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Contents



ON READING "JOHN BROWN'S BODY" (<i>Poem</i>)	B. B. K.
METHODIST PIE	Edith Harbour
FLAMES	Anne McDowell
SONNETS	Dorothy Long
VICTORIA AND MELBOURNE	Cecille Lindau
YOURSELF (<i>Poem</i>)	Jean Hewitt
POEM	Peggy Ann Williams
PERTINACITY (<i>Poem</i>)	Jean Hewitt
EDITORIALS	
DRAWING	Dorothy Miller
ON WINGS	Betty Gaut
SONG OF NOVEMBER	Sara Chadwick
MARY—BEHOLDING AND BEHELD	Helen Felder
SKETCHES	Edith Harbour
POEMS	Eloise Banning
BOOK REVIEWS	
EXCHANGES	

65463

On Reading "John Brown's Body"

Since it be asking too much, oh God,
To pray the power to indite
The thoughts of women and of men,
Their whimsicalities, their meanness and their nobleness;
I thank thee for this:
Thou hast given to me to comprehend
Something of what those so blest,
Do feel and think and write.

B. B. K.

Methodist Pie*

EDITH HARBOUR, '30

JEB STUART was in no way related to that dashing Confederate cavalry leader, J. E. B. Stuart. In the days before the Civil War it had been customary for renters to take the name of the man on whose property they lived. Jeb's grandfather had lived on the Stuart property near Laurel Hill, hence his grandson's name. The name was highly respected, though, and mountaineers sometimes referred to Jeb as "the General."

Jeb was riding horseback up Capt. Tatum's Hill. He was riding slowly because the going was hard on his horse and because he was thinking of Melissa. Near the top of the ridge he burst abstractedly into song:

"Gwine down to camp meetin'
This afternoon
Fer to hear 'em shout and sing,
To tell each other
How they love one another
An' to make hallelujah ring."

As he crossed the summit of the mountain Jeb met Bill Dunkin and halted his horse to talk to him.

"Howdy. Gwine down to camp meetin'?" inquired Bill.

"Thinkin' some of it," replied Jeb.

"Aimin' to git hitched up?" asked Bill.

"Reckon as how I wouldn't mind it," Jeb answered.

"No," remarked Bill with a sly smile, "I don't reckon you would exactly mind it. Better be a-mosin' on, 'cause I seed Jim Flippin up the road to'ards Collinses an' he mought have a idee sorta like yourn."

Jeb hitched his horse to a tree near the cabin and approached the doorway, which was filled with dirty, straggly-haired children.

"Howdy, Mis' Collins," he spoke to an old-looking woman who limped to the door. "Be M'liss at home?"

* Author's note: The title is not intended to reflect upon any religious group; it is the name of an old mountain song. It might as well be *Hard-Shell Baptist Pie* or *Holy Roller Pie*, but it happens to be *Methodist Pie*.

The CORADDI

"No, she ain't that," was the whining reply. "She done gone down to camp meetin' with Jim Flippin. Never seed a gal so crazy 'bout 'ligion as M'liss. Ain't been thinkin' of nothin' else fer weeks."

"Guess I mought as well go down myself. A little 'ligion won't hurt nobody. Guess I'll be a-mosin' on."

Jeb was moody. He wondered if Melissa could be thinking of marrying that good-for-nothing Jim Flippin. Jim didn't do anything but stay drunk half of the time and spend the other half boasting about how much he could drink. Such a man could not make Melissa happy, for Melissa hated liquor. Jim was rough; Melissa needed tenderness.

Carefully, slowly, Jeb mapped out a plan to win Melissa. His eyes shone again and he galloped his horse as he sang:

"Wal, they all go thar
Fer to have good time
An' to eat the grub so sly,
Have apple sauce butter
An' sugar in a gourd,
An' a great big Methodist Pie."

Jeb arrived at the camp meeting and tied his horse. A sermon was in progress. He slipped up behind the listening crowd just in time to hear the preacher exhort the mountaineers to leave whiskey alone and spend their lives in the service of the Lord. Jeb caught sight of Melissa, listening intently to the speaker.

"And if there are any here," rang out the preacher's sonorous voice, "who would like to be cleansed of their wickedness and made as pure as the newly fallen snow, let them come forward. Just come right up here. Come on. That's right, Brother. Come up and be saved."

Jeb walked slowly through the staring throng and knelt at the preacher's feet. An hysterical woman who had "got religion" was rolling over and over on the ground screaming, "Oh, Lord, I'm saved. I'm saved. After all these years of wickedness I'm saved."

The preacher placed his hands on Jeb's head and prayed. After a prolonged "A-a-a-amen" he turned his attention to his convert.

"Young man, do you believe?"

Jeb flushed guiltily, blinked his eyes, swallowed, and nodded his head.

