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**DON'T YIELD TO
FATIGUE..**

AFTER A HARD GAME....

Cliff" Montgomery

amous quarterback! Now starring
h the Brooklyn Dodgers. "Cliff"
s: "After a game, the first thing I
in the locker room is to light up a
Camel—get a swell 'lift'—and in a short
e I feel 100% again—Camels don't
erfere with healthy nerves."



**GET A LIFT
WITH A CAMEL!**

.... IN THE LOCKER ROOM

**FOR YOUR OWN DAILY LIFE YOU NEED
ENERGY, TOO.** Turn to Camels and see what others
an when they say that they "get a *lift* with a Camel."
Camels help to dispel tiredness, ward off "blue" moments
ctually increase your supply of available energy.
Camel's "energizing effect" has been confirmed by science.
Smoke all you want. Camels never jangle your nerves.

EXPLORER

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F.R.G.S., says: "I was in
Honduras 10 months.
Fortunately I had plenty
of Camels. They always
give me a 'pick-up' in
energy. I prefer Camel's
flavor, too. They never
upset my nerves."



LAW STUDENT

E. R. O'Neil, '37, says:
"I try to avoid overdo-
ing, and part of my pro-
gram is smoking
Camels. There's enjoyment
in Camels. They
give me a delightful
'lift.' I smoke them con-
stantly and they never
bother my nerves."



SPORTS WRITER

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always on the jump. Of
course he gets tired! But
—"I find Camels restore
my pep," Pat says. "I
smoke at least two packs
a day, and they never in-
terfere with my nerves."

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KNOW...**

"Camels are made from
finer, More Expensive
Tobaccos—Turkish and
Domestic—than any
other popular brand."



*Camel's Costlier
Tobaccos never get
with Nerves.*



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SUSANNE KETCHUM, *Editor-in-Chief*
GERTRUDE HATCHER, *Business Manager*
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Business Staff

HELEN JONES MEBANE HOLOMAN REBECCA JEFFRESS

Circulation

MIRIAM MCFAYDEN





Dressmaking

By MARY WOODWARD

CLOTHES are such a problem! I never can find anything that just suits my type of beauty. Every stunning little model of peacock green embellished with elephant's hide, or of lobster pink shot through with copper wire, is either too snug around the hips, too ample through the bosom, too matronly in line, too juvenile in length, or simply too expensive.

For these reasons I've given up dress hunting. No, I'm not resorting to nudism or to wrapping myself in the parlor rug when company comes. No, indeed. I've become a dressmaker. I've not only begun to make dresses, but I've become so engrossed in doing it that I spend all of my time either poring over fashion magazines or singing away at my sewing machine while my feet make the treadle fly. Because of the great joy that has come to me from learning to run up the seams of a few simple little dresses, I think it is my duty to pass on to others the benefit of my experience. For that reason I am laying down a few simple rules for dressmaking.

My first advice to you prospective dressmakers is to decide on the color scheme of your dress; the exact number of buttons you will have running lengthwise or crosswise; the number of pockets you will have in the back or in the front; and most important of all, the width of the hem. I should say right here that I'd allow for at least a two foot hem; then no matter what kind of a dress you might decide your little creation will be, you'll have no trouble at all, by merely raising or lowering the hem, in converting it from a riding habit (side saddle, of course) for a canter through the park, to a gown for a *the dansant* at the S & W Cafeteria on Market Street.

The selection of the material may bother you somewhat. I found it to be rather a problem. Cheese cloth just isn't suitable for evening. Of course, it is worn, but not by the best people. I'd suggest Jersey or Guernsey in a warm shade of red with a few ostrich feathers or ermine tails for trimming. My first dress, really quite a sensation everywhere I wore it, was a little thing of unbleached muslin with a few rows of beads scattered haphazardly around the neck and armpits.

The next problem after you have chosen the material and bought the pattern is to cut out the dress. Be extremely careful to follow the pattern exactly. (Let me say here that I've found it unusually helpful to use a piece of carbon paper to copy the directions printed on the pattern on to the material. I wouldn't bother to copy the French and the Spanish, though, if I were you, unless I had plenty of time, for that's not so important.) You'll enjoy fitting the pieces of the dress together. Quite often you'll find that you've cut only half of the skirt or half of the waist. Don't worry, however. Worry is so detrimental to one's dressmaking. Probably among your friends you'll find some one who has made the same mistake, and it would be fun to exchange pieces. I have seen two or three really stunning little frocks which seemed to have originated in just such a manner. Fitting the pieces together is a great deal like solving a jig-saw puzzle, only far more entertaining. One pattern company has gone so far as to offer prizes to the employee in its factory who can cut a dress pattern into the greatest number of pieces and word the directions in the most original way. I think they tried the early Phoenician alphabet once or twice. They seem to have found the algebraic system most effective, however, for the directions read somewhat like this: "Place B upon F, remove G, being careful to pin L and U at notches C and A. Cut through Y, being careful to avoid O. Lap N over V. Plait Z and find X."

Sewing the dress is a simple matter and rather uninteresting after you've had the fun of fitting the pieces together. Just avoid sewing up the neck and armholes, and it's all clear sailing. Garnish with a few simple ornaments here and there, and you have your dress.

Two Views

By B. ADRIENNE WORMSER

THE sun shone strongly, making a beautiful stripe of burnished gold on the green-blue waters of the Tejo. It was a fine October morning, warm, with a trace of a breeze, as the *S. S. Sierra Salvada* glided slowly along the coast of the land which gave the world so many famous explorers — Portugal.

Leaning over the railing of the boat you could feast your eyes on the array of castles — and old fortresses, which lead the way to the capital.

“Look, perhaps that is Penina,” says someone, referring to the half-ruined castle peaks, which stand out clearly against the sky, atop the highest of the surrounding hills.

“We have four days to spend in Lisbon,” you hear your neighbor say, and feel a warm surge of joy at the thought that you have a much longer time to examine the beauties of that old, old city.

