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Release

No funeral for me,
When I have freed my soul
No sickening scent of flowers
Around a dank black hole.

For me who never danced,
Sedately walked my way,
A glorious crimson scarf
To flutter as I sway.

For me who never ran,
Whose feet were chained and still,
A mad race with the wind
A-down a rocky hill.

* * * * *

Death might be very beautiful,
If people would only let it!

Marjorie Vanneman.

Black Narcissus

ALLENE WHITENER

NARCISSUS was the belle of the "Hill." Like the youth for whom she was named, she too fell in love with her image, but unlike him, she thrived rather than pined. The image which she worshiped each morning in the mirror of the bird's eye maple dresser was not such a bad one either, but that all depends upon your point of view. She gazed with rapture upon the reflection of a tall, slender negress, with strong white teeth, remarkably straight black hair, and full red lips, that in her opinion were made to be kissed.

The blue bloods of the "Hill" were known as the *high browns*, and it was beneath them to associate with their brethren of darker hue other than in a business way. From her early youth, Narcissus had seen to it that she should have that much desired complexion, and had daily given her face a lemon rub. Every negro girl on the "Hill" whose complexion was of a yellow hue had at least one element of beauty. Every colored swain in describing his woman would inevitably add, "Yessur, and she's got the prettiest light brown skin you ever seen. Why, son, it's de color ob deese heah shoes i'se a wearin'."

It was on a warm April night that Narcissus made her proposition to Patrick Henry Scott and Johnson Ellington Smith. Both of these highly respected youths were seeking the hand of Narcissus, and she, caring for none but herself, was indifferent as to which one got her. A good provider was all that she was looking for. She was tired of working out to white folks and being insulted with the phrase, "a black nigger." She always left her job when she was referred to as "that black coon in the kitchen."

Her two ardents were willing to pay any price to defeat each other. If Narcissus expressed her desire for a certain article, there were two such articles lying at her feet. She was willing to continue indefinitely thus, knowing that two can provide better than one, but these two were becoming impatient. They had both agreed that things had gone far enough, and that a stopping place had been reached. Narcissus must choose the one she preferred; then the rejected, as befitted a per-

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fect colored gentleman, would drop out of the race, leaving a clear field for the other.

"Narcissus, honey," pleaded the eloquent Mr. Scott, "you know that I loves yuh hon, but yuh knows that Johnson does the same. I can't say that I blame him, but I sure wish that he could love someone else. I'll give yuh everything that yuh wants."

"So will I, Sissy, yuh kin hab an automobile 'n anything else yuh wants," puts in Johnson, not wanting to be left out at all in this serious matter.

By some means or other a compromise had to be reached, and reached immediately. There was no time for fooling. It was a lovely April night that the three had picked out to settle this pressing affair. They were gathered on the front porch of Narcissus' home. She was reclining in the swing in an attitude that rivalled Cleopatra, while the two men were seated on the steps. The moon poured down upon her black hair, and Patrick told her poetically that her hair looked like the black waters of the mill pond at midnight. All three were thinking of some plan in order to decide who was to be the lucky one.

"I'll tell yuh what," said Mr. Scott with a sudden inspiration, "we'll have a duel. That's the way that men did long time ago, and it appears to me that that's about as good a way as any. We each take a gun, and when the lady say shoot, why we both shoots at each other, and the one that comes out alive gets the lady. How 'bout it Johnson?"

"Well," said Johnson, with a great deal of doubt in his tone as to whether this would be satisfactory or not, "I'm—"

"No!" interrupted Narcissus quickly and firmly. "I'll have no dead man on my hands. Can't you think of something sensible to do?" She looked away as if she bore no further interest in the matter. To her it was a lottery. She was the prize and would go to the man who held the lucky number. Both the men heaved a sigh when she spoke. They had not wanted to meet death at all, and were heartily glad that she had vetoed the matter. But still the problem wasn't solved.

"I'll tell yuh," said Patrick happily, "we'll see who kin make the mos' money in a week."

But again Narcissus said no. "You're both too big a liars," she said, "and this deal's goin' to be on the square."

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So they thought. For more than ten minutes the two men sat on the steps with heads in hands. They had not had such mental exercise since their school days when they were compelled to give the right answer or take a lashing. Narcissus still reclined upon the pillows in the swing. She too was thinking. It was high time that she was getting a husband and steady provider. In a week she would be twenty. That was almost an old maid, and it was absolutely necessary that she get a good provider before she shed all of her feminine charms, for well she knew that a woman's smiles grow weaker and have less attraction when she begins to grow older. "Perhaps—" she thought, and a smile crept over her face. She spoke to the two men who slowly came out of the trance into which they had thrown themselves, and told them her plan.

"Look heah, niggers," she said, "I'se got the right thing for to decide what to do. I'll have a birthday nex' week. The one what gets me the bes' present kin have me." Both the men sighed happily. "How simple," they thought. Already in their own minds they were planning what they would get Narcissus. Both smiled. Each knew that his gift would be by far the best, and besides, Narcissus loved him best anyway.

By the end of the third day's search for a present for the charming Narcissus the two began to become discouraged. There just wasn't anything in that town that they thought was good enough to give her. Both were hunting for something original, something different, and above all something that was expensive.

On the fourth day a sign reading "Gone for the day" was found on the door of the pressing club belonging to Mr. Scott. The same morning Johnson Ellington Smith told the foreman of his garage that he would have to look out for the business for the day. He explained that he had business out of town.

Both went to the city which was about thirty miles distant. Patrick Henry Scott went into the biggest department store and confided his troubles to a woman clerk in the store. "Look heah, lady," he said, "I'se just got to get something to give my gal fer a birthday gif'. Tell me somethin' to get."

The clerk smiled. How strange it was that this was the second negro to come to her that morning with a similar request. "How about a Spanish shawl," she suggested.

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"No'm, she's got one of them things. I give her one last Christmas."

"Well, how about one of these Brazilian diamonds? They're only six-fifty, and guaranteed not to turn. Just before you came in I sold one of them to a colored man for his girl."

"Well, you see ma'm, I was just a waitin' to gib her one ob dem when the day that she'll hab me."

"How about a nice bottle of perfume? Surely she never could get tired of that, and if she's like other women she wants all that she can get."

