

GRAD



DECEMBER, 1935

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I MARY ELIZABETH BITTING
T BETTY WINSPEAR
O MIRIAM ROBINSON
R MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS
I LYAL MAIE REYNOLDS
A SHEILA CORLEY
L HOPE BURCHELLE

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THE CORADDI IS A MEMBER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION



Editorial Page

• Not long ago we received a note concerning the second Writers' Conference to be held at Blue Ridge next summer. Reminiscences at once started racing through our head. We remember Phillips Russell, the director, alternating constantly between sarcasm and kindness. . . and bow-tie, a perfectly rare color, with one end pointing toward his ear and the other toward his breast-pocket . . . the young author of *Inching Along* in a brilliant yellow terry-cloth sweater . . . the Civil War, refought every morning and prayed over once . . . "We've got to get away from the 'moonlight and roses' South! We've got to do something about it!" What? . . . Paul Green, the visiting celebrity, who did his best to shock everyone . . . Marian Sims, with her priceless sense of humor and her steady calm . . . the Admiral, who was not as radical as we were . . . Judge Winston, who had definite opinions about everything, particularly Robert E. Lee . . . The Lady from Asheville Who Hated Thomas Wolfe . . . Ah, Thomas Wolfe! Every scene he wrote was picked to pieces, from the drunken passages in *Look Homeward, Angel* to the moonlight-stein outburst in *Of Time and the River* . . . ice water, and glaring sunshine on the white pillars of Robert E. Lee Hall . . . But it's December now, and we must think of next summer. Will we be there? Definitely, yes!

ADELAIDE PORTER.

• We are told that we are fortunate . . . we who are young and in college today. We rebel at being told that we should feel fortunate. There is something dutiful in the word fortunate that takes pleasure in thought away from it. We are thinking of the lecture program we are given each year.

We do not remember greatness for greatness' sake. We do not sit in awe of greatness standing before us on the stage. We remember such things as the grace and piquancy of a little lady dancing . . . La Argentina; the melody and ripeness of a lovely voice speaking of memories . . . Otis Skinner; the charm and friendliness that is part of success . . . Caroline Miller.

These are the things we see in greatness . . .

the things we identify with greatness . . . not the names. No, we do not wish to feel only fortunate at having heard a statesman speak—because he is a statesman. We would rather feel that subtle kinship with him that comes from recognizing the quality of greatness in him. Rather would we appreciate.

• We consider this thing Peace. We speak to a student and say to her, "What is Peace?" She is silent a long time. Then she answers:

"I think that Peace consists of the harmonious working of all the factors of human life toward the happiness of all. It may not mean a calm smooth existence; it may not mean the continuous state of mental peace; but rather the satisfactory adjusting of the group or individual to obstacles encountered . . . adjustments for the ultimate good of the group. Hence, Peace is not passive. It is an aggressive, growing thing."

And hearing her answer we remember Plato's definition of Happiness . . . and wonder . . . what has this Peace to do with Happiness. . . .

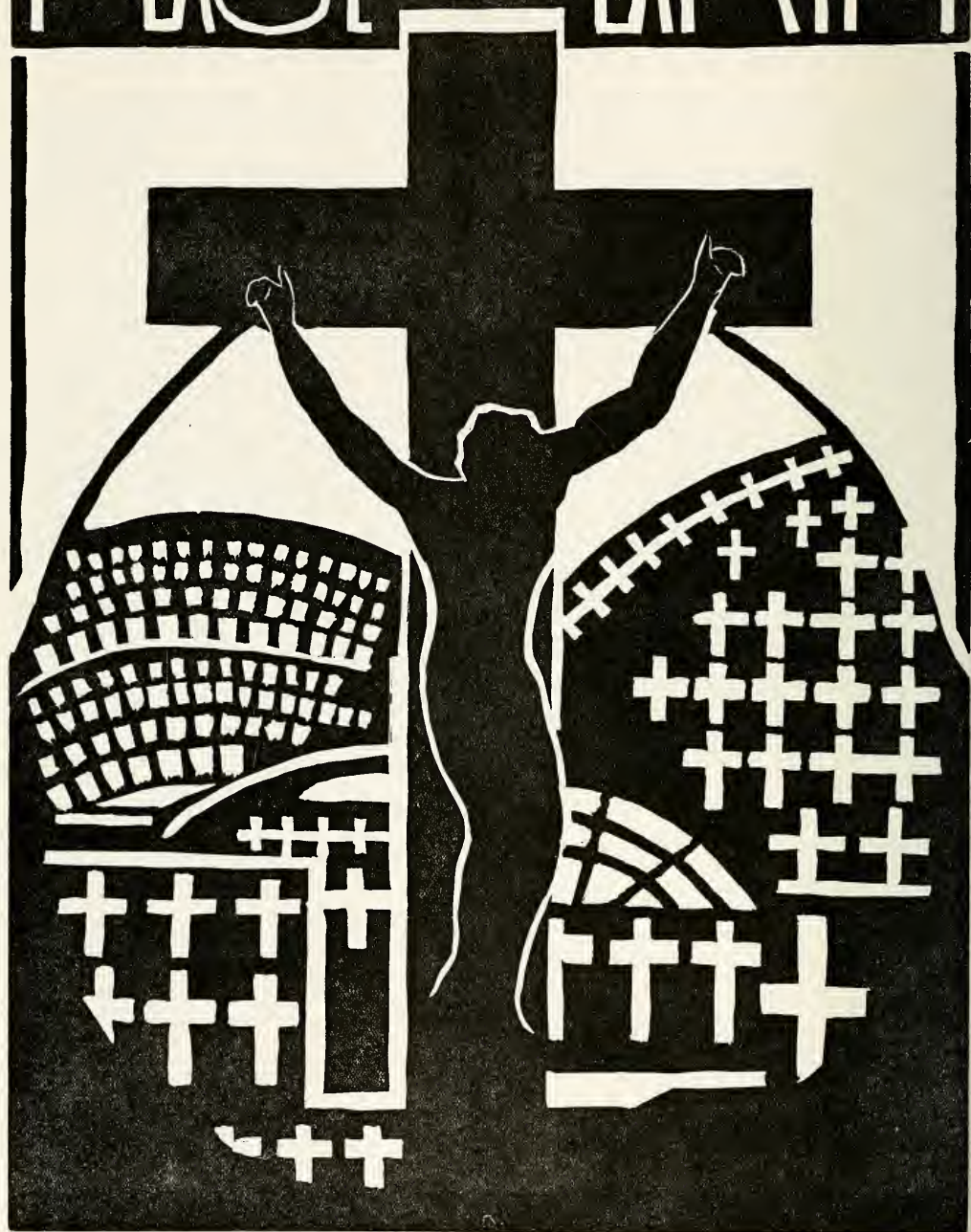
We inquire of a mind a little more matured. We ask, "What is Peace?" And we get our answer haltingly (the more tempered are not so sure):

