

LIBRARY OF THE
WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO, N. C.

CHRISTMAS

1941

N378.75
N8QC
v.40, no.2



CORADDI



Season's Greetings

Make your gift Camels. America's favorite cigarette is sure to please. The gay gift package below contains four boxes of the popular flat fifties. No other wrapping needed.

Another Camel way to say "Merry Christmas"—the famous Camel carton (10 packs of 20's). Hours of Camel's mild, flavorful smoking pleasure. All ready to give—with place for name.

You're proud to present pipe-smokers with this big one-pound tin of mild, rich-tasting Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Magnificent in its Christmas jacket... just right in a pipe!

CAMELS

There's an added pleasure in giving Camels at Christmas. You *know* your gift will be so genuinely welcome. More smokers prefer Camels than any other cigarette. And that preference holds for men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard, too! So remember those lads in uniform... remember *all* the cigarette smokers on your list... with the cigarette of costlier tobaccos — *Camels*. Your choice of the package of four flat fifties or the popular Camel carton.

PRINCE ALBERT

If he smokes a pipe, a big, long-lasting pound of cool-burning Prince Albert spells smoking pleasure 'way into the New Year... at camp, on ship, at home. Prince Albert is choice tobacco, "no-bite" treated for mildness and "crimp cut." It's the National Joy Smoke. There's no other tobacco like it. Your local dealer has two handsome Prince Albert "specials"... the pound tin (*above*) or the special glass humidor jar. (The humidor itself makes a handsome gift!) Get yours today.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GIFTS THAT ARE SURE TO PLEASE IN BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS WRAPPERS

CORADDI



VOL. XLVI DECEMBER, 1941 No. 2

CONTENTS

COVER	<i>Harold Smith</i>	
CHRISTMAS POEM	<i>Dorothy Seegers</i>	3
SILENT NIGHT	<i>Doris Sharpe</i>	4
	<i>illustrated by Jean Hair.</i>	
CAMPUS CRISIS No. 1		
	<i>Ruth Heffner and Jean Bertram</i>	8
AMERICA DANCES	<i>Dorothy McDuffie</i>	9
	<i>illustrated by Betty Quick.</i>	
KHAKI AND BRASS BUTTONS		
	<i>Margaret Gleim and Josephine Howard</i>	10
	<i>illustrated by Anna Medford.</i>	
HERE IN DARK STONE.....	<i>Mary Childs</i>	12
	<i>illustrated by Norma Croom.</i>	
MURPHY MARIONETTES, INCORPORATED		
	<i>Nancy Murphy</i>	21
OUT OF THE MOIST EARTH.....	<i>Margaret Jones</i>	18
	<i>illustrated by Frances Templeton.</i>	
DIANA	<i>Mary Frances Bell</i>	20
REGULAR FEATURES		
BREAKING GROUND		2
BLUEPRINTS AND WAXPRINTS		6
OIL FOR THE WHEELS		
BOOKS	<i>Ruth Heffner</i>	15
DRAMA	<i>Joan Morgan</i>	16
EXCHANGES	<i>Betsy Saunders</i>	17
	<i>all features illustrated by Jean Hair.</i>	

STAFF

JEAN DE SALLES BERTRAM	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
CHRISTINE ALLEN	<i>Business Manager</i>
RUTH HEFFNER	<i>Associate Editor</i>
MARGARET JONES	<i>Managing Editor</i>
BETSY SAUNDERS	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
JEAN HAIR	<i>Cartoonist</i>
GEORGIE HUGHES	<i>Circulation Manager</i>
MARION MIDDLETON	} <i>Business Assistants</i>
KAY COAN	
CARLYN FRANK	
MAY MARCH	
CATHERINE PARIS	
CAROLYN WHEATLEY	
ROXIE HALES	
KATHERINE PALMER	} <i>Proofreader</i>
JOSEPHINE HOWARD	
RCWENA SUTTON, CLAIRE REABEN	<i>Typists</i>

The CORADDI is published by the students of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, Greensboro, North Carolina, every October, December, March, and May.