"Thas' right," said Scott. "Lemme see some."

"This," said the clerk, "is the very best we have. All the white ladies always call for this kind."

"Are yuh sure that thas' the bes' yuh got?" asked the swain doubtfully.

"Absolutely the best," answered the clerk.

"How much?"

"Twelve dollars."

"I'll take it. She's worth mo' 'n that to me."

The morning of her birthday Narcissus received two rather small packages. She eyed them rather doubtfully. She had expected something larger. She consoled herself, however, with the thought that precious things come in small packages, and with this thought she began to open them up. The smallest of them bore the card of Mr. Smith, and when she opened it she gave an agreeable gasp of surprise. She had not expected anything so nice. Patrick Henry Scott would have to produce something very fine in order to beat that gift. As soon as she opened the package which Patrick had sent, an angry look came into her eyes. She flew to the telephone and called up the waiting Patrick.

"Look a heah, nigger, I'll have you know that I'll not be insulted by any man. I'm sendin' your present right back. Don' ever let me see yuh aroun' heah again."

She then called Johnson Smith. "Is that yuh, hon?" she asked when she got him on the line. "Well this is Sissy. Listen, hon, I loved yuh bes' all the time. Can't yuh come ovah right away and put your present on my finger? I've always wanted a real diamon'. And listen,

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hon, if you have time please stop by and beat that Scott nigger up. He insulted me this morning. Listen heah what that nigger had the nerve to do, he sent me a bottle of *Black Narcissus* perfume, and yuh know yourself that I'se the lightest gal on the 'Hill'."



Unrest

Give me back my old dreams
 You never cared.
You snatched my happiness, left
My soul bared.

I cannot find my old joys,
 Your eyes are there.
My old loves, my books, are tangled
In your tossed hair.

I cannot feel my old peace
 Your arms and smile
Batter down my calm reserve.
Leave me awhile!

You do not love me—let me go;
 Let me be strong.
Give me back my old loves,
Give me back my song!

Elizabeth Moore, '30.

The Aloof to the Passersby

I have tired of warming my hands
At my own capricious fires,
They flicker out in chill—
Else burn me with desires.

I would break the shell of loneliness,
And kneel to feel the flame
Of countless little kindly warmths
I could learn to call by name.

M. Hall, '28



Largo for J.

Take me, Autumn earth
As a leaf upon your breast;
Flame and fire are gone,
Colorless I come for rest.

Hold me in the peace
Of your law-abiding heart;
I have played too long
In my scarlet rebel's part.

Weary with my dance
I pray for a windless place
Where I can sleep and sleep
With the warm sun on my face.

Fadean Pleasants

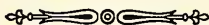
Escape

I'd like to ride away
Upon the whistle of a train.
I'd ride into the midnight
With a scarf of misty rain.

Perhaps I'd lie upon
My back, and laugh up at the sky,
Or just lie still and quiet,
And touch the stars as they went by.

I'd turn my back in pity
As my whistle onward sped
Past the poor contented prisoners
Who spend the night in bed.

Marjorie Vanneman, '29.



Poem

You cannot know how watching you
I used to press my palms together,
As little children do in prayer,
And looking at you wonder whether
Anyone else in all the world
Had known such ecstasy as I,
Could feel when on *my* soul your beauty
Came to possess me utterly.
They told me you were ugly—strange!
And once—I think—I thought the same—
But ah! the beauty of you later:
Your eyes, your hands, your lips, your name!

Kate C. Hall.

The Individual and Culture as Factors in the Development of the Personality of Musicians

Adapted from

“A Social Psychological Study of Musicians”

ADA J. DAVIS

THE PROBLEM of this study presented itself to the writer of this article in the common-sense form of the question, “Is or is not the popular conception of the musician as a peculiar person incapable of emotional inhibitions partially or wholly a myth?” The hypothesis which served as a point of departure for the study was that the personality of the musician is the resultant of the process of interaction of the culture and the undefined impulses and capacities of the individual. Culture as used in this article refers to the material equipment of the group, such as tools, utensils, shelter, clothing, institutions, and weapons; the immaterial equipment, such as ideals, traditions, folkways, mores, attitudes, beliefs, and wishes; and the spiritual equipment or group memories, enthusiasm, morale, and *esprit de corps*. The individual refers to one’s native equipment; to the way in which capacities and impulses, or undefined tendencies that react with certain intensity and speed, manifest themselves in the individual, independently of cultural or social influence.

The formulations here presented are based upon the materials gathered and analyzed for this study. They may be partially or wholly invalidated by further investigation.

The new-born baby is a potential personality, perhaps even a potential great musician being equipped at birth with special capacities which tend to direct the nature of his responses if and when certain situations arise in his experience. The basic capacities that are necessary for musical expressiveness are inherited by nearly every one but in varying degrees of strength. To be equipped with a high degree of musical talents or capacities, such as sensitivity toward pitch, intensity, time,

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rhythm, tone, and consonance, is to be a potential great musician. These inherited tendencies would be powerless if the person so endowed were never brought into contact and interaction with a musical environment. The person must have musical instruments, encouragement, opportunity to hear and know the best musicians of the day, and training under able teachers. Especially is it necessary for a potential virtuoso to have early and strenuous exercise of his musical equipment if he is to be capable of keen, effectual, accurate adjustment and muscular coördination.

Hazel Stanton has carried on an extensive and invaluable experiment in her study of the inheritance of specific musical capacities of time, intensity, pitch, tone sensitivity, none of which seem to be greatly affected by age, sex, general intelligence or practice. Her conclusion was that musical parents of musical stock have musical offspring, non-musical parents of non-musical stock have non-musical offspring, and one musical parent and one non-musical parent will have some musical and some non-musical offspring. Her study also showed that the degree of inheritance of musical talents has little correlation with such factors as musical environment, general education, musical activity, or musical creativeness. In other words, musical capacities are not limited to those having training, as exemplified in the fact that at least one-fourth of the cases examined were not receiving musical education, in spite of the fact they were talented. Furthermore, persons active in musical circles today do not represent all who could be. Thirty-six per cent of the cases found to be musically superior were inactive in this field. The culture of the group had overlooked or failed to develop the musical possibilities in many of these individuals.