"Peace, to me, is not static . . . it is dynamic. There is Peace in the life of a personality at one with itself. There is Peace in the working of a unified state. There will be World Peace when the world is integrated . . . its character parts working in unison . . . not opposing each other."

We think again of Mary and the child Jesus and the angels singing . . . "Peace on earth . . . good will toward men . . ." Perhaps it is that . . . this thing called Peace . . . Perhaps it is good will toward men.

Edythe
Latham

PEACE ON EARTH



To The Christ Child Sleeping

Pale you lie in your cradle, Christ.
Pale will be your face against the blood
 In the spring
 On the cross.

Pale are the hands of Mary, Christ.
Pale, they will be lifted toward you
 In the spring
 On the cross.

Dark are the eyes of Joseph, Christ.
Dark with father-grief seeing you
 In the spring
 On the cross.

Dark are the manger beast forms, Christ.
Dark the silence of treachery
 In the spring
 On the cross.

EDYTHE LATHAM.

1848 —

By BETTY WINSPEAR

As soon as Grandma Corbett heard the door of the doctor's car slam shut, she threw the covers back over the foot of the bed. When she heard the car progressing smoothly down the street, she sat up and swung her feet out on to the floor. Grandma Corbett had no intention of staying in bed, and she was furious with her daughter Alice for telling Dr. Jack to call. Alice was always getting the idea that her mother was not feeling well and that, at Mrs. Corbett's age, a person ought to stay in bed for a few days every now and then.

Old Mrs. Corbett was glad that all her children were not so troublesome as Alice; but then, she guessed that the others were too busy with their children to fuss much about her. Gertrude

had three grown daughters, and Rob had the two boys. George, the youngest Corbett, had only been married for a year; and he was pretty much preoccupied with his young wife—too young for a man George's age, Mrs. Corbett thought. George had lived with his mother until he was married, and now she was all alone—alone, except for Polly and the neighbors. And Polly was sitting out in the kitchen sputtering away at that very moment.

"Polly Corbett! Polly Corbett! Polly wants a kiss!"

Grandma Corbett fastened the collar of her waist with an old-fashioned gold bar-pin, and bustled out into the kitchen.

"Pretty boy, pretty boy! Grandma has to go and pull the weeds out of her flower bed." Mrs. Corbett was grandma to Polly, and she was grandma to everyone else in the neighborhood. Even Mrs. Mayhew, who Grandma knew was almost as old as herself, called her that; and Esther Young, the funny little spinster across the street; and Hortense Peters, who lived two houses up, and who was so afraid of getting to be like Esther; and the two Wandell girls. Grandma Corbett sniffed—why the Wandell girls must be fifty, if they were a day. They all called her Grandma, but she loved them all; and they were not nearly so bothersome as her own children.

Her grandchildren were another matter. Young Rob always came on Saturday to cut the grass for her; and Millie, Gertrude's youngest girl, usually came and sat with her on Sunday evening, bringing her all the church news. Mrs. Corbett had not been to church in two years, not since her eighty-third birthday. She would have liked to go still, but the seats were rather hard; and the long service tired her. And anyway, she did not hold much with some of the new-fangled ideas of the young preacher whom they had got to take the Reverend Mr. Crosby's place when he died.

She never failed to attend the monthly meetings of the missionary society, however, because Mrs. Barlow always called for her and saw that she got home safely. The meetings were held at the homes of the members; and Grandma Corbett always enjoyed the refreshments, and she liked to see the new curtains and rugs and davenport which the ladies of the congregation got from time to time. She was always tired on the days after the meetings; and if Alice happened to come in, she fussed because Mrs. Barlow had "dragged her off to that old missionary meeting," and insisted that her mother lie down.



Even though Mrs. Corbett did not go to church herself, she loved to watch the church-goers on their way past her house on Sunday morning. She always carried her cup of tea into the enclosed veranda and sat there, concealed by the curtains and the begonia plants which stood on the table in front of the window. She would still be wearing her quilted wrapper, and her front hair would still be wound around the kid curlers; but she was secure in the knowledge that she could not be seen by the passers-by. She loved to see the young girls walk past, tilted forward on their high heels, their faces painted—as she often said to Polly or to Mrs. Mayhew—"within an inch of their lives."

Sometimes on Sunday afternoon Rob and his wife drove her to Clarence, to visit Pa's grave. On these days she would go out into her little garden and pick a bunch of her choicest flowers to take to the cemetery. Rob was very patient with her, and it was he who gave the urn its yearly coat of white paint, usually in time for Memorial Day. Grandma Corbett loved the little family plot; and when she bought the marker for Pa's grave she ordered one for herself and had it set up next to his. She had wanted to be sure that they would be just alike. On her stone was the date of her birth—1848—and then a dash. Alice would have to fill in the second date.

When she went to the cemetery, she took a pair of garden shears with her and clipped the tall grass from around the two stones, the tall grass that the caretaker always missed. Then she would straighten the G. A. R. emblem, or sometimes move it a little in one direction or another. She never put all of the flowers which she had brought on Pa's grave, because there was always some bare grave on which she placed a few of them.