SUBSCRIPTION RATE, \$1.00 PER YEAR



Breaking Ground

Talent anew is discovered on Woman's College campus as ten new writers and four new artists contribute to the second issue of our general literary quarterly CORADDI.

After struggling with the featured Christmas poem, Dorothy Seegers declared that it would be an act of kindness if our English department would bring to this campus a well-known author to teach poetry. Dot is a tenacious sophomore English major who willingly worked her poem over at least ten times. Bless the spirit of perfection and sacrifice for CORADDI!

CORADDI'S Associate Editor Ruth Heffner has been indispensable to the magazine for three years now. But with this issue she breaks ground as joint satirist in CAMPUS CRISIS NO. 1. Ruth is going into publishing this June.

For two years a member of the modern dance group on campus, Dorothy McDuffie is in a position to speak knowingly in her article. Interested in the dance, Dotty is, nevertheless, a sociology major. She will enter the field of child welfare work if she does not attend graduate school next fall.

CORADDI keeps pace with current events and current thought in national defense particularly. We present two opposing views on the situation created by the draft. Read them and decide your individual position. Margaret Gleim, daughter of a national guardsman, has seen tragedy in the eyes of soldiers at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, where her father is now stationed as a colonel. A sophomore, Margaret is looking forward to a career in the publishing field. Josephine Howard, an army daughter since the day she was born, has, unlike Margaret, seen the army as a constructive factor in youth training. An English and history major, Josephine wants to work with orphans after graduation this summer.

Radio plays have a particular fascination to Mary Childs whose *HERE IN DARK STONE* was produced on the radio a few weeks ago. In her play, Mary has combined her love of the historical with her delight in fantasy by writing the story of the last witch to be hanged in the New World—Ann Pudeator. Mary chooses her title from a quotation by Hawthorne.

A junior B.S.S.A. major, Joan Morgan has been writing since she was a freshman. Joan breaks ground in CORADDI with a sprightly history of the evolution of our traditional Christmas pageant on campus. In the next issue watch for her article on T. S. Eliot.

A CORADDI poet last year, Betsy Saunders breaks ground in this issue as exchange editor. Betsy is anxious that other college magazine staffs reading her column take her comments as helpful suggestions.

CORADDI gives a boost to freshman genius on the campus by giving a page to the best freshman work produced thus far in the class. Nancy Murphy's paper was chosen because we feel that her essay is the best indication of talent demonstrated by freshmen. The choice of Nancy's paper was, however, difficult for Margaret Bilyeu, Marjorie Wheeler, Frances Winslow, Maud Wenkenback, Betty Styron and Mary Apperson—all have promise of good material to come. Justify yourselves next time, girls!

College life is fun some time and is trying at other times. Mary Frances Bell, a junior English major, shows us both sides in *DIANA*.

Cover title: *A STAR SHALL GUIDE THEM*. A scene from the Sophomore Christmas Pageant is presented with a star which is especially symbolic at a time when we need to be guided from the superficial glitter of Christmas to the deeper glow of a sincere Christmas.

Christmas—Before . . .

*Carried by the winter winds streaming through
the night,
Snowflakes gleam and glisten as they rush in
endless rout.*

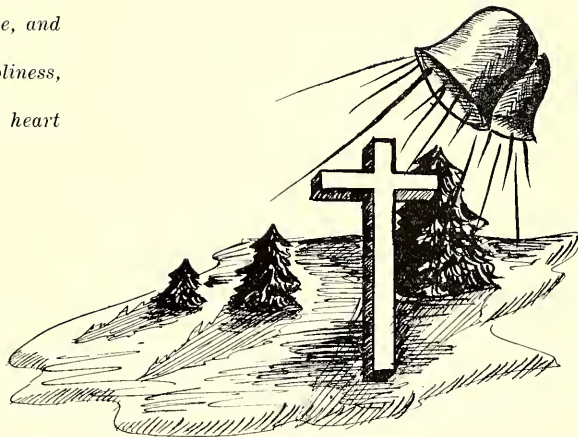
*Branches in silhouette sway low upon the snow;
Stars spin and twinkle in the deepness of a vast
firmament.*