Life histories of great musicians are suggestive of the relation between culture and heredity in the life of the musician. A few brief accounts from these may illustrate this relation. Whether we conclude much from these materials as to the problem of heredity will depend upon how cautious we feel about a matter which is so little understood and for the study of which scientific methods are yet inadequate. It is true that in some cases parents of musicians seemed to have no musical capacities, especially if we use as criterion their own activity in the field. From this we may not preclude the existence of musical capacities.

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It will be noticed that in those cases where there was opposition to a musical career some forces arose which gave the sparks of talents the fanning necessary to arouse ardent activity and interest which could not be again easily quelled.

Liszt's father would have been a musician had he followed his own inclinations. He played every keyed instrument besides a flute and a guitar. Professional musicians always welcomed him to play with them. The delicacy and quickness of Franz's ear were extraordinary. He could repeat complete chords without seeing notes. Once he played a piece, he never forgot it. Though he was born in poor circumstances, he was nevertheless surrounded by a musical environment. His parents hazarded everything to give their child opportunities in Vienna.

Both the mother and father of Wagner were accustomed to spend their leisure time in art, especially poetry. His father died and his mother married Ludwig Geyer, who was playwright, singer, actor, and painter. Geyer became Richard's most gracious friend and took the child with him to rehearsals. Here at the theatre he met and was greatly impressed by the musicians, artists, and dramatists with whom he conversed. The culture of his group thus affected the ultimate interest he took in dramatics which he later combined with music in opera.

Mendelssohn's parents were interested in the child having musical training so that he might be a well-rounded person. He made use of every opportunity afforded by his generous parents who had in no way intended that he make music his profession. He was one of the most precocious of the musical geniuses.

Schumann's father was a merchant interested in literary studies. While there is no long line of musical ancestry, so far as we know, to explain his interest, as is also the case of Schubert, his father was, however, in favor of his son's interest. His mother opposed his enthusiasm for music because she wished him to study law, which he attempted at the University of Heidelberg. Here musical influence was not lacking, for he learned to care for Madame Carus, a professor's wife, who taught him something of composition. The result was his dropping law and going to Leipzig to study with Madame Carus and later with Herr Wieck.

The Bach family comprised twenty eminent musicians and two

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score less eminent. Mr. Hubbard says: "The Bach family has supplied the believers in heredity more good raw material in the way of arguments than any dozen other families known to history combined. The Herschels, with three eminent astronomers to their credit, or the Beechers, with half a dozen great preachers, are scarcely worth mentioning when we remember the Bachs who for two hundred and fifty years sounded the 'A' for nearly all Germany." While living with his uncle Johann Sebastian was allowed to practice one hour a day. Later, at Ohrdruf, he belonged to a boys' chorus which provided opportunity for him to sing as well as to play. In addition, he took every other occasion to hear music, walking a distance of a hundred miles to Hamburg to hear Reinke, whose playing filled him with enthusiasm and awe.

Handel's father, a barber-surgeon, was a man who attempted to repress the genius of his son because he disliked musicians. However, a relative succeeded in hiding a clavichord in the garret and the youth Handel gave to the world the Messiah. When he was discovered practicing in the garret, even this was made prohibitive. The Duke of Weissenfels, after hearing the child play an organ in his chapel, persuaded the father to allow the boy to study. He soon became master of organ, harpsichord, violin, and oboe.

Giuseppe Verdi, born in the year that also welcomed Wagner, was the son of an inn-keeper in Le Roncole. Though no notice of any pronounced musical ancestry is found to account for the presence of this striking capacity in Giuseppe, his capacity was recognized and nourished by kind friends. At great sacrifice, his father purchased a spinet upon which the child practiced. It was through the efforts of Barezzi that Verdi was sent to Milan to study.

Besides the scrutiny of the lives of great composers already mentioned and others necessarily omitted, the writer has interviewed twenty-five great living musicians. The life histories of these twenty-five show that in every case musical encouragement came to the child early in life. Eight cases show that both parents were musically expressive, although perhaps not professionals. Eight cases show at least one parent musically expressive, and in every case both parents proved to be interested in music.

The greater the number and the finer the quality of musical contacts

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the musically endowed person experiences, the greater are the chances for becoming a great musician. Recognizing this fact, most European countries maintain excellent conservatories subsidized by local or national governments in order to give talented youngsters an opportunity to study with competent teachers. The student is permitted to devote years to study, during which time he is free from financial worries. In America the average talent in a small community either cannot study at all because of lack of funds to pay great teachers, or else he must rely upon mediocre teachers who, by giving him a faulty start, hinder him from ever reaching the heights.

Musical capacities, although they give signs of their existence very early, if undiscovered, undefined, unstimulated, will lie dormant as mere musical potentialities. Let the folkways of a particular cultural group stress the value of music, either as a part of its ceremonial life, as is the case with the Indians, or as a part of its social life, as among the Welsh people, and we will observe then how readily music takes a large and seemingly natural place in the lives of the vast majority of the group.

Humans are musically endowed by nature but not all equally so. The multitudinous demands made upon persons in our modern civilization increase the tensions and the tendency toward unrelaxed conditions of mind, body, and spirit. This condition prevents capacities from operating easily. Furthermore, any disciplinary measures used in the home to check the normal musical expressions act as deadly weapons bringing about partial or complete relinquishment of musical tendencies, which might otherwise have produced a musician of note.

Attraction to or repulsion from a musical career is often not to be explained wholly by reference to musical talents, but is very often better explained by considering the aleatory element in life. Much that we do is a matter of chance and accident. It is accidental in so far as it is unpredictable. Perhaps the individual has not received the encouragement needed. Perhaps he was interested in music, but by some strange manipulation of affairs his attention was withdrawn from music to some other more attractive line of interest. Some gesture administered by an unappreciative person who chose not to have the prevalent quietness of the house disturbed by singing or practice may have checked the expression and development of capacities. Any one of a great number

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of possible incidents might have been the deciding factor in favor of or in opposition to a musical career. The factor that works to encourage one person to become deeply interested in music might, if applied to another person, produce the opposite reaction. Ultimately the musical career, like any career, is a matter in which chance plays no small part. Wagner has said, "I hardly know for what I was originally intended. I only know that I heard one evening a symphony and that when I recovered I was . . . a musician." The failure of Count Sceau to accept Mozart's proposals to write German operas is responsible for Mozart's wielding his efforts toward the perfection of the Italian opera and saving him from work of less far-reaching effects. The musician's personality, or the rôle he plays in the group, as well as his career, is dependent upon the interaction of the individual, born with impulses and special capacities in varying degrees, and all the forces in his physical and cultural environment.