The biggest event of the year for Grandma Corbett was Old Home Day at Clarence. She liked to go back to the little town where she and Pa had raised their family, and to the people she had known before they had moved into the city. True, every year some remembered face was missing, but there was always someone there with whom she could talk over old times. Often some younger people, whose faces she did not remember, would come up to her and introduce themselves—"Mr. Green's boy," or "Ed Millan's youngest girl." Then she would remember them as small children; and, although it made her feel old, it made her happy to see the children of the people she had known long ago, now grown into healthy, robust young country men and women. Sometimes there would be a baby; and to the

new babies in Clarence, as well as to all of her neighbors in the city, she was Grandma Corbett.

As Mrs. Corbett pulled the weeds from around her rose bushes and now and then flected a little bug from a leaf or bud, she wondered if she would be able to go back to Clarence for Old Home Day this year. Alice had scolded Robert so last year for "taking Mother out there in all that heat and commotion" that he might not ask her to go this year. The very thought of missing Old Home Day upset Grandma Corbett so much that she snipped a cluster of buds off her favorite Dorothy Perkins, without meaning to at all. Just then Mrs. Mayhew came out into her yard and called over the fence.

"Come in and have lunch with us, Grandma Corbett. Edna has boiled up some ham and cabbage, and I know you like it."

Mrs. Corbett was very familiar with Edna's cooking, for she ate a great many of her meals with Mrs. Mayhew and her sister. She seldom bothered to cook much for herself, because some of her children or their neighbors were always bringing her something or inviting her to have a meal with them. In fact, Mrs. Corbett's own cooking, since George no longer lived with her, consisted mainly of tea and toast and soft-cooked eggs. She knew that Alice would never approve of her eating ham and cabbage, but she accepted Mrs. Mayhew's invitation without hesitating. She remembered how much Pa had enjoyed the good boiled dinners that she used to fix for him when they still lived in the country.

"I'll be over just as soon as I can get the dirt off my hands," she called back to her neighbor and hurried into the house. Just as she opened the side door, she heard the telephone ringing. She hurried back to the bedroom to answer it. It was a nuisance, having the telephone in the back room like that; but Alice had insisted that it be placed beside her mother's bed, just in case she ever wanted to call some of them in the night. She was not surprised now to hear her daughter's voice at the other end of the wire.

"Hello, Mother, what did Dr. Jack have to say?"

Mrs. Corbett was annoyed at Alice for having sent the doctor, and she did not want to keep Mrs. Mayhew waiting. "Oh, he just said that I should stay here in bed and take it easy for a couple of days, just like he always says. So I'm just following his orders."

"Did he give you any more medicine?" Alice asked.

"No, nothing new—he said to take the digi-

talis as usual." Grandma Corbett had not touched the digitalis for several weeks, because she felt that her heart was as good as it had ever been; but she did not see any point in telling her daughter that.

"Do you need anything? Do you want me to come over and fix you some lunch?"

"No, don't bother. I got up and fixed some toast and tea after the doctor left. No, I think I'll just sleep a while."

"All right, Mother. I'm going down town with Mrs. Cushing. I expect we'll go to a movie. I'll stop in on my way home."

Mrs. Corbett was relieved. When she went into the bathroom to wash her hands, her eyes fell upon the little row of medicine bottles on the shelf over the washbowl. She took the digitalis bottle, and carefully poured a few drops into the sink, like a child who has been trusted to take his own castor oil.

When she was back in the bedroom, she smoothed her hair and straightened her waist. She felt a little chilly around the ankles; so she took her spats out of the bottom drawer and sat down on the edge of the bed to put them on. As usual, she was careful to put them on the wrong feet, for it was easier for her to do them up when the buttons came on the inside. Then she put her shawl around her shoulders and started off to her neighbor's, first giving Polly a handful of sunflower seeds and some fresh drinking water.

"Good-bye, Grandma's pretty boy," she said, leaning close to his cage. "Polly's a nice boy."

"Nice boy! Polly's a nice boy!" he called after her as she left the house.

Grandma Corbett liked to go to Mrs. Mayhew's. She and her sister were pleasant people; and Mrs. Mayhew was always so cheerful, in spite of her palsied hands, which she always held in front of her, the big diamonds sparkling as her hands shook. Today Hortense Peters had come in to see the two ladies, and she, too, had been invited to lunch with them. Hortense was glad to see Mrs. Corbett.

"Grandma Corbett," she cried, "what am I going to do about that young professor who is staying with the Whites? I can't seem to make him notice me at all. He isn't interested in a thing in the world but bugs. And he is so good-looking!"

Mrs. Corbett had always liked Hortense, and she had been secretly flattered on the day when she had overheard her say to her mother, "There's Grandma Corbett picking her cherries. I'll bet anything that that old lady will die with her

boots on." She thought for a moment. Finally she said, "Well, Hortense, if I were you, I'd go out in the yard and catch me a few bugs; and then call him over and ask him what they are. I'll catch you some if you're afraid."

Mrs. Mayhew and her sister laughed, and Hortense agreed that Grandma Corbett's idea was a good one. "I'll do it this very day," she said.

After lunch Grandma Corbett announced that it was time for her to go home and take her nap. She had eaten two big platefuls of ham and cabbage, and she was beginning to feel sleepy. She thanked Mrs. Mayhew and her sister and started for home. When she got as far as her own yard, she stopped to look at her rock garden. For some weeks now she had been intending to rearrange some of the stones and transplant a few of the flowers and vines. She thought that a little exercise and fresh air would do her some good after her big luncheon; so she went down to the cellar to get her trowel and came back again and set to work. Mrs. Mayhew called to her from the window.

"I thought you were going to take a nap, Grandma Corbett."

"Oh, I just took a notion to change this rockery about a bit first," she called back. "A little exercise won't hurt me."

But Grandma Corbett was tired. After she had worked a while, she realized that she would have to stop and lie down. She was too tired to do any more, and she laid her trowel behind a big rock, where it would be handy after she had had her nap.

She went into the house. Polly was dozing on his perch, but he opened one eye when she entered.

"Polly wants a kiss!" he murmured.

"Grandma's too tired. She's going to lie down. Pretty boy," she added fondly and went back to the bedroom.

