

Fall 1962

# The Colonnade, Volume XXV Number 1, Fall 1962

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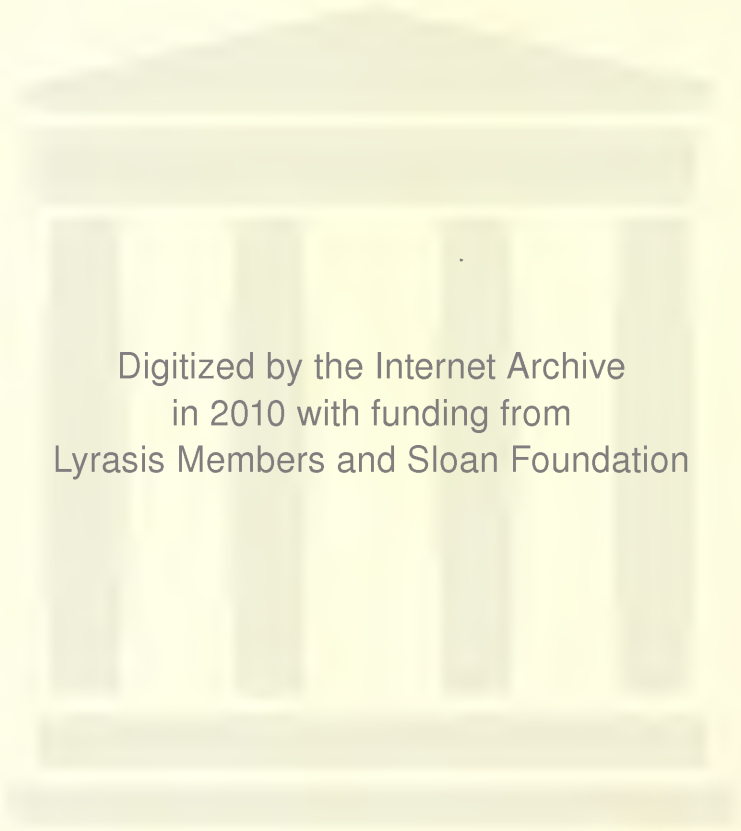
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# COLONNADE

LONGWOOD COLLEGE - FALL 1962

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# *Colonnade*

LONGWOOD COLLEGE  
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA  
FALL • 1962

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Volume XXV

Number 1



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# CONTENTS

FROM THE EDITOR.....	4	
PREVIEW..... Barbara Poland.....	5	
ILLUSTRATION..... Ellen Barnes.....	6	
<i>Look to Callisto</i>		
Short Story..... Donna Humphlett.....	7	
<i>Fly</i> , Poem..... Rebecca Wilburn.....	11	
<i>Grass</i> , Short Story..... Lani Fletcher.....	12	
ILLUSTRATION..... Judy Melchor.....	13	
<i>Mountains</i> , Poem..... Rebecca Wilburn.....	16	
<i>The Eternal Sands</i>		
Short Story..... Maria Konovaloff.....	17	
ILLUSTRATION..... Pat Kowalski.....	20-21	
<i>The Ancient Mariner's Most Ancient Plea, or Jonah Was a Happy Man</i> , Poem... Sharon Coulter.....		20
<i>Amorality</i> , Poem..... Sharon Coulter.....	21	
ILLUSTRATION..... Harriet Hunt.....	22	
<i>The Elite Duo</i> , Short Story..... Evelyn Gray.....	23	
<i>Winter Scenes</i> , ILLUSTRATION..... Judy Woodyard.....	31	
COVER BY Pat Kowalski		

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## *From the Editor*

This year marks the 25th Anniversary of the *Colonnade*. In these 25 years the magazine has undergone a process of constant growth and marked change, both in the format and in the literary value of the material submitted for publication. Also, there seems to have developed a great interest among the student body in the material printed in the *Colonnade*.

The *Colonnade* recognizes its responsibility to its readers and to the principles of good literature. I believe that a statement of our editorial policy is appropriate at this time.

The first obligation of the *Colonnade* is to print the best material submitted by the student body of Longwood College. By the "best material" I mean that which has the greatest literary value. For example, we have been asked several times why we do not print rhymed poetry. The answer is always, "We would—if any good rhymed poetry were turned in to us." The reader should realize that it is a difficult job to write a *good* rhymed poem. A reason for this is that college writers are accustomed to the themes of such writers as Wordsworth and Poe, and they tend to use these same themes. The result is a good idea expressed in a mediocre manner. To Poe, the most beautiful thing in the world was the death of a beautiful woman. Today, anyone writing on this same subject in Poe's style would only be repeating what has already been said much better by Poe. Rhyme today has been described as a straitjacket. The writer must search so hard for the appropriate rhyming word that he neglects the basic idea of the poem. If the poetic idea is fresh and original, it stands to reason that the style should also reflect freshness and originality.

The second obligation of the *Colonnade*, so closely linked to the first that the two cannot really be separated, is to you, the reader. By printing the best available material we feel that we are fulfilling this obligation. To print anything less than the best would be cheating you. We are grateful for your intelligent comments and criticisms, for both of these show that the *Colonnade* is being read and thought about. We hope that your interest in the magazine will continue.

—R. S. W.