The CORADDI

“Keep on praying, Brother, and it’ll come. It’ll come like it has to Sister Nunn over here. Pray, Brother, pray.”

Jeb bowed his head but prayed not. Must he roll over on the grass, tear his hair, and shout? Was that religion? He felt dazed. The song he had been singing that morning kept running through his mind. Suddenly he leapt to his feet and began furiously to sing the chorus :

“Oh, people, I believe,
Oh, people, I believe,
I’m a Methodist till I die.
I’m a Methodist, a Methodist,
'Tis my belief,
I’m a Methodist till I die.
When old grim Death comes a-knockin’
at the door,
I’m a Methdist till I die.”

“Good, Brother, you’ve got it. You’ve got it,” accompanied the preacher’s hearty handshake.

Melissa was the first person to reach Jeb.

“Oh, Jeb, I’m so glad.”

“Be ye really, M’liss?”

When Jeb’s horse left the camp meeting that night it carried double. Down the moonlit road a piece they met Bill Dunkin.

“Howdy, Jeb an’ M’liss. Reckon as how you two got hitched up down to camp meetin’.”

“Reckon as *how* we did,” Jeb answered and winked at the moon.



Flames

ANNE GORDEN MCDOWELL, '31

Flames—dancing, leaping flames. Flames that leap up the smoke-blackened chimney with maddening rapidity—a saucy nod of farewell and they are gone, only to be followed by more, and still more.

What an intriguing game this is, to lie before the fire place, chin propped between hands, feet cocked in mid air—to gaze dreamy-eyed into the heart of the flame. Scene upon scene is presented to me, and in my fancy I weave thrilling stories about these flame fairies. I see a dainty little dancer in a dress of spangled-gold—she smiles at me and beckons. Does she wish me to join in her dance? Pouf! She is gone—a horde of marching soldiers spring up. I hear the clanking of their swords as they step in perfect unison to dream music.

A puff of wind comes down the chimney, sending out a billow of smoke. As it clears away—ah, there is a lovely maiden, clothed in a soft robe of rose and lavender! She is imprisoned by a fierce dragon, who lies at her feet, belching forth streams of smoke and fire. A handsome knight comes to the rescue. He is clad in a shining armor—points of sparkling light glance from his shield; a white plume rides gallantly on his helmet. He gives the dragon a death-wound, and it sinks slowly—with a last spasmodic twitch it is dead. And so are my flames—my dreams have turned to ashes.



Sonnets

By DOROTHY LONG, '29

I

The tulips by the fence are blooming now ;
They stand in stately rows, crimson and cool,
Not dancing, though before the wind they bow,
Knowing its power, yet fearing not its rule.
They were as bravely red in last week's rain ;
Each flower held steadfast to its dignity,
Until the storm was over, when again,
Friendly and quiet, my tulips smiled at me.
Out of the earth returning, every spring
These flowers grow into their slender grace ;
Each tulip-time may find them blossoming,
Filling with beauty my small garden place ;
 So may you grow, my restless, seeking soul,
 Into serenity and self-control.



II

A poppy grew, from seed flung by the wind,
Among the mignonette and the heart's-ease :
It danced with careless grace in every breeze,
But the old-fashioned flowers were half-blind
From long security, and could not find
In all its golden beauty aught to please.
Lo, in a year revenging poppies sieze
The sheltered garden, in their turn unkind.
So come strange thoughts, unwelcomed by the
To charm us briefly by their gay, free dance, old.
But to o'erwhelm us when a season breeds
Too many, and we leave them uncontrolled—
A little time, and our intolerance,
Can make new heresies into old creeds.

Victoria and Melbourne

CECILLE LINDAU, '30

I.

IT IS JUNE 1837. In a small room in Kensington Palace are two solitary figures—contrasting, complimentary. The one is Alexandrina Victoria, the young girl who has been Queen of England for three hours. The other is William Lamb, Viscount Melbourne, the gentleman who has been Prime Minister of England for three years.

The Queen, a short, slim girl, prepossessing in her deep plain mourning, watches gravely the whitening hair of the fine courtier who is kissing her hand. Victoria, innocent and unsophisticated, is conscious of the charm of the worldly skeptic before her. It is with real feeling that she repeats to him the lesson which the loyal Storkmar has only recently taught her. "It has long been my intention to retain your Lordship and the rest of the ministry." Melbourne, too, is aware of the warmth of the situation. The minister, this strange mixture of extreme cynicism and of intense humanism, is at once drawn to the girl who has stepped from the cradle to the throne. Neither he nor the Queen foresees to what extent this feeling of friendship is to grow, nor to what degree their personalities are to blend.

II.

