

The Coraddi

Member of North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

VOLUME 28

GREENSBORO, N. C.

NUMBER 34

Published quarterly, by the Adelpian, Cornelian, Dikean and Aletheian Literary Societies, of the North Carolina College for Women

Subscription Rates: \$1.50 Per Year

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Editorials



To The Freshmen

The Staff wishes to thank the Freshmen for their help in getting out this issue of the Coraddi. We feel that the class has done some very good work here, and find the magazine most satisfactory. The material was a little slow in coming in at first, but that the Freshmen were interested was later proved by the mass of material submitted. We were especially pleased that the contributions covered such a wide range of style and subject matter, and have tried to represent every type in this magazine. About the only fault we find is that most of the contributions are short, but perhaps the Freshmen were deliberately brief in an attempt to gain a campus reputation as being "the soul of wit."

Among the things we liked most was the story, "Starleen." In this, the writer blends facts and imagination so cleverly that the effect is charming. The whole thing has a delicacy of thought and expression that is very delightful. We liked the informal essays very much, too.

These seem to be the Freshman's fate. We wonder why? "What Annoys Me Most?" "My Pet Economy" and "Utopia" are especially attractive. They show a whimsicality of thought that is very amusing and pleasing. This humor seemed to predominate the poetry, also, and "Freshman English," and "A Fool There Was" make it quite plain that philosophical views are not lacking in the Freshman class. Of the more serious articles, "What One Semester of College Has Meant to Me," gives excellent promise. The writer has got in one semester what many students never acquire. If it is representative of Freshman thinking, then that class has a future ahead of it as the intellectual leaders, not only of the college but of any community in which they live.

In fact, we like the Freshman Coraddi very much and hope that everyone else will. We hope also that the Freshmen will continue to write for the magazine. You have shown us that you can '27, now show us that you will.

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Starleen

Nancy Little

Dusk had just fallen across the broad valley to DeChelley, and along the sides of the sullen, gray canyons, crouching shadows showed here and there. Up and up, the shadows wended their dim outlines against the rock, until there was no longer a background for them; night had descended, and the plateau had been reached simultaneously. Soon the heavens were aglow with the crimson reflection of a camp fire, around which huddled figures of human beings, almost animal-like in aspect. There were men and women with many summers written on their grave faces; there were boys and girls with the glad heart shining in their eyes; and, back beyond them, weary children nodded and rested together.

"My people," silenced the voice of the chieftain Tankawi, "many moon have we fought against the Unos, and many a brave have we lost in battle. Tonight, where our good Kawan has led us, we sleep in peace. No longer need our hearts be afraid."

Then rose all the naked beings and, crouching and rising, bending and swaying, they circled the crackling fire, rejoicing that they might dwell in safety. At a distance, in the shadows, beneath a cedar tree, leaned the sinewy form of the beloved Kawan. 'Twas he who brought them there to the land of safety; 'twas he who had, day after day, searched for an access to this table land, so far above their own valley; and now, 'twas he alone who did not rejoice; but, as he leaned there against the tree of which he seemed almost a part, a low whisper passed his firmly set lips, 'Starleen.'

The sun was smiling upon the plateau when first the Indians, wearied by the events of the previous day awoke. The warmth of the morning called them to be up and preparing, not only for the night, but for ages to come. Around them was a broad mesa, clad with a dense growth; hanging along the crags of the almost inaccessible canyons, and perched on top of some gigantic rocks, rose the foundations for the cliff dwellings.

"Tankawi, let the braves follow me; I lead where no man has lead," spoke Kawan, the bold of heart.

"Follow," ordered Tankawi to the attentive braves who stood eagerly waiting the command.

Into the inner regions of the mountainous caves, Kawan and his braves dug and broke their way, until at last they came to a large, dark space, almost filled with dirt and undergrowth.

"Behold! the council place of the Shawees," announced the hero, Kawan.

Jutting out from this large room, they found smaller rooms of volcanic structure, some of which they crawled through, some of which they could not enter, and some of which they were able to stand erect in.

So passed the first day of the cliff seekers, and so found they the task which lay before them.

For days and months afterwards, the Shawees excavated and scraped out these caves, working with that ceaseless, almost superhuman strength of the Indians; but, there was not room for all of the tribes; new homes had to be constructed. There was no material near at

hand, so one day, down the dangerous ladder of roughly notched log, Kawan stealthily led his braves into the valley below. For miles they went, until they reached a region of rocks; some of these stone they each bore back to the plateau, time after time, until Kawan finally proclaimed.

"It is enough, my good followers; let us now build the abodes of the cliff dwellers."

On the front of a ledge, close to the edge, they fashioned their dwellings of sandstone, and plastered the skillfully masoned walls, within and without. The women and children joined in the building, often leaving the print of tiny hands on the clay-like surface.

"Let us make no opening to the out doors, lest a chance enemy attack us," directed Kawan; "a Shawee can enter through the roof."

Each room opened into another, and all led to the immense council chamber. Crude stone benches were formed around the carefully plastered walls of the tribal room, and, in the center of it, was dug a fire-pit, deep into the earth. There was no way for the smoke from the fire to escape, and as it continually blackened the walls, the Shawees often found it necessary to put a thin layer of plaster over the sooty one. The more important rooms were ventilated by a good sized flue, high up in the wall; before this opening, a wooden or stone screen was placed, in order to keep the draught from the fire-pit.

The most imposing structure of the cliff dwellers was the watch tower which overlooked the broad valley, stretching for below in a purple haze. No fear of an enemy now, for the eagle eyes of one Indian ever kept a lookout.

While those that were able labored, the old chiefs hunted, trapped, and killed the deer and bear that abounded in the dense forest undergrowth, and the old squaws crudely prepared the food for the hungry laborers.