## Preview

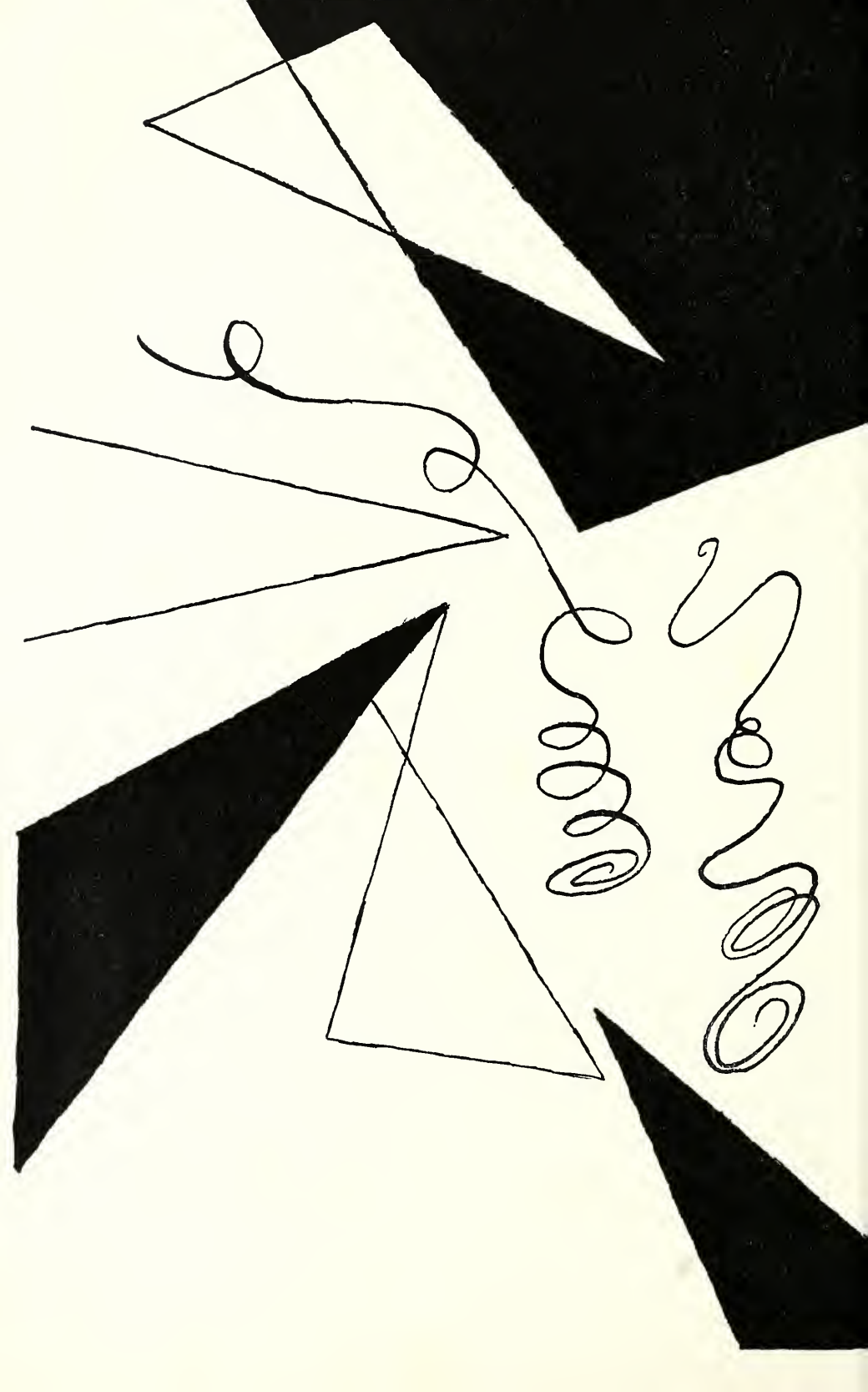
The modern short story is probably the most popular genre in the literary field today in the eyes of the artists and their readers. In most cases the short story can be written in a relatively short length of time. The action usually centers around a single event which takes place in the life of one central character and which conveys to the reader a mood, an idea, or a glimpse into human life and emotion. Best of all, most short stories can be read at one sitting.

This issue of the *Colonnade* contains stories written by four Longwood students. Maria Konovoloff and Lani Fletcher are each appearing for the first time in the magazine. Maria's story "The Eternal Sands" takes the reader into the life of Anjo Guterrez, a young girl of ways and means whose work brings her into daily contact with a class of people who are beneath her and whom she cannot understand. We watch Anjo in her attempt to aid the Jose Da Cunha family, and we know what must be the outcome of this attempt. Lani's story entitled "Grass" is about a young boy's entrance at prep school, his eventual friendship with the elevator operator, and the effect of this friendship on the boy's life. The agrarian versus the commercial theme is carried to the reader by the symbolic implications of the elevator and the plow.

Donna Humphlett and Evelyn Gray, the other two short story writers, need no introduction. Donna's "Look to Callisto" is a story about an encounter between a Jewish boy and a girl who might be classed as an intellectual freak. It is a story of frustration and realization and bitterness. "The Elite Duo" by Evelyn Gray is set in a night club in which the reader shares in a conversation between an "elite duo." Reading this story is like opening a book and glimpsing a piece of life for only a second before the covers are closed and the reader is left to puzzle what he has seen.

Modern poetry is currently in somewhat of a slump as far as the general reading public is concerned, but it still remains a popular literary form among college students. Sharon Coulter's poem "Jonah Was a Happy Man" is an amusing treatment of an escapist attitude. Her other poem "Amorality," although written in a light and airy style, nevertheless contains a message for its readers. In "Mountains" by Rebecca Wilburn the reader cannot escape the magnificent feeling of power and strength that is transmitted by the imagery of the poem. The poem "Fly" might be interpreted as an analogy between a fly caught in a screen and a man caught in life.





# LOOK TO CALLISTO

by Donna Humphlett

Joel was sitting alone at a table in the college dining hall when again the afternoon of his thirteenth birthday invaded his thoughts. He had been walking home alone through the woods when a boy older than he had stopped in front of him and blocked his way. Without a word the boy had grabbed him and taken him farther into the woods. They had gone about twenty yards when the older boy stopped in a clearing where several other boys stood. For a moment they had stood there without saying anything; then, one of the boys had asked, "What's ya name?"

"My name is Joel Kartz," he had said as distinctly as possible.

"His name is Joel Kartz. And today is his thirteenth birthday. You know what that means?" As he spoke the older boy had stood there looking at his fingernails.

"How did you know that?" Joel had asked, but no one had answered him.

"Yeah. That means we sing 'Happy Birthday' to him. Right?"

All of them had joined in and sung 'Happy Birthday,' but instead of singing "Happy Birthday, dear Joel," they had sung "Happy Birthday, dear Jew boy." Then, they had all laughed at him.

"You're thirteen today? Thirteen years old?"

"Yes, I am."

"He's thirteen years old. That makes him a man. Did you know that?"

"That's right. They have a big party and all. Then, he's automatically a man." The boy has snapped his fingers and added, "Just like that."

"Take off your pants, Kartz; I want to see what a *real* man looks like."

"No!"

It had been easy for the older boys to take Joel's pants and to stand there and laugh at him. A few minutes later they had run off with his pants leaving him alone in the woods. Joel had waited there until it had turned dark; then, he had run home and climbed in the window of his room and lain quietly on his bed even when he had heard his father calling him to dinner. He remembered the feeling of shock he at first had and the shame that had followed. Why hadn't I run away from them? Why had they done it in the first place? But those were questions he had asked then; now there was no reason to question, because he knew the answers.