Several months have passed. The seed of friendship has grown into a rich ripe fruit. Lord Melbourne is the daily companion and adviser of the young regent. He treats her at once with the respect of a statesman and courtier and with the solicitude of a parent. Victoria, on her part, lavishes the pent-up devotion of her nineteen years upon the fascinating Melbourne. The lines of the stage are curves and spirals. Only the two stars remain in evidence; the remainder of the cast has faded into obscurity. The curious couple is strangely united under the magical illumination of that stage of eighty years ago. They spend most of their time together, working together in the mornings, riding together in the afternoon. At dinner Lord Melbourne invariably sits on the Queen's left and after dinner in the drawing room his chair

The CORADDI

is placed beside hers. At the opera and at the play Lord Melbourne attends the Queen; they are his criticisms and opinions which fill the pages of Victoria's diary. Melbourne, a man accustomed to the society of beautiful and brilliant women, a man who is used to self-indulgence in his desire for comfort and unpunctual days, a man "whose ribaldries have enlivened so many deep potations," becomes content to spend evening after evening "talking with infinite politeness to a schoolgirl, bolt upright, amid the silence and the rigidity of court etiquette."

III.

Two years pass. The Queen watches the development of political events with great anxiety. Ever since the passage of the Reform Bill the power of the Whig government has declined; and now as foreign and domestic difficulties arise, it becomes doubtful how much longer the Whigs can survive. Fuel, in the form of the Lady Flora Hastings' scandal, is added to the already smoldering flames. The tide of public opinion is turning against Buckingham Palace. While the Queen is criticized for failing to control the situation, Melbourne is condemned for letting the matter slide. Because of her tears, which are nearer than words, Victoria can hardly express to Lord Melbourne her fears. She dare not think about the situation!

IV.

The dreadful moment has arrived; Lord Melbourne is no longer prime minister of England. Victoria, overcome by grief, can scarcely write the hateful fact in her diary. Can it be possible that she is to be deprived of being with Lord Melbourne as has been her custom? Will she, perchance, never again see her beloved Prime Minister?

And what of him? Does he reflect the Queen's wretchedness? Is he as downcast over his departure as is Victoria? Melbourne is indeed dejected, but he is trying to accept the situation calmly and to persuade the Queen to do so. Victoria, however, will not be persuaded. She is antagonistic toward Sir Robert Peel, the new minister, and clashes with him at every turn. Their disagreement over the *personnel* of the Ladies of the Household is the final break. Victoria, feeling more keenly than ever her separation from Lord Melbourne, writes inces-

santly to the former minister, telling him of the unhappy circumstances. She is among enemies who behave badly, who try to outwit her, who attempt to impose their will upon her own. Lord Melbourne himself continues to face the situation wisely, but even he cannot soothe the disquieted queen. His advice, good and sound, is received with ill-grace. Victoria wants Lord Melbourne with her again; she is determined to rid herself of Sir Robert. Accordingly she refuses to give up her Whig Ladies for Tory ones. Well does she know that by so doing she prohibits Sir Robert from forming his government.

The members of the State Whig Cabinet are so elated by the intensity of Victoria's determination that they renounce their decision to resign. Following an unprecedented course, they advise the Queen by letter to end her negotiations with Peel. The Queen does so and triumphs! Again is Melbourne acclaimed prime minister of England.

V.

Two years pass. Again the Tories are in power, this time in a position to insist upon their rights. The Queen dislikes them as much as ever, but she is powerless against the great majority of Tories in the House of Commons. Lord Melbourne is the first to realize the importance of carrying out the inevitable transition with as little friction as possible. As they bid adieu, Victoria and Melbourne settle between them that though they will not be able to meet often, they will correspond frequently but discreetly. The love of power is too much for the ex-minister; he is unable to carry out the last part of the bargain. What government man could resist the temptation of giving political advice which he knows will be rigidly followed? The unconstitutional proceedings become dangerous and Melbourne is warned. He does not heed this first warning, but after two drastic bombardments, he realizes the futility of his little game. Gradually his letters to the Queen grow less political. In time the letters themselves become less frequent. Finally the correspondence ceases altogether. Lord Melbourne accepts the inevitable. Victoria accustoms herself, at length, to the new circumstances. She is devoted to her husband and, in time, she learns to lean on him politically. At length she realizes Sir Robert Peel's worth and comes to admire and respect. No longer is Melbourne the companion nor Melbourne the minister necessary to the Queen's happiness.

The CORADDI

VI.

More than half a century passes. It is January, 1901. News of the Queen's approaching death has been made public; all of England is grief-stricken. Blind and silent, the old woman lies in the royal bedroom. Her family, gathered around her, cannot conceal their grief. Victoria is leaving them, is leaving England. Already she seems to be divested of all thinking—to have passed into the deep shadows of oblivion. "Yet, perhaps, in the secret chambers of consciousness she has her thoughts, too. Perhaps her mind calls up once more the shadows of the past to float before it—" Perhaps it passes back through the cloud of years to the happy days of her glory; and now, as life itself leaves her, perhaps she is once again in the early days of her splendor, adored by her Lord Melbourne, devoted to her Lord Melbourne.



