

finally, he published in our school magazine his own group of sea poems. Yet another, a tall, blond, blue-eyed bully, always on the verge of suspension, used to come to my office and, with almost reverent intonation, read his favorites from Kipling for however long I could steal the time to listen; and it was a veritable young Aladdin who drove his father's milk-truck along the streets of Lynchburg, during the sunrise hour, who really knew what Emily Dickinson meant when she wrote "The steeples swam in amethyst."

"New lamps for old!" was the cry of the Magician from Africa, that false vendor of lamps in the old tale; "Old lamps, none new!" has for too long a time been the cry of the scholar from his dim and dusty library. But today, neither slogan will serve. Teachers of English must guide students to appreciate good literature; thus they may experience emotionalized attitudes that will function in a social life. For a new day we need a new slogan, "New lamps and old."

EVELINA O. WIGGINS

### THE SEVEN FINE ARTS

To dress so well no one will think about how you are dressed.

To talk so convincingly that profanity is unnecessary.

To believe in yourself without being a bore.

To keep the friendship of the man you have to criticize.

To earn dividends without working injustices.

To tell all the truth that needs be told and no more.

To play for recreation and not for dissipation.—*Musical Forecast.*

## THE SUN TREADER: THE STORY OF SHELLEY

This is the complete manuscript of a drama-logue broadcast on November 30, 1934, under the auspices of Vida R. Sutton, director of the "Magic of Speech" programs of the National Broadcasting Company. At a meeting devoted to *Radio and its Relation to English Teaching*, during the annual convention of the National Council of Teachers of English in Washington, Chairman Max J. Herzberg, of Newark, interviewed Miss Sutton on "Aspects of Radio Writing and Speaking." The following dramalogue was then rehearsed by selected students from Washington schools, after which both interview and play were broadcast with incidental music.

Those in attendance at this program were thus enabled to see an hour's intensive rehearsal as well as the subsequent broadcast.

### CAST

Shelley  
Trelawney  
Alice  
Dorothy  
Maude  
Father  
Students

NARRATOR: We are accustomed to stories of poets who were friendless and poor. Today we meet one born to wealth and position, born also to revolt against what he felt was wrong in his world. Percy Bysshe Shelley's troubles begin in college, not because he didn't study and think, but because he thought so much and so differently from those in authority. Our first scene takes us back to the year 1810 at Oxford University, where things had just come to a climax. We hear some of the college youths in conversation.

1. Have you heard what's happened to Shelley?
2. No. What's he up to now?
3. He's expelled.
4. What? The son of a Baronet and a Member of Parliament expelled?

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5. Yes. Hard on the M. P.
4. It's a good job. The chap is full of crazy ideas that won't get him anywhere.
1. Lord, yes. He's a would-be reformer. He worries about being an heir to a fortune. Thinks he has no right to it when the world is so full of wretchedness and poverty.
2. He must be mad.
3. That's what the college dons think. His latest escapade would prove it.
4. What's he done anyway?
5. He wrote some kind of a pamphlet about toleration and down with all that is.
2. I hate reformers.
3. So do I. This old world's good enough for me.
4. Well, it's evident he doesn't fit into the scheme of things here. He's always been in hot water.
1. Take care, here comes Trelawney. He won't hear a word against Shelley.
- TRE: Talking about Shelley, are you? It's a lot you know about him. He's the only person in the whole university that'll be heard of in a hundred years. You fellows ought to be proud to know him.
1. Indeed. Since when are you informed of the future?
- TRE: It doesn't take much mind to know how high Shelley towers. He can think. Can any of you? And do any of you?
2. Don't be saucy, Trelawney. We *think*, in our own poor way. And it's our opinion you're an ass to champion this mad man, eh fellows?
- CHORUS: That's right. An ass.  
We know he's crazy.  
So are you. Yes, crazy.
- TRE: All right, you fellows. It isn't the first time brains have had to pay a forfeit. I seem to remember that all thru history it hasn't profited men to utter

ideas different from established traditions. But I don't see how you chaps can stand by and hurrah when a logical mind like Shelley's has either to be muzzled or get out.