"Will you pass me the milk and sugar, please?" a girl's voice asked

(continued on next page)

him.

"Surely. Here," he answered without looking in the direction of the voice.

"Do you mind my sitting here?"

"No why should I?"

"I don't know. I just thought you might."

Joel looked at the girl, then at the clock. "You'd better hurry if you're going to eat that cereal; they'll run you out of here."

"Yes, I know. That has happened to me before." She sprinkled sugar on her cereal, then added the milk.

Joel watched her. "You know something—I do that just the opposite way."

"Do what?"

"Well, you put the sugar on the cereal, then you pour the milk. I pour the milk before I add the sugar."

She laughed.

Joel looked down at his empty coffee cup. "Do you mind if I get another cup of coffee and sit here and talk to you?"

"No, I think that would be fun. It's no fun to eat alone."

Joel got his coffee and hurried back to the table. "Do you have any classes today?"

"No, I'm on a very limited schedule. I'm a freak that graduated from high school at the age of fifteen."

"Are you fifteen?"

"No, sixteen. Last year I was a freshman at a junior college in my home town. Mother said I was too young to leave home." She stopped suddenly, shifted the topic of conversation from herself to Joel and asked, "How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"A sophomore?"

"Yes, I'm normal."

She ignored the 'I'm normal.' "Do you have any Saturday classes?"

"None that I feel like attending today. Do you like to walk?"

"Yes, but today I thought I might build a snow castle."

"Not a snow man?"

"No, a snow castle." She put a spoonful of cereal into her mouth, swallowed it, then said, "I'll show you how to build a snow castle."

"I'd like to learn. What's your name?"

"Cleo Martin. What's yours?"

"Joel Kartz."

After breakfast they walked in the snow. It had stopped snowing but the sky was still gray. "Do you think it'll snow again?" Joel asked.

## LOOK TO CALLISTO

"The weatherman said it wouldn't. He said that the temperature would rise tomorrow."

"Therefore, it won't snow again?"

"That's right."

Joel laughed. "Where are we going to build that snow castle?"

"I thought the library lawn could use some decoration, ornamentation, proliferation."

"Elevation?"

"Possibly. You know, when I was younger I liked to use words that ended in t-i-o-n."

"Why?"

"I don't know, but I certainly wrote some pretty miserable poetry by using lots of t-i-o-n words."

"How old were you?"

"Ten, I think."

They were standing across the street from the library. Between them and the library was the street partially cleared of the snow that had fallen the night before. The remaining snow was grimy and messy with the dirt of the street and automobiles. But beyond the sidewalk and the street was the library lawn, white, undisturbed even by footprints. The branches of the trees in front of the library were bending under the weight of the snow. Behind them the red brick of the library would have seemed odd and out of place had it not been for the splashes of white made by the white window panes and columns and occasional patches of snow that had stuck to the brick.

"You know, I hate it when they do that to the snow. Messing it up, I mean. I just hate it," Cleo said.

"Why?"

"It isn't pretty after that."

"Come on, let's cross the street."

Within a few minutes Cleo had rolled a pile of snow into a ball and was beginning to build a tower. "Why don't you make one?" she asked and proceeded to show Joel how to make a tower from snow. Then, they made a wall between the two towers. "We should make two more towers. . ."

"And three more walls?" added Joel.

"How did you guess?" she laughed.

Joel touched his forehead with his index finger. Finally they completed the castle. "You know, this is really something, but I think one of the towers should have a flag," he said.

Cleo ran over to an oak tree and pulled off a dead leaf. "How's this?"

"Okay, but I wish people wouldn't plant oak trees in places where

(continued on next page)

they're going to be seen dead all winter."

"Because of the leaves?"

"Yes. Other trees should have been planted here, I think. You know, pine or something."

"Yes, I think that way, too."

They heard the bell which ended the eight o'clock classes. People were coming out of the library and the academic buildings.

"What now, Cleo?"

"What time is it?"

"Time for a cup of coffee. Would you like some?"

"I *would* like a cup of hot chocolate."

"Okay, hot chocolate for you and coffee for me. Do you think that two blocks is too far to walk for it?"

"No, I like to walk in the snow."

When they arrived at the drugstore, Joel found a booth and they sat down. After their order was brought to them, they began talking about things that they had seen when they were children. Cleo said she had been to a circus and had seen trained seals. "I loved them. I thought they were tremendous, because I couldn't see how anybody could train such odd-looking animals."

Joel suddenly remembered his thirteenth birthday. He sat quietly for a minute thinking about it, then he said, "My father trained a bear once. Only it wasn't in the circus or anything." He winked. She smiled.

"What did he do with it?"

"He trained it to be a butler. She answered the door and all."

"Really?"

"Yes, and she would get towels and stuff for him when he was in the shower. She would pick out the jewelry he was going to wear. She was really something."

"What happened to her?"

"The neighbors complained, so he sent her to a zoo and she died. She was homesick or something. Even animals get that way, I guess. But I guess if my next door neighbor was nuts enough to have a bear in his house, I'd complain, too."

"I wish I could have seen her."

"Me, too. Her name was Callisto. You know, after the constellation."

"Yes."

Joel suggested they walk back to her dormitory. "I really should get *some* work done before lunch. Would you like to go to a party with me tonight? It's a very casual deal. Slacks, if you want to wear them, I guess."

## FLY

Crawl up a little more,  
For only inches from you  
Ends the narrow woven mesh  
That puzzles. The pause  
That stills the wings  
Could doom if you forget  
What you are seeking.  
You know no reasoning,  
But beyond lies something  
Felt as warm. Eternity  
Lies without — and never - ending  
Infinity.

— REBECCA WILBURN

# GRASS

by Lani Fletcher

When I was a boy I used to look at the gothic city buildings with admiration, and I now believe it was with the same kind of awe a child raised in the country looks at a freshly plowed field. The buildings flowed from white, hard concrete until they jutted into the sky. Their windows reflected neon lights, brassy advertisements, and trembled each time the trolleys clanged past them. Trees were scarce in my world, and the greenness of nature was something one took for granted as he caught glimpses of it from behind a cloistered car window. It wasn't until I met Charley that I began to really look for trees and grass.

I was twelve when my mother enrolled me in a prep school of sorts, believing I should be educated as fully as possible; and the Concord School for Young Men must have been highly intellectual, since all her friends' sons attended to reap its culture. The Concord School was situated in the center of the teeming city in one of the older, more established buildings which, I have found since, was known for its distinguished eight-to-five inhabitants.