She sat down on the edge of the bed wearily, and unbuttoned one of her spats. She was tired, and suddenly she realized that she ached all over. She guessed that it was from kneeling down on the damp ground. She unbuttoned the other spat and lay back on the pillows. She knew that she ought to take her shoes off, but she was so tired; and she felt that it would not matter—just this once. She felt a choking pain across her chest. She closed her eyes.

Slowly through her mind came Hortense's words: "I'll bet . . . that old lady dies with her boots on."

Why had Alice gone to the picture? Did she know . . . ah!

ON THE COLLEGE POST OFFICE

(With Apologies to Francis Bacon)

By DORA SHAPIRO

The post office serves for a mail post, a meeting house, and an advertising base. Its chief use as a mail post is in receiving and distributing letters and packages; as a meeting house is in furnishing a rendezvous for between class groups; and as an advertising base is in having notices and "ads" posted on its walls and doors. To spend too much time here is waste, to come here too little is loss. It affords an opportunity

for between class gossip and is itself enlivened by the chattering groups which assemble.

Some condemn post office gatherings, others spend all their time at them, while still others run a temperate course and moderate their goings and comings.

Getting mail in her post office box maketh a girl happy; meeting a friend there maketh her talkative; and reading the notices there maketh her informed. And therefore, if a girl getteth little mail, she must have more personal contacts; if she maketh few friends she must find outside interests; and if she faileth to read the notices she must rely on others or be ignorant of college affairs. Nay, there is no grief or ailment which the post office cannot aid in alleviating; like as cheap foods may be disguised with various sauces: white sauce for chipped beef, tomato sauce for roast, hollandaise sauce for salads and the like.

So if a girl be feeling lonely, let her meet some friends at the post office; if she feel blue, let her find a letter in her box; if she would know the date of a meeting, let her read the posted notices; so every aspect may have a special treatment.

I Design a Christmas Card ❖ ❖

By BETTY WINSPEAR

The other night when I was thumbing through a dictionary and enjoying the pictures, I decided that it was just about time to start thinking about an idea for my 1935 Christmas cards. Scottie dogs on Christmas cards were the height of elegance three years ago, but had long since begun to bore me. Webster's *Collegiate* has a streamlined dachshund on page 254 which is really a "knockout," and two pages over is a Dandie Dinmont terrier, if it has to be a dog; but I decided to go back to the beginning and really give the matter some serious thought.

The first thing I saw was a docile-looking, long-eared animal, the Aard-vark, Dutch for earth-pig. Now an earth-pig has nothing to do with Christmas, but I did think that a picture of an Aard-vark, with the line "Aard-vark, the herald angels sing," would be almost cute. And

it would be getting away from the dog motif.

The next picture worthy of note depicted an Addax—a large light-colored antelope—at bay; but it looked too much like a reindeer, so I did not consider it for an instant. Nothing which even faintly resembled anything so stereotyped as a reindeer would do. It's a funny thing, but most of the animals in the dictionary are horned, and are either of the pig or ant-eater families. There are lots of birds and fishes, and all kinds of sailing vessels; but taken by and large, fishes are preponderant. There are Anabas, Barracudas, Candlefishes, Devilfishes, Eels, Fallfishes, Gudgeons, Halfbeaks, Lings, Moonfishes, Opahs, Perches, Remoras, Sailor's-Choices, Tenches, and Weakfishes. It was interesting to note that there are none pictured beginning with i, j, k, n, q, u, v, x, y, or z. But somehow I couldn't see how I

sages to the knight. But their searching was in vain; no one ever heard of Tannhauser again.

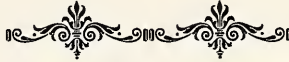
(This is the legend upon which Wagner's Opera *Tannhauser* is based.)

• • •

Once when Charlemagne had to seek refuge from the Saxons he came to the Main River. The enemy was close behind him, but no bridge was to be seen far or near. In his distress the Emperor vowed to found a city if God would help him. And behold! immediately the fog lifted

and with astonishment Charlemagne saw a doe with her young cut through a ford in the river. The Franks followed the animal and luckily reached the opposite bank. Immediately thereupon the fog settled so that the Saxons could not find the ford. The Emperor said:

"It was better to flee than to be defeated or killed. At this place I shall build a city and it shall be called Frankfurt (Frank's ford); the Saxons can dwell on the opposite side." The city still has the name Frankfurt today and the part on the left bank of the Main is called Socksenhauser (the home of the Saxons).



THE LORE LAY

An Old Tale According to Clemens Brentano
Translated by Rachel Moser

•

Long ago there was at Bachrach on the Rhine a very beautiful girl called Lore Lay. Yet

because of her magical beauty, people accused her of sorcery to the bishop.

When the young enchantress appeared before the ecclesiastical court, her lovely form moved the heart of the harsh bishop.

"Who taught you the magic, you poor child?" he asked full of pity. Desperately the girl pleaded with him: "Let me die, Master Bishop, for I am tired of living. I bring all men to death. They must love me; my heart is cold and empty since my beloved has gone into a strange mist and returns no more. Let me die!"

The bishop himself was already deeply in love with the very beautiful enchantress. "You cannot die, you lovely child," he said sadly "for your death would break my heart."

The bishop sent for three loyal knights. "Take the lovely enchantress to the convent! There she should repent and prepare herself for eternal life as a nun."

Still and sadly rode the poor Lore Lay with the three knights through the forest to the convent. By sundown they came upon the Rhine bank to a high, precipitous cliff.

"I beg of you, my dear knights, let me once more climb that cliff! Once more I wish to see my beloved's castle and the deep Rhine before I go into the convent forever."

Lightly the enchantress climbed upward and the three loyal knights followed after her.

Above on the peak of the cliff stood Lore Lay in the golden evening sunshine. As a farewell she widely extended her arms. A small ship with a man in it was sailing on the Rhine.

"My dearest, I come,"—and she plunged below.

"Lore Lay! Lore Lay! Lore Lay!" but the three knights could no longer stand still and plunged to their death after her.