1. By Jove, you're as bad as he is. Has he converted you?
2. Yes, Trelawney, have you turned reformer too?
- TRE: Thank God, I've brains enough to appreciate the thought and feeling of a man like Shelley a little. He's sensitive to things you clods never dream of. He's an idealist far beyond your ken—Oh, what's the use of talking. I'm wasting my breath.
3. That's right. You are.
4. So we're numskulls, are we? Thanks for letting us know.
5. It must be great to be the only one wise enough to understand this genius.

## CHORUS OF LAUGHTER

TRE: Laugh, then. That's always been the answer of fools.

1. Now look here, old man. Take my advice. Go slow. Or you'll find yourself in his company. You know it doesn't pay to be too original.
2. And after all, this is the world we have to live in.
- TRE: You make me sick, the lot of you. Let me tell you, I'd be proud to be expelled because I stood up for him. I'd like nothing better than to stand by him wherever he goes.
1. Too bad you can't. He'll need a friend. His father is furious and your genius is likely to starve, if he doesn't reform and go home.

## (MUSIC)

NARRATOR: Shelley didn't go home to his angry father, Sir Timothy Shelley. He stayed in London. But he didn't starve. His four sisters secretly saw to that. He continued his writing and talking, and was more or less the sensation of the day. When he met and married

- Harriet Westbrook, his father's patience reached its limit.
- On hearing the news, Sir Timothy summons his four daughters to his study. They are waiting for him there.
- LAURA: I do hope Father will at last be reconciled.
- ALICE: Oh, sister, that's quite too much to expect.
- DOROTHY: But we must do our best.
- MAUD: The worst of it is Father has never appreciated Brother.
- ALICE: No. He's been so annoyed because he had original ideas, different from the conventional mind.
- LAURA: Well, we've always known how wonderful he is. Ever since we were children he's been our hero. That's to our credit.
- MAUD: And we are agreed, at any rate, that he's more right in his ideas than anybody else, aren't we?
- LAURA: Yes. He's kind and he's just and tolerant and so generous.
- DOROTHY: What he wants is only to see tolerance and justice take the place of stupidity.
- ALICE: You know, we won't get far with Father, if we show interest in any of these ideas. And now we've to defend him in his marriage, remember. We have to guard our words with great care.
- DOROTHY: Sh, Sister. I hear Father's steps in the hall. Now remember... Don't talk. Let him do it all. Stand up, girls. Here he comes.
- ALICE: Dorothy—you—you better answer all his questions.
- LAURA: Yes. We'll keep still and not venture any opinions.
- FATHER: So you're all here and waiting.
- DOROTHY: Yes, Father.
- FATHER: Do you know why I've sent for you?
- DOROTHY: We can guess.
- FATHER: You can, indeed. I suppose you realize then that you girls are to blame for this absurd marriage of your brother.
- DOROTHY: Are we, Father?
- FATHER: Haven't you provided him with money to continue his mad pranks? Could he have gone on making a fool of himself talking about Tolerance, and Justice and Brotherhood if he'd been penniless?
- DOROTHY: We couldn't let him starve.
- FATHER: Starve! Nonsense! A few weeks of hardship in London, and he'd have come to his senses and returned here where he belongs. You actually took his part in his college troubles... You've not only encouraged him to disobey me, you've made this outrageous marriage possible. Now answer me this. Who is the schemer that has married my son?
- DOROTHY: Harriet Westbrook is her name, Father.
- FATHER: Yes, yes, I know that. But who is she? What position? What family? Do you know?
- DOROTHY: She's very intelligent and clever and devoted to our brother and—and—I believe her father is an innkeeper.
- FATHER: An inn-keeper.... Ha, I might have guessed it. Intelligent and clever she is indeed, to have married herself to the son of a baronet and the heir to a fortune.
- DOROTHY: I'm sure she never thought of that.
- ALICE: (*Breaking in*) Oh, no. She's in love with our brother.
- LAURA: She's helping him every possible way.
- MAUD: She's devoted to his ideas.
- FATHER: Silence, all of you. Did I ask you to speak? Now hear this. I forbid you to send any money to him or to write to him, or to communicate with him in any way; as long as I can pre-