Lisbon — a city on seven hills. For the consolation of one who does not like to walk, there is, besides the various street cars, also an elevator, in which you can, for two tostoes (about one cent), glide out of the business section up to the lovely view of the radiant Tejo. But to you who have only four days to spend here, this is of no importance, for you must start your day with a ride through the city. Get the sight of those tiny little streets, and do not miss those quaint old peasants, who, despite the government’s many laws to prevent them, still persist in walking through the streets barefooted, as they carry their wares — always fish — on their heads, in huge baskets, sometimes covered by a dirty towel, from the broiling sun — more often not. But these fishwomen call for closer attention, since they form three-quarters of the women who are seen on the streets of the town. Their costumes are not of particular beauty or style — black skirts, usually topped by a brighter or flowered waist or shawl; on their heads, under the fish-baskets, they wear, on festive occasions, a peculiar small black hat, which comes nearest to looking like our derbys, in smaller, flatter, and more circular form. The crowning

glory of the peasant never fails to be her fish-basket — usually filled with fresh codfish.

And notice the young men in cutaways on the streets, with wide capes, very unfestively ragged, and often even torn. They are the students in their honour suits; the more torn the coats they wear, the greater the merit; the young scholar wears only one cape throughout the entire years of his pursuit of knowledge, which, at the beginning of his college days, is clean and bright, and which, with his evergrowing wisdom, continually gets dirtier, and more torn. The more ragged, the filthier the garment the nearer the young candidate gets to his degree. Only after successfully passing his examinations may even the young people of good family look fine again.

But we have no time to stop to admire fishwomen and students. We must ride up the beautiful Avenida da Liberdade, a lovely wide thoroughfare, which displays all the beauties of tropical plants in its towering palm trees and glowing flowers, and then we come to the Avenida da Republica, where some of the loveliest of Lisbon's private villas are situated. Our day would not be complete without a visit to the central markets, without seeing the varied articles for sale there, without seeing chickens being sold side by side with delicately tinted iris bouquets.

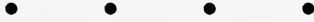
At night the weary traveler sits down in the men-filled cafe to drink his coffee and smoke his cigarette. He is glad when he can leave his sight-seeing for a bit, and happier still when he can lie down and dream of tomorrow's visit to Cintra, the former king's palace. It is only a three-quarter hour drive from Lisbon to Cintra, which, lying in the hills, is a lovely place in the solitude of the forest.

Two more days left. You must not miss Penina and Capuchos. Penina, a knight's castle, which was later used as a monastery, and Capuchos, not far away, the ancient dwellings of the Capuchian monks — a series of rooms under, or almost under, the ground, where the monks lived and worked for centuries — are two of the most interesting ruins near the city.

Our last day we reserve for Estoril — only a half hour from Lisbon. Estoril is a modern and well known seaside resort at the point where the Tejo joins the ocean. Although October, it is still warm enough to bath — in fact, many foreigners spend part of the winter

here — and afterwards to sit on the lovely terrace and look through an avenue of palm trees at the shining water, as the sun slowly sinks in the distance.

All is over. Again we lean on the railing of our boat, this time knowing that it is Penina that we see in the distance, and think back with pleasure on the four days spent among this ancient people.



But we who have not four days, but many more, think differently. Fishwomen are a fine sight for two or three days, but when you see them for a month, and observe how, in rainy weather, they carry their slippers on top of the fish, which they hope to sell you, you somewhat lose your appetite; or when you walk with weary feet through intricate narrow streets, paved only with irregular cobblestones, and more often than not, behind this very peasant, who calls at each step “Baccaleau,” and whose basket, to prove that she is selling codfish, smells two blocks away, you change your mind about quaint and picturesque merchants. Or when you try to rush through the business section of the town, only to be stopped at each corner, by some swarthy individual, who shouts at the top of his lungs, in a wailing, plaintive tone, the number of the lottery ticket which he is sure will win, and who thereupon tries to thrust this same ticket into your face, you somehow think back with joy on streets, through which you can walk with only such minor interruptions as a shoe-shine boy, or an unemployed apple salesman.

And yet the worst part of Lisbon is to come. Have you ever been into a store where the asked price was \$10 and the price you paid \$8? If you have, you have had a foretaste of Lisbon, for everywhere, in almost every shop, you bargain. In fact, if you don't you are likely to be regarded as not quite normal! If you pay half of the asked price you are probably paying what the storekeeper expects. If any more, you are surely overpaying.

It's all very nice for four days — but not for more!

Yellow Butterflies

By MARY ELIZABETH BITTING

THE pool was round and black and very, very big. It had thick green bushes growing all around it and cat-tails sticking out of the bushes. A million tiny butterflies swarmed in the sunny haze around the pool. They flew fast and beat their wings hard. Round and round they fluttered, hesitating now and then for half a second on the tip of a cat-tail. But even then they didn't rest. Back and forth they fluttered their wings fast and hard as though they were really flying. They must be very busy, thought Betsy, to stop so seldom and to fly so hard. She liked the little butterflies.

A big, orange one came drifting along and lit on the tallest cat-tail. Betsy watched it critically. It had bright spots on its wings that glowed like eyes. It poised on the tip of the cat-tail and fanned its wings gently; then more swiftly, until the eyes were twinkling at her. She looked away. The big butterfly wasn't nearly so nice as the tiny yellow ones.

Betsy rolled over on her stomach and looked at Brother. He was hunched on the edge of the bank holding a long brown pole out over the water. There was a string tied to the end of the pole. It hung down and disappeared into the water. A lock of hair fell across his forehead. The sun glinted on his pug nose, and the rays centered on one big brown freckle on the tip. It wasn't the only freckle. There were many, many other little freckles crowded all around. Some of them were light and some were dark; some of them were round and some of no shape at all, just spraddled in every direction. Even as she watched, the sunbeams splashed upon his face and spread out in little brown pools. At length as she stared, all the freckles crowded together to make room for new ones, and finally merged into one.

Brother was catching a whale. Mother had said that there was a whale in the pool and they must never go near. Brother had decided to catch the whale. He said girls couldn't fish; but she had come along to help him drag the whale home. A whale must be pretty big, she thought. It was getting very warm. The sun made her squint. She could hardly see the butterflies now, for they flew so fast, round and

round and round. But she knew they were there — she could hear the faint hum of their wings. She broke off a cat-tail and stirred the water idly. The brown fuzz came off and floated away in circles.