Everyday my mother dropped me off or had Sherman drive. If Sherman drove she always came, too. Then I would rush, through the scurrying people on their ways to work, into the tall impressive revolving doors. A dingy elevator either settled or unsettled my breakfast until it fell to a halt on the sixth floor where my professors eagerly awaited the arrival of all their charges.

Charley ran the elevator in the building. He was as small in frame as I was then — the largest parts about him being his forearms and hands. They looked grotesquely out of place hanging from his boney shoulders. His forearms were round and must have been muscular at one time because blue veins strained at the weathered skin. His hands were big, seeming to be the youngest part of his body. Even in January they were brown, the knuckles large, and the nails grimy. I guess the best part about him was his hands.

Mother dropped me off at the building the first day, apologizing quickly because she simply didn't have the time to come in with me. But she knew I could find my way since we had been there once before for registration. I watched her car disappear among the traffic, then turned and walked into the building.

Charley must have been watching me look around for some reminder of where to go because he spoke to me from the dusty cavern of the elevator.

"You a Concord man?" His voice was slow and heavy.

My mother had warned me not to speak to strangers and, at first,



frightened by the dark, little man, I said nothing. Then I managed a muffled grunt to the affirmative.

He waved me over, "Well, son, this here's a mighty big building, but far's I know there's only one school in it. Come on over. . . I'll drive you up. Pears you're a might early. School don't start 'til nine."

I was afraid of being so close to him. Never before had I met a man as short as I was then but who was so obviously older than myself.

"M... my ... mot ... mother ... h ... had ... t ... t ... to go . . . . somewhere," I managed, embarrassed because my affliction had to be so apparent to the first person I met. I had promised myself not to stutter in front of anyone connected with this new experience.

Charley eyed me slowly, then said, "Well, ther ain't nobody up there now and everthing's shut tight. So . . . how'd you like to set here with me for awhile?"

His kindness softened me, and though I was still frightened, I agreed.

That first day before everyone else came Charley talked to me between taking early arrivers up to their various floors. He talked to me about the weather, how hard it was to make ends meet, and how Clara wasn't going to make it another year if "them blue-vested dillies" didn't do something about fixing her.

I had listened with rapt attention, not so much at what he said as basking in delight that he was speaking to me . . . that I had his entire attention. Only when he mentioned Clara did I dare to interrupt him.

"Who's Clara? This here's Clara," and he patted the side of the elevator, leaving a mark on the dust where his hand had been.

(continued on next page)



"Wh . . . Why . . . do . . . y . . . . you . . . call . . . . it . . . Cl . . . . Cl . . . . Clara?" It never occurred to me that this adult would think me incredibly stupid for asking another question.

"Why, son, you're the very first young'un's ever asked me that. I call her Clara 'cause that's my plow's name—since I can't have my plow, at least I got somethin'."

"Y . . . you . . . have . . . . a . . . . plow?"

"Sure's shootin'! The only one I ever handled what would chop the earth up nice and easylike."

"Wh . . . where . . . do . . . y . . . . you keep . . . . yo . . . . yo . . . your plow?"

"On my farm—leastwise, what used to be my farm. All's left of mine is Clara. Folks what bought the place said I could keep Clara there till I went back farming."

Then other boys began meandering in and our conversation came to a halt.

Charley became my only source of comfort at Concord. I hated the school as a whole and, never having been around other children, found it hard to make friends. I stopped trying after a boy two years older than myself ribbed me about my stuttering.

Mother, however, was overjoyed to hear—during our mealtime conversations—that I had made a new friend. She referred to him as 'Charles' and many times I found it hard to keep from laughing. But I stopped myself with the awful realization of what she would say and do if she found out that 'Charles' was the elevator man.

Eventually, she found out. We (my father was home for the week-end between business trips) were eating dinner and I was rapidly telling Father about school. My conversation centered around Charley. Father didn't seem to be too interested until I mentioned Clara. Then, with a wink at me, he said, "Clara? Who's Clara?"

"Really, Henry, a boy of Charles' age!" Mother's tone suggested silence and I braced myself, waiting for Father's usual retaliation.

But he kept his eyes on me, the laughter out of them. "Roger, who's Clara?"

By this time my mother's curiosity was too much for her. "Well, Roger?!"

"Clara is the elevator."

"The what?!"

"Son, explain some more—I'm a little slow tonight."

".. Char . . . Charley . . is . . . the . . el . . . ele . . . . elevator man."

"Oh my God! I send my son to the Concord School for Young Men and the only friend he makes is the elevator man. That dirty little man—"

## GRASS

"Keep quiet, Enid."

"He isn't dirty. He's my friend!"

"Don't contradict me, Ro —"

"Enid, shut up!" Mother then left the table.

"Roger, your stuttering has improved a great deal. Did you know that?"

"No."

"Well, it has. But tell me some more about Charley."

So I told him everything I could remember and he watched me thoughtfully. Sometimes, he asked me a question. Once he asked me where Charley's farm was I told him that it was somewhere Charley could breathe fresh air. That's the nearest I ever came to knowing where Charley's farm was. Finally, out of breath, I stopped.

Father looked at me quizzically, "Sounds like a good friend to have, Roger."

I remembered that when he said that I felt warm and the warmth didn't leave me until I was in bed. Then I heard him and Mother quarreling. They always quarreled when they were alone together.

"I don't want my son to associate with that awful little man."

"You're lucky your son has a friend at all, the way you keep him cooped up here."

"I don't see your helping me with his upbringing."

"The best way I can help Roger is to keep away from you and your artificial merry-go-round."

"You never have cared about him, Henry."

"I care a hell of a lot more than you do!"

"Is that why you're never here?"

"I've already given you one reason why I don't stay here. But there's another. I go on business trips because I get bonuses. Bonuses mean money. Money to cover the way you have accustomed yourself to living."

"What is wrong with the way I —"

"It's a rat race. You play too much, you drink too much, you smoke too much."

Even with the pillow pressed against my ears I could hear them. Father had already gone away when I awoke. He didn't stay the entire week-end.

Monday morning Charley and I talked as usual. But after school was dismissed, there was a strained silence between us, alive only with my unanswered questions.

