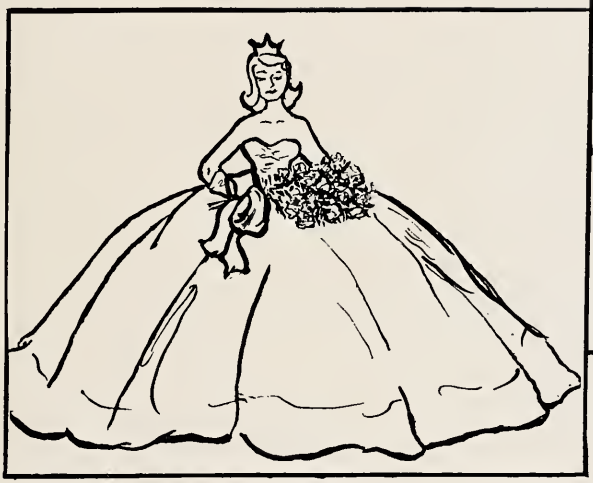
Longwood

1884



College

1959



Addie

THE BA

by P

The time is the indeterminate future. As the curtains part, we see the shabby, stark, and rather unrealistic interior (at least by our standards) of the Worker's Bureau. The furniture is scant and uncomfortable.

There are three women waiting. They are poorly clothed and prematurely old. Nit is a great deal older than the others—old enough to remember. She is emotionally unstable, but stands for the old order in a mutilated form. Ruth is a product of the new regime—desperately loyal because she hasn't the will to do otherwise anymore. Phona is torn between the old and the new, comprehending neither. She knows that she must go one way or another. These three sport "B's" on their foreheads.

Ruth: I couldn't stand those thoughts—pounding, pounding. I walked into the Bureau and said, "I'm a bad truth!" They took care of me. I feel better now. Of course, (taps forehead) I'll always be a bad-truth, but at least someone knows about me, cares about me. I need to be watched and they watch out for me.

Phona: My son turned me in. I talk in my sleep. And I didn't ever know it—know that that I was bad-truth, I mean. On Friend's Day the Grand Leader of his den spoke on identifying bad-truths. My son knew his duty. I had no idea I was a "B", but my ten-year-old son saw it. I've just been released. I know I'll be better.

Ruth: You'll never be good-truth.

Phona: I'd like to see my family. My son is a leader in den work. I'd like to see the others too and reassure them about me. I understand that I can't see them but, you know, they're my . . . .

Ruth: Never! You'll never see them.

Phona: Still it's natural.

Ruth: I don't want to see my family; I'd undermine them. Bad-truth stays after the Bureau releases you. I'm proud that I no longer have a family.

Phona: (To Nit) Why are you a "B"?

Nit: Sex law violation. They claim I'm too old for coupons.

Phona: What did you do?

Nit: Details, always details.

Ruth: I can see you're a thorough bad-truth. I have ears.

Nit: So I've presumed, but don't try and pin more bad-truths on me. I'm careful. That's why I'm able to be here. I wear my "B" rakishly.

Phona: What does "rakishly" mean?

Nit: A word from the past.

Ruth: Don't use words from the past. You can get nowhere by clinging to the past. Forget the past.

Nit: Forget the past? Forget the time when people were allowed to brag about dieting. The time when bragging was the national pastime as wrestling is today. Forget the music?—the Pastoral Symphony and Rock Around the Clock!

Phona: Forget the past. The walls have ears.

Nit: The walls have snake ears and so does our push-button friend, Ruth. (Curtseys. Silence.)

Nit: (Continues, dreamily and painfully.) I lie awake at night—listening to the music of the walls. A snake climbs up the inside of the walls. A gentle scratching. Silence. Plop, it falls. It climbs again. It is joined by others—a chorus—music rising and falling. There were no snakes in my walls when I was young. Now one must never disturb them. They are symbols of the state. The music of my walls is the hymn of the state. (Come back to earth.) And what are the lyrics that accompany this exotic melody—scratch, plop, scratch, plop!

(Policewoman enters through door, stage right.)

Policewoman: (To Ruth) Papers? (Ruth silently produces a shelf of papers.)
Follow me. (They exit by same door.)

Phona: What will they do to her?

Nit: Nothing much. Talk to her I suppose. She's reliable, but we—we are the hangnails of humanity. They're trying to pace us away.

Phona: Are you afraid?

Nit: No, I am dead.

Phona: When did you die?

Nit: When the Worker's Bureau, the anti-sex law, and bad-truth were born.