*In the clear and icy night chime the gentle
Christmas bells—*

*Bells that ring and tingle over valley, lake, and
plain—*

*Bells that peal once more of gladness, holiness,
our Saviour—*

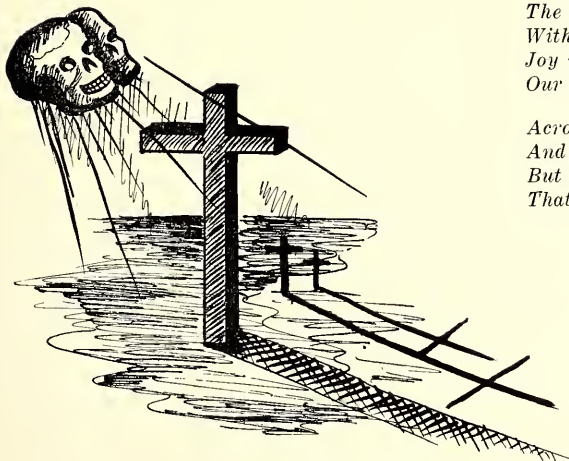
*Bells that bring His omnipresence close to heart
and mind.*



Christmas—After . . .

*The land is filled with whispered lies
With flashing steel and furtive moves.
Joy is gone. Peace is torn.
Our Saviour is not recognized.*

*Across the waters boom the guns
And forward tramp the somber uniforms.
But through each land a people knows
That somewhere still there is a God.*



By Dorothy Seegers

Anna thought Christmas was wonderful; but then there were some things she did not quite understand about the season.

Silent

ANNA was awake, but she kept her eyes closed tightly. She curled herself in the bed and rubbed her face against the tan blanket. "I feel just like a kitten," she thought. "I could almost purr." She smiled at herself sleepily. "The day before Christmas." She shivered and buried herself deeper in the cover and curled up smaller.

She looked at her watch. Mickey Mouse's glove-fingers pointed out nine-thirty, and she had said that she would be at Betty's by nine. "I guess I ought to get up." She sighed. "But it looks so cold." She touched one foot against the floor and slid from under the cover. Throwing on her red-plaid dress, she ran into the kitchen.

The cook was shaking cleanser into the sink. "Merry Christmas, Mary. Merry Mary Christmas," slowly recited Anna, smiling.

"Pore child," said Mary. "She don't even know she's slept till Christmas is done with. It's almost New Year's now."

"I know it's not so," said Anna.

"You'll find out," answered Mary.

"Well, I'll go look at my presents, then, if Christmas is over," Anna said.

"Law me, we done throwed your presents away. We didn't want 'em cluttering up the house if you was gonna sleep all time."

Anna laughed. "You're so funny."

"I don't reckon you'll be wantin' no breakfast.

You wouldn't want no dinner if you did."

"It's not so late," said Anna. "Where'd you put my breakfast?"

"On the table, like I always do," said Mary.

Anna went into the breakfast room and stuck a spoon into a piece of orange. "What time did Daddy go to work?" she said, continuing the conversation from the breakfast room.

"Same time he always goes."

"Well, what time did Mother go to work?"

"Same time as usual."

Anna took a drink of hot chocolate. "I'm going to spend the day with Betty. Mother said I could. We're going up town, too."

"Help yourself," said Mary. "But you better finish your breakfast first."

"I'm going to." Anna nibbled a piece of toast. "Don't you like my red and green plaid dress, Mary? I'm wearing it because it has the Christmas colors."

There was no answer but the sound of pots and pans hitting together.

"Mary, what are you going to cook us for Christmas?"

"Food, I reckon."

"Bet you'll fix us something nice."

"It wouldn't make no difference for you," said Mary. "You'd think anything was nice just so it was Christmas."

Anna scraped her chair back from the table. "I've finished my breakfast." She went for her coat and ran through the kitchen. "Whee, I think Christmas is grand!" She heard the back door slam behind her.