In time, the dwellings were completed, and their majestic white walls were plainly outlined against the sky. Peace reigned among the peace loving people. Throughout the long, lazy days, the women molded clay into beautiful vessels which they hardened by baking. Some of these were large enough to contain the water that had to be brought from a distant spring. Then, too, the cliff dwellers wove baskets and blankets, and made beautiful ornaments to adorn their bodies. Sometimes they took the hides from animals, and made little jackets and caps, and even grotesque sandals; but usually, just a breech clout made up their clothing. Their men tilled the soil with roughly hewn implements of wood or stone, raising grain which the women patiently ground.

Being unable to write, the Indians drew exceedingly gruesome pictographs of animals and plants on the walls of their buildings. In their temple, built to the all powerful Sun God, they painted figures to indicate direction, so that each cliff dweller might know which way to face in prayer.

"The mighty God of Sun, from whom come all blessings, must not be neglected. It is he who sends us the fire, which is our symbol of union; and the Shawees, who fear his curse, will ever do his bidding," declared Kawan, whose word was law.

* * * * *

Sunset blended into twilight, and still, on the watch tower, motionless stood the solitary figure of a man; against the sky his face was clearly outlined. Strength was written in each feature; the stone-like set of the mouth; the straight aqualine nose with the sensitive nostrils; the keen, quiet eye of a hunter and leader. The whole body of Kawan commanded obedience and worship; and ah! there was many an eye that watched him as he stood there, and many a heart that adored.

"Tankawi, it is not best that Kawan be forever alone. Behold, now he stands yonder, dreaming of the evil Starleen. Why do you not call him?" mumbled the mother Nawawi.

"Nawawi, long years ago Kawan was taught: 'when the foolish speak, keep thou silent,'" replied the chieftain father, and Nawawi said no more.

Of all the eyes that watched Kawan as he stood there alone, two were the brightest and fullest of love; of all the hearts that worshipped him, one was the most trusting; little Starleen loved Kawan. In the temple she knelt and prayed that the great Sun God might take the hatred from out the hearts of her father and the chief Tankawi, in order that she might give herself to Kawan; but alas! the Sun God heard not the pleas of the Indian maiden.

Silently, quiveringly, Starleen waited in the temple, and watched Kawan turn and come down from his lone vigil; then, across the deep stillness, came the low, throaty call of a bird-like note; Starleen whistled for Kawan.

He came to her, as she stood waiting for him; her ebony braids made her lovely brown face more beautiful to gaze upon, with its tender eyes like the mid-

night sky filled with stars. Her little, fluttering hands were reaching out to him, and Kawan, the hero, the idol of the Shawee, came and knelt before her.

"Starleen," was all he said; then, rising, he took her little face into his hands and smiled the smile for which Starleen lived, deep, deep into her waiting heart.

"My, my Kawan," she breathed.

* * * * *

Long had they loved, those two, but longer had their fathers hated .

"Surely," Starleen would say, "love is stronger than hate;" but hate lived on, and grew more and more intense. Starleen's father, Pokeen, and Tankawi, Kawan's father had both loved and wooed the same woman, and Pokeen had finally taken her by sheer brutality, for she loved Tankawi. Wars had followed between the tribes of the two chieftains, and a bitter hatred grew up between them. When the Sun God granted children to Pokeen and Tankawi, the chiefs swore that they should carry the hatred on; but the first glance that the two had had into each others eyes, brought life's meaning to them. Secretly the two met and loved, and pled for happiness from the Sun God, but received pain instead.

Old Tankawi had lived his life, and now the Great Spirit was calling to him from out of the mysterious beyond. He lay on his death-bed, pleading with his son:

"Kawan, my only son, the hope and pride of my life and death, promise me, ere I take my last journey, that you will avenge my life-long hatred. Love not the evil one, or my journey will be filled with trouble. If you love the wicked maiden, and the Shawee know it, they will no longer follow you, for they, too, despise my enemies. They will go down

the path that they have worn, back to the valley where war awaits them. It means your happiness or theirs. Choose, my son.'

"I choose—," began Kawan, but the old chieftain started on his journey with a satisfied smile on his face; he believed that Kawan had chosen as he desired.

To the burial place the braves carried the noble warrior, and lay him on one of the low shelves outside of the cliffs. His resting place had been scooped out, so that it was nothing more than a shallow pit. Before the throng of silent people they put him there, and placed large stones at the sides of the shelf to make his tomb secure. His arms and legs had been drawn to his body, and were tied with the leaves of the yucca tree; his body was wrapped in yucca mats, woven by the squaws. The only sound that broke the silence was the muffled beating of drums. At a distance Kawan stood, as motionless as the rocks around him, his cold eyes piercing beyond the burial place, and seeming to follow the old chieftain on his lonely journey into the great beyond.

Neither that night nor the next, did

Kawan go to Starleen, where she waited patiently for him, longing to comfort his saddened heart, as she knew that she alone could. Never for a moment did distrust enter her mind, but only the thought that he needed her. She must go to him, though she had often been warned that certain death was hers, once she entered the dwellings of the Shawee. Heedless, and as agile as a deer, she darted through the brush, to where she knew her lover would be. Just as her knowing heart realized that Kawan was near, and, just as she whistled her love call, a brave, recognizing the girl whom he had been taught to regard as an evil spirit, shot an arrow straight into her throbbing breast; and she, like a crushed floweret crumpled to the earth, her little face still lighted with love and hope. Starleen's pure, innocent soul had left its beautiful abode for a lovelier one.

* * * * *

Midnight; the world is silenced in sleep, and on the watch tower a lone figure stands—head thrown back, eyes staring up into the starlit heavens, arms flung towards the sky, and, out of his soul, one passionate cry is torn, "Starleen."