Phona: You remember before.

Nit: Yes. All I remember is good. Therefore my memories and I are bad-truth.

Phona: I don't think I understand you.

Nit: I'm surprised that "think" is still in our language. It's certainly unnecessary. Don't try to understand; just believe. But don't believe too much; then you die or are helped into death. Do you believe at all?

Phona: I can't.

Nit: Frankness is a virtue; virtue is bad-truth; therefore you must come to believe.

Phona: I wish I were educated. Maybe I could follow you then.

Nit: I taught in a school. A school was a place for children to grow up—and to learn to seek the truth.

Phona: I can't read.

Nit: Now babies are born old because they are born with the iron spoon of truth crammed into their mouths. I object to old age at birth.

Phona: Hush.

Nit: I shall go to the garden and eat worms—if I can find a garden—and if there are no snakes. I also object to snakes. They climb in my walls, stare at me from posters, and wave at me from flags.

Phona: What's your name?

Nit: Nit.

Phona: I'm Phona.

Nit: It's a pleasure meeting you. I need a drink. I have music. It's Mantovani playing the Blue Danube! (She waltzes humming the Blue Danube—Da—Da—Da—Da—Dum—scratch, plop, scratch, plop, etc.)

Phona: What are you doing?

Nit: A waltz. It's a dance.

Phona: You shouldn't dance—not here!

Nit: When I hear music, dance I must.

(Door S.L. opens—enter Policewoman followed by Ruth.)

Nit: (Freezes) Demonstrating my favorite wrestling hold.

Policewoman: Sit down. (Exits).

Phona: What did she do to you?

Ruth: Nothing. We talked. I am to get that job I want. (Hesitates, to Nit.) Tell me about yourself.

Nit: How quaintly direct you are. It assures me that you'll get the job.

Ruth: I think so.

Phona: Nit, I really can't understand you.

Nit: "Beauty is truth, truth—beauty,—that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." Do you believe that? (To Phona)

Ruth: Do you mean that?

Nit: Sincerity is a lost art. But far be it from me to complain. The majority of people don't listen and the rest are glad you finally got what was coming to you.

Ruth: You're slipping.

Nit: I'm dead. I was killed by the strangling throb of the humdrum. A long time ago reformers tried to make us conform in nonconformity. They failed. The best of the humdrum and the music of the walls succeeded. Once governmental hands reached out for the spring dew of socialism and found the fall frost of . . . . this.

When spring comes, can fall be far behind?
I feel I am dead and you think you are alive.
I feel I am lost and you think you are saved.
(Seriously) Mercy on us, both of us.

Ruth: Bad-truth! (She turns and goes out S.L. door. Nit smooths Phona's hair, then crosses to center stage and gets out papers. Enter Policewoman followed by a maliciously smiling Ruth.)

Policewoman: Get out your papers. (Nit extends them. Policewoman flips through them. Just as I thought, not in order. Come! (Nit has already started for the door.)

Nit: (Over shoulder.) Congratulations on your new job. (Stops.) Good-bye, Phona. (No answer. She looks at Ruth.) Some day your meritorious finger, your pushbutton fingers. will be on public display. The world will know what you have done—for the betterment of the world. (Policewoman pokes Nit in ribs. Nit moves toward door.) Dirty old bad-truth me. (Exits. Ruth turns and looks at S.R. door as hand beckons her in. She goes directly in. Phona looks up. turns toward audience. Lights dim as her smile grows. She is happy.)

Ruth: (Suddenly serious.) Mercy on us.

CURTAIN

LITERARY LIFE

(continued from page 3)

classic jokes is:

Dr. J: Miss H. what is your idea of Cuba?
Miss H: Why, it's a place where they have tobacco and molasses, and sugar too, I suppose, for they raise cane there.
Dr. J: Yes, they certainly do raise cain there!

In 1911, *The Guidon* was replaced by a new magazine, *The Focus*, which was a monthly publication, and was sold by subscription at $1.00 per year. This magazine was similar to *The Guidon* in that it also contained jokes, character sketches, personal experience stories and material from other magazines, but in many aspects it had changed a great deal. Short stories in *The Focus* were of a higher calibre and were certainly much longer than anything previously published; some covered as many as twelve pages. Both the stories and the poems tended to be of a romantic nature, and most of them were written in first person.