A loud moo broke the warm stillness. Betsy turned, startled; but she knew it was only Doc Adkin's cow, tied in the field over there. She turned again to the pool. The cat-tail floated merrily a little way from the shore. She leaned over and reached for it. It laughed at her and floated farther. She reached again.

The black water closed over her head. Something was pulling her down, down. She beat her arm hard like the yellow butterflies, but it was no use. There was a queer pain in her chest and throat. She opened her eyes, and the whale was there. He swam against her and tickled her legs. He closed in around her; he was smothering her to death. She tried to push him away. Then she closed her eyes.

Something hot pressed against her lips. She opened her mouth. It tasted like hot lemonade! She opened her eyes. Mother leaned over and tucked the blankets closer around her. Brother's face appeared, close to hers. His eyes shone. He was talking.

"You fell in and I pulled you out. I dragged you all the way home."

The freckles in Brother's face were so many and so brown. They flew around in circles. They were getting lighter now, lighter and lighter, almost yellow. Why, they had turned into yellow butterflies! They flew so fast and beat their wings so hard.

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A la Millay

By MIRIAM ROBINSON

My candle burns at both ends,
But it will last for nights.
I use it only for my friends
And burn electric lights.



"Only by miracle"

I, Horner Phayle, Doctor

By EDYTHE LATHAM

IT is singularly strange that sitting here in my office on the first floor of the city's largest hospital, I am able to think only of one line — "I, who am about to die, salute you." Where I heard it I do not know; but is alarmingly timely; for I am about to die. You are probably thinking that as I write this I am living in that desperately despondent state which usually precedes a suicide. I assure you I am at this moment far more in command of my higher mind, and far more capable of clear foresight and reason than I could ever be again, if I lived. I wish I might describe to you the perfect calm and the quiet opening of all the recesses of intellect which comes with the conscious approach of a self-cited death. I have always wondered what a man thinks in this exact situation, and now I know. He thinks first of leaving some message! I cannot quite decide whether this desire to write is to help assuage the grief of those who can never understand *why* or whether I, as an individual, am merely adhering to that age-old desire of vain and feeble man, to leave behind some record of his having lived. Perhaps I am writing to inform certain of my colleagues of my feelings in this remarkable state of conscious near-death. (For they also have that probing curiosity which all slaves of the goddess Science are in turn cursed and blessed with.)

No doubt you are puzzled; for, in my musings and probings into my new feelings, I have neglected to tell you *why*. It is very simple. But perhaps I should go back a few years —

I left the farm when I was seventeen years old, and entered the State University. My brother, Benedict, stayed behind with my father. He was twenty years old and had got no farther in school than the eighth grade. He had that contempt for books which the stupid and illiterate have always had for that which is beyond their understanding. It is well that Benedict stayed; for two of them were alike. They even lurched on their left feet, alike.

I am like my mother. It is from her that I got my love for books and my desire to learn and use knowledge. Her name was Phylis Horner. She came from town to teach the second grade in a little

country school — and fell in love with my father. I say she fell in love with him because only love could be blinding enough to keep a frail, educated woman from seeing the life she would lead, (and to which she was so tragically ill-suited) if she married Ben Phayle. I am not intimating that he was unkind to her — he adored her! When she died he cried as only the simple hearted man *can* cry, and called her name, and begged her to speak to him. But he could not help the wind coming in the thin boards of the house, and he was too poor to hire a girl to help her wash, and iron, and cook, and clean, and sew, and scrub. And so she died when I was twelve years old; but before she left us, she called me in and told me that she had spoken to Mr. Grady at the school; that he was going to help me prepare for the State University. She wanted me to be a lawyer or a doctor. I told her I wanted to be a doctor so I could keep her well all the time. She didn't say anything for a long time — then she murmured to herself "Dr. Horner Phayle."

She left me five hundred dollars — money she had saved for sixteen years from the butter and milk and eggs she sold on Saturdays. Right there the trouble started. Benedict never got over her leaving it to me. He thought she should have left it to him to buy a piece of land next to ours for him to settle down on when he got married. I told him he wouldn't need to buy a piece of land; that I was going to be a doctor and would give him my share; that when father died he could have it all. That only infuriated him and he began accusing me of thinking I was too good to live on the farm and too smart to make a living doing what my father had done. Benedict was crafty; that last thrust poisoned my father against me. It was the sort of thing that silently antagonized and could not be fought out.

Mr. Grady lent me books and taught me chemistry and physics and math. He was a good teacher; he loved science and wanted me to love it. He made me believe in myself. I remember once on a particularly hard physics problem on which I had worked for two days, he so skillfully helped me solve it that I thought I had done it myself and my self-confidence remained unshattered. Through many of my hard days at medical school I made myself repeat some words he used to say to encourage me. "Nothing worthwhile is easily gained. A good life is made of constant trying." He was my wisest and dearest

friend. I have a faded snapshot of him, taken the day I was graduated from high school, on my desk right now.

I worked in town at a hotel during the summer before I went to the university. I was a bell-hop. It was a commercial hotel and the travelling men tipped me because I was more polite and less sullen than the other two boys. In all I made one hundred dollars.

The morning I left, Mr. Grady came in his horse and wagon and took me six miles to town to the station. My father told me to come on home for Christmas, if I wanted to; but Benedict got up from the table and went on out to the barn without saying goodbye. During the five years after mother died — before I went way — things had gone from bad to worse. Mr. Grady had got some anatomy books from the library in town on one of his weekly trips and I had been studying them. I had moved my bed and things upstairs in a sort of loft and had made it into a rough laboratory. When a farmer down the road drowned an old cat and three kittens I went down to the creek and fished out the old cat and one kitten. After Benedict and my father went to bed at night I dissected on them. I wanted to learn the muscular and nervous systems. I kept them in a can of alcohol and used an old fruit knife and razor and pair of tweezers to dissect. I had cut a square out of the roof and put in a piece of window glass from a deserted house. It made a pretty good skylight to use when I found a chance to work in the daytime.