"A Fool's Reflection"

Anonymous, '26

What fun it is you never know
 To look in a deep, dark, mirror-like pool.
 Until down by the water-side you go
 And stare at yourself and say, Hi Fule!

Utopia

Vivian Smith, Adelpbian, '27

Utopia, to me, is everything dull, prosaic, and unimaginative, holding nothing ideal. This, however, is because I am intensely disagreeable. Do not misunderstand me; I am not disagreeing with the fact that Utopia is ideal, but it is because I enjoy grumbling and wishing for better things so much, that I should utterly loathe dwelling in an ideal state.

The fact is, I grumble over everything from the things I enjoy intensely, to the things which are utterly unelevated to me. Strange to say, though, I am not grumbling over this characteristic of mine, because it affords me great pleasure, and, needless to say, my friends endless boredom. Oh, I grumble over that delicious ice cream because it seems almost magic in its power to disappear; I grumble over scandals in Washington, wishing that men of sense would undertake to manage our government. And I enjoy it heartily. Now, if I were in that oily Utopia, I would be hopelessly out of place, or would I? I could at least grumble because it was perfect.

And wishing! Surely there is no one so content and lifeless that he does not hundreds of times a day say "O. I wish!" And in Utopia, what would it avail him? Nothing, because before the wish was uttered, it would be fulfilled. Of course, everyone has heard of the unhappiness of the boy afflicted by the curse "May you have everything your heart desires." He was like King Midas, for, when he

had his dearest wish, he found he had lost his most cherished possession, and that was, longing—striving for the unattainable. "Wishing is half the fun," they tell us in Ireland, the land of fairies; and, indeed, where would Titania's hand of "wee folk" be in perfect Utopia? Why, their mission in life would be over, for their business is granting wishes, and spreading joy. What a loss with none of these dainty creatures riding on butterflies' wings! In this wishing ring we are turning, who can forget the wish-bone? Who has not eargerly climbed into a great chair, and hid the newly important breast-bone of the Thanksgiving turkey; and remembering the expectation, wished for Utopia where nothing is denied, because everything is had? Ambition would die in such a place.

It is like the South Sea Islands, about which it is said that all is so calm and peaceful that until the time of the coming of the whites, there was no word for weather (strange that the cultured white man should have brought the word which to sea-going men, means storm). Imagine the poverty of the imagination of these people, with such calm—never to have seen the storm god raving in all his majesty. I pity them; to my mind such peace is overpoweringly smothering.

Trapped in a light blue Utopia? Never! In preference, I would flee to Russia, where I could revel in red! I loathe light blue.

What One Semester at College Has Meant to Me

Elsie M. Crew, Cornelian, '27

The experience of a semester at college seems to have had the effect of closing the old era of my thought life and issuing in a new. Beyond the "divide" lies an era of dependency; on the hither side is the beginning of self-reliance, new attitude toward problems and methods of solution. These new ideas seem to be the most important contribution of a college experience. Unchanging loyalty to personal opinion and old prejudices are giving way to the receptive frame of mind which is willing to listen to any new opinion or fact without feeling as if one had suffered an insult. With this open mind, however, has come the critical tendency which can sift mere opinions down to facts and which is willing to wait until facts can be secured before making a decision.

This combination of the liberal and critical mind, I consider the most important of all experiences which colleges offer.

The self-reliance and the love of truth gained is worth the loss of some of the "ego." I could never have been made to believe that six short months—for they have been short—at college can so entirely change one's views of so many subjects. In high school we were rarely allowed freedom of opinion. At college we are aided in becoming broader minded by listening to good lectures and discussions. We are permitted, even urged, to think out matters and form our own opinions. I do not know to whom to give the credit, but I have learned not to venture an answer to a question without some deliberation.

My Lamp Shade

Vivian Smith, Adelpbian, '27

O, my lamp shade is a lovely thing,
It's black, and rose, and blue.
It carries a breath of old Japan.
Where once these flowers grew
In a garden.

I see a tiny, slant-eyed maid
Pursing her lips to my big, green bird
Who has cocked his head, and ruffled his wing
To show her he is glad she heard
His littling song.

My Pet Economy

Blanche Armfield, Cornelian, '27

Since I came here to college I have acquired a new, rather annoying habit. Every time a box of any size, shape, or description falls into my hands I immediately seize it and put it away for (as I think) future use. At present on my closet shelves repose five or six candy boxes, three stationery boxes, several dress and hat boxes, several insignificant match and jewelry boxes, and a large, cumbrous box labelled Goodrich Inner Tube! I cannot imagine how this last came into my possession. I only know that it has been with me for some time and that it must have quite a history.

At least, though, I never discriminate between boxes. I deal fairly with them all. I put away a match box just as lovingly as any other, though I always have a secret feeling that I shall never, never be able to get rid of it.

How grateful I am when anyone asks me for a box in which to send off a package! I always feel as if that person had done me a personal favor. She has done something for me that I can never do for myself. She has rid me of a box.

Once or twice, indeed, I have hardened my heart enough to burn up a particularly troublesome box, one that has been with me for a long while. But I always regret it; I feel as if I had burnt up an old friend. Besides, experience has taught me a lesson. The box that I burn is always the one I need a day or two afterward. I remember that just before Christmas I firmly resolved to destroy all my old boxes. I did, and the day I went home, I needed a half dozen of them in which to pack my belongings during Christmas!

I have so far discovered just one way of getting rid of boxes. A resourceful girl, troubled by an excessive supply, packed the entire collection of half a year of college life into a few suitcases and sent them home in her father's car for the family to deal with. I cannot, however, make up my mind to such a vast act. I flatter myself that I am too considerate. I think I know my family very well, and personally, I can conceive of nothing more exasperating than to have an assortment of boxes of another person's collecting thrust upon you.

There was a young lady from Asheville,
 Who was exceedingly bashful.
 When kissed one night,
 She cried of fright,
 "How dare you be so rashful!"