Today the steep cliff on the Rhine is still called "Die Lorelei" and the mountain opposite with its triple echo the "Dreiritterstein."



DIARY OF A LADY PEPYS

By SHEILA CORLEY

Saturday:

Up betimes, forgetting to brush teeth. It seemed a pity to bestir Jane with the racket of my clattering slippers. Her face, unsightly with sleep and bristling above with curl-papers, reared irately up over the coverlets. But she held vocal peace. At morning she is no blithe spirit as I, who can attempt lunerichs—of doubtful quality—before dawn. She seemeth to have an excess of bile, the bitterest of the body humeurs, blood, phelgm, and black bile. So the venerated doktor of physik might say.

My shower was cold and prickly like quill points. Must needs avoid the maid all day since the tiles are caked with my Johnson's talc for infants. To breakfast for a mere pittance of melon. 'Twas good when scooped from its gourd with a spoon. A southern fruit it must be, as before I had had no occasion to taste it. So poorly versed and prepared was I in that merry tongue! The post rendered a sad dearth of letters, nothing but a note from the library calling in a tax of light pence. Nothing much 'til luncheon, which I am ashamed to say, I consumed twofold—once by myself in the corner and again with Grace. She is right cheery com-

pany and of excellent stomach. To the towne, carrying our hats innocently in our hands. At a crossing we encountered my revered and full seemly English Professor who scraped and bowed in courtesy.

Poor play at the theatre. The towne was jammed with pleasant gangling lads of affliations not related to Jane and me. There was much talk of a ball game by impromptu town criers. Homeward by a queer network of streets. Consumed peppermints and discussed celibacy. I tossed the last of the candy to a group of dark little urchins playing in the gutter. What shining eyes and teeth they had, and such politeness of speech to us. As we turned the corner, there was much loud slapping and squealing.

Methought the cow's tongue excellent at dinner. Winnie and Grace ate with us and contended over the last scrap of meat, being creatures of carnivorous tastes. Football enthusiasts set out with great clamor of historie. The charity cat—all such animals its kin being likewise, but maybe less so—howled beneath the window. Flung book of no avail. Resolved to seek out her first floor benefactors with a bribe to let her go. To bed with poultice on chest, finely hot, for cough.



the child face to hers and gathers the nestling little fellow close against her.

Raphael again (as there is to be Raphael oft again). He has raised his madonna of *all* madonnas even higher than Gloria. The Sistine is not only not of this earth but of a veritable cloud-land. Curtains are drawn back from before an altar, or perhaps only an open window, to reveal a heaven of heavens. The clouds become cherub faces and a virgin with her child progresses toward the foreground. There are figures on either side in heavy pontifical robes, but they are not out of place and it is no surprise to find them there. The child has a face not childish but weighed with care, and eyes that gaze into perhaps Eternity. The mother herself belies consciousness of his spiritual mission and thence becomes more than an ordinary human mother. The last final touch of naive charm is embodied in the cherubs at the foot, propped on the window sill, as it were, and gazing raptly at Raphael's ethereal vision.

But Raphael says "look further" and Raphael is obeyed. Thrice again his madonna enslaves the eye and heart. In the garden, in the meadow, and amusing her child with a goldfish—neither the eye nor the heart can decide where she is loveliest. In each case, "the glad green earth" blossoms around her. Who can blame it for so blossoming? Happy towers rise in the far background. Charming childhood clusters at her knee and its charm cannot excel her own. Beautiful she is, with smooth gold braids coiled round her head, and gentle, even as the tranquil scene she commands!

But Raphael's madonnas in turn have their modonno, from the hand of Leonardo da Vinci, whose "Virgin of the Rocks" smiles her impenetrable smile, as evasive as it is enchanting, from the weird grotto which creeps around her. Simple childish beauty is displayed in the group at her feet and the graceful gestures of the outstretched arms is, oh, so characteristic of motherhood.

The last picture of the lot. An earnest loving face in a modern frame. It is a mother, without looking twice. Looking twice, this particular mother looks down at her babe, while others on subsequent pages look out with a visionary expression. "The Madonna and Child," by Gabriel Max of the present day. And, strangely enough, a simple portrait madonna, after all the elaborate technique of madonnas enthroned and glorified and madonnas in pastoral settings.

Madonnas and madonnas and madonnas. Happy madonnas, sad madonnas; girlish madon-

nas, mature madonnas; queen madonnas, peasant madonnas. It would seem that every artist painted them, and all who would be artists. There is no intellect the wide world over too high or too low to understand them; no heart too warm or too cold to love them.

Foolish philosophising! The fire has gone out again. It must be almost tea time. The lights will help some. Katie has found a late fall rose and thrust it in that silver vase on the piano. There is some mail on the hall table—actually! A Christmas card! The first one. Blue and silver, with holly. A verse (a sweet verse), some angels, and—yes—a madonna!

HOMELESS

By SYBIL GURLEY

*No house belongs to me. The yellow light
From countless windows shines into the night.
I am alone. The autumn moon
Looks cold, and leaves fall fast—a dry, sad tune
Of falling leaves with summer past.
No house belongs to me.*

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IN LAI SEN'S GARDEN

By HOPE BURCHELLE

Lai Sen folded his hands into the gold-brocaded sleeves of his wine silk garment. Ah, then, it was the warm brown little boy from a far country. It was the brown little boy's mother, whose pale skin was like the ivory petal of the camelia in his garden. They were standing just outside the wall-gate. He would bow to the honorable little one. Of him would issue a great family of lusty sons to the kingdom in the far country. He would bow, too, to the mother of the boy-child, for of her had come this dream of a great dynasty.

"Lai Sen's humble garden is honored."

The mother's hair was like the little one's, but there was not that bubbling of eternal spring in her eyes. There was, instead, the quiet in them of the blue and red cockatoo, peering through the bars of his cage at the curve of the willow's bough. Her eyes were like clear porcelain, and only a feather of lashes shielded them from careful gazes.