Spring term was almost over when the accident happened. During the last period of classes we heard and felt a violent crash which shook the building. After the last bell rang, we rushed into the corridor

(continued on page 30)

## MOUNTAINS

(View from the golf course, Mt. Lake, Giles County, Virginia)

No man is seen down there,  
No movement but the shadows thrown from clouds.  
The rows of mountains lying parallel  
Seem like dead giants who stretched  
Out on their sides and gripped the earth.  
They lie as far as one can see  
To left and right and straight ahead.  
Created by buckling of rebellious earth  
And chastened by enormous glaciers  
Destroying resistance,  
Leaving warnings of narrow ridges and  
Hollowed valleys. Their power is felt  
In stillness and though dead they mock  
The ones who think to make the universe  
Stand still.

— REBECCA WILBURN

# The Eternal Sands

by Maria Konovaloff

Laura Anglica Guterrez, Anjo for short, strode in and slammed the door hard. Her old nurse, familiar with the varying moods of her young mistress, hastened to pick up the flying clothes discarded by the girl.

"Has anything gone wrong, Anjo?" she asked.

"Nothing much, baba. But why do poor people not appreciate the wonderful resolutions and advice that we have for them?"

As the baba quietly continued her work, Anjo added, "Only yesterday, in our Welfare Office, we tried to explain to a man that we certainly could not get him a job paying more than the minimum salary because he had had little schooling. He agreed to that, but insisted that having a wife and five children should outweigh all other considerations. He even banged his fist on my desk and accused me of starving his children!" Her muffled voice continued from the inside of the closet where she was selecting the day's bathing suit. "I simply can't understand why he didn't appreciate our advice 'Go back to school.'"

She emerged, dressed in a slim, green Catalina model, and shrugged on the knee-length jacket offered to her by the nurse. "Tell Father I'll be back by four, please, and that George will be here for dinner."

In the eyes of George, the young man waiting for her on the beach, she presented a beautiful picture. Slender, and not very tall, she was very swift on her tiny feet. Her well-tended hands grasped a beach bag and a pair of dark glasses. Her dark brown hair emphasized her lovely tan, and her beautiful, but near-sighted eyes peered from under lustrous lashes. In a few quick steps she was at his side.

They walked along the black and white mosaic sidewalk, searching for a bare spot of sand in which to stick their gaily striped green and red umbrella. They settled themselves in its shade and from their vantage point could see children building sand castles, their parents watching their efforts from afar, and lovers looking soulfully into each other's faces. With a dreamy look in her eyes, Anjo said.

"Were you at the Roxa's ball last spring?"

"Certainly," answered George. "Why?"

"What a night!"

"I can see it as if it were yesterday," he answered in an ingratiating tone. "You were the most beautiful debutante there, in a blue. . ."

"Golden. . ." she interrupted.

"Golden dress, with bracelets jangling up and down your arms. . ."

(continued on next page)

"Why George, I wore only one ruby pendant that night! You didn't even notice me!"

George could not or would not answer, and Anjo relapsed into an indignant silence.

"Will you come to dinner tonight?" she finally asked frostily.

"Yes, thank you," said George, seeming not to notice her lack of warmth. There was quiet for some time while the sun crept higher and higher to its zenith.

"Sand, sand, and more sand," thought Anjo. "Always and always. . ." The same swimmers out beyond the surf, the perpetual plebeian mass spread out over the clean sand. Only two hours ago it was golden and clean; now look at it! Dirty, swarming with sweaty, langorous bodies. Would that the sand could repel all who treaded it unappreciative and almost blind in their self-absorption!

"How about some lunch, right now?" said George, breaking into her reflections. He stood up and extended a well-tanned hand to Anjo, who got up also. They walked slowly along the sidewalk until they reached the outdoor level of the little "Danubio."

Walking back along the water's edge, Anjo could see other couples of her acquaintance, basking in the sun, talking to each other, and occasionally stopping the ice cream man for ice cream. George's usual diatribe against the food at any one place took her attention for a few minutes, so that she didn't notice the little boy until she heard a tiny wail by her foot and saw that she had unwittingly thrown sand in his eyes. When the little boy had brushed away the sand, Anjo noticed the pathetic eyes, the skin stretched tight over the angular cheek bones. Of whom did he remind her? Suddenly Anjo shuddered as she remembered.

"Jose da Cunha!" she whispered to herself. She saw him as he was in the office.

"But I must," he had repeated, his eyes flashing. "What will my family otherwise do? You no pity, — you iceberg, you selfish tool of bureaucracy!" Anjo quivered as his final words struck her.

"You and the rest of your kind! You miserable aristocrats! And my children starve because of you!" he finished bitterly.

George, seeing the dazed look on her face, took her home. However her father's voice brought her back to reality, and she rushed up to kiss him.

Most men would say that Jaime Gutierrez was an affectionate and lenient parent, and Anjo would be the last to deny this. He provided her lovely home, her unbudgeted allowance, and indirectly her job.

## THE ETERNAL SANDS

She danced into her room, and in a very short time appeared bell-skirted and square-cut at the neck.

Anjo was used to rapid changes, just as her father was used to the ever-succeeding stream of young men that his daughter brought into the house. From her secluded private school she had plunged into business with a most elementary knowledge and her father's influence. At the Welfare Center, she saw hundreds of indigent people who could not understand her, and who were certainly not understood by her. The case of the day before was typical, and she could not really say what caught her attention. The fact that he had five children? That was his own fault. The fact that the minimum was not enough to support him? None of her business. Why then did she feel guilty about his accusations? That night, long after George had gone, she was still thinking. She did not act, however, until several days later.

She used all the influence of her friends. She wrote letters, and even personally interceded with the governor. As her interest mounted she forgot diversions. She forgot George, the beach, and everything connected with them. She threw herself whole-heartedly into the project, neglecting only one detail — Jose knew nothing of this activity on his behalf. She didn't see him for many days, but that fact somehow escaped her notice, and she worked with amazing rapidity.

As soon as she received the document assuring da Cunha of a decent job with money enough to support his children, she looked up his address in the files and proceeded to look for the place.

"What a sty!" thought Anjo, her nose wrinkling distastefully. Her man lived on the very outskirts of a morro. The ramshackle little house stood on the very edge of a dusty road leading up to the hill. The windows, holes in the earthen wall, were shadeless and curtainless. One solitary ancient palm stood at one corner, almost ready to fall over on the house. The door stood ajar. Before it, a thin child squatted in the dust, crooning some sad song to itself; inside, she could see a three-legged table, and seated on the decrepit chair, was a woman, her head buried in her hands.

Anjo hesitated a second, then entered. Eyes momentarily blinded by the transition into darkness, suddenly took in the empty gasoline cans in the corner, the bedraggled quilt on the bed, the chipped enamel of the pitcher and basin on the lopsided, unvarnished table, and the half-torn straw mat on the floor.