What Annoys Me Most?

Helen Clapp

Have you ever been sitting in a big, luxurious armchair, as comfortable as anything could be, completely lost in a most interesting book, when someone brought you forcibly back to earth, with a tap on the shoulder, and a gentle "Dear, sit up straight." If you have experienced this, you are able to understand partially how it makes me feel.

There is nothing which annoys me more than to have followed the heroine in a novel up to the most exciting point, and just at the climax, have someone say to me, "Dear, sit up straight." Those few words so sweetly spoken that they seem almost sticky, stir up more fury than I thought could exist within me. If I gave vent to my feelings, I am per-

fectly certain that I would throw the object nearest me at the person who said those irritating words. As it happens, I usually have to smoulder inwardly, for it is my older sister who says them most, and my mother is present, invariably.

I have heard those four words so often, that when any member of my family says anything to me that I do not understand, I never ask her to repeat it, because I am sure that she has nothing to say to me except, "Dear, sit up straight." If I were able to make the world just as I wanted it, I would certainly make a spot in it where I could sit with my shoulders just as rounded as I liked, and no one would tap me on the shoulder, saying, "Dear, sit up straight."

Monday

Nell Clinard

The first one on the row she called;
The second student was appalled;
The first one flunked, likewise the next,
The third one looked quite perplexed.

The pupils gulped and held their breath!
The silence was as still as death!
Old Father Time lagged slowly on;
Surely something must be wrong.

Straight down the list the teacher went,
Till "fives" many a heart had sorely rent
The twenty-fifth flunked, and then—what more—
The bell! There was an answering roar.

Twenty-five students rushed from the room,
No longer were they sad and glum;
They tore out the door, rejoiced to know
If 'Blue Monday' comes, it must also go.

Waves

Nina Jo Holt

At first glance this word is simple and has little meaning; but, when we stop to consider it, we realize that there are many and varied connotations of it.

To the person who is fond of swimming, the word recalls the terrible storm he witnessed, the wrecks, the lives lost, the waves rolling high, making great blue-green cliffs and then breaking, toppling and splashing on the boats. He feels the heavy damp saltiness of the air once more.

This is what "waves" mean to the swimmer; but, to almost all girls, however, much they may like water sports, it instantly conjures up a vision of her favorite movie actress whose elaborate coiffure she has attempted to copy so many times with so little success.

She suffers again from the memory of hair curlers, vain attempts to coerce morpheus; desperately at last she takes off the curlers and the next day blisters her fingers over an electric iron. Always she envies mother, who has permanent waves, and wonders, as she watches brother brush his wavy hair smooth, why on earth she couldn't have had curls.

Waves convey to the lawyer's mind crime waves as they spread from North to South, from East to West. They rather dispassionately watch and wait. Crime waves bring clients. Why should he feel them more than the undertaker whose business the preacher, "hoped would prosper."

Waves of epidemics, influenza, diphtheria and fevers all serve to fatten the doctor's pocket book. A sudden epidemic of measles throughout the country brings the doctor's wife a new dress.

These epidemic waves often occur after a sudden change in weather. To the weather bureau, a wave could never mean anything but cold, hot or stormy weather.

The radio fan hears a weather report on waves of ether. These aerial waves bring to the listener's ears concerts, operas, bedtime stories, and even vaudeville. The radio fan, more than anyone else, can appreciate the fact that only by waves of air are we able to hear at all.

Progress comes in waves. A wave of progress then a back wash called "The Dark Age." And so it goes. All life flows in waves.

The Correct Method of Eating A Peach Pickle

Blanche Armfield, Cornelian, '27

Of course, peach pickles bring to the mind visions of those good, rich, brown, juicy, homemade pickles that one can hold in the fingers and eat from the seed. But I am speaking of that queer yellowish green kind (probably some product from Burbank's wizard brain) that one must eat from a saucer with a spoon. This small firm fruit is so slippery that any attempt to eat it gracefully proves exceedingly embarrassing. One can feel all eyes in the dining room focused on the spoon and its futile slashes at the unharmed peach.

Of course, one is not absolutely compelled to eat the fruit. One can say to the server, "Oh, I don't want any peaches." "I don't like them at all." But a refusal immediately betrays one as a "poor sport." So the wisest course is to take peaches and remain calm through victory or defeat. There is, however, a certain method of procedure, known only to a few choice spirits, which will insure to anyone fair chances of success.

The first step is to slowly eat (or drink, as you prefer) all the juice. Otherwise,

you are more than likely to splash it over the tablecloth in your wild dashes after the fruit itself. Next comes the critical moment. The shrewdest maneuver is to carefully approach the peach with the spoon from an unsuspected angle and then suddenly pounce upon it from the top. Do this quickly, for if you give it the slightest chance, it will turn over before the spoon touches it.

Even with much practice and the utmost care more than likely this attempt will result in the peach's spinning out of the saucer to the floor. But one must take such mishaps gracefully and say casually, "Oh, well, accidents will happen, you know."

But if you can once manage to chop a hole in the peach's side, the rest is easy. Turn the peach over, quickly, skillfully, with the tip of the spoon, and the flat place will serve as a firm foundation upon which it can rest. Then, O joy! you can eat the rest of the peach at leisure and smile condescendingly at those unfortunate ones who are making themselves ridiculous in their desperate dashes after the dodging fruit.

Beauty

Nina Jo Holt

Is there beauty in everything? To look at some people and some things, we might doubt it, but let us see. Coming across the campus after class, I almost stepped into a puddle of water. Looking down I saw only some muddy water in a depression in the walk. Even as I looked, the sun came out and there in the little pool I saw the loveliest

shades of blue, rose, and gold sun-set colors, delicate shades that the old Venetian masters put on canvas for us. A cloud covered the sun, and only the muddy brown water was visible. Look at it now! It seems impossible that gay radiant colors have ever been mirrored there.