The musician, it may be added, as a member of a particular group, is viewed by many only through a mist of illusion. Musical or artistic temperament is not to be confused with bad nerves. The tendency that people have had of attaching the term "artistic temperament" to all oddities and lapses in the behavior of musicians has made many great musicians despise the term. Musical temperament refers rather to the combination of musical impulses which makes A's reaction to music as the aesthetic object different from B's. The musically temperamental person is endowed with sensitivities toward time, pitch, rhythm, consonance, and tonal intensity. He is capable of projecting emotion into his musical performance or composition. He responds immediately and accurately to music as an aesthetic value.

Therefore, it may be concluded that musical temperament has little to do with morality. Under the guise of the misunderstood term "artistic temperament," without a doubt, much loose, excessively indulgent and emotionally uninhibited behavior has been excused. When one attributes emotional display or lack of self-control to artistic temperament one is misapplying the concept. This study has shown that there are moral musicians and immoral ones; narrow-minded and broad-minded ones; strong musicians and weak ones; kind and hateful musicians; musicians who inhibit and those who do not; religious and

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non-religious ones; musicians who are very happily married and those who are not; some who stress the emotional element in music and some who stress the intellectual; some who are good business men and some who are not; some musicians who are well-educated and well-read while others know little but music. Such materials lead to the conclusion that how a person reacts to non-musical situations is not to be charged to musical temperament apart from the consideration of other temperamental or inherited characteristics and cultural influences.

Every individual falls somewhere in the scale of musical temperament. In some cases the capacities appear to such a meagre degree that they are for all practical purposes non-musical. The greatest musicians, on the other hand, are those in whom the various capacities which are involved in the musical temperament appear to a marked degree and in whom reactions to music occur promptly, definitely and accurately.

Accepting the existence of individual differences among musicians and the fact that environment has not been identical for any two of them, we must expect as many different combinations of traits of personality as we are accustomed to find among any group of people. Music is only one factor operating in shaping the life and personality of the musician. Though this may be dominant, he has the same fundamental wishes as other persons. The normal development of his personality will demand the adequate satisfaction of these wishes. No sweeping list of personality traits can be enumerated that will include all musicians. The musician tends to accommodate to the social pattern set for him. He tends to develop those personal characteristics which he feels he must have if he is to be considered a great artist by his group. Therefore, his personality is the result of the cultural definition of his impulses, capacities and temperament.

Parrots

KATHERINE HARDEMAN, '28

AS USUAL, the house was in New York. The warm incensed air was prone to settle one into a coma of utter drowsy contentment while indoors; but the snarling, whipping wind tended to disregard all clothing whether it be feathers or tatters, and to cause the muscles to stiffen as soon as one ventured into a draft. There were great comfortable lounges, and fur rugs, and silk pillows within; there were frozen sidewalks, sleet covered fences, and glazed benches without. As usual at the Hatter's home, there was five o'clock tea. Without, you could tell by the long row of limousines that were lined along the curb; within you had only to sniff the mingled fumes of Pall Malls and sweetly scented Egyptian cigarettes to know that innumerable social leaders—and followers—were partaking of the ancient English custom recently renovated and introduced into America. That evening New York was both hot and cold, comfortable and uncomfortable,—beautiful and ugly.

Entering the heavily carved oak door, you were stunned by the blending of brilliant colors that were amassed in a tiny cove opposite. Heavy draperies of Persian blue velvet faintly sheened with grey softened the harshness of the window and the bleakness of the sleet. A tiny mahogany desk was slyly slid into the corner. A stippled orange and brass candle stick—the kind with the delightful ring for a handle—held a tall, blue, tapering candle. A brass and copper desk set vied with a jet pen for prominence on the polished table. The winged back chair sat contentedly in place, while—

“Ho! Ho! See the pretty parrot!” Tommy, the parrot, squawked forth proclaiming his beauty and ego while he perched resignedly on his high round bronze stand. “Ho! Ho!” he screeched as he blinked one eye inquisitively at the intruder—whomsoever he may be. It really was a significant blink—suitable too, for everything placed there was just as significant as if to say “Here I am! Do look at me! Am I not amazingly beautiful? Aren't my colors and their harmony most striking?” They were, for Tommy was red combed, green breasted, blue winged, yellow backed, and henna tailed. As he swung back and forth

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in his bronze swing glistening in the last startling glow of the winter's sun, he was exquisite in his surroundings.

Exquisite in its surroundings! Yes, and so were those so-called leaders of society. Black beaded and besatined were those mothers who gazed upon their fond young daughters. And the fond young daughters—fond as it were of their silks and satins and brilliant colors—simply made the colored surroundings in that dimly lighted anti-room. They were as sparkling and as dazzling as Tommy himself.

“Oh yes! I had an engagement with Lindy, and he said he was so thrilled—of course I was. I”—

“Oh my dear, but not as thrilled as I was last year when I was presented at court. I”—

“Of course now, President Coolidge was our guest for a week. Of course now it will add prestige to Mary's debut this fall. He”—

“Yes, Paris”—

“But London”—

“Oh!”

Suddenly the wind returned and brought its débris with it. A thin, cold, shrunken black crow was hurled into the room and lay prostrated at the foot of the beautiful parrot's luxurious stand.

“Where in the world did that black sheep and cousin of mine come from? Help! Help! He might attack me!” screamed Tommy showing an inevitable streak of yellow.

The butler hastened to close the window and to pick up the brittle bunch of almost lifeless feathers when the Lady called:

“Oh Parker! Don't trouble with removing it downstairs; just toss him out the window!”

“Yes, Mam!”

The crow even during this short stay in the heat and warmth of the house, had revived one single spark and opened one eye only to see that the Parrot shuddered and shrieked! “What an ugly creature! Hasten to chuck him out of the window, for it is cold with his iced body here!”