- vent it, he'll not get a penny of his inheritance... For that's what this Westbrook person has married him for.
- DOROTHY: You—mean—we are to let him starve: That's you'll give him nothing?
- FATHER: Starve. Fiddle-sticks... Stop talking nonsense. When he's ready to take up his position in society where he belongs and stops his wild mouthings, he can come home—and no sooner.
- With a wife to support, he won't hold out long. You girls better save your sympathy for your father whose only son is a failure... I've to be absent for a few days... I want you to leave on my desk a signed note each of you, that you'll not send him a penny, nor write to him. You understand?
- DOROTHY: Yes, Father.
- FATHER: You, Laura, and Alice and Maud?
- CHORUS: Yes, Father... Yes, we understand.
- FATHER: Very well. I do not intend to speak of this again. I'll see you when I return. Good-bye.
- CHORUS: Good-bye, Father.
- (PAUSE)
- DOROTHY: He's gone—well, sisters, what do you think of that?
- LAURA: I'll not sign it.
- MAUD: Nor will I.
- ALICE: Of course we can't sign it.
- DOROTHY: If we don't, our allowance will be taken from us. Have you thought of that, sisters?
- LAURA: We must find some way to evade it.
- DOROTHY: We will, of course, we will. It's too cruel. We'll stand by Brother, no matter what happens... It's our duty to help him keep going in London.
- LAURA: Oh, it can't be a great while before he falls heir to Father's title and wealth. Then he will have a real chance to do something.
- DOROTHY: He'll always do something. But what can one man do? It needs a million Shelleys to right the wrongs of the world.
- LAURA: He can protest. And so can we, and not be like dumb driven sheep.
- MAUD: At least we can try to appreciate the genius of our brother.
- NARRATOR: Aided by his gallant sisters and friends Shelley kept on. He did protest. Soon he published his first long poem—Queen Mab, a dream of freedom he called it, and dedicated it to his wife, Harriet: "Thou wert my purer mind. Thou wert the inspiration of my song," he said. But Harriet began to lose interest in ideas and reforms. When she had the care of a little daughter added to her life, she revolted from poverty. She insisted that Shelley become reconciled to his father so they might live in comfort. Shelley refused. Harriet left him and went home to her father. Shelley, interested in the writings of Godwin, another voice of revolt, went to live in Godwin's home. Of course, he fell in love with Godwin's daughter Mary. Harriet, broken-hearted when she found she had really lost Shelley, killed herself. The tragedy made Shelley an outcast in England. He brooded over his misfortunes for several years. Finally he married Mary Godwin and went to live in Italy. We meet him four years later on a memorable day in July, of the year 1822. He is talking to Mary and his old friend of college days, Trelawney.
- SHELLEY: What a glorious day, Mary.
- MARY: Yes. The air is like silver. Such peace and calm in it.
- SHELLEY: One feels as if he could dance in and out of the very gates of heaven today. What are you doing in the corner there, Trelawney?
- TRE: I'm reading your Prometheus again, and, man, I'm gold-dusty tumbling amid the stars. It might rain and hail and

- thunder here, but these lines, they are embodied light. Do you know you run wild over the fields of ether in this. You seem to be chasing the rolling worlds. It's the most glorious thing you've ever done, Shelley.
- MARY: I'm glad you think so, Trelawney. I'm sure of it.
- TRE: Yes, Shelley, if you'd done nothing else in all your life but this one thing, it would be sufficient.
- SHELLEY: I've tried to say something there. But words are poor things after all.
- MARY: You've written your own self into the poem, dear. You are the Prometheus, the Light Bringer.
- TRE: Aye, man, you've the torch in your hand. It ought to lift you out of any dejections that might ever come, to have felt and written such glorious words.
- SHELLEY: I've made too sorry a mess of life, Trelawney, to be able to rise very high out of the gloom of failure. I need more light than a Prometheus to lift me.
- TRE: You're too modest.
- MARY: And why speak of failure, dear? You've given all your friends glimpses of Paradise. Isn't that success enough?
- SHELLEY: My own glimpses are but fleeting. And I fall to earth with a dull thud after my efforts at soaring.
- TRE: Ah, Shelley, that's always the penalty for a lofty flight, you know.
- MARY: And on the whole it is worth it, isn't it, dear?
- SHELLEY: Oh, well, today is too full of glory to be anything but glad in it. What a world of blue and silver and green. With this, and friends, I ask nothing more. What more should *any* one ask?
- TRE: Add one more joy for this day. Leigh Hunt arrives in Leghorn. Have you forgot?
- SHELLEY: No, didn't I tell you? I plan to sail across the lake to meet him there. I ought to start now. Did you ever see such blue water?
- MARY: Yes, blue water, but dear, there's a mist rising. It may be a storm cloud. Look over yonder.
- SHELLEY: A few drops of rain perhaps; but there's scarce a ripple on the water.
- MARY: The bay is treacherous, calm and beautiful as it looks. It may turn suddenly. Don't go, dear.
- SHELLEY: The mist is far away. I'll risk it. Give me that volume of Keats from the table. I'll put it in my pocket.
- MARY: Your pocket bulges now, with some volume.
- SHELLEY: Yes, old Sophocles. Well, they'll be good companions, the ancient and the new. I'll be on my way. You'll come over tomorrow Trelawney, won't you?
- TRE: Yes! In the morning, to see you and Leigh. Adios.
- MARY: Don't go, Trelawney. Let's walk over to the beach with Shelley, and see him embark. Can't you?
- TRE: Yes. Come on. I do believe the wind is rising a bit, Mary.
- SHELLEY: It's nothing. Just good for a sail.
- NARRATOR: Shelley in his boat, the Ariel, started across the bay. The storm came. Raindrops the size of a man's fist. Forked and jagged streaks of lightning tore the heavens. The waves rose like mountains. What happened to Shelley and his boat? They never returned. The black swirl of raging waters engulfed them. For weeks the watchers walked the shore and waited for the waves to give back the dead. At last the shell of him was cast upon the beach. Two books in his pocket of the coat, Keats and Sophocles, showed who he was. Trelawney with Byron and other neighbors and friends came to the beach to prepare a funeral pyre. They gathered