The Visit "Was To Be"

Rozella Mathews, Dikean, '27

The telephone bell rang, and Mrs. Betts answered its summons immediately.

"Hello!" she said. "Yes—oh, it's you, Margie? How are you? That's good. What?"

She drew away from the telephone with a momentary and voiceless sigh.

"You're what? I didn't quite get that last—Oh, you're coming out to see us! I understand now. When? Right Away? Oh, as soon as Jack gets back from the garage with the car! All right. Tom and I will be looking for you. What? Do I care if you bring the children along? Why, certainly not! Bring them, by all means. Children are so—What? Of course they won't be a bother to us. We haven't any of our own, but we understand them, and they will certainly enjoy a visit to the country. They won't bother us in the least. Well, all right. We'll be looking for you. Good bye."

Mrs. Betts hung up the receiver, threw her hands upward in a tragic gesture, and fell into the nearest chair.

"I knew it," she sighed. "I knew it the moment she said, 'visit.' Three of them—three uncivilized little rowdies! I can imagine what we're in for, Oh, well, there's no use to worry."

She rose; and she called Tom. She locked the book cases. She sorted out her prettiest cushions and pillows and placed them in the closet beneath the

stairs. When Tom came, she had him carry some things upstairs, and bade him hide them. She removed the photographs, gift volumes, and the like to safer heights. She carried all her choicest house plants down in the cellar. She locked the piano, and whirled the stool to its lowest position and twisted it into what approximated its being locked there. She had Tom to go out and lock the kittens and their mother in the wood house.

Just then the telephone rang again. She tore herself out of her activities and answered.

"Hello!" she snapped. "Oh!" her voice changed to a sweeter tone. "You again, Margie? The car broke down? And just as you were starting, and it will have to be towed back to the garage? Isn't that too bad! And how long will it take to fix it? You don't say! Well, isn't that just too bad? And Tom and I were so anticipating your—What? Why, certainly, you must come some other time—You—Yes.—I'm glad you called and let me know about this, Margie.—Well, all right.—Good bye."

She hung up and fell into the self same chair as before; but this time it was a sigh of relief.

"Don't tell me," she finally breathed, "that heaven doesn't hear and answer prayer."

Day Dreams

Thelma Mills

Of all the pleasures that the gods bestow on man, I think the pastime of day dreaming the most delightful. People lose themselves in a dream; they become what they would really like to be or to do. A boy will sit by the fire and dream. He is a great hero in a battle. The enemy is advancing. His troops are falling back, and the day seems to be lost. He comes forward on his black horse; his blood is aroused at the sight of the battlefield covered with his dead and dying friends and soldiers. With a cry he leaps forward and cries "Rally, men, the day is ours." At the sight of his noble figure, his men regain their courage and charge across the battlefield. The day is won. He is crowned hero or in modern terms, is praised through the newspapers the world over. With a start, the boy arouses himself from the dream. He has an inspiration and a pleasure combined. For what could be more pleasure than to see your ownself—successful and famous?

On the other hand, a girl will sit before the open fire, but the pictures she

sees are of a different nature. She is an heiress. All the clothes and luxuries, that a woman's heart could desire, are hers at the asking. Still, she is not proud and haughty. The people love her for her goodness and generosity. Then, out of the red coals rides a young and handsome man. He is pleased with her fair face and form and he pleads with her to be his wife. Suddenly, she is awakened from her dream and finds herself clad in the same gingham dress and with the same old plaits. Her life has been filled to the utmost, for a few minutes, with pleasure, for in her dreams, she has had her heart's desire.

I sometimes wonder if day dreams are ever indulged in by animals. I have often seen a big dog lying in the sun. Suddenly, he would **jump up**, give a little bark, smile in his own dog fashion, and then go back and lie down. I wonder if he was dreaming of a battlefield where there were many dogs to conquer, or was he dreaming of a big pile of bones, which means wealth to the dog race.

Uncle Gus's Philosophy

Merry T. McDuffie

"Ca'line, open dat door and see who dat is. Make 'aste nigger," Uncle Gus's tone was sharp and Ca'line went running to the door.

She knew already that it was Dandy Jim, the most sought after young man in Bad Alley. She trembled at the thought of Uncle Gus finding out who the visitor was, because Dandy Jim had been warned not to come to see Ca'line. Uncle Gus was the terror of Bad Alley. He had five daughters, all of which had been as pretty as girls with coal black skin and kinky hair can be. Each time a boy had called to see them Uncle Gus had done the entertaining and the entertaining had been hasty, relished only by Uncle Gus, but it had not been final. In spite of the harsh treatment the young men flocked to see the girls and now only Ca'line, the baby, was left with Uncle Gus. The rest had married the wealthiest black men in Bad Alley.

"Ca'line, bring de comp'ny in. You shore is rambunctious about standing at de door to-night. Why, howdy, Dandy Jim. Is you called on me?" Jim was too skilled in the art of storrying to be caught by this.

"I'm powerful well dis glorious evening, sir and hopes you is de same. I called to ast you how de rheumatism is affecting you," he said, bowing and showing his wide expanse of white teeth.

"Huh, boy, you can't fool me. You come here a galavatin' 'round my gal. Clear out! and dat ain't all—stay out. Next time I catch you here, I'll load dat shot-gun and use it. Ca'line, you go to bed. You shan't see no worthless nigger

like dis one. Boy! didn't I tell you to move? Git!"

These words were fairly hurled at Jim, who, for a moment, turned a shade lighter and in the end he did "git." Ca'line went to bed with a vision of the elegantly dressed Dandy Jim in her head and many evil thoughts about her father. Always he treated any boy that came to see her the same way.