"He wanted to come. He's lonely, I guess . . . his first Christmas in China. He misses his friends, and you are the only one, it seems, who can do anything with him. I'm going down on the river to conduct services among the Chinese, but I'll come back for him at dark."

Lai Sen bowed low again. There was a wide hurt in the bottom of the pools in the little one's eyes. It was well that he had come. It was not

yet a speaking hurt, but a heart must listen to a heart.

"The little one is forever welcome here. Even the oriole in the willow and the gilded wingers lament his absence. Their song will burst again with the ecstasy of his coming. It has been long."

The mother had smiled faintly at his words, and now she was turning away. He would close the green wall-gate on her going. The little one was already sitting on the marble bench under the kumquat tree. How still he sat, like sleeping carp at the bottom of the pool before him. How still the black lacquer fan of his lashes lay on the blossom of his cheek. The flower mouth had drooped into shadowed creases, and the vibrance was gone from his face. Some unworthy one had thrust the slender knife of unconcern into the soft yielding of this unknowing heart. It was a sting more bitter to the little one than that of the black and gold hummer in the kumquat blossoms. Now the wound was bleeding like the slow seeping of an underground river as it carries away the firmness of the earth in its course. The head of that unworthy one should topple and lie on the stone pavement at his feet—should lie before his sorrow, and that would leave him smiling with the abandon of his youth. It should fall to the earth, and that would leave this humble garden to hold again the full lute of his singing voice.

"Little Mek, the gilded wingers shun your head today. The plum blossoms forget to fall in the knowledge of your sorrow. Now the green ripples of the pool move more slowly, and

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the great sun hides his face to grieve. What unkindness tucks down the velvet-petaled flower of your mouth in gravity? What brings the troubled stirrings into the dark pools of your eyes? Lai Sen grieves for the hurt of his little friend's heart. Why are you sad?"

The little foot was moving back and up, to the sound of the bamboo drum as it beat out the hour half between the high dome of the sun and the purple gossamer of dusk. The little one's eyes were on the pool where all light glanced away like late gleamings from the roof of the mandarin's palace. The quick dart of fish close to the surface were flicking ripples into widening until they eased against the rim and sank. Now the breath was escaping the flower lips like the fluttering of the wounded swallow's breast when he had fallen from the garden wall. The turning of his hair was into curves where the speaking wind had trailed his silent fingers. His eyes were on this humble one. The hurt was finding his lips, and his tongue would move to speak it. It was well.

"All the time they say I mustn't fret, Lai Sen. They say I must be good or our little Lord Jesus won't like it, and then I can't go to Heaven; and if I don't go to Heaven when I die, I'd go to an awful place which mother won't even let me say, because it's so bad. I did so wanta go home. Christmas isn't no fun in China, 'cause there isn't no Santa Claus over here. I reckon he couldn't get so far—specially since he hasn't got a boat I don't think. But if I's home now, I'd have a sled—maybe. Junior Brown on our street has one. Guess the snow must be most up to the windows now. Gee, I wish I's home."

Heaven? Lai Sen had been the long journey north to the great city of Peking in his youth. He had seen the Altar of Heaven himself. Could it be that the Lord Jesus the little one spoke of was there? Strange that he had missed so great a man. Some of his sounds were unfamiliar, although their rise and fall was the usual tumbling of water from his fountains. Now the little ones' eyes were seeking light from his own. How little age knew the powers of giving! It was abun-



dant youth who showered his life on dead things and gave them vibrance. But he must nod wisely with understanding, although the words were strange and things were hidden in them. He must nod so that the hurt would speak itself into a dead ash. The winds would scatter the ash in time. Then the rivers of his soul would leap again with the soring gladness of his youth. Then the dark pools of his eyes, mirrors of his ecstasy, would illumine the day with a more gracious brilliance.

"Lai Sen's ears have always guarded closely the golden tinklings of Little Mek's words. But these weighty sounds strike somberly and the echo of their passing resounds in this humble one's soul. Yet these ears would receive all the grave murmurings of your griefs. But see, little one, the spring is upon the garden——

*'And wandering threads of gossamer are seen on summerhouse,
And falling catkins, lightly dew-steeped, strike the embroidered screen.'*

"This humble one has spoken the words of Pao-Yu, he of the Han dynasty, who was called thus Precious Jade by reason of his being born with a piece of jade in his mouth. From his lips

songs fell with the thought, and he fashioned them gently for springs. Now with spring upon the garden of Lai Sen, will Little Mek forget his own spring? Be happy, little one, like the oriole and swallow who expound their ripe-throated gladness above you."

The boy-child was speaking again with that mingling of familiar and unfamiliar sounds. Carols? Christmas trees? Trees to Christ? Trees to the Great One? He could not pierce the depth of these words, but this doubt must not find harbor in his eyes. The little one must not know.

"I'd be in a pajunt, too. It's awful lonesome bein' a missionary, Lai Sen. Mother says I must be glad to tell you about Lord Jesus. I reckon I wouldn't mind so much if another boy my size 'uz to come to Chi Shek. Now all I do is study all day long and play my violin. And I did so wanta go home. Mother says it'll be *seven whole years!*"

The deep pools of his eyes were brimming with an over-abundance of spring rains. He must speak quickly to break their overflow.

"Then the little one does not like Lai Sen's garden? But a boy-child scorns a tear as the young egret scorns the valley although along the mountain the sharp rocks may pierce his side. The girl-child hides her crimson face in the dampness of her hands, for even she blushes with her tears."

The sad eyes were lowered to the still brown hands. Those slender fingers were for plucking ripe pears and the breath of the ivory camellia from the dead strings of the lute out of season. And his soul-rivers must be unlocked to the plains of his serenity. He bowed low.

"If Little Mek will pardon Lai Sen his sudden haste"

The rustle of his garment was following him in his swift movements across the grass. He would stand before the honorable grandfather and beg forgiveness for his unseemly act. The lute. He must have the lute. Lighting incense on the altar to his household gods, he murmured prayers hurriedly. The honorable grandfather would withhold his righteous flood of wrath for what this humble one was about to do. This heart was grieved for the little one. His soul-rivers must be unlocked. His sorrow was now as great as the sliding down of a hill of stones to crush his slender body. The honorable grandfather would forgive his using the sacred lute.