Yourselt

Sometimes you are a gypsy;
Again, you are an elf.
I've known you as so many things,
And now you're just yourself.

You make a charming gypsy,
A very clever elf.
I like you, anyway you are,
But oh—I love yourself!

Jean Hewitt, '30.

Poem

Let's take an hour off to talk about important things.
I have so many vital things to tell you.
Yesterday I saw a butterfly with purple wings.
When we met you didn't understand why
I was so happy. You didn't know that
I had seen a butterfly with purple wings.
Last week I was out earlier than you.
The morning was crystal after rain.
The first breath of it consumed a soft,
Heavy curtain that had hung within me,
And the cleanness of the morning entered in.
You didn't know when I ran to you
That I had felt the morning. Your eyes had
Still their soft, heavy curtain before them. Why do we
Never take an hour to talk about important things?

Peggy Ann Williams, '31.



Pertinacity

“Little pink morning glory,
Twining around my door,
What are you doing open please,
At nearly half-past-four?”

Leaning my ear close toward it,
I heard that posy say,
“You'd stay awake late too, I guess
If you lived just one day.”

Jean Hewitt, '30.

EDITORIALS

According to precedent, this first issue of the 1928-29 CORADDI should contain some statement of the policy of its staff. Not literary, certainly trite, but exceedingly honest is our statement, "We aim to please." We want to give you what you want in your magazine. Much talk is heard among editors of college magazines about standards. They question the advisability of printing contributions from people outside the college, or of having one or two students write the magazine—pleasing the literary few and keeping standards up; or of limiting contributors to the student body, and limiting the number of contributions from one person—catering to the crowd and lowering standards. Standards are always relative in value. Only comparatively can they be called high or low. A magazine, supposedly of and for a college should not have standards higher than the tastes of the students of that college, and can hardly have standards higher than the ability of the students. What are your tastes? We want constructive criticism and suggestions. We want expressions of opinion. And what is your ability? We need contributions.



The South has suffered too long from an abominable inferiority complex, but that it is shaking off this embarrassing, stagnating self-imposed conception is evidenced by numerous late happenings. Among these are meetings of the State Literary and Historical Association, of the North Carolina State Art Society held in November at Raleigh, and of the Southern Conference on Education at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. They are but concrete proof that North Carolina—and the same is true of the rest of the South—is taking a breathing spell from this business of raising cotton, of making tar, pitch and turpentine and of mixing molasses and rum to allow its hitherto dormant literary, artistic and educational temperament to expand. Not that North Carolina has quit its agriculture, industry and liquor manufacture and consumption

The CORADDI

(statistics abound to show our bettering economic standing and our disregard of the Eighteenth Amendment), but we have reached that stage in development where the consuming thought of "Where the living?" is replaced by "How the living?"

That "genius will out" is a fallacy, according to sociology. This adds strength to the statement by our outstanding novelist, James Boyd, that literature could not exist up to this time in the South and in North Carolina because of the economic and spiritual situation. "No writer could sell enough books to support himself," and "no writer would find the response which is necessary for his creative effort," stated the author of *Drums and Marching On*.

In the past the North has been the educational, literary, thinking hub of the nation; the reason is obvious. Perhaps Northern publishers have discriminated against Southern authors; perhaps the North has indulged in an over-abundance of ethnocentrism, disdaining our contribution into the literary arena. But on what can the blame be pinned? On surely nothing but this cursed belief of our inability. We read Northern books praised by Northern newspapers and made idols of their authors, allowing Southern talent, in most instances, to go untitled. That is why so few Southerners are found in the annals of literary fame.