The next morning the incident seemed to have passed from the head of Gus but Ca'line still remembered. Just as Gus started down street his brother, Sam, met him and said, "Gus' I heard what you done said to Jim last night. You're de biggest dunce I eber is seen. Here I is with four girls on by hands and I does my worst to git them offen my hands and won't no man marry one. You kick up dust and all your girls is got splendid mens. You shore is crazy. Ca'line's de ugliest black gal I eber seed and you is hollering 'bout Dandy Jim, de best young man 'round here marrying her. Ain't got a speck ob sense!" and after giving vent to his feelings he departed.

Uncle Gus smiled and strolled on. That night he saw Ca'line leave the house and he followed her. Jim met her at the gate, and Jim also met Uncle Gus who thrashed him good and slapped Ca'line. This went on for two weeks when one day Gus met Jim and said, "Hey, nigger, you ain't got a thing in that box on your backbone what you calls a head. You comes to se Ca'line who is the ungodliest looking black gal dat eber was. What

you want to git her fur? She's lazy and trifling and—"

"Mr. Gus," dat's enuff, Ca'line is de sweetest gal I eber is seen and you ain't no father to talk sech and—"

Uncle Gus, who was thinking of Ca'line, who weighed only two hundred pounds, being sweet and pretty, had gone on and was laughing. Two days later he woke up to find Ca'line had eloped with Jim. Soon he heard someone come in. It was his brother who said, "Ob all de luck. Now Ca'line, de blackest, ugliest gal on earth is done married and

I'se still feeding all four of mine. Drat de luck!"

"Shut up," grinned Gus, "you shore is a nut. You brings ebery boy you can to your house to see your gals. Now, you can't do dat and be successful in gitting rid of ugly gals. Dis is my policy and it ain't neber failed though I was scared dat fool boy wasn't goin' to take Ca'line. Always remember dat a boy, a dog and a walnut three, de harder you beat 'em de better dey be. Dats what I done—I treat him bad just 'cause I wants him to marry my Ca'line."

Broken Reveries

Vivian Smith, Adelphian, 27

Wherefore rides yon lord and lady,
 Mournful attired in solemn black?
 Why their plumes so gaily flying,
 While sorrow seems their hearts to rack?
 Ah, the lord, he leaves for battle,
 His poor bride has a sterner fight,
 She must pray for her absent lover
 While he's fighting for the light.
 Ah, what is that distant rumbling?
 Why does my lady tremble so?
 She fears for his love, but his knightly pride
 Bids her bravely homeward go.
 My eye grows dim, my fancies wander
 When crashing on me pensive comes
 "Have you so much time to squander
 Does this class so little hinder
 That your mind must always be
 Out that window?"
 Where are now my lord and lady
 Riding on their steeds of black?
 Ah, my mind is now prosaic;
 They are the Laundry's two smoke stacks.

Essay on Chocolate Candy

Carolina Price

The variety of the contents of chocolate candy has always been a constant source of surprise and pleasure to me. Every day I find a new kind which is even more astounding than those which have gone before. For instance there is the "Big Barney Bar" which has only recently been seen at "Ye Junior Shoppe." It is a luscious combination of coconut, cherries, caramel and chocolate. The name alone urged me to buy, for it has an appeal which should open the pocket books of even those who are in training. This new friend of mine continues to delight me and I think I shall never grow tired of it as I did those deceitful "Pal o' Mines."

When first I beheld a "Pal o' Mine," it was restfully helping to fill up a box along with its companions. I was not contented until I had tried one, but I soon found out that since this candy contained only caramel, peanuts, and chocolate. It lacked the tang of acid which the "Big Barney Bar" has. Con-

sequently I grew tired of its sweetish taste and deserted it forever.

Another candy which I buy when I want something to last a long time, and when the luxury of more expensive and faster vanishing candy is beyond my means, is "Butter Scotch." This chewy, pulpy candy is an every day companion. As it is simple and unaffected, it is one of the most enjoyable chocolates I know of, although it is not to be compared with some of the more elaborate candies.

I think these candies may be compared with many of the girls in school here. The "Big Barney Bar" may be compared with those which you cannot afford often because they expect so much from you. The "Pal o' Mines" are those to whom you are very much attracted the first time you meet them, but who seem to lose their charm soon on account of lack of character. The "Butter Scotch" is comparable to the girl whom you can live with and like in spite of her faults.

On Freshman English

(With apologies to Kipling)

Andrina McIntyre, Adelpbian, '27

When the freshman's last theme is corrected, and our diction become prim and

When the pithiest slang is rejected, for words that are measured and weighed,
We'll be bored, and, faith, who could help it?—wedged in on all sides by revision
Till our ideas will wither and die in the face of such deadly precision.

And only instructors will praise us, and everyone else will blame
For what in the world is of interest, in an essay so hopelessly tame?
But that won't come to pass quickly, for each of us, as we are
Will express our thoughts as we feel them, no matter who it may jar!

Questions of the Day

Mary Irene Stanley, '27

Betty was a girl at N. C. C. W. whose custom it was to sleep in the morning until after the breakfast bell rang. One day she decided to go to breakfast and from then on to notice just how many foolish questions were asked her during the day.

As she was going down the side walk toward Spencer dining room, while the breakfast bell was ringing, and with the other girls from her building, no less than three times was she asked, "Are you going to breakfast, Betty?"

When the first bell sounded for 8:15 classes and she started toward McIver carrying her books, "Do you have a first period class," a girl asked her.

"Uh huh," she answered. But the girl didn't believe her.

"Sure enough, do you?" she insisted.

Later when Betty came from the post office, reading a letter, she met an acquaintance who greeted her with the question, "Get a letter, today?"

This letter was from a boy, asking if he might see her that night, and so Betty had to get permission from Miss Morris, the Social Director. As she was waiting just outside the office, the last one in line, someone came up and said, "Are you waiting to see Miss Morris?"