Then the green and gold lacquer of the tea-house was gleaming with the red pain of a dying

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day. Yes, small fires of eagerness were burning in the little one's eyes, like the light of the great sun when his dawn has caught him on the garden wall. The lute (the honorable grandfather would forgive) was unlocking the rivers of his soul, and the life of him was flowing out in a swift gladness to meet a greater life in a wider sea.

"Now Lai Sen would have the little one's fingers creep into his soul and pluck the song for these exalted strings. His knarled fingers crooked as the roots of the kumquat tree, have held the little one's gently. Now the little brown one must dream alone. Play, Little Mek. Your hands have playing in them. Let them speak."

The sounds were timid, like the first steps of the boy-child when his father's hand is out of grasp. Now they were seeing things. Now they were speaking. First there came the new peace of the little one's heart, then fervency.

Dusk was streaming over the wall, lengthening the willow across the garden pool—dusk on the white porcelain lily cups floating on the placid jade. Sound was lifting itself in hallowed softness. Lai Sen listened. It was not the luscious ripening of the pear, not the exquisite perfume of the camellia; but of incense on an altar and the greatness of prayer that the lute was speaking. It was of peace, like sudden silence in the dark and the rising of a soul in expansion. The little one was making prayer on the honorable grandfather's lute. Now the honorable grandfather would forgive. Was it the sound or fragrance of altar incense lingering on the garden dusk?

Now the little one was singing in strange words—words from the far country—the unbounding of his rivers:

*"Silent night, holy night,
All is calm; all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and child.
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace."*

The etched thinness of the old man's lips lengthened as he sat in the dusk. Strangely beautiful that the boy-child from a far country found praying in his heart. Old age must ever borrow greatness from youth, as winter holds the recollection of summer's dreaming. A glow-worm hung glimmering on the air, and on the cold jade of the pool another glow-worm hovered. But a reflection cannot borrow the brilliance of the thing it mirrors.

I Chant to the Appalachians

By SYBIL GURLEY

Age-old hills, cast up in countless ages past—worn down by the centuries that have been driven across you like lowing herds wearing you down with their hoofs of water, and ice, and wind, until your granite bones, sharp shoulder blades, rise on your back. Even the mica-spangled granite crumbles and is worn away.

The laurel clings to you always with gnarled, anxious roots thrust into your loam. From your scratched loins springs forth corn for the pone and for the "still."

Your mud-chinked cabins, your boarded shacks are prolific. You are not prodigal in your giving. Your human denizens are gaunt and spare. They are strangely gnarled like the scrub-chestnuts on Pisgah's woolly pate.

Your ridges have prisoned me from the world till I cried aloud to be free. Your ridges have been sheltering arms that gathered me back from the smothering lowlands without reproach, but with ancient ken. I chant to you, old Appalachians.

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"AND PEACE ON EARTH" . . .

By MARGARET KNIGHT

Once some one cried, "My country, right or wrong!" and people thought that the statement voiced a noble sentiment. Today, in increasing numbers, young Americans, chiefly those in colleges and high schools, are pledging: "I will not support the United States in any war in which it may engage." In the oath they are following the Oxford Pledge taken by many English students, declaring that they "will not fight for king or country," and similar declarations made by students in other countries.

By these manifestations of extreme pacifism many people are bewildered and irritated. They feel that these young people are violating flagrantly one of the finest sentiments, love for one's country. They wonder if these students have not developed a misplaced, a somewhat perverted, sense of values, that they would refuse to aid their country under any circumstances in time of war. What the critics do not realize is that patriotism has been prostituted by identifying it always with the war spirit. These pacifists have pledged themselves to something which transcends national patriotism as it is conceived to be today. Some of them are thinking of themselves and of others of their generation who will suffer most from war. Some of them think of their stand as pacifists as loyalty to the oppressed people all over the world, people who take no part in bringing about a state of war, but who are exploited excessively by it. Some of them

sense the unity of all of life, a oneness which war destroys.

Possibly scientific advancement and education are the two chief factors which have brought about this attitude of pacifism. Science has made all parts of the world closely interrelated and interdependent. This close relationship between countries is making it impossible for one country to gain by bringing destruction to another.

Education is undergoing change which is reflected in student thought. Teachers are revealing truth and are placing realities above any doubtful value to be obtained by fostering a feeling of national pride. Consequently, one's own country is no longer surrounded with a halo of righteousness, exalted by the mere fact that it is one's country. Heroes of war are no longer lauded as the exemplification of all things honorable, noble, and brave. Science and education have reduced the world to such small proportions that by contact and familiarity with peoples and their culture in other parts of the world, fear, suspicion, and hatred of some distant "foreigner" have been diminished; it is impossible today to have great distrust of others who are of different nationalities and races. Indeed, much of the belief in the superiority of one's own race is passing! All of these things have tended to break down national barriers and have led students to conclusions which they believe to be true; and these conclusions are not of the sort which good soldiers may hold.

Chief among the charges made against war is that it is today an utterly futile way of settling international disputes. War has never decided which country was right, but only which was stronger. Now even that function of war has passed, for it leaves the victor nation impoverished. No matter what may be said for the justification of past wars, and their justification is no doubt mythical, science has created such instruments for wholesale destruction and slaughter that a future world war would spell the end of our civilization. Students have checked the results of the World War against its

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aims and have found that none of its noble intentions were realized: The war "to make the world safe for democracy," and today dictatorships are existent in three countries, and are potential realities in others! "The war to end wars," and today a state of war exists, and there are more men under arms than in 1914!

A second charge made against war is that they are fought for political and economic reasons. Under a competitive economic system, it is inevitable that industries of various countries should vie with one another for world trade, and for the raw products of unexploited regions. The competition leads to war between nations. Also, supplying belligerent nations with commodities and credit is an almost certain road to war. History has revealed to students the fact that these were reasons which led to the World War, and they are conditions which are tending to bring another crisis upon the world, and they are reasons not worth the lives they sacrifice, and the destruction they bring.