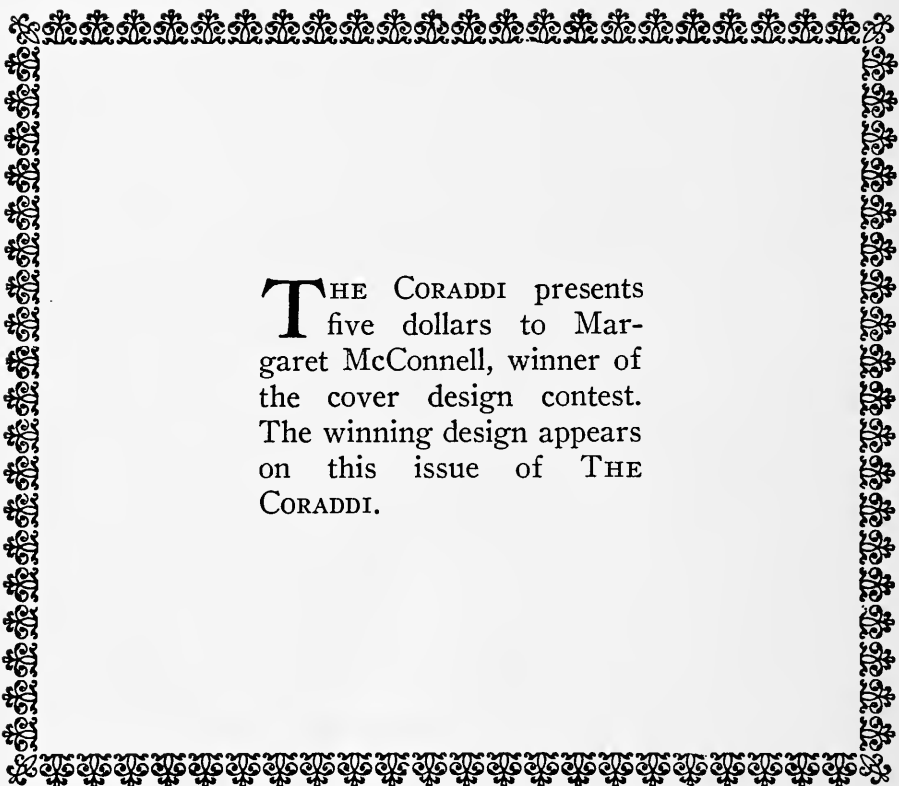
But again economic status is the basic cause of this omission. Had the South been richer materially there would have been publishing houses to publish books and encourage writing. Had there been more newspapers here Southern books would have been praised and read. Writers would have been stimulated to supply the demand and the South would now have a more distinguished place in national letters.

Oh, why should our spiritual, literary, artistic realization be dependent on the material? As we ask, we thank God that the prejudices of economic and literary sectionalism are dissolving and the whole country will now settle down to read and think and create.

J. H.

The CORADDI





THE CORADDI presents
five dollars to Mar-
garet McConnell, winner of
the cover design contest.
The winning design appears
on this issue of THE
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On Wings

BETTY GAUT, '30

SHOULD I ever be fortunate enough to gain entrance to that region lying just beyond the pearly gates, I hope to have some voice in the choice of my everlasting employment. I do not think that I am hard to please. In fact, harp-playing, hanging out the stars, pacing the golden streets, or being a contralto in the angel choir would be very pleasant work. I ask only to be excused from wings. I might be persuaded to wear a small pair—provided they are pale violet in color. But should the Heavenly Hosts decree that mine is the job of making wings, I shall certainly attempt an individual strike.

What could be more distressing than to be forced to make Angels' wings? I speak from sad experience. For when I was quite young and foolish, I allowed myself to be inveigled into making seven pairs of white tissue paper wings for seven blossoming angels who were to take part in a Christmas pageant. The old Community School house looked enchanting when it was bedecked in "greenery" and kerosene lanterns; but I could not enjoy seeing my handiwork because my fingers were so sorely pricked. Even now in moments of deepest despondency, I can picture myself ensconced on a lofty pinnacle far above my fellow-angels—Elizabeth, chief wing-maker. How I dread to raise my eyes to the long line of wingless angels waiting for my well-made, fluffy wings.

Another torturing recollection concerning wings is mine. It has to do with butterflies. My older brother once impressed upon my gullible mind the well known fact that should a lady bite off a butterfly's head—she would immediately become the proud possessor of a new dress. The dress, he declared, would be the exact shade of the unfortunate insect's wings. With true feminine diligence, I pursued a little yellow butterfly. Finally I caught it—only to find that its lovely color rubbed off on my fingers. My experiment went no farther. And I'll never forget how my new yellow dress faded away, leaving only stained fingers and a tattered butterfly.

The CORADDI

My last acquaintance with wings has been more painful than the preceding ones. After hours and hours spent in hanging over a microscope, peering fixedly at those tiny walled-in bits of protoplasm called cells—and after pouring for equally long hours over volumes of nature lore, I have made a discovery. I have learned, in college, that the harmless little white appendages that I had so trustfully called the sweet peas' *petals* are in scientific reality—wings.

When I arrive at the top of the Golden Stair and St. Peter reluctantly opens the gate and says, "Young woman, can you make wings?" I shall cross my fingers under my robe and reply—meekly but firmly, "NO!"



A Song of November

Leaves are dying;
Birds are flying;
Trees stand stark and bare.
Skies are graying;
Winds are straying;
Moaning here and there.

Farther ever, farther ever,
Farther do they flee;
Wailing ever, wailing ever,
Wailing mournfully.