“Yes,” said our lady, “he is thin and stiff, and ugly. He's even uncanny. Toss him away quickly, he does not belong here; his very presence is depressing! Do you hear Parker?”

“Yes m'am.”

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So the crow returned to his sleet and snow and soon imbibed enough of cold and of ice to dwell dormantly chilled in his white shroud. He was a black splotch upon the white, cold among the cold, and dead among the dead—and the Parrot laughed again.

Yes New York was both hot and cold, comfortable and uncomfortable, beautiful and ugly, parrotty and crowish.



The Death of Autumn

The sheer golden mist that enrapt the lowlands
Is a fragile chiffon scarf about the warm beauty
Of Autumn, a young woman dying,
While thru the hour glass the sands
Trickle silently but steadily
She makes revel in a flaming gown
Drunk with the poison wine that soon
Will turn her warmth to chill cold,
But better she knows to leave life gloriously at high noon
Than slowly sputter out when you are old.

Antoinette Landon.

* * * * *

Incense mingles with the flame
Light with shadow,
Winds beneath the autumn moon
Are soft and mellow.
Love blends in subtle harmony
Two souls in one,
And sweet the memory of your kiss
Now that love is done.

Antoinette Landon.

Interim

Dropping . . . dropping . . . always dropping
Drains the blood from me . . .
Slowly . . . slowly . . . ever falling
Falling heavily.

Feet that danced when Beauty bled them
Dragging . . . now . . . along . . .
Lips she painted with my blood, now
White, without a song.

There is no need for me to turn
Shadowed eyes around . . .
Beauty does not draw this dull blood
Drying on the ground.

Fadean Pleasants



Re-Death

This, then, must pass as other things have passed,
And I must go and gently close the door
On that strange scene of passion and the last
Strong wind of your caress that came before
The day broke silently and vastly clear—
For when I swayed and looked up to your eyes,
Grown steel, impersonal and bright, the fear
Clutched me with breath-depriving force—surmise
That here, in light of morning, was the cue
That breath to breast and song to soul no more
Could cleave our nights. All must be as before
When you were dust to me and I—unborn for you.

Martha Hall, '28.

Uncle Peter

MATTIE-MOORE TAYLOR, '30

A LONELY TRAIL rutted by wagon wheels and roughened by horses' hoofs leads far back into the woods. It winds around through a forest of giant pines with tops that tower up to the sky. Here the sunlight casts only flickering shadows through the thick branches on the shining brown straw and the red-mud path. After many twists and turns, the trail bends sharply to the left, ascends a hill, and dips down into a pleasant valley.

An old negro couple, known to the neighborhood as Uncle Peter and Aunt Mary, once occupied a small cabin which nestled in the center of this valley. The cabin was crudely built. Its sides were of unhewn logs daubed with mud; its roof was of rough shingles. A tiny window with panes replaced by cardboard gleamed at each end of the structure. A discarded whetstone served as a doorstep. A huge oak at either end of the cabin shaded it, and somewhat lessened the force of frequent rains on the leaky and shabby roof. An open wall, with an old-fashioned hemp rope from which a wooden bucket hung, stood under one of the oaks. Back of the house a mule widely circled a rickety wagon, an unwieldy plow, and a primitive harrow, devouring the tops of the weeds in his course. Shoots of cotton and corn struggling for a foothold in the three acres of rocky, stumpy, and ill-manured land around the cabin, bore mute witness to the use of the mule and implements.

It was an early spring morning. A stray sunbeam, finding its way through the pasteboard that covered the window, glanced over the kerosene lamp on a rough packing box in the corner, over the freshly-scrubbed floor with its one rag rug, over the corn husk chairs, and finally rested on the face of one of the occupants of the wooden four-poster which stood in the farther corner of the room.

Uncle Peter stretched his squeaky limbs on the hard mattress, sat up slowly and painfully, and looked down on the quiet face of his wife. Then, after leisurely pulling on his huge brogans and fastening in place his heavy corduroy pants with their many red-flannel patches,

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the old man smoothed the rough quilt over his wife's shoulders with his gnarled hands, and quietly tiptoed into the cubby-hole which served as a kitchen.

Uncle Peter smiled to himself as he began to lay the wood for the fire. His thoughts flew back over the years to the time when he had made the first fire in that self-same stove. He and Mary had been young then—young and strong. Mary was the fairest and swartest of all the young girls on the old plantation, and he had been the envy of all the youths when she became his wife. He could see her now—the yellow ribbon in her stiffly-curved hair, the cheap brass ring on her finger, the bashful yet proud smile on her shining face. He could hear Marse Frank's shaking voice as he performed the ceremony. He could see the tears in Miss Betty's eyes.

A quiver of pain twitched the old man's face as he thought of his former master and mistress. A few days after the ceremony Marse Frank had led Peter to this little cabin—new then, and brave in its sturdy lines. He had said, "Peter, this is your home—yours and Mary's. You are to live here and farm for yourself with the mule and the tools I have for you at the big house. Betty and I are going away to look for the young Master and"—but he stopped suddenly, choked queerly, and murmured, "May God bless you and Mary." Peter did not understand; he had never understood. Miss Betty and Marse Frank had never come back, nor had the young Master, either.

That had been many years ago, but he and Mary still talked of the old days as they worked in the fields, Peter plowing with Nebuchadnezzar—for so he had christened the mule—and Mary chopping. Now the couple had grown old. Peter's legs were bowed and his shoulders were stooped; but his wide nose with its flaring nostrils was as sensitive, and his eyes were as bright as ever. His jet-black skin had become parched and seamed with wrinkles, and his kinky wool had greyed around his flat forehead and temples; but his full lips opened as easily as ever over his gleaming teeth in that shrill cackling laugh—more like the caw of the crow than a laugh—for which he had become famous. The years, however, had not touched Mary as they had him, for she had become a semi-invalid. Yet Uncle Peter was supremely happy in caring for her and in taking the heavy tasks on his own shoulders. Their devotion to each other was pathetic, yet splendid.