One day I came home from school and found my skylight broken and a piece of tin tailed over the place. My cats were gone and all my bottles were broken. I didn't cry or swear or say a word. I was numb and cold all over. Here again there was nothing I could say. My father and Benedict had done it, and there was nothing for me to do to bear it — the curse of living with the stupid and the narrow. They believed I was "going against God and religion" to cut on dead bodies. My father would have sent me out of the house and I could not go yet — I wasn't through high school — and all my future plans would be crumbled.

After that I never ate any rabbit or squirrel that Benedict shot. I wanted to tell them how much more fiendish it was to kill and eat an animal than to take one already dead and study the parts of its body in order to help eternally suffering humanity. But I knew they

would never understand; so I remained silent about it all. Benedict turned even my silence into something planned to snub them. I could see the long glances pass between my father and him across the table.

When I got to the university I wrote two letters home to tell them I had got a job waiting on tables in a restaurant across from the campus. I thought that knowing I was working outside school to pay my way would make them see I was willing to do anything to get to be a doctor; but it must not have helped any—for I never got an answer. I didn't take any holidays; I needed the money too much. I stayed and worked full time in the restaurant. The proprietor paid me ten dollars a week.

In two years I entered the medical school. By that time I was able to get an assistant's job in a sophomore chemistry laboratory. It was then that the hardest work began. I had only five hours sleep at night and lived on about thirty cents a day for food. I had to spend so much on laboratory fees and medical books. Sometimes I felt like quitting and going back to the farm; but the thought of enduring the scorn of Benedict and my father drove me back to my studies. Then, too, I would see my mother's face when she whispered, "Dr. Horner Phayle," and things would seem lighter.

My grades were good and my teachers, wise old doctors, helped me when they found out I was so in earnest. I was too poor to join a fraternity, but in my senior medical year I was taken into an honorary medical fraternity. I almost cried when the committee came to my room and asked me to join. There was a boy named Gordon Phillips in my class who was very friendly toward me after I was taken in. He was wealthy and his father was a surgeon in the north. I didn't find out until later that the reason he came over to my room and talked so much with me about anatomy was so he could learn enough to pass his "practical" in surgery. I was fooled into thinking he liked me, and in my enthusiasm over finding a friend, I taught him all I knew. But that was not all. The worst of it was that I told him about Benedict and how I hated him. We even made a joke between us about the time when I might get Benedict under the knife and then—— But it was only a joke; I never dreamed of anything like that happening. Now I know that such things should not be so idly spoken.

The day I got my degree in medicine I was awarded a medal for making the highest average on the state board medical examination. Gordon Phillips came second. I won the coveted fellowship to study with Dr. Weger in his famous clinic. After that, Gordon Phillips changed toward me entirely. At first I told myself it was jealousy on his part since I had averaged higher; what I did not know was that his father who had been a classmate of Dr. Weger, had boasted that Gordon would soon be the famous specialist's associate.

I had not been home in a year. Before I left for Dr. Weger's Clinic I went back to the farm for a week's rest. Neither my father nor Benedict had come to my graduation. I had not expected them. But Mr. Grady had sent me a letter in which he said:

"I know your mother would be happy if she could see you when you receive your degree. The hardest part is past now and you have done well. You are equipped to be great, Horner. I, as she did, believe in you."

During the week I stayed at the farm I realized it had ceased to be my home. All my things—little knickknacks, such as fishing poles, had been thrown away. My father and Benedict regarded me as a stranger. They looked at my clothes and hands—hairless from rinsing in antiseptics—and sneered visibly. I attempted to be jovial and interested in the farm. It was useless; they mistrusted me. Even when I offered to open a boil on my father's arm, he refused, though it was hurting and needed to be lanced. After that I stopped trying and decided that it would be best if I never returned when I once went into the hospital. I left on Wednesday morning. On Tuesday night, I went to see Mr. Grady. We talked a long time and it was late when I got back to the farm. I gave him my address and he promised to write. He was a good man.

When I got back that night, Benedict was still up. He seemed fidgety and nervous. I sat down and lighted my pipe. It was warm and still. Finally he turned to me and said, "Father has made a new will." I didn't answer. He waited a few minutes and then, "He wants everything to go to me. I'm going to marry Sudie Cleves next month." I had nothing to say. It is true I wanted no part of the farm and my inheritance from my mother had definitely divided me from my father and brother; but it seemed needlessly cruel for them to have arranged

things without my knowledge. Of course, I realized the whole matter was the doing of Benedict. This naturally made my ever coming back impossible, even had I not decided it before.

My three years with Dr. Weger were filled with hard work in experimenting with cancer cure. My hours were long — both in the X-ray laboratories and in assisting the great specialist himself in the operating room. Dr. Weger was one of those men who devote all their lives to working on incurable diseases; but unlike many he was not insensitive to suffering. He never forgot that he was trying to help a human being to live and not just probing into a specialized field of science to win fame for himself. If he failed with radium, he tried operative removal. At times I felt I was growing hard and absorbed only in the study of the disease itself. I think Dr. Weger in trying to teach me realized I must never lose sight of the history of the patient as a case; for he often insisted that I write up the patient's record before I gave the last treatment. I was always grateful to him for as much as he taught me about humanity as I was for what he taught me in the operating room.

When my time was up he secured a position for me as chief-of-staff in this hospital, the city's largest, devoted mainly to charity patients and supported by a city fund. It was a strange mixture of honor and responsibility to be given such a position; I was only twenty-six, and as he told me the day I left, "the wards are filled with hopeless wretches from the slums whose minds and bodies both are almost irretrievably rotted with combinations of diseases. It is a thankless task." He did not exaggerate. The former chief-of-staff, an old Dr. Brownhurst, had retired from active practice. There had been a meeting of the hospital board — business men of the city — to decide upon his successor. Before they could come to an agreement between two doctors already within the hospital, Dr. Weger had sent my recommendation, and solely on his influence I was given the position.