Shriek, ye winds! Shriek, ye winds!
Shriek, ye winds! and sigh.
For summer's bidding us good-bye—
Is bidding us good-bye.

Sara Chadwick, '30.

Mary—Beholding and Beheld

HELEN FELDER, '30

SLEEP, my little Jesus—”

The softly crooning mother looks up and nods. There is no break in the gentle lullaby, but the anxious father understands. To him that cautious nod means an end of worry. The tiny babe is almost asleep!

A stir in the hay draws the mother's gaze. A soft smile wrinkles her lips and she raises a warning finger.

“Sh-h.”

The four roughly clad men in the corner hold their breath until their lungs seem bursting with the effort. Nothing must disturb that babe; their humble eyes throw out gleams of honest adoration. Then all is well. The mother has risen, and the child is being deposited in the rude manger. Fragrant hay lies about Him. He is fast asleep! The visitors grasp their crooks and kneel before the improvised cradle.

“Jesu!” they murmur and tiptoe softly away in the dark. The sheep on the hills must be tended. Mary watches them move out into the star-jewelled night, and her eyes grow deep with wonder.

The wonder in those eyes increase when, days later, she beholds three oriental strangers alight from spent camels to fling themselves face-downward before her Son. Wise men they are—sent to follow the star to the abode of the new-born Savior, there to lay gifts at His feet. Mother Mary is filled with amazement, joy, and thanksgiving at the sight. Gold, frankincense, and myrrh they bring—these rich strangers. But they have awakened her Baby—He cries—and Mary is in consternation.

“Sh-h!” she begs them, tenderly taking the Baby into her arms. Again a soft lullaby goes humming through the air, and the little Christ-child is lulled to sleep once more. The travellers quietly take their leave—regal figures on tiptoe. The Child reigns and the mother marvels.

* * * * *

And what did she think of it all—this Maria Mater? In the histories of her Son's life and death, little has been said of her. Yet her

The CORADDI

sensations would surely hold great wonders for all motherhood if they were revealed. It must have been an astounding revelation for a poor and obscure maiden to hear from an angel—from the herald angel, Gabriel himself—the breath-taking news that her flesh was to provide a mortal veil for the Godhead. To have realized that she was to have a soft, warm baby to cuddle against her cheek would have been joy enough for the humble virgin; but to have realized that *her* son would be also the Son of God, the Savior of the whole creation—what message from heaven ever carried such stupendous portent? She was the favored of all women, marvelled at by her husband, blessed by her God. What is more natural than that she should be weak and bewildered from pure joy and astonishment?

Her first reaction seems to have been a normal desire to tell the good news to her relatives. Witness her going “straightway into the hill-country to her cousin Elizabeth.” Picture her surprise when Elizabeth confronted her with ardent congratulations. It would indeed have been psychologically interesting had the ancient chroniclers been able to record her inmost feelings at this point. Conjecture would have it that astonishment, pride, and joy were here not unmingled with fear at the magnitude of her task.

On the other hand, the coming of the child made her wholly a mother. It was wonderful to her that both poor and rich—shepherds and kings—came to pay homage to her Christ-child; but she had little time to think of that when her Baby needed to be rocked to sleep. She must see that he was warm, that he was covered sufficiently, that nothing awakened Him. She loved her Baby because he was the Christ incarnate, but she loved Him fully as much because He was *her baby*. Christian love and mother-love—who can say which was greater? Or are the terms identical?

Sketches

EDITH HARBOUR, '30

When I am dead, forget me. Bring me not back from the grave to haunt the lives of those yet living. When I die, bury me not; burn me. Save not mine ashes in some golden vase to say of them, "This is one who was but is no more." Fling that little handful of gray flakes that is me from the top of a high mountain peak and let me flutter down to earth, whence I came, or drop me into the vast silence of mid-ocean depths where none can see. Then forget me.

I have two loves—the mountains and the sea. The mountains I have known from early childhood and they have stirred me with an uplifting passion to strive, to conquer, or to die. But when I, a daughter of the mountains, first beheld the sea there arose from deep within me an emotion never felt before. It welled up, ungovernable; it caused me to fling wide my arms and rush into the foaming surf to embrace the waves to which I seemed akin. I had a longing to sail, forever sail, across that vast expanse of blue, dreaming, always dreaming, as I floated over the bosom of one who lulled and caressed me.



Poems

By ELOÏSE BANNING, '31

A Query

Does it seem queer to you
That raindrops that splash,
Rivers which flow,
Puddles that lie in the road,
That flowers which bloom,
That trees which grow,
And even a hornéd toad,
That people who laugh,
People who sing,
And people who toil and plod,
That fools and wise men,
Seeing and blind,
Were made by the same Great God?



A Memory

Just a shadow on the floor—
Nothing more—
Yet somewhere I can find
In my mind
A silhouette of you
Among the few
That I want to remember.