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Uncle Peter awoke from his day-dreaming with a start. When the fire in the rusty stove was beginning to rattle the top, he passed into the other room calling, "Nebuchadnezzar's a' honkin', Mary," his daily greeting. As the door opened and Uncle Peter appeared, Nebuchadnezzar gave a louder honk, and a half-dozen hens cackled noisily. Uncle Peter gave the mule a small measure of oats and scattered a handful to the fowls. As the animals devoured the food, a mocking-bird began to broadcast its morning song from the highest tip of the oak. The bird's carol rang pleasantly in Uncle Peter's ears as he watered the mule from the wooden trough by the well, and hitched him to the rickety wagon. This finished, he turned back to the cabin to partake of the breakfast that Mary would now have ready.

Mary was not up—an unusual thing for her. Uncle Peter was rather surprised, but he went into the kitchen and began to prepare the meal himself. When he had placed the steaming coffee and freshly-baked biscuit on the table in the corner, he returned to the front room and called loudly, "Mary, honey, I done cooked breakfus', chile, come and eat it."

Mary did not stir. Uncle Peter called again, shook her by the shoulder; still she made no move. The old man's face wore a puzzled look. What could be the matter? A sudden fear chilled his heart. Bending over he placed his black head upon her chest and listened for the beating of his Mary's heart; there was no sound. With a broken murmur Uncle Peter tiptoed from the room, gently closing the door behind him, and stumbled across the fields to his nearest neighbors.

* * * * *

Negroes gather early for funerals in that section. At twelve o'clock the next day the sun shone down mercilessly on a moving line of vehicles; big farm wagons drawn by groaning farm mules and laden with human freight; shiny black buggies with the hubs almost dragging the ground under the weight of a corpulent woman and a wizened man; rattling Fords with young people hanging out of the doors and over the fenders; here and there a creeping ox-cart with its driver lashing and urging on the stolid bovine—all on their way to the "buryin'!" Squalling pickaninnies, squealing children, matrons scolding their young, giggling girls, boasting youths, drivers geeing and hawing their beasts, auto horns tooting hoarsely—all contributed to the ear-

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splitting din. One by one, the vehicles with their mass of humanity ascended the hill, stood poised for a moment on its top, then disappeared down into the valley.

It was a care-free throng of exotic color—pure blood Africans of the blackest hue elbowing mulattoes of fair complexions and these, in their turn, standing shoulder to shoulder with negroes of duller brown color. Laughing, jostling each other, they crowded on each side of a lane that led from the door of the open cabin to an open grave under a lone pine in the center of the field. But when at four o'clock the door of the cabin opened and four men appeared bearing the rude pine coffin, a sudden and intense silence fell. Behind the coffin came Parson Davis in the rusty frock-tailed coat which he donned for such occasions; his head bowed, and his hands clasped over the Bible, chanting sonorously, "De Lawd giveth, and de Lawd taketh away; blessed be de name ob de Lawd." The stooped figure of Uncle Peter came next—Uncle Peter with dry vacant eyes and the look of a sleep-walker. Last of all came a group of professional mourners lifting their voices in a doleful dirge.

The crowd could not bear its suffering in silence. A low moaning sound, like the sigh of the rising wind, sprang up, rose and swelled to the frenzy of a hurricane as the preacher proceeded with his exhortations. Then the barbaric moaning took articulate form;

"Crossin' de ribber Jordan
Into de arms of my Lawd,
Leavin' dis world ob sinners
Into de arms of my Lawd.
Oh, Lawd Jesus, take me home,
Oh, Lawd Jesus, take me home?"

The entire throng rocked to and fro, eyes closed, hands twitching, faces working in the very ecstasy of grief. But Uncle Peter remained mute and silent while the barbaric strain echoed and re-echoed throughout the valley.

* * * * *

It was night. The full moon brooded over the valley, now silent except for the sound of Nebuchadnezzar munching the grass. Within the cabin Uncle Peter looked around as if seeing for the first time.

(Continued on page 27)

Poems by Kate Hall

Gift

Hand—
Quake.
Heart—
Break.
Soul—
Wake.
Love—
Take!

Poem

Sometimes your spirit hangs,
Slim and stilly white
High in the west
On a calm night,
Like the thin moon,
Slipping down the west,
Held a moment longer,
Tethered to my breast
By a long silk thread,
Like a curved kite,
Held a moment long—
Then off upon its flight.

Shifting Places

A flock of flying birds against the sky—
The separate voices in a madrigal—
And all the little loves of little things,
Flying and singing in my heart.

EDITORIALS

Nation wide has been the hilarity and great the indignation over "Big Bill" Thompson's swashbuckling determination to "keep King George out of Chicago"—but on the trail of the dying laughter and shouting comes the serious contemplation of this phenomenon so startling to the world-minded intellectual of accidental American birth. The case is notorious—it is simply this. A certain William Thompson, desiring the mayoralty of Chicago, has hypnotized his voters through a magic formula—"America first", and to make this drawing card even more magnetic, he has pounced upon unsuspecting Supt.-of-Schools McAndrews, with the accusation of harboring British spies between the pages of his textbooks. Sounds like the old Revolutionary days! We hoped we had grown since 1776.

What a vast tribute to the credulity of the voting public that it will follow blindly a leader who evades the vital issues of the election and sweeps all before him because of a magnetic personality. His psychological keenness is to be commended—certainly the audiences who have heard his wholesale denunciation of all that is British have no stirrings of the British blood that runs in their veins, for they do not even hear his words, but only his voice. But there *are* those who hear!

There is more significance to this incident than a revealing portrait of mob gullibility. Here is a thumbing-of-the nose attitude indicative of a still infant America. Nations of the old world do not cry aloud in terror lest *American* propaganda destroy their spirit. They are old and wise. Yea, verily, America is still a child in swaddling clothes—only about two and a half centuries old.

Push Thompson's reasoning (?) to its logical conclusion and we will have the American public discarding the glorious Shelley as a plague-ridden Britisher in favor of the nonsensical but *American* Alfred Krembourg. How discouraging to the promoters of world peace to hear the mayor of one of its leading cities proclaim, "Down with the League of Nations"—how even more embarrassing than on a visit to Geneva to find America's chair empty.

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Young America, if you would accept Mayor Thompson's proposal to throw away your hammer and take up your horn, we would suggest that you look to your laurels before tooting.