I arrived to take charge at ten o'clock at night. The night-surgeon met me at the station—he was Gordon Phillips! There, again, through no plotting of mine, I had thwarted him in his ambitions. First, he had failed to get the fellowship with Dr. Weger and had come here as an interne. Now, when the place for chief-of-staff had been open for him and success almost sure, I had been chosen because of Dr. Weger's

intervention. I had to admire him for his cheek in coming for me at the station and so glibly recalling old times in medical school; but I was not fooled. Gordon Phillips hated me. He hated me as only a man *can* hate the constant obstacle in his path to honor and success. He hated me as only the rich *can* hate a man who takes from them something their money fails to buy. I knew then that my new task would be all the harder for the diplomacy I would be forced to use to keep down a possible two factions in the staff. He was to assist me — he, who had been trained in the operating technique of one surgeon and I, who had been so carefully drilled in the technique of a greater.

During the first year we managed to come to no open disputes; but time after time in the operating room I caught the tone of his contempt under the thin garment of suggestion. For instance he would say:

“Dr. Phayle, it was a decided rule of Dr. Brownhurst to use chromic cat-gut at this stage. But that is only by way of suggestion—you, of course, know best.”

“Yes, Dr. Phillips,” I would answer, “but we found at Dr. Weger’s that black silk held better and was less inclined to slough — but I’m grateful for your suggestion.”

Then came the matter of the hospital records. He believed in my strict surveillance of each patient’s history as he was admitted into the hospital. In a hospital of over seventy-five charity cases, it was almost impossible for me to personally check each one and operate, too. I assigned him the responsibility, hoping that it might in some way flatter him to know I placed such implicit faith in his diagnosis. He was to go over each patient as he came in and report to me whether it was necessary to operate or use treatment. Instead of realizing the importance of his own position he took the opposite attitude of feeling that I was shirking a duty. He even took occasion to remark that Dr. Brownhurst had been able to diagnose and operate also, despite his many duties.

Six months passed during which time he diagnosed the cases of the patients in the charity wards. It was fitting that he do this; for his efficiency lay in his ability to diagnose — he was a miserable failure at surgery. I recalled the episode of my unknowingly coaching him to pass on his practical exam in surgery just after I first met him. Now

in this arrangement he merely posted the number of the patient and the operation to be performed and I got the daily bulletin at eight o'clock each morning. After I had operated, I was given the patient's record to sign. I rarely ever knew their names — there were so many coming in every day — all with practically the same disease.

And now, I come to the last day — today. I went into the operating room at ten o'clock. The patient, a man, had come in from the ward. He was already prepared and the anesthetist had placed the ether cone over his face. I was to remove a few inches from his intestinal tract which was described as cancerous, from the report posted beside his number. Gordon Phillips was assisting me as usual. It took only a few minutes to get to the infected area; but there I knew that the man's chance of life was one in a thousand. Besides the cancer, the whole region was a mass of growths. Only by a miracle could I save him — and in this case there was no miracle. In attempting to remove one of the fibrous growth to the right of the particular spot I was trying to reach, I cut a main vessel which had been pulled out of its natural place and the growth wound around it.

The patient died on the table. The next patient was a simple appendectomy. I finished up and went back to my office. Somehow I kept remembering how Gordon Phillips looked at me when the man died. It was as though he were glad I had failed on such a difficult case. The man would have died anyway, and others had died before him; so very many were brought in too late; but this time Gordon Phillips seemed to take special note of it. I rang for a nurse and asked her to have Dr. Phillips bring in the record of case 53.

When he came in there was a knowing smirk on his face. His eyes never left mine as he handed me the sheet. Then I understood why. The name at the head of the sheet was *Benedict Phayle, age 32, admitted November 6.*

"A slip of the knife can cover a multitude of sins, eh, Doctor Phayle?" he said. "I seem to recall a joke between us during medical school."

So now you understand. It is quite simple — the case against me, I mean. I would be convicted of killing my own brother. Gordon Phillips would, of course, be an unfailing witness against me. He would testify that I had for years hated my brother; that I had even inferred

that I might some day avenge myself with the knife; that the man had died from the cutting of the vessel and not from the operation itself. He would be justified in bringing the accusation against me to avenge his own hatred for me. He would of course be given my position and publicly honored for having brought to trial a murderer in the guise of doctor. The court might even prove that I had become a doctor in order to perfect an elaborate and subtle scheme of revenge. How could I ever prove that I did not know the identity of the patient on the table? Every point is against me.

I am leaving this message behind for the sake of one man, Mr. Grady. I want him to know that I am innocent; that I am taking my own life to avoid having it taken from me in disgrace. Even though by some miracle of chance I were tried and not convicted, my reputation would be destroyed — and without faith and reputation, a doctor cannot be!

There are three drops of hydro-cyanic acid in this glass. Death will be instantaneous.

• • • •

A Part

F. NELSON

I cannot have all
The smiles, the laughter
Of your careless days.
Bring me, dear,
When light and love fade
Your faltering step,
Your aching heart.
This do I ask—
Just a part.

The Gods Pull the Strings

I AM one of those incongruous personalities that Nature, in a playful fit of irony, threw together. I was created, I have come to believe, as the little toy clown to tease the gods. Since that fateful day when their Puckish Majesties first began to pull my strings, I have been jerked, perforce, through many droll, blundering, gesticulations.

Even as a little tot I was something of an oddity. While at five years, I could read in the fifth-grade reader and quote long poems; yet at nine I was endeavoring in vain to tie my own shoe-strings, would not go to sleep in the dark, and cried every morning because I must go to school. Neither my parents nor I ever had that comfortable sense of security that possessors should feel in their possessions. Whereas they might command of their first-born "Do this," and it was done; or to their younger son, "Say this," and it was said — not so with me. They never were prepared, even after years of experience, for my reactions to discipline and if I, anticipating admonishments should resign myself to respond, the chastisement was withheld.

There was the episode of the oatmeal. Oatmeal, my parents decided, was essential in the diet of their growing offsprings. So there must be oatmeal. And there *was* oatmeal — mountains of it — each morning in huge cereal bowls placed determinedly before three hungry infants. The two brothers, experienced in a mother's stern sense of duty, ate theirs stoically. But I, having an indelible aversion for the insipid taste and slimy feel of it would endure any number of vigorous spankings — the oatmeal went untouched. Perhaps some moralist might point a knowing finger at my slight stature today as the direct result of a lack of oatmeal. So be it.