The Focus, published by the Student's Association of the Normal School, was occasionally edited by a certain class or department which would devote the magazine entirely to their particular field. The Department of Elementary Education published several issues, in which would appear several stories and poems written by their training school pupils. One such poem written by a seventh grade pupil follows:

May

The trees are blossoming and budding,
The flowers are blooming gay,
Little blades of grass are seen,
Then soon comes the month of May.
May is called the month of flowers,
Who brings with her the cooling rain
To make the world look bright and gay—
May is with us once again.

The April, 1913, issue of *The Focus* was the first magazine of this college to have any design other than a seal on the cover. On this issue appeared an ink drawing of a young Dutch boy studying at his desk. In the October, 1913, issue, the first photograph appeared on the cover—a picture of the garden between Ruffner and Tabb halls.

The Focus was discontinued after 1916, and although no copies have been found, there are records of another publication, *The State Teacher's College Magazine*, which was edited by the students, faculty, and administration, beginning in 1925. At any rate, this magazine survived only until June, 1928, if that long, when it was replaced by *The Literary Review*, of which one copy has been found. This magazine was small compared to *The Guidon* and *The Focus*, and the text itself was not nearly so well put together, but it was the first to be entirely devoted to literature. The material in this issue consists of six short stories, eight poems, and two essays, all of which are well written, although some of the stories cover a longer period of time than is desirable for unity. The poetry is more sentimental than we write today; the two examples below are typical.

My Garden

I walked into my garden
over dew-drenched sod;
Paused by a red-gold tulip,
Heard the voice of God.

Strayed among the flowers,
Drank delphiniums blue—
And then—beside the violet bed—
I envisioned—you.

The Elf

Walking all alone one day
I met a little elf.
I stopped astonished in the path—
He was so like myself!!

He wore a coat of brightest red—
I've always wanted one;
He laughed and sang with secret glee,
As carefree as the sun.

He seemed to be a picture
of the thing I'd like to be;
I wished that I could be an elf,
Instead of merely me.

According to Anne Langbein, a former *Colonnade* editor, *The Literary Review* failed for lack of funds after only one year. It was soon re-

placed by *The Voice*, of which one copy is still in the college library, that of November, 1930. This magazine, like *The Literary Review*, was definitely a literary publication. More emphasis was put on poetry than in any previous magazine, there being eight poems in this issue. The poetry shows a slow but gradual development from the simple, sentimental work that previously had been published to a more modern and worldly trend of thought. While the magazine contained only one short story, it too reveals an acceptance of modern ideas. The story, "At Helen's," in only 400 words tells about two innocent girls who happily learned about cigarettes and cocktails at the home of a Washington socialite.

After this one issue of *The Voice* was published, there are no further records of any magazine until May, 1936, when *The Farmville Quarterly Review* came into existence. It is evident from the first issue that this is a much more ambitious magazine. The student material is not unlike that which would be found in any college literary magazine today, but in addition there are contributions by professional writers and professors of the college. Dr. Simkins and Dr. Brumfield were among others.

The *Quarterly Review* continued until December, 1938, when it was reduced in size from 72 pages to about 24 and was given a new name, *The Colonnade*. *The Colonnade* has continued to be a strictly literary magazine, but it no longer solicits faculty contributions. Its most obvious innovation has been increased art work, in the form of original cover designs for each issue, story illustrations, and a two-page "center spread." The beginning of a tradition can be seen in the spring parody, which was introduced in 1955. So far, parodies of *Modern Bride*, *Modern Romance*, and *Modern Screen* have appeared.

The future of *The Colonnade* is uncertain in an era when all around us colleges have been forced to abandon their literary magazines because of lack of funds or student interest. We may take pride in the fact that *The Colonnade* now reaches 1,100 readers and in its 21st year has definitely reached maturity.

TONIGHT IS FOREVER

(continued from page 6)

In the morning they were both more talkative as they ate thin slices of bacon and bread.

"Yesterday," Sally said, "you said you didn't believe in some of the things that we did. What things?"

"Slavery, for one. You can't expect the Negroes to be your servants forever. If it keeps up like this, someday—maybe not tomorrow or the next—but someday—they're going to rise up."

"But you certainly can't expect us to let them run loose over the country."

"Why not? They're people. Why, I've got dogs that I treat better than you people treat the colored. And another thing, I don't like the way the South thinks it can do anything it wants to—such as secede—without the consent of the government in Washington. I don't believe in states' rights."

"My goodness, you are a Yankee, aren't you? Well, tell me about when you lived in the South."