That afternoon Betty had gymn at 2:15. Immediately after lunch she hurried to her room, dressed in her gymn suit and started toward the out-door

gymn. She had gone only a few steps, however, when she met this question from a class mate, "Goin' to gymn?"

When she got back to her room she decided that she had time to wash her hair. She escaped notice and questions until someone saw her standing on the back porch, in the sunshine, with water dripping from the ends of her hair. After the girl had looked long enough to be sure that her eyes were not deceiving her, she approached Betty with the question, "Just washed your hair?" In a few moments, as she seemed to be able to think of nothing else to say, she picked up Betty's bottle of shampoo, looked at the label and questioned again, "Oh, do you use Hennafoam?"

After her hair had dried, Betty got ready for a bath. Clad in a kimona and bedroom slippers, wearing her hair in a tight ball on the top of her head, and carrying a towel and a cake of soap, she approached the bathroom. Sounds of running water could be heard coming from the room, but they could not drown out the inevitable question, "Goin' to take a bath."

As soon as her friend had left that night, Betty went to her room and went to bed. Just before light bell, a friend came in, saw her in bed, stopped, and asked, "Oh, have you gone to bed?"

Foolish questions—all of them. Yet they are often relied upon when we can think of nothing else to say.

Dressing Up

Thelma Mills

Have you ever played "dressing up"? If you have never tried it, then, my advice to you is, try it. I have often spent the happiest hours of my life "dressing up." From the bottom of an old chest, I have pulled out many things which contributed to my make-up. One afternoon, I found an old lace overskirt which had belonged to my grandmother back in the seventies. With the aid of a few pins, a box of rouge, lots of false hair and hair pins, I converted myself into a princess, who was troubled by numerous suitors. Everywhere I went, dragging my long, black train, my suitors would follow, fall on their knees before me and plead with me to ride with them to their castles in far away countries. But it was useless for them to bother, for I was very proud and refused to marry any one but a knight.

Often I have fallen and almost broke my neck because of my inability to walk on high heels. Becoming disgusted with ladies' clothes, I would try daddy's for a while. After struggling into the long trousers and rolling the sleeves of the coat back, I was a full fledged doctor. All of my dolls were forced to lie flat on their backs, while I wrote numerous prescriptions for them. Mother's purse served as a handbag for my medicines. Flour and water were the main ingredients for my medicine. Sometimes, mother would give me a piece of dough for pills. After awhile, I would get tired of medicine and become a surgeon. Legs were amputated, hair pulled out by the roots, teeth pulled and eyes cut out. My dolls always proved to be full of sawdust. After I finished, I would become a little girl again; doll-less and heart-broken, for who would sleep with me since all my dolls were dead?

A Grate Fire

Helen Clapp

On a cold, snowy evening, when the wind is blowing in gales around the corners of the house, what could be more alluring than a big, blazing grate fire? There is something about the leaping flames that speaks silently of pleasant things. To me, an open fire suggests a happy group of people cozily enjoying its warmth; corn, popping merrily, and marshmallows turning a golden brown above the bright blazes. The sense of comfort and good feeling present around

a fire-side, can hardly be equalled anywhere else.

Then, a grate fire means something more than this. I like to imagine that the blue, dancing flames are people I know. It seems as I watch the flames that they take the actual forms of people, and they bring pleasant thoughts to fill my mind. The hours I spend in this way are some of my happiest. I may see pleasant things and have many comforts, but none of these can ever take the place in my heart of a cozy grate fire.

Clocks

Helen Clapp

Clocks have a peculiar way of adapting themselves to circumstances. It is not only peculiar, but also quite sad. They have a habit of creeping along at a snail's pace, when I have not studied my lesson, and am waiting in silent agony for the end of a class. Then the clock hands never move so slowly as when I am looking forward to something pleasant. The second seem like minutes, the minutes seem like hours, but the clocks actually make fun of my

anxiety for them to hurry on, so slowly do they move.

On the other hand, when I go to a party or to a good movie, the clock hands try to see how fast they can pass the half hours and the hours. In the mornings, when I must hurry to get to class on time, the hands literally fly around the face of the clock. It seems to me it would be only fair for clocks to change their strange ways for a while, move slowly when something pleasant fills the time and rapidly when time hangs heavy.

At Eventide

Julia Anna Yauincey

The sun was hidden in the west;
 It has bidden the world good night;
 Night is covering the earth with rest.
 Stars are twinkling in the heaven,
 While nature dreams of peacefulness.
 The birds have hushed their melody,
 And resting in their cozy nests.
 The echoes of the croaking frogs
 Resounding through the silent vale.
 Fragrant tulips close their petals,
 For sweet dreams during the cool night,
 While the dew falls upon their heads.
 In the forest the tall trees stand,
 Their branches swaying gently.
 When all is still and very calm,
 A red face is seen in the east,
 It is the great moon, which has come
 To smile upon dear mother earth.
 A voice is heard in the distance,
 Which sweetly vibrates in the night.
 It is the singer's evening song,
 That softly bids the world good night.

The Joys of Roller Skating

Blanche Armfield

"Come on, let's skate," is the cry heard all over the campus now, and no wonder, for in variety and suddenness of thrills no sport can be compared to roller skating. Its fascination, I suppose, consists in its uncertainty. The skater never knows what the next minute will bring forth, whether she will still be in an upright position whizzing down the hill or stretched prone upon the cement. Even old and experienced skaters feel the same uncertainty; their position is almost as unsafe as that of amateurs. The practised skater straps on her skates boldly, mentally reviewing herself skating with graceful ease down the sidewalk (if she manages to attain a vertical position at all), starts out. The minute the wheels begin to roll and wobble,

however, her courage slowly oozes out, and when once self-confidence is gone—well, one had better first practice falling gracefully.