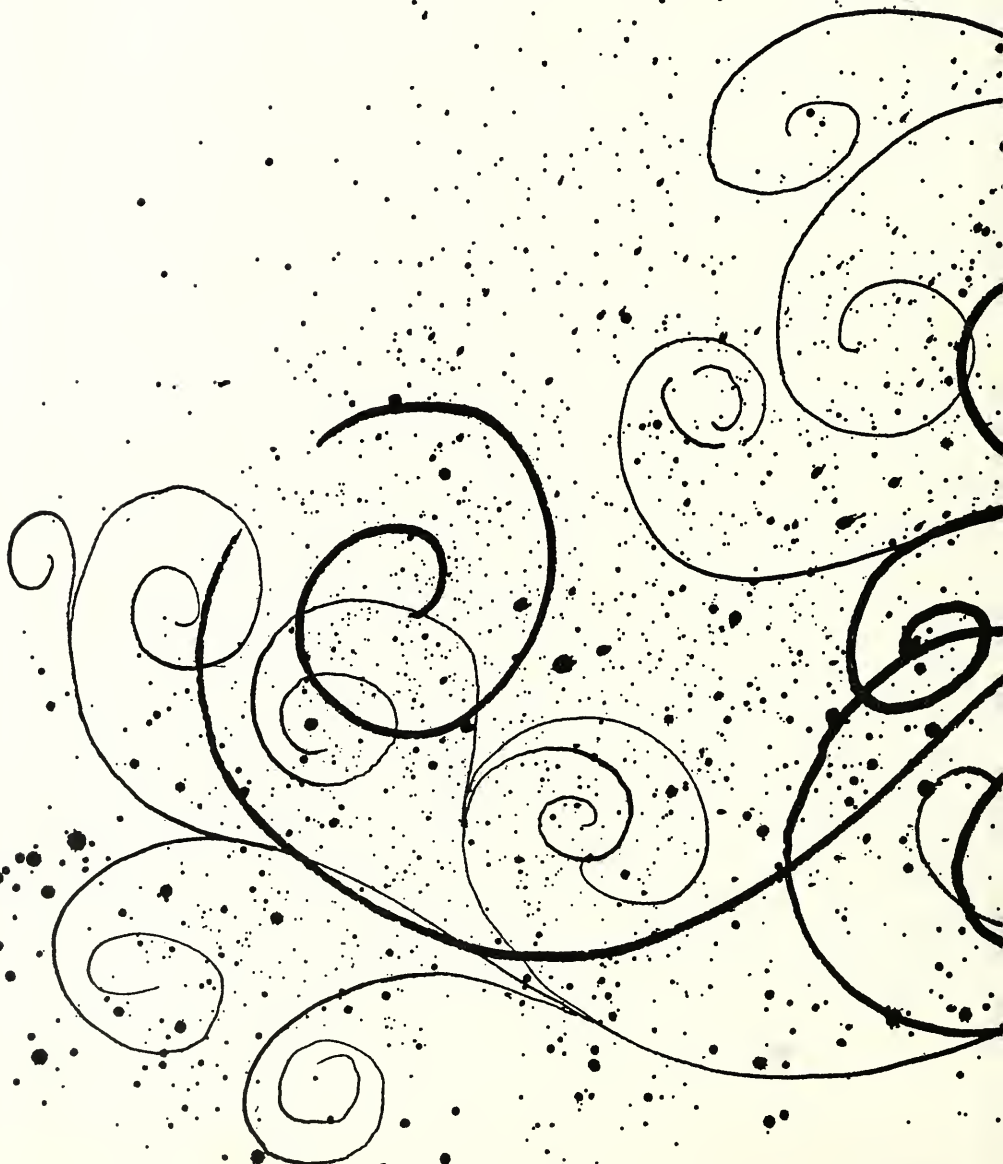
The woman's silent grief compelled respect, and it was with embarrassment that Anjo laid a hand on the ragged shoulder and asked:

(continued on page 30)

# The Ancient Mariner's Most Ancient Plea or Jonah Was a Happy Man

How tiresome this pool is  
Without a friendly whale.  
In stillness settles sediment;  
A murky depth surrounds.  
Before I slip into the floor  
Where slimy creatures scuttle,  
Lord, send a fellow mammal by  
To swallow all my trouble.

— SHARON COULTER





## AMORALITY

I'd like to bubble up and run til  
I am but froth in my container  
Which I shall let fly forth  
in wild demonstration.  
Flecks of wave-like foam shall fall about  
The Tangible.

Small, bits of purity,  
But merely froth that looked upon a second time  
Is gone.  
Yet, froth pleasures so.

— SHARON COULTER





# The Elite Duo

by Evelyn Gray

"Paging Miss Emily Forester," the speaker blasted forth. The little room lit up with the vibrations of the voice coming in so clearly, distorting the delicate atmosphere of clinking martini glasses and softly swaying dance band music. At the farthest end of the room a glass wall extended the height and width of the oblong area and opened squarely down the middle onto a narrow bricked terrace. Below the terrace the beach sprawled out to meet the salty tides. This was the dine and dance room of The Elite Duo, a club for those of easy ways and means, dimes and dollars.

"Will Miss Emily Forester come to the managing office please."

At the back of the room a young man with thin dark hair sat across the table from a girl who wore a pale yellow silk shantung dress. "That's you, my dear," the young man spoke. "You must have a telephone call in the office." He reached across the table and touched the hand with which she was actively crushing her cigarette into the ash-tray. "I hope it's nothing serious."

"Serious?" she questioned jerking her hand away. "Serious? Why should it be anything serious?" He rose to help her from her chair, but she was standing and had turned to walk to the front of the room when he pulled her around by her arm.

"I mean, I hope it's nothing that will cause you to have to leave early, Emily."

"Of course it won't be." She flashed her eyes at him.

"No such luck, you mean?"

"Oh, Harold, don't be silly. I'll be back in a minute." She freed herself of his hand and paced up the center of the room and disappeared to the left of the doorway.

"Another martini, Mr. Lintz?" the boy with the drink tray asked the man now left solo at the table beside the glass door.

"No thank you, Thomas; but bring one for Miss Forester. She'll undoubtedly feel that she *needs* one when she comes back." He smiled wryly, "Very dry."

Twenty-five minutes lapsed before the yellow silk shantung returned to the dining room.