M. Hall.

* * * * *

Backed by the growing success of other student publications in our state, the CORADDI is ready to put into practice its belief that a college magazine is primarily to be read, rather than to be written for, and since the standard of the material submitted to the staff has been consistently too mediocre to please the average reader, we have resolved to introduce manuscripts fresh from the hands of professional and semi-professional writers. We would add a little experience and a higher artistry to our melting pot. This will not exclude the student writer; it *should* encourage him to strive for a higher standard in his writing. That is a predominant item in our new policy—to stimulate student inspiration. We propose to put out a magazine where the wisdom and technique of skilled writers may be supplemented by the equally desirable spontaneity of immature writing.

Both are needed and wanted—we challenge the students to hold up their end.



UNCLE PETER

(Continued from page 24)

His eyes took in the silent cabin, the lonely chair in which Mary usually sat, the unfinished knitting—saw the cold stove, the unswept floor, the hard biscuit which he had cooked the morning before. Only then did Uncle Peter realize his loss. Returning to the other room, the old man lay down on the bed and began stroking the pillow as if it were a wrinkled cheek, murmuring softly all the while. Then he suddenly sat up and looked around him wildly. Muttering incoherently he hastened from the room and across the field to the fresh mound of earth under the pine. Throwing himself across the grave, he murmured brokenly, "Oh Mary, Mary," and broke into bitter weeping.

And the sun rose in peaceful glory over the quiet valley, the lifeless cabin, and the still figure of the old man on the newly-turned grave.

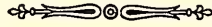
Recompense

I think I died that night,
For all my frantic struggles seemed to cease
And the mad pain that held my brain so long
Had gone—and I had peace.

And then I heard you cry.
I felt your sobbing breath come hot upon my cheek,
And heard your anguished pleadings—your despair.
—I could not die!

My new found rest was gone and I
Came back again into the old pain—
Back to the useless struggle—just as mad,
But you were there and laid your tired head upon my breast—
And I was glad.

Elizabeth Moore, '30



Thru' a Schoolroom Window

I'm part of the down-soft cloud
Couched in silken blue—
And 'gainst it rests my body
As my heart with you.

Ah!—'tis a lovely feeling
To rest in shifting air—
But what if your heart change
While my love is there?

Nancy Little

Houses

ANNIE LEE BLAUVELT

I SLEPT away from home last night; and while I lay awake I heard noises—many noises, as if people were walking ever so softly about, through the little rooms, touching, feeling, and looking—ever so softly. Yet there was no one in the house. Then I realized that they were the footsteps of the people who lived there before us; who loved the little house as much as we. I heard them doing the same things they used to do; but always stopping to see if we had changed this or that. They tipped very softly around the new bed room suite; and felt its smooth finish. They walked many, many times across the new rug. Then on they went in their tireless way about the house.

So many things they did! They wept, for what I do not know. They laughed over some act of the baby footstep. They smiled and felt as one gave a glittering ring to another. They slowly stopped and almost groaned as they remembered some half forgotten thought. All this within a house after we were asleep! I slept.

When morning came I awoke and lay quietly; but all the noises were back in place, somewhere. I dressed and ran out of doors; but from the outside I could only barely detect all these things. I looked and listened but there was only a little, grey house under a tall, tall pine.

I know I shall never rent or buy a house until I have lain awake in its darkness.

BOOK REVIEWS

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf Co., New York. \$2.50.

This is a book which could hardly be said to be a novel; it stands out sharply and refuses classification. For this alone it deserves recognition, but it is also serene and beautiful of thought and the rhythm of its prose pleasing.

It is the story of a French priest who in the middle of the last century went to New Mexico as vicar, and later became Archbishop of Sante Fe. He took with him his friend of seminary days, Joseph Velliant. These two labored together and by their love, insight, and wisdom won the people of the southwest for the Catholic church. After forty years of "living," death came for the archbishop in his study near the cathedral he had built.

Throughout this stretch of years is given the portrait of a clean man, a priest, against a pioneer background rich in true Mexican life.

The book held me in its swift motion, yet left time for appreciation of its singular beauty.

Annie Lee Blauvelt, '30.

THAT MAN HEINE. (Oct. 1927.) Lewes Browne. Macmillan.

"That Man Heine" is the biography of Heinrich Heine, poet and prose writer of the first half of the nineteenth century, from his sensitive, lonely childhood to the end of his brilliant, friendless career, first in Germany, and later in France. Browne relates the main incidents of his unhappy life—unhappy partly because of his own folly, and partly because of fate—not excusing his mistakes, but explaining them, both through his feeling of inferiority and through his consciousness of being an outcast, for although he was born a Jew, he felt himself above the lower class among which he was brought up, and yet was not accepted by the Gentiles. He was weak and unstable, both in character and religion, following at least four different religions at as many brief

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periods in his life, but finding satisfaction in none. His brilliance and wit as a satirist, which were the chief causes of his indolence, were also the cause of his exile to France, for the German government feared the ready and scathing pen of this most radical of liberalists. It was in France that he was happiest, for here he was accepted for himself, not for his birth or social position, and it was here that he became intimate with the foremost authors, musicians and statesmen of Europe.

The book, written with the collaboration of Elsa Wecht, is most interesting, and gives a well-rounded objective view into the life of one of the most miserable, and yet one of the most brilliant, of the German poets.

Marjorie Vanneman, '29.

THE EVOLUTION OF CHARLES DARWIN, a Biography. George A. Dorsey, Ph.D. Doubleday, Page and Co.

"The Evolution of Charles Darwin" is a biography in which the author traces the evolution of Darwin's great personality from infancy throughout life with detailed discussion of the whys and wherefores of each significant act leading up to the composition of his supreme achievement, "The Origin of Species." It is interesting to note that the two most potent influences on the great scientist were women: his mother, who first instilled in him the passion to explore nature, and his wife, who made bearable his later years of sickness.

Besides the scientific aspect, however, Dorsey paints a delightful picture of Darwin, the man: genial, tender-hearted, sympathetic, almost perfect in the rôle of husband, father, citizen, and master, a characterization that the reader can hardly help but feel is almost too ideal to be true.

Dorsey, himself a strong believer in evolution, colors the account of Darwin's theories and ideas with reënforcements of his own. In his enthusiasm he makes of Darwin a martyr, likening him to Abraham Lincoln who paid the price of liberty "with his life" while the former paid "all his life."