As an adolescent, my parents probably concluded that their promising prodigy would eventually outgrow the few "imperfect sympathies" of earlier years and enter into the same heritage of maturity. But again they miscalculated. The gods of her destiny planned otherwise.

They recall with shudders their daughter's dramatic adventure at this tender age. Having an unusually keen aptness for memorizing, I was given (to their delight) the leading role in a pageant. At all

practices, I gave my part with perfect accuracy, enforced with a dramatic presentation that constantly astounded the sponsors. They could not praise my wondering parents enough. The evening of the performance arrived. The curtain rose upon a tense audience. Then I presented myself in a graceful pose, and while the directors, my parents, and the audience waited my eloquent words. A sudden realization — I was moving to puppet strings. I immediately turned right about face and left the stage without an utterance. No amount of persuasion could coax my return. Call it perversity or independence.

But now I have reached a certain maturity. I have profited by the long years of experience, and have entered at last into my heritage of wisdom. I am no longer a victim of a false sense of independence. Yes, I have outgrown my childish perversity, but in its stead there has developed some well defined adult idiosyncrasies. I have perfected to the degree of a fine art the quality of absent-mindedness. I am the type of genius who takes English notes to a biology class. I remember distinctly about an assignment on the exact hour it is due. I make engagements which I totally, wholly and completely forget. As for losing things, I have the hard earned, all time, long distance record of losing more things, in more places under more extraordinary circumstances than any human — Napoleon was a piker. He only lost one empire.

If I purchased twelve textbooks a year, I can count upon losing thirteen of them. I have lost every handkerchief, every hat, every umbrella, and every pair of gloves that I ever owned. As for fountain pens, I strew them generously about the campus. I am reduced to a state of pencil-nubbins and backs of envelopes.

My memory is not, however, a total loss. I can remember the exact phraseology of an obscure passage from many books — passages which professors never recall. I can quote word for word inconsequential conversations which took place in some dim past. I never forget the various likes and dislikes of acquaintances. "Oh, the incongruities of the congruous," you sigh. Yes, but I am one of the anointed. I am the entertainer of the gods. I resign my independence. My blunders are not my own, the gods pull the strings.

WHAT WE THINK

LIKE children in teens, we, as a college, have suddenly spraddled into adolescence. We began with a group of about two hundred students. Slowly we grew, adding only a few students each year. Then with an amazing spurt the number of students doubled—tripled—and still continued to grow. It became necessary to build new buildings, to enlarge, to expand. We thought almost entirely in terms of buildings, appropriations, and numbers of students. And in this process of material expansion, we perhaps lost something — something abstract: a feeling of unity and solidarity — a certain quality of loyalty and appreciation that we had when the college was younger and smaller.

Our problem now is to get to know ourselves again — to find the force that will unite us as a college family. This is not the problem of the college alone, it must be met and solved by the country as a whole. America, like our college, took tremendous material strides — expanded from a few small colonies to a great nation teeming with industry and wealth. Now material expansion has slowed down, we find ourselves fully grown physically; but lacking something vital spiritually.

We must now find a new aim and a new meaning for our future existence. We have outgrown our old purpose of expansion. We must find a new goal toward which to work. We must apply dynamic forces to today's problems or we shall become static, as a college, as a commonwealth, as a nation. And that is an unthinkable premise for America or Americans.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE TESTAMENT OF YOUTH. By Vera Brittain. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1933.

The Testament of Youth is one of the few great books growing out of the experiences of the last war. Without any fan-fare of trumpets or blood and thunder tactics the book achieves a startling realism without exceeding the bounds of good taste. It becomes, in the capable hands of Miss Brittain, not merely an autobiography but the biography of the entire generation.

The writing is charming because of its straightforward style and compactness of expression. The viewpoint of the author is clear and unbiased; for she does not lament her own distress and hardships during the war. She laments the necessity for such a disaster. Concisely and exactly the picture is presented of a generation destroyed, a great host of men and women who belong to the past. And the resulting effect is that the reader feels that it is not the dead who are lost so much as those who survive.

Miss Brittain was one of the few young people of her day who braved public opinion by daring to follow an intellectual life at Oxford University instead of the conventional social life open to her. The tranquil peace of pre-war Oxford and the sudden disruption of her world upon the declaration of war is well depicted. Her friends, her relatives, her fiance — all of whom she knew intimately — were cast headlong into the maelstrom. She herself found a place in the ranks of the nurses who also struggled for a cause which none could rightfully define. The accounts of her experiences in the different hospitals is the best argument against a blighting and needless devastation.

In this unsettled and troublesome period, the war hysteria and unbalance threatened to undermine the civilian life. The record of the splendid youth lost is heart-breaking, especially in consideration of the women who were left alone in a confused and shaky world. The evidences of the pitiless and graceless character of this struggle are

made quite plain although the author recognizes the strengthening process occasioned in men's souls by the ordeal.

The gradual reconstruction of lives and thought after the war is pictured simply and beautifully in Miss Brittain's own life and those of her friends. The war had swept away their world; now they were faced with the task of rebuilding it. The task was not easy, but by strength of common sense and determination these people began to piece together the remnants left. The dead belonged to the past; the survivors were hostage to the future. With her own clear insight to aid her, Miss Brittain set about renewing her life and rebuilding an environment centered around her husband and children.

This book, being true, is more moving than fiction and more lasting. It is great by reason of the fine craftsmanship and realistic portrayal. It becomes a supreme challenge and an everlasting condemnation because of its keen perception. Miss Brittain's book is truly a testament of youth and a cry for peaceful and constructive living.

NINE ETCHED FROM LIFE. By Emil Ludwig. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company, 1934.

The fact that Mr. Ludwig has known personally each of the men he treats raises the merit of the book considerably. In each of the sketches is incorporated an interview which portrays the character and personality of the man. The author has done a fine piece of work in this collection of portraits of such eminent men, as Lloyd George, Mussolini, Briand, and Stalin.

THE AGE OF CONFIDENCE. By Henry Seidel Canby. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, 1934.