in silence and the body burned to ashes.

(MUSIC)

1ST READER:

Beyond Greenish black pines  
Rise the Snow capped Apenines.  
A sky serene and cloudless  
Melts into waters of violet blue.

2ND READER:

On the sands a leaping fire  
A funeral pyre. It rises high and  
higher  
Ashes to Ashes and Dust to Dust, it  
burns the Brain and the Heart of  
Shelley.

1ST READER:

But what of his Soul?  
Like a cloud of fire  
Does it soar higher?  
And mount the blue  
Like his own sky lark.  
Yes, it shall rise forever and sing!

(From *Adonais*)

NARRATOR:

Dust to the dust! But the pure spirit shall  
flow,  
Back to the burning fountain whence it  
came.  
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow  
Through time and change, unquenchably the  
same. . . .  
Peace, peace! he is not dead; he doth not  
sleep—  
He hath awakened from the dream of life.  
He has outsoared the shadow of our night.  
He is made one with Nature, there is heard  
His voice in all her music. . . .  
He is a portion of the loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely.  
The One remains, the many change and  
pass;  
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's  
shadows fly,  
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.  
The Soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal  
are.

(MUSIC)

VIDA R. SUTTON

## CLIMBING MASSANUTTEN

SINCE climbing Massanutten has almost become an annual tradition among Harrisonburg college girls, perhaps some information about The Peak may increase the opportunity for enjoyment. This article is written, therefore, in the hope that it may add to the worthwhile pleasure of the climbers by contributing to the development of their geographical eyes.

An outstanding feature of the Valley topography is the mountain called Massanutten, a name of Indian origin. "From the valley floor Massanutten Mountain appears as a single level-topped ridge with steep slopes and abrupt ends. It is in reality composed of two or more parallel ridges, which are unbroken by water gaps for nearly 45 miles. It has a general altitude of 2,700 feet. The northern half is composed of two parallel ridges four miles apart separated by a deep valley that drains northward, passing out through a rocky gorge between the ends of the ridges. The southern half is less simple, being composed of three and in some places of four parallel ridges, straight, others curved and sigmoid, and more or less cut into segments by small stream gaps."<sup>1</sup>

In the folding of rock strata, the arch made by rocks bending upward is called the anticline, while the trough made by rock layers being depressed is called the syncline. Massanutten "is produced by a synclinal fold of such unusual depth that the hard Tuscarora sandstone, which overlies the softer rocks, was brought so low that it was here protected from complete removal by the erosion which removed it from the rest of the region. So these hard beds form an outlying mountain (Fig. 1) in the open valley."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Stose, G. W., and Miser, H. D., Bulletin No. XXIII, Manganese Deposits of Western Virginia, pp. 14, 15, Virginia Geological Survey, University of Virginia.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid*, p. 40.