It is to be doubted, however, whether the skater or the spectator gets the most enjoyment from this sport, for those who cannot skate and never will learn to skate (from lack of a sense of equilibrium) take great pleasure in keeping a record of the slips and ludicrous efforts of the performer. No doubt this already popular sport will have an added zest in the future, for roller skating, like many of our other childlike and innocent pleasures, has been forbidden except at certain hours. It will possess to an even greater degree the charm of danger and uncertainty.

My Adventures with An Acorn

Blanche Armfield

One day after a long rambling walk in the woods, weary and a little out of humor from dodging briars and climbing over barb-wire fences, I flung myself down on a bed of moss at the foot of an old oak tree. Something hit my head with a crack and bounced into my lap. It was quite the brownest, shiniest, fattest little acorn I had ever seen. He winked at me with a bright, cheery,

twinkling eye and laughed till his brown sides shook. I played with him, rubbed his shiny, glossy coat, and tossed him into the air until at last, slipping from my fingers with a triumphant smile, he dropped down among the dead leaves. I reached for him but could not find him. I could see him peeping at me from under the cover of every crisp leaf, but whenever I snatched for him he was always gone.

Movies Come to N. C. C.

Elizabeth Dudley, Dikean, '27

And it came to pass about the twelfth day of the third month that there came unto the school known as N. C. C. a wise man preaching and crying in a loud voice, "Verily I say unto you, we have not where we can assemble together in peace, but we shall show the people how great is our need, for they are exceedingly rich. So on the morrow thou shall gather together in the building called Students, for behold! there cometh unto this campus one known as the photographer."

And the damsels did evermore cry and smite their palms one upon the other, for as she that is eighteen, so is she that yearneth for the movies.

And it was fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, for on the morrow there gathered together a great multitude, speaking with one another and saying,

"So! there are already many standing upon one another's toes in the aisles, and they sit upon the window sills, and stand upon the fire escapes, and yet there are many more.

And there came upon the platform a strange man bearing upon his shoulder a mighty engine. And he stood and cried unto the people saying, "I like not thine hair, fix it." And they fixed it. "I like not thine hands. Wave them." And they did even as they were told. And the man called the photographer turned a crank upon the strange engine, and a great hush fell upon the multitude, for they knew not what he did.

And when he had finished the people spake unto one another saying, "Let us arise and go, for the lunch bell ringeth from yonder hall, and we are exceeding hungry." So did they all with one accord take unto their heels and flee.

A Fool There Was

M. Praytor

(With due apologies to Sir Rudyard—'cause
this wasn't his fault)

I.

A fool there was and she went to ride,
(Even as you and I)
A handsome young man sat at her side,
(Even as you and I)
And now back home she does abide.
(Even as you and I)

II.

A fool there was and she had a date,
(Even as you and I)
She let him stay ten minutes late,
(Even as you and I)
And she was sent home by the Senate.
(Even as you and I)

III.

A fool there was and she ate goolash,
(Even as you and I)
And before very long she was—oh gosh!
(Even as you and I)
And this might happen if we eat goolash.
(Even to you and I)

IV.

A fool there was and she studied late,
(May be as you, not I)
And all her grades were ninety-eight,
(May be as you, not I)
She's dead now and'll never be as great,
(Even as you and I)

The Bell

Margaret Redfearn, Cornelian, '27

Among the many bells that I have heard,
Not one has ever pealed forth tones so sad
At that which calls me from my peaceful dreams
To madly rush down many flights of stairs,
And race into the dining room in time
To hear the matron sharply tap the bell,
Which gives the sign for me to bow my head.

Once more I faintly hear its doleful voice
Which warns me that my tasks will soon begin.
So hastily I snatch my well-worn books
And trudge with other comrades to a class
Of English, where I sit and listen to
The teacher's solemn and instructful talk,
Accented by the puffs and blows sent forth
From the noisy laundry across the lawn.

When body, brain, and spirit are fatigued
By toil, I hear that clanging sound again;
But this time it is music to my ears,
For now 'tis time to close my boresome books
And creep between the cool and soothing sheets,
To dream again of summer time and home.

Hiking

Lillian Pearson, Cornelian, '27

Do you like to swing down the road and over the fields in the early morning; to rest and lunch at noon; to tramp home again when the sun is sinking; to plod along, feet weary now, but your heart still light and gay, when the stars come out to match, you pass and the moon smiles down the road at you? Then come hike with us, with a swinging stride that will carry you far, and a rhythmic song on your lips.

Some think it is not any fun to hike to the spring, morning and afternoon, day after day; to try to take long steps, (which is not lady-like, you know); to have to hop, skip, and run to keep up with the others. I think that it would

not be much fun to you, the first or second time you did it, because you would rather be taking your morning nap; because you are thinking all the time about how fast you are walking.

These first few times, you will be too preoccupied to notice how wide-awake and vigorous the walk makes you feel; how beautiful the dew-covered woods are; how thrilling it is to see the sun come up. You cannot know, until you have tried it, what a feeling of power it gives you to swing on, mile after mile. You know that you are depending solely on your own resources. The great confidence you have in your own abilities makes you feel that you can conquer distance itself.

The Bridge

(With apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

Margaret Redfearn, Cornelian, '27

I stood on the bridge at ten-fifteen,
As the campus bell was ringing,
And down the walk with rapid stride
A sighing "date" came swinging.

And far in the misty distance
Of that rainy night in May,
I saw him trip and fall
On a peeling in his way.

And like the rain drops falling
On this bridge of wood,
A fit of laughter seized me
Which left me where I stood.

And I thought how many more
Of shy and love-sick men,
Each sharing a similar fate,
Had crossed this bridge before then.

'The Bridge on College Avenue.

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