The book is written in simple, clear style with not too much scientific discussion to make it of interest to the ordinary person.

K. Gravely, '29.

A GOOD WOMAN. Louis Bromfield. Frederick A. Stokes, New York.

Louis Bromfield seems to be just another one of the many rebels in contemporary American literature. Rebels are a good thing—they may even be ultimately necessary. We suppose no one questions that. But some of us are growing just a wee bit weary of this endless string of candid, sexy, “typically American,” rebellious novels. You know what I mean. Your body is shaken powerfully by an invisible, determined somebody who stands before you with his hands gripping your shoulders. He is trying hard to convince you that he had discovered that the world is full of greedy and unlovely people, of weak people, and of people whose chief concern in life is that their neighbors shall be good. Most of us are already convinced. When will people begin to write beautiful books again—tragic if necessary, but beautifully, nobly tragic, not sordidly so?

You can't help wondering why *A Good Woman* has become, as it undoubtedly has, the most discussed novel of the fall. To be sure there are real creations in some of the settings. The village at Megambo, “in deepest Africa,” is real. So are the mills, and the Shane castle and park on the hill. The characters—Emma, Philip (her “little tin Jesus”), Naomi—all of them seem hopelessly “constructed.” You will probably be interested in the narrative of their complicated relations with others, however.

There seems to be nothing powerful, nothing profound, nothing masterful about the book. But you may enjoy reading it.

Arvilla Copeland.

A Word of Explanation

We need not present the credentials of such student writers as Fadean Pleasants and Marjorie Vanneman. Mrs. Davis submits her first article to this magazine. She is a graduate of Oberlin College, took her M.A. at the University of Chicago in 1925, and is now doing outstanding work as associate professor of sociology here, preparatory to taking a Ph.D. degree. Kate C. Hall submits several short poems; she is an alumnae of 1926, had graduate work at Yale in dramatics, and has contributed to us before. Nancy Little needs no word, since she is an ex-editor of this publication. Antoinette Landon, doing laboratory technician work in a Charlotte hospital, still finds time for a delicate verse or two. Elizabeth Moore, Mattie Moore Taylor, and Allene Whitener, all students, appear on these pages for the first time. These last two portray two aspects of Negro life, in *Uncle Peter* and *Black Narcissus*, respectively. Kate Gravely, Arvilla Copeland, and Katharine Hardeman are other student contributors.



An Announcement

New York, N. Y. (By New Student News Service)—Sterlin North, of the University of Chicago, is the winner of the Witter Bynner poetry prize, in the annual undergraduate contest. Grace Hazard Conkling, Edgar Lee Masters, and Witter Bynner judged the poetry of students in all parts of the country. North won \$100. Marion Staver, Barnard College; and Lucia E. Jordan, Smith College, each won \$25 prizes.

Honorable mention, in order of preference, was given Rhea de Coudres, Brown University; Marshall Schacht, Dartmouth College; Walter Evans Kidd, University of Oregon; Margaret Hebard, Smith College; Karen Dillig, Carnegie Institute of Technology; John Bryon, University of Virginia; Ernest Erskilla, University of Montana; Gladys B. Merrifield, University of California; M. Hazel Harris, University of Minnesota; and Donald Wandrei, University of Minnesota.

Entries for the 1928 prize must be mailed by May 15, 1928. Only undergraduates may compete, and the poems submitted may be one or a group, but of not more than 200 lines.

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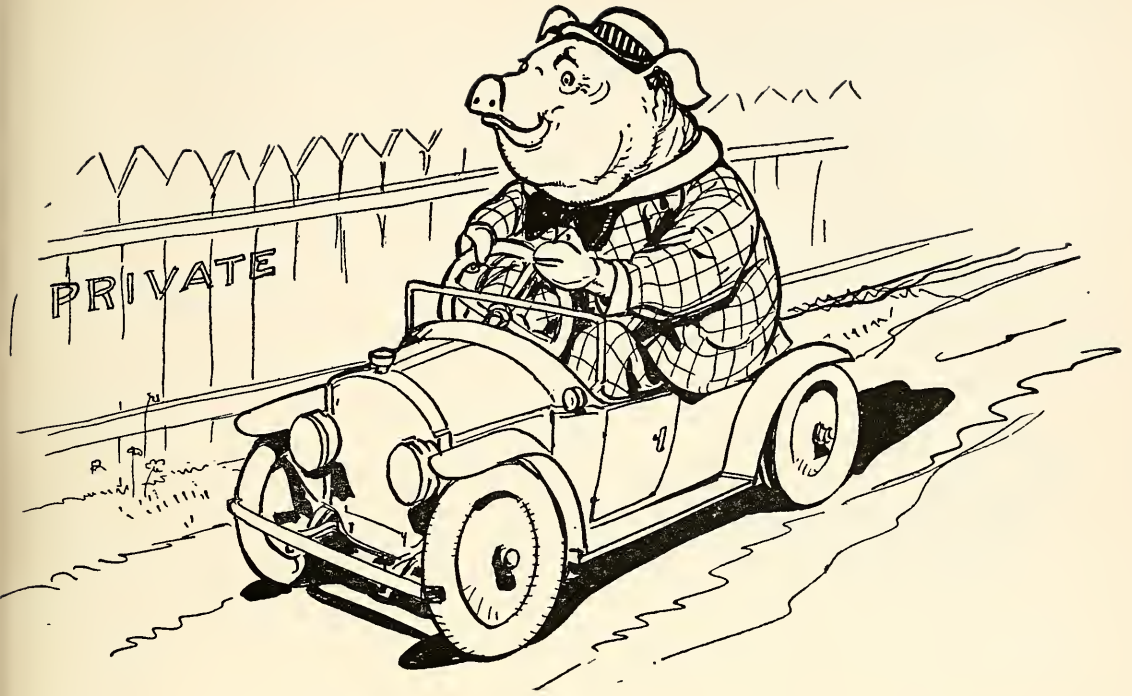
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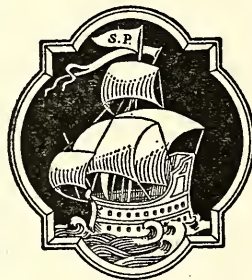
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