BOOK REVIEWS

Southern Verse—Mostly Lyric

THE LYRIC SOUTH: AN ANTHOLOGY OF RECENT POETRY FROM THE SOUTH. Edited by Addison Hibbard. Macmillan Company, New York.

In an age of anthologies, especially of anthologies of poetry, it is significant that there is one of contemporary Southern poetry. Professor Hibbard, the editor, feels that such an anthology is justifiable, because, first, "no representative collection of verse from the Southern states has been made in many years"; and, second, "an anthologist who will consider verse on its own merits and less on the poet's kinship or political service is sadly needed." Only that work that has really grown out of the South is included in *The Lyric South*; and no poems published prior to 1915, which year the editor calls "an approximate date for the Southern revival," are printed therein. Practically all of the outstanding Southern poets of the day are represented; Allen Tate being the only prominent exception.

In the poems of this volume a distinct movement away from Lanier, Timrod, and Hayne can be marked. "Something very much akin to art" has been substituted for the former sectionalism of Southern verse. Local color, legend, nature, are still—as always—favorite themes, but a new quality is felt in the *genre* studies—portraits of people, of the Negro, of the "forgotten man." Four of the best such poems are *Poe's Mother*, by Beatrice Ravenel; *Hepzibah of the Cent Shop*, by Virginia McCormick; *Brother*, by Virginia Lyne Tunstall; and Du Bose Heyward's *Gamesters All*. A belief that music and emotion outrank intelligence and analysis predominate in the majority of the poems in this anthology; but there is also some actuality and subtleness here.

The editor has handled his material with knowledge and sympathy. A valuable introduction precedes the body of the anthology. To help

The CORADDI

the reader, he has gathered the poems under such headings as "People and Portents," "The Fever called 'Living,'" "Nature and the Seasons."

The major modern Southern poets—Heyward, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Cale Young Rice, John Crowe Ransom, Moreland, William Alexander Percy, Olive Tilford Dargan, and Roselle Mercier Montgomery are well represented by many poems. Their work may be said to set the tone for the whole volume, although thirty authors are included. Heyward's *Yoke of Steers* is given, among other of his poems not so well-known. Percy's *Sappho in Levkas* is one of the most beautiful and artistic poems in the anthology. All of his poems are marked for rhythm and grace of expression. For example, here is his charming *A Page's Road Song (13th Century)*:

Jesu,
If thou wilt make
Thy peach trees bloom for me,
And fringe my bridle path both sides
With tulips red and free,
If thou wilt make thy skies as blue
As ours in Sicily,
And wake the little leaves that sleep
On every bending tree—
I promise not to vexen thee
That Thou shouldst make eternally
Heaven my home;
But right contentedly,
A singing page I'll be
Here in Thy springtime,
Jesu.

John Richard Moreland's rhythmical powers are represented by *Mountains* and *A Sea Song*, among others. Reese's *In Praise of Common Things* will be liked by lovers of Herrick's *A Thanksgiving to God for His House*. John Crowe Ransom, the leading *Fugitive*, is represented by many poems, perhaps the best being *Judith of Bethula* and *The Equilibrists*. *Noonday Grace*, by Ransom, is good, also.

An entire section of the anthology, called "Poems of Childhood," is filled by poems by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Among these are several delightful little verses, such as *Firefly* (a song)—

A little light is going by,
Is going up to see the sky,
A little light with wings.

The CORADDI

I never could have thought of it,
To have a little bug all lit
And made to go on wings.

And these, from *At the Water*:

And five little smells and one big smell
Were going round in the air.

One more—about “Mr. Wells”—at church:

And when the little blacking smells
And camphor balls and soap begin
I do not have to look to know
That Mr. Wells is coming in.

Among the less known poets, the following are especially good—Beatrice Ravenel, who in *The Alligator* is like Amy Lowell; Virginia McCormick; Anne Goodwin Winslow—*A Masque of Loved Ladies*; Virginia Lyne Tunstall; and Josephine Pinckney. Miss Pinckney's *Street Cries* is interesting enough to be quoted in full, but “there is not room here.” Grace Noll Crowell's *Music-Mad* is charming, beginning with

The mocking bird is music-mad tonight,
He thinks the stars are notes;
That he must sing each spattered star and be
A choir of many throats.

As you may surmise from this review, the lyric South does not yet boast of an Edwin Arlington Robinson or Masters. Percy's *Sappho in Levkas*, mentioned above, Lizette Woodworth Reese's sonnet—*Tears*; and *Heartbreak*, sonnet sequence of Howard Mumford Jones, are, perhaps, the only poems in this anthology that are essentially important in modern American literature. But, if you are interested in the Southern literary revival, or if you wish to read an enjoyable book of poetry, read *The Lyric South*.