"Sorry I was so long. I stopped by the powder room and put some fresh make-up on; don't I look better, Harold?" She slid into her chair and smiled in his direction.

"Happier," he said reaching impulsively for her hand. She didn't draw hers away this time but squeezed his own affectionately.

(continued on next page)

You also stopped off at the bar in the lounge, he thought as he drank in the pure contour of her pale features and the deep blue eyes that were flickering despondently.

"Aren't you going to drink with me?" she asked as the boy placed the ordered drink in front of her. He shook his head.

"I wish I could be so strong," she smiled a crooked smile and lifted the glass to her lips. "I'm becoming a regular little sot, Harold."

"Alcoholic, my dear."

"Yes, let's do be high about the thing. Doesn't it amaze you though?"

"What?" he asked. He was glad for conversation even though the nature of it didn't seem the most stimulating of sorts.

"That *we* — rather 'I' sit here at the most high of high places — neatly sipping a beverage in complete sophistication with the richest young heir in Beaumont Ridge, and some bum sits in a bar down on Lacey Street, not ten blocks away, guzzling his cheap whiskey."

"What's so amazing about that, Emily? It's been going on since—"

"Since time began. That's what I mean; but, darling, do you know that I, Emily Forester and that bum will emerge from our night spots with precisely the same rocking feelings?"

He began to look amused. "That's very amazing. I agree."

"But there is a difference, Harold," she said, and her dry martini was gone. "He will be drunk; whereas, I will be intoxicated, and *he* is the sot; I'm the alcoholic."

"You're quite the young philosopher, aren't you?"

"No, Harold," she said. "If there's one thing I'm not, it's a philosopher. If I were. . ." She stopped and just stared blankly into her empty glass. He didn't seem to expect her to finish. He only watched her smugly and leaned back in his chair, enjoying the breeze coming in between the glass doors.

"The music is very nice tonight, isn't it, Emily?" he said. She was still staring, motionless. She made no answer. "Everyone seems to be enjoying himself, and it's not too crowded. That's what is nice about The Elite Duo. It's never very crowded, and the people are quiet. They have a sense of what is correct. That's most important to me." His thin face was aglow with self-satisfaction. "And whoever said that happiness cannot be bought was wrong. He must never have had a cent. It means a great deal to me — money." Emily still made no acknowledgement of hearing him as he continued. "It means membership in this lovely club, my salvation, and," he hesitated, "anything else I want."

Emily looked at him now, taking in the too palid whiteness of his

## THE ELITE DUO

skin, the hazy brown eyes, the weak chin, the entire slightness of his body. Her hand tightened around the stem of the glass.

"And martinis," he smiled signaling Thomas.

"You know, don't you?" She said looking at him squarely in the eye for the first time all night.

"You're talking very nebulously tonight, Emily."

"Sometimes I feel awful because I don't talk to you at all. After all — it is my duty."

"Emily!"

"And then I think you'd rather I shut up, oh, excuse me — 'be quiet'. You say that you have bought all that you want, Harold?"

"Don't get excited, my dear. I was joking."

"No, you were right. Here it is, Harold," she said leaning toward him. "All wrapped up in party paper, yellow paper — soft and shining — all for Harold — all for you — this little yellow coward."

"Do be quiet Emily." He dashed her a piercing glance as Thomas changed her empty glass for a full one.

"Sorry, my love," she smiled lightly. "I don't think I'll drink anymore."

"You're not going to be difficult, Emily. You usually aren't." His voice quivered.

"Why, darling; I haven't even raised my voice. I've hardly said a word." She glared at him steadily, "I just have this intense urge — that's all."

"Well, control it if you're about to do something foolish," he was fidgeting nervously.

"You really are getting very good at judging my capacities for drink and silence. Now, according to your calculations, this one will shut me up again for at least long enough to get me out of here." She still spoke calmly without any rising inflections in her voice.

"You're being very insulting."

"Oh, pardon me," she mimicked. "Please forgive my very existence at this moment. Soon I will be completely quiet and look sophisticated again, and your associates will still look in admiration and say 'How does Harold Lintz do it — engaged to be married to such an exceptionally exciting woman when he's. . .'"

"Emily!"

"Oops! Almost said a nasty remark; sorry, so sorry. I'm going to be quiet now and drink my drinky. Then we'll go home. All right, Harold?"

"That might be a good idea. You're really not yourself, are you?"

(continued on next page)

he said regaining some of his composure. There was no reply from the girl who was pouring the last of the gin mixture down her throat. Emily Forester lit a cigarette and began to smoke it leisurely as she stared out the glass window into the darkness.

"Harold," she finally murmured almost inaudibly, "why do we go on?"

This time Harold Lintz didn't answer, but simply followed her gaze out the window.

"I don't love you," she said as if hypnotized, "you know that I don't love you."

"You know that it doesn't matter, Emily. Just be quiet — just shut up about it."

"Do you know who called me, Harold?" She turned to face him. His voice hadn't risen, but his face had become flushed, and she could see the veins at his temples pulsating.

"Mother — dear old mother. She wanted to make sure that I was here. She was so relieved."

"Why didn't you tell me before, Emily?" Harold, too, was relieved.

She lowered her head. "It's a little embarrassing, my darling," she said, "to have Mother checking on me." Then she lifted her head sharply.

"You know where she thinks I'll go," her words were choppy, and her eyes crackled like little fires, then dimmed again as she once more dropped her head. "Have *you* ever *been* to Lacey Street, Harold? Have you ever gone there?" A tear began to play at the corner of her eye.

"Please Emily."

She looked up at him, lifting her head slowly, a trace of irony passed quickly into the dull sorry little grin. "I don't want to upset you or hurt your feelings. I always try not to. It must be awful for you too, really. I mean — inside. Do you realize you told me to 'shut up'?" She smiled that weak unbelieving smile and tried to bring the face of her watch into focus.

"It's 11:35," he said.

"My God!"

"Emily."

"Yes, yes, okay, righto, Harold. Now just get up and pull my chair out lightly. I'll concentrate awfully hard. You steady me just a little. When we get to the lobby, I'll lean against that column. See — through there." She pointed holding one hand in front of her finger to hide the gesture. "You get my coat, drape it around my shoulders, and out we'll float. Got it, Harold?" She laughed. His face was still taut. "Don't look that way, Darling. What if I *didn't* drink?"

"I'd like very much to go."

Joel left her and walked toward his dormitory. On the way he passed the library and the snow castle. He stood there and looked at it, then hurried back to his room.