"Well, my folks had a plantation in Macon. Of course, it wasn't nearly as elaborate as this, but it was comfortable. I had three brothers and they were always giving some kind of party. When I was about 13 I went to New York to live with an aunt, and I was there when the war broke out. I joined the North and my brothers stayed with the South. Mom wrote me that Steve was killed at Bull Run. He was 16. Maybe that's one reason why I'll always hate this war. Now if you'll excuse me. I've got to see about my horse. Then I think I'll find some game to make up for what I've eaten. You did a mighty fine job on my uniform—Sally."

He was gone almost all day, but when he returned he carried five squirrels, seven rabbits and some wild berries.

That night Sally sat on the porch in the cool of evening while Thad cleaned his gun in the kitchen. She wanted to say something nice to him, some words of love, but she knew he would resent it. Later he came out and sat down beside her. They didn't speak for a minute, but then he pulled her to him and kissed her gently.

"Sally, I know I have no right to ask this and I have no right to even expect you to consent; but, well, as far as we're concerned, tonight is forever. Tomorrow when I leave I may be killed. Even if I'm not, I know I'll never see you again. I was wondering if . . . what I'm trying to ask is . . ."

"My bedroom is at the top of the stairs. I'm awfully tired. Please carry me."

So for one night at least, in the midst of the war around them, in a house scarred by battle, the blue and the gray declared peace.

The next morning he was gone before the sun was up. He left her sleeping soundly, wanting to kiss her but knowing it would wake her and make it harder for him to go.

From the day he left until the battle of Chancellorsville was over, Sally sat at the window. Finally she saw a figure running up the drive, and she went out on the porch to greet her brother.

"What a walloping we gave them at Chancellorsville, Sis, except for losing Stonewall. You should've seen those Yankees fall. I bet I shot at least five. I picked up a gun to show my kids some day." He thrust it in her hand and went in the house, still running.

But Sally let the gun drop with a thud when her eyes caught the initials on the handle—TPM.

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THE LONGWOOD COLLEGE COLONNADE STAFF INVITES ITS READERS TO

SEIZE A SAWBUCK

from

LIMERICK LAUGHTER

A New Contest Sponsored and Judged by the Colonnade Staff on Behalf of our Back Cover Advertiser

Attention: all prospective Emersons, Byrons, Blakes, Ogden Nashes, and Alfred E. Newmans. Your talents are desired. We won't wait until you're dead to notice your work—we'll buy it now! All you have to do is enter our Colonnade "Limerick Laughter" contest. Its easy and fun and you have three chances to win. Here's how the contest works:

This month the Colonnade will award $5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty Oasis pack. Another $5 will be paid for the best limerick submitted with an empty Chesterfield pack, and a third for the best limerick submitted with an empty L&M pack. Besides the money, the ten honorary mention limerick winners will receive Happy Talk, the wonderful new word game.

You may write the limerick on any subject you choose. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to accompany each limerick with an empty pack of L&M, Chesterfield, or Oasis cigarettes.

The contest is open to all Longwood students and faculty members. Limericks for the March contest must be delivered to Dr. Meeker, Judy Harris, or the Colonnade box by March 31st.

Enter now and keep entering. The samples below show you how easy it is to write a winning limerick.

At Longwood the coming of spring
Is not marked by the bird on the wing
But by girls on the roof
Who are living proof
That summer is time for a fling.

At Longwood College students to endeavor
To be alert, educated, and clever.
But to the plight of the dean
The education machine
Lacks someone to pull the main lever.

A bug and a bee and a flea
Decided to visit with me.
Each acted unnicely
And gave me precisely
A bite and an itch from all three.

There was a KA named McSmeared
Who raised a luxuriant beard.
But a Chesterfield spark
While he parked in the dark
Made a mess of the fuzz he revered.

L&M is Low in tar
with More taste to it.
Don't settle for one without the other.

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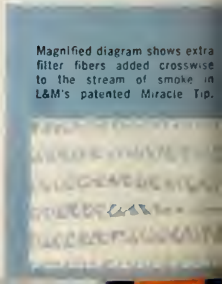
LOW TAR: L&M's patented filtering process adds extra filter fibers electrostatically, crosswise to the stream of smoke . . . makes L&M truly low in tar.

MORE TASTE: L&M's rich mixture of slow-burning tobaccos brings you more exciting flavor than any other cigarette!

LIVE MODERN—CHANGE TO MODERN L&M

READ ALL ABOUT THE BIG LIMERICK CONTEST. SEE PAGE 15



Magnified diagram shows extra filter fibers added crosswise to the stream of smoke in L&M's patented Miracle Tip.