This book is a pleasing and satisfying account of the life of the nineties in a small city, Wilmington, Delaware. From this point of attack the author discusses nearly every phase of social living. The book is written in a somewhat formal tone, but the pulse of the time beats vitally throughout its pages. Mr. Canby describes minutely the customs of the period, the position of parents and children, the attitude toward business and politics, and religious thought — all against the social background of the gay nineties which he invests with a new meaning and dignity.

THE WESTWARD STAR. By Frank Ernest Hill. New York: The John Day Company, 1934.

The Westward Star is a powerful novel presented easily and effectively through the medium of poetry. It concerns the trip westward of a party of Americans in the 1840's. The story centers around the fight of Celeste against her love for the trader, Emmet. The clash of her puritan ideals with the new western ideals produces the strong character which Celeste becomes in the end. The poetry is not of the best but it carries the story more dramatically than the use of prose.

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1933-1934. By Burns Mantle. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1934.

The annual edition of the best plays by Burns Mantle is one of the best this year. He did not have an overwhelmingly successful season to choose from, but the plays are representative of the finest in present-day drama. Among them are Maxwell Anderson's "Mary of Scotland" and Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness." The reviews of the conditions in the theatre and the yearbook of drama are, as always both helpful and enlightening.

SO RED THE ROSE. By Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1934.

Although Mr. Young has been writing for many years, *So Red the Rose* is the first of his books to be popularly acclaimed. He writes sympathetically and vividly of the South during the hectic days of the Civil War. The character delineation is clear-cut and skillfully wrought; the story travels smoothly because of expert manipulation. Mr. Young has caught the lights and shadows of the planter south with peculiar adeptness. Even in the moments when the picture displays a tendency to become too highly colored the author saves the book by his skill and humor.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS. By James Hilton. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1934.

Good-bye, Mr. Chips is a tenderly poignant revelation of the workings of the mind of an aged schoolmaster who has lived richly and

abundantly. The gentle humor and delicate pathos of the old man's reminiscions are not overdone. The memories of his life and the stirring events which he has seen pass before his eyes in recollection as death draws near. The little tale is highly entertaining and deserves much reflection as we consider our hurried lives.

• • • •

New Year's

By MIRIAM ROBINSON

IN the front bedroom of Mrs. Mattie Wrenn's Rooming Place on Fifty-two Dilling Street sat Mr. Fetter, swinging one leg a little and carefully nibbling an almond. It had been a good day — a very good day. The stamps had sold well, and the evening sky had had that particular look that he was most fond of. Everywhere there had seemed to be a secret expectation. The world, the people — all seemed so unbelievably perfect.

He reached down to Alice. She lifted one eye sleepily as he rubbed her nose. Alice was fat, he observed, still smoothing the brown spot between her ears. A nice dog, Alice. Always quiet, always sleepy — A nice, good dog. He was very fond of her. He straightened with difficulty — getting too fat himself.

He looked at his watch. It was seven o'clock. He must dress if he was going out. His heart began to beat faster, punk-punk-punk-punk, as loud as his alarm clock — even louder! Awed by its volume, he listened, and as he listened, down the street filtered faintly the echo of hoarse wooden horns and gathering people. He commenced to glow. New Year's! Everybody was expected to be daring on New Year's.

He looked at the dress and blushed. His audacity alarmed him. How could he have been induced to buy a ballet costume to wear on New Year's night? It was an original costume all right. He shuddered at the thought of how original. Made of wide white gauze, it had a billowing, many-layered skirt and a tight, sleeveless top. It was pretty.

Smiling, he unfastened the top button of his shirt. He wondered what Dawson, in his Postal Department, would say if he should see him in this costume. Around the big fellows he always felt timid.

He fished for another nut. He didn't want to be timid tonight. He shouldn't have bought those nuts — a fat man like himself. He didn't quite believe that. He stood up and looked in the mirror. He was plump to be sure, but fat? He pulled off his shirt. Alice stood up, her nose trembling. Mr. Fetter smiled at her feebly. He couldn't go out in that costume. He couldn't. Clad only in his B.V.D.'s, he stood foolishly in the center of the room rubbing one plump hand against his pale soft shoulder.

The movements within the house came to him dimly. The sounds were a quiet blur: Mrs. Wrenn moving back and forth in the kitchen, the colored girl clinking silver on the dining room table, the splashing of water in the bathroom by one of the other gentlemen. The street outside was silent, too. Mrs. Wrenn had promised that it was a sedate street when he first came to investigate Wrenn's Rooming Place. It was quiet now, but in the distance the noise mounted to an increasingly happy howl.

"Alice, we shall go," declared Mr. Fetter. Alice whimpered, but Mr. Fetter did not hear. He was lifting the flimsy layers of net above his pale skull.

He hurried towards the lights. His own streets were dark, but Liberty Square lifted a stir of pink beyond the chimneys, and he could hear the noise. He walked as swiftly as his skirts would allow. The dash of his dressing had left him still dazed: the smudge of polish to his carefully tended black shoes, the applying of a fierce mustachio, the fastening of the dress, the thrilling exit down the back staircase.

Puffing, dazed Mr. Fetter reached the square, his heart rolling to and fro in his throat. He stopped at the corner, awed and afraid.

The square billowed with tangerines, scarlets, yellows, greens, blues, purples, more scarlets. It moaned and hooted. It screamed and natted. Mr. Fetter found himself pushed into the moving stream, his skirts jiggling against the belt of a pirate chewing upon a hot dog, his voluptuous stomach battling against the jingling bells of a gypsy sash.

A tiny black-masked goblin, scrambling through the legs of a fireman, sighted Mr. Fetter. He stood motionless, and then he screamed, "Look; look at the fat man!"

The fireman looked. The gypsy turned. The pirate ogled. Mr. Fetter knew he was important; he swaggered a bit.

"Look at the dancer!" they cried about him.

Harlequins and cavaliers stopped. Mr. Fetter placed a delicate hand upon the edge of his skirt. He pranced.

"See him?"

"Look, Edith!"

All the square seemed to push towards him. The horns and noise-makers screeched acclaim. He bobbed and minced. He bowed. A throng was following him. Hands touched his skirts. Streams of orange papers shot over his head. He choked with happiness. Alice yanked and pulled at her leash. "Whooooo, Hooooo!" shrieked Mr. Fetter.