Rachel Lenn Lane, '30.

GOOD-BY WISCONSIN. By Glenway Wescott. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1928.

Glenway Westcott's new book *Good-By Wisconsin* sums up his thoughts about the people and the characteristics of his native state.

The CORADDI

The book consists of a series of eleven sketches whose individual completeness is remarkable.

In his first essay, which gives the title to the book, he says that he would like to “. . . write a book about ideal people under ideal circumstances. No sort of undernourishment, no undereducation, nothing partial or frustrated, no need of variety or luxury—in short, no lack of anything which, according to its children, Wisconsin denies.” He turns inward and explores his mind in the very modern manner—in short, broken phrases swiftly following one another; characters sketched in sharp, swift strokes.

In contrast to this method the first essay, “The Thicket” is powerful mainly as a result of its suggestiveness and its atmosphere. A negro has escaped from the penitentiary where he was doing time for immoral conduct. A white girl, Lilly, who lives with her old grandfather in a thicket of tangled trees hears strange movements outside her door. Going to the door she sees through the screen the huge negro standing in the moonlight. The two stare at each other and then the negro goes quietly away through the trees. That is the story but the dread of a catastrophe which never happens holds the reader spellbound.

“The Runaway,” “A Guilty Woman,” “Like a Lover,” “The Wedding March,” and “The Whistling Swan” are other sketches discussing rather general American characteristics.

Mr. Westcott concludes that the young people in Wisconsin are restless, like movies in which “every plot is founded on restlessness and good luck—realistically true to the imaginations to which it is addressed.” Yet he doesn’t attempt a solution. He doesn’t know what to do about it.

Marguerite Smith, '29.

THE SON OF MAN, by Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Boni & Liveright: New York, 1928.

Emil Ludwig in his introduction to *The Son of Man* states emphatically that he is not writing “the mishmash which is called a historical novel.” He announces further that “Chapters and verse in one or more of the Gospels can be given for everything Jesus is here por-

The CORADDI

trayed as having said or done." Then after he has said his say for the scholarly biography, Mr. Ludwig sets about writing an imaginative biography. Where in the Gospels is there a statement that Jesus never thought of marriage for himself? Where is a chapter describing a visit of Jesus to the Cave of Pan? What verse relates that Jesus' "black hair is parted in the middle?" This exact description of Jesus' hair comes as rather a shock to the puzzled reader who recalls that the author said in his introduction that "practically nothing" is known of the personal appearance of Jesus.

Mr. Ludwig's wish to present a portrait of Jesus untinged with superstition or sentimentality is creditable. We have no right to quarrel with the author as an imaginative for presenting Jesus unsympathetically. In the role of such a biographer, the author may without historical sanction write that Jesus, for instance, "glares at the strangers, who depart in silence." We may humbly add, however, that we wish Mr. Ludwig would write either an historically adequate biography or else an honestly imaginative biography so that he might avoid muddling the two together.

Sara Chadwick, '30.



Exchanges

The October number of the *Chameleon* is one of the most versatile magazines that we have read. In prose and in verse there is admirable variety and range. "The Star of Death" is a most interesting story; in atmosphere the author reaches enviable effects. The oriental wedding feast which ends in the death of the "foreign devil" by means of the weird, mystifying star is the climax to a well executed piece of writing. "The Free-Lance" and "If I Could Write" possess atmospheres of reality. In a lighter vein, "His Period of Training" and "La Philosophie Contemporaine De Davidson" are delightfully absurd. We congratulate the *Chameleon* on its general excellence of content and make-up.

The November issue of the *Winthrop Journal* is the most outstanding publication we have—thus far—received from a girls' college. Ausie Kirven's "Wessex Instructs a Poet" shows familiarity with and appreciation of subject matter; in execution it is excellent. The play, "The Camel's Hump," in short order reforms the wavering hero by means of a song heard in child-hood. We are a trifle doubtful of heroes reformed in this manner—but the play moves swiftly. "Wings of Destiny" is a pleasant fairy-story transferred to a modern setting. "Old Marthy" contains a bit of real tragedy. Both stories are readable. The sketch "Come in Child" has a particular appeal in its ring of sincerity. It is most refreshing. We prefer the prose to the poetry in this issue. "Carmentia" is a charming little verse, however, and "November" makes a pretty autumn picture.

In the *Carolina Magazine* for October we like Charles Wood's "Svidrigarloff" who has rid himself of the network of convention. Joseph Mitchell's "The Timid One" and "Chapter Out of a Novel" have a decided sensuous appeal. The author's style is individual and forceful. "Paint Shop" with its blaze of autumn color, is a well-named verse. "Hot Afternoon" is a realistic story of the oppressive, all consuming heat of New York City.