It seems incredible that with the World War still vivid in the minds of people everywhere, there should be danger of war in the near future. True, countries are exchanging with one another messages of good will and friendship; but at the same time they increase their military forces. Spokesmen of all countries speak of the absolute

futility of war; but they make fantastic agreements as to the kinds and amounts of military forces that each nation may have. And students, seeing these paradoxes, particularly glaring in America, are fearful of a repetition of 1914. There is little wonder, then, that many of them are voicing strong protest by refusing to support a war.

"The future of the world is in your hands." Always has age declared this to youth. And each new generation has faced the world with assurance, believing with easy confidence that by its labor the world will be remade. Youth today is not so confident. It would appear that forces beyond control are making war inevitable, that the youth of this generation will be betrayed into war before it has had an opportunity to live, to act in the world. They cannot stand by silently and watch a new world conflict come about. These students who have pledged themselves not to aid in war realize that by so doing they are not eliminating the causes of conflict. That they cannot do now. They are simply placing their faith in the belief that declarations of war will be scraps of paper when men refuse to fight.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

SONNET

By KATHRYN CAUSEY

There is something bids me seek to know
 The how and why of things, those secrets locked
 Away from me: What made the first fern grow
 And stirred the first amoeba's form; what rocked
 The earth and set it whirling, marked the way
 That it should travel daily; what is meant
 By "life" and "living things?" Do what I may,
 That something will not let me be content.
 Though jealous knowledge may in darkness bind
 These all-elusive mysteries from us, yet
 I know that to the favored of mankind
 Such things are told; and if the odds are met,
 Then tight-lipped Science, holding still the key
 One tiny secret may confide to me.

A Story of Stars and A King

By JANICE MERRIMON

It is an old story. It will go on being an old story.
There were three shepherds watching their flocks by night.
In the dark of heaven there was one brilliant star.
The shepherds saw the star and wondered.
And the Angel of the Lord spoke to them and said,
"Lo, a child is born."
And to their wonder answered that he would be king of heaven
And of earth. And that was long ago.

There were three children on the hillside.
They watched the lights of town flicker and glimmer
In the distance.
Suddenly one of them pointed to the dark of heaven,
"Look, there is a big star brighter than all the others."
And the child was young and full of wonder.
But a comrade, looking, said slowly,
And his eyes were twin wisdoms of eternity,
"The star is falling see
It lights up the whole world when it falls"

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WE REVIEW

Sinclair Lewis: IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE.

It was with a gnawing sense of fear that your reviewer put down Sinclair Lewis' latest novel, *It Can't Happen Here*. A sudden chillness forced her reluctant mind back over the mocking pages she had just finished. She began an attempt to convince herself that a dictatorship in America was an impossibility, that Mr. Lewis was a man of great imagination, and that she could put her trust in the common sense of the American people. But persistently her troubled mind followed the present tendencies and practices that Mr. Lewis extended to produce a dictatorship by quite a natural procedure.

It is impossible to conceive the horror and shame one feels as page follows page. From time to time the reader is forced to lay down the book and attempt to readjust an excited mind to the peace and security of our world which seems Utopian when compared to the future pictured in *It Can't Happen Here*.

Mr. Lewis has indeed written with an inspired pen. His book opens with the election of 1936. President Roosevelt is rejected in favor of Senator Windrip, the man who becomes dictator. The individual reaction to the regime that follows is achieved in the person of one Daremus Jessup, a stimulating and mildly discontented newspaper editor. The story carries Mr. Jessup to the depths of degradation and despair, to raise him finally to a pathetically noble height as he struggles painfully and hopelessly to save a stunned, crushed, and beaten people.

Mr. Lewis has satisfied his purpose. He has put fear into the minds and hearts of all who read. He has created a hell on earth, driven each reader into it, and let him find his stumbling way back to a better understanding of life today, the people who lead us, and the individual's duty to himself and to the society which generously allows him life and freedom.

PHYLLIS MORRAH.

Stefan Zweig: MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND AND THE ISLES.

Just as Stefan Zweig has made Marie Antoinette, with her weakness and her strength, her love for diamonds and men, a pulsating little figure who lives again in his pages; just as he has made the Unknown Woman one of the most utterly tragic figures in modern literature; just as he recreated Casanova, Stannal and Tolstoi and made them paint their own portraits; so has he turned to the famous Scotch queen, Mary, and made of her contradictory and evasive character a thing so clear-cut that it almost blinds one as we see it etched against the blood-red map of sixteenth century Scotland.

Although it is quite plain that the author loves his heroine, his analysis is unwarped and unmarred by any heated partiality. He presents the strange figure as he saw her through the long years of her bitter struggle with Elizabeth. In the foreword he writes: "True it would be overbold even for a foreigner to presume that he was capable of learning the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about Mary Stuart's life. He can hope to achieve no more than an approximation to the truth, to arrive at extremely probable conclusions. . ." Admitting this universal weakness, he neither regards her as a murderer nor a martyr, neither an intriguer nor a saint.

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The two years with Bothwell—Mary's only moments of passion—are treated with that delicacy, combined with the frankest simplicity, which Zweig seems to put in all his writings. He deals rather harshly with Bothwell, not because of the deeds he committed, but because of the love he took from Mary, giving absolutely nothing in return. To Mary herself, he is tender and kind.

And so the tale sweeps forward toward the climax which the whole world knows with intense psychological insight and keen evaluation

of character and situation. Then there is the final scene, the execution. As we left Antoinette just after the guillotine, we leave Mary Stuart just after the axe has fallen. Her little Skye dog, who creeps out from under her petticoat as they are removing the body, does only a little to alleviate the horror.

Only time will tell just how valuable the biography really is. Right now, we only know that it is beautifully and forcefully told, and has that intangible element of greatness.

ADELAIDE PORTER.





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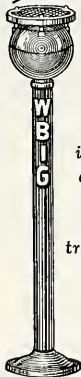
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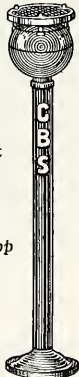
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