The first thing Joel said to Cleo that night was, "Since I don't have a car, we'll have to walk. I hope you don't mind."

"I've already told you I like to walk."

Joel laughed. "You did, didn't you? By the way, how does one talk to a sixteen year old college sophomore?"

"Most people begin with, 'What do you think of Einstein?'"

"Well?"

"Don't throw yourself with the majority so readily."

"Okay. How's A. A. Milne's gang these days?"

"I love those books."

The two then walked in silence until they arrived at the party. Before entering, Cleo asked, "Is this a fraternity house?"

"Not exactly. It's composed of those who can't—for one reason or another—get into a fraternity. You know, outsiders pretending they're on the inside. That sort of thing.

"Joel."

"It's the truth. Come on, let's go greet the rest of the freaks."

They walked in and Joel introduced Cleo to a few couples. Then they walked down the steps to the basement where the records were being played. The smoke, mingling with the smell of bourbon and disturbed dirt, at first choked Cleo. She coughed, Joel looked at her. "I'm all right, she smiled, and added, "I don't see anyone with two heads, Joel."

"C'mon, let's dance. Forget what I said."

"Okay."

"Twist?"

"Sort of. My twisting is more akin to jerking, I'm afraid."

They had danced several dances when Joel excused himself. When he returned he had a glass of beer in one hand and a cup of chocolate in the other. He handed the hot chocolate to Cleo. "Here. It's instant, but good. I boiled the water myself."

"It is good. You're not a bad cook. Now all one has to know is how to boil water and how to set an oven for T. V. dinners, you know."

"You're cute. And I'm being sincere."

"Thank you."

"Want to dance?"

"Yes."

(continued on next page)

*LOOK TO CALLISTO* (continued from page 27)

"This place isn't so bad. If it doesn't do anything else for the guys, it gives them a place to hang their dirty wash."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, people can make you feel pretty grimy. And sometimes it does help to have some place to go and get a load off your chest. Not that this is a Jr. Salvation Army or anything."

"I know what you mean."

"Do you? Does it make you feel sick when I talk like this?"

"Sad or angry perhaps, but not sick."

Joel patted her shoulder, "You're not only cute, you're good. Would you like another cup of hot chocolate?"

"No, thank you."

"Will you excuse me for a few minutes?"

"Yes. Of course."

Joel returned with three cans of beer, "Want to go upstairs and talk?"

"Yes, I'd like that very much."

"You like everything, don't you?"

"No, it's just that you haven't mentioned anything that I don't like."

"Frogs, snakes, insects?"

"I collected insects once."

"Oh, have you read the 'Ancient Mariner'?"

"Yes. Do you mean would I love the slimy creatures in it? I really don't know."

They went up to the living room and stood in the doorway for a few minutes trying to decide where they could sit. Several couples had already taken the couch and the stuffed chairs which furnished the room. Others were sitting or lying on the rug. Directly across from them was a fireplace.

Cleo said, "What about over there by the fireplace?"

"All right. You're smart, too." They walked over and sat down. Joel opened his beer and began drinking it. Cleo added a piece of wood to the fire.

Joel did not say anything until he had finished his first beer. While he was opening the second one he asked, "Are you sure you don't want anything?"

"I'm sure."

After the second beer Joel became glossy-eyed and said, "I can't even hold my beer. And I shouldn't have brought you here. You're too young for this rat-hole."

"Joel, please don't talk like that."

## LOOK TO CALLISTO

"Okay." He opened the third beer. "You talk."

"The fireplace is pretty."

"Yeah. We have one at home."

"We don't."

"Are you really having a good time?"

"I think so."

"Good." He swallowed the remains of the third can of beer. Let's go dance. They're playing some of the slow stuff now."

"Okay."

They walked to the door which led to the basement. "Nope, you really shouldn't be here. You know what I did when I was sixteen?"

"What?"

"I went to basketball games during the winter and I had a telescope that I played with in the summer. C'mon, let's get our coats and go for a walk. Okay?"

"All right."

The music was blaring up the steps and into the hall. "People must be crazy. Monday—tomorrow, even—it'll start all over again."

"The reason they come here?"

"Yes." He held her coat for her, took his coat from the hanger, and said, "Let's go."

They walked outside. "It smells so good out here, Joel."

"Sure does. Much better than in there."

Two blocks later he took her gloved hand in his ungloved one. "The wool scratches."

"Shall I take it off?"

He looked down at her, "No, that's all right. Look up."

"The stars have fallen."

"Not all of them." He pointed out the Great and the Little Bears. "Not the stars in those two constellations. Know why?"

"No. Why?"

"They're being punished. Juno asked Tethys and Oceanus not to allow them to come to their waters. She was angry because Callisto and her son had been changed into constellations and given the best part of the heavens. And she was jealous of Callisto, the Great Bear. Pretty story?"

"Yes, I think it's very pretty. Your nose is red."

"Would you like to build a snow castle the next time it snows?"

"Yes, I'd like that very much," she said as she put her glove into her pocket.



and were greeted by a policeman who motioned us toward the stairs. The ground level was jammed with photographers, policemen and businessmen. It only took me a moment to see the lifeless form being carried to the waiting ambulance. I overheard men saying, "Fell ten flights". . . "Motor gave out." . . . "He always said it was going to bust." . . . "Guess we'll have to walk the eight flights, Carson."

Soon after the school year ended, Mother became quite ill. In accordance with the doctor's orders my father bought a country home and organized his business so there was no more need of his going on trips. But the country air only seemed to wear Mother down even more and she died shortly after we moved.

I thought Father would move back to the apartment and resume his traveling but he didn't. We remained there permanently and sometimes when the weather was agreeable, we sat on the veranda and talked. We got to know each other quite well.



*THE ETERNAL SANDS* (continued from page 19)

"Can you tell me where Jose da Cunha is?"

"Gone," moaned the woman. "I buried him this morning." She lifted her head wearily, "who are you?"

Anjo didn't seem to hear her. She made a motion as if to clear her head, then she replied, "Anjo."

"Go back to Paradise, Angel," said the woman bitterly, "You can do no good here."

Anjo realized that. She stumbled out, past the child, and somehow found her way home. She could barely think. Her resolutions crumbled. She could not forget his face that day. In her dreams his accusing finger pointed to her. Nightmare succeeded one the other.

In the morning she arose, put on a bathing suit, and left for the beach. Life went on as if it had never been interrupted. She strolled again through the sand.



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