"Ho, ho, ho!" clamored the following. A sailor carrying two canes of pink candy elbowed through the crowd. He caught sight of Mr. Fetter, and, grinning and bowing elaborately, he silently thrust the candy into Mr. Fetter's hands.

Mr. Fetter blushed and nodded, and the crowd moaned still louder. The fiesta swept on. The crowd had thickened. Now it was gigantic soup trimming with varied colored vegetables that blubbered merrily in the pot. The little man could only dimly hear the moaning, teeming revelry that beat to and fro across the Square. But the company was growing quieter now. They were looking towards the center of the Square where the monument, General Jackson on Horseback, stood. A man had climbed the monument and now was balancing himself upon the horse's broad back. He waved down at the people, swaying as he waved. Mr. Fetter shook with laughter. The man looked most absurd clinging like a bright beetle to the grey general.

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The friends of Mr. Fetter had drawn forward towards the new curiosity. An angular policeman at the base of the monument, his head back, shook his club hopelessly. His face was mad, and his mouth was moving, but his voice was drowned in the laughter.

The fellow climbed up by the horse's tail, thought Mr. Fetter, wisely, and took another mouthful of candy.

Mr. Fetter now stood a little apart from the rest of the crowd, hoping slightly that his followers would return. Gracefully he drew in another swirl of candy.

A woman jerked a little girl past him. As they went by, he caught the scent of the woman's powder and heard the smack of the child's gum. Their voices drifted back to him. "Mother, did you see the silly, old man?" They laughed together.

Mr. Fetter surveyed the fellow on the monument. As he watched, the man swayed, and the mocking crowd swayed with him. Mr. Fetter sneezed. His mouth was full of candy; he coughed helplessly while his face reddened, and his eyes filled. Suddenly he was very cold. He was shaking. Alice, sitting at his feet, was shaking, too. "We'd better go home, Alice," he said. The dog whimpered.

The drooping little man, still holding the pink candy in his hand, swiftly picked his way through the lights and roar. No one noticed his passage. He was glad of that. At last he reached the spot from which, so short a time before, he had stood watching. He passed, moving briskly, but as he reached the darker, quieter street beyond, with the noise coming fainter, he moved more slowly. The bright candy slid into the gutter. The gauze of his skirt swished sadly. His feet scraped the pavement. Behind him desolately padded Alice.

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He met no one. He heard nothing except his own feet falling again and again. The feel and sound of the gauze around him had grown unbearable. If he could only tear the skirt away! In fact he would like to tear all his clothes away and run—run down the streets screaming. His head had gone wrong. He could feel it rocking back, back, back then forward. No, perhaps it was not his head, but his heart. Ahead he saw the vague outline of a hydrant. He crept to it and sat down. He knew he was more foolish looking than ever now. His legs sprawled and his mouth hung open. He could not quite close it. His head slipped down upon the top of the hydrant.

Alice curled at his feet, then crept a little closer, and lay there shivering between his feet.

. . . .

Cows

THE first time I ever saw a cow I decided that I didn't like it. I must have been very young when I made this decision. As I remember, we were driving through the country when Mother pointed out a group of ungainly animals that were dragging their heads on the ground and said, "See the moo-cows." I saw them, yes; but at that minute, I decided that I didn't like cows. For a long time, however, I was unable to find anyone who shared my dislike. Some people were very fond of cows and would tell me that I should share their fondness because cows gave milk for little girls. But this never had its

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desired effect. Not even Ovaltine could ever make me like my milk, and besides, I hated people who spoke in such a patronizing tone.

It was not until the summer of my sixth year that I found someone who, like myself, did not like cows. She was a little girl about my own age, and she had straight black hair cut in a Dutch bob, black eyes, and red cheeks and lips that lighted up her dark skin. Her name was Polly, and she lived in the cottage next to the one where we spent our summers. When I asked her if she liked cows, she assured me that she did not. She told me that cows did awful things to Spaniards and she was afraid that they might think that she was a Spaniard. She said that her mother had told her once that she looked like a little Spaniard, and for that reason she was very much afraid of cows.

Fate had ordained that two little girls who had a common dislike for cows should live, in the summer, very near a herd of these detested animals. Not only did we live near the cows, but we had to cross their fields almost every day. We lived about a mile from the main road where our mail was left, and someone had to go for the mail every day. About half-way between our houses and the road there was a fence with a gate-way with two bars across it. Beyond the bars and between them and the road were the cow pastures.

Everyone would be busy in the mornings after breakfast except Polly and me, and someone would invariably suggest that we go for the mail. Our mothers decided that it was foolish for us to be afraid of cows and we would have to get over it. But we never did get over that fear, for that is what my dislike had turned to, and we had to go in spite of it. We would walk slowly through the fields that lay between home and the bars, stopping to pick flowers or berries, but we always hurried through the cow pastures. Sometimes there were no

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cows to be seen, and then we would run through the pastures. But if there were any cows in the fields, we would walk more slowly and with an air of ownership as if we had as much right to be there as they, so that they wouldn't know that we were afraid of them. The cows never hurt us or even appeared as though they might, but almost every day for four summers Polly and I hurried through their fields trying not to let them see that we were afraid.

One night I even dreamed of cows. I thought I was going through their pasture on my way to get the mail. The whole herd was there and all their relatives and all the cows in the world it seemed. They were lined up along the path, and everyone of them was looking at me. They were talking among themselves trying to decide whether or not I was a Spaniard. Before they had decided, I woke up. I sat up in bed with a start as one usually does when waking from a bad dream. From my position in my bed I could see through the window into the yard. There were four cows! Someone had left the bars down and the cows were assembled in our front yard. I missed my swim that morning because I refused to leave the house until the cows were once more safely behind the bars.

I was more afraid than ever to go for the mail that morning. I was quite sure that the cows would hold me responsible for their forced departure from our yard. But when I crossed their fields they were nowhere to be seen. I had rather hoped that they would hurt me this morning. I didn't want them to kill me, but if they hurt me just a little bit my mother would realize what a dangerous errand she had been sending me on every day. But the cows were not even in sight. The one time, and only time, I wanted them they were not there. More than ever I was sure that I didn't like cows.

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