Anna trotted along the sidewalk and sang "Deck the Hall with Boughs of Holly" in a voice that jolted with her running. When she ran into the kitchen at Betty's, she was out of breath. She stood by the stove.

Betty's mother was ironing. "I'm trying to get this dress ready for Betty to wear," she said.

Anna was looking at her. "You're pretty," she said. "Honestly, every time I look at you, you're just so pretty."

Betty's mother smiled.

"Just hinting for a compliment," said Betty as she ran into the kitchen.

"It's not so. You don't have to tell me how beautiful I am," Anna replied. "I already know." She ran her fingers through her hair.

"Such beautiful golden locks," said Betty.

"Don't forget my dimples."

"What dimples? And oh, her lovely eyes."

"Sure, I've got four of them." As she spoke, Anna pulled her glasses down on her nose.

"Here's your dress, Betty. Now, hurry and get ready," Betty's mother said.

"Come on, Anna, if you want me to show you



Night

By Doris Sharpe

how to dress in a hurry," said Betty. They dashed from the room.

It was not long before they climbed into the car. Betty and Anna chattered as they rode to Main Street.

"The Christmas decorations are getting old," said Betty.

"But they're still so pretty," said Anna. "I think they're prettier this year than ever. Look at all the green and red and silver. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Oh, look," both the girls screamed.

"It's a little boy's Christmas dream."

"Stop so we can see it better, Mother."

"There's no place to park here, Betty. You can see it all right. I'll drive slow."

"Oh, the little boy is dreaming that he's playing with a train and a wagon," Anna said.

"And a football and a pistol," Betty added.

"Oh, look, there's a white Santa Claus in that window."

Betty's mother finally found a parking place, and they walked down the street. They were enveloped in red and green and white and the tinkling of a little bell. People passed by, dropping red and green packages and laughing. Anna smiled up at the faces, which were red in the cold air. "Christmas is nice," she said to Betty. "Everybody's so happy."

"And the sooner it comes, the better," said Betty.

"Let's go in here," said Betty's mother, "and you two wait right here while I go up to the second floor. I won't be gone long. And, Betty, keep out of mischief."

Red toys lined the walls of the store. Betty and Anna glanced at them and then went to the costume jewelry and walked around the counter. They looked at the people coming in the door.

A tall lady dressed in green entered the store. "Oh, isn't she beautiful!" said Anna. She kept watching her as the lady walked toward them.

"I dare you to tell her so," Betty said.

As the lady passed, Anna said under her breath, "You're so beautiful."

"She didn't hear you," said Betty. "I dare you to tell that one."

"He's a man," said Anna; "I can't tell him."

"Go on, sissypants."

As the man passed, Anna gathered courage, and she said, "I think you're nice." The man looked back at her.

"That man's ugly," said Betty, looking at the next one.

"Oh, I think he's pretty," Anna said; "his mouth looks nice."

"Not pretty, handsome," Betty corrected.

"I think you're handsome," Anna said to him.

She looked at Betty. The man laughed.

Betty's mother was there. "What on earth are you two up to now?" she asked. "Come on." Betty and Anna followed her part of the way to another counter.

"Oh, look," Betty said; "there's a bunch of kids talking to Santa Claus. Come on, let's tell them the awful truth."

"No," Anna pulled at her. "You're not supposed to tell anybody."

They followed Betty's mother out of the store and rode home. Anna stayed at Betty's until she fell asleep that night. She knew that her mother and father would get her and take her home.

At five o'clock Anna was awake. She was at home. It was Christmas morning. She propped up on an elbow. "Merry Christmas, Mother! Daddy, Merry Christmas!" she yelled. "Mother, let me get up." Until seven she begged to get up, and then she dragged them into the living room.

"Oooh!" she shouted and stopped. "My bicycle! and it's red, too." She climbed upon it. "Oh, let me ride it to Betty's."

"Wait until after breakfast. There'll be plenty of time."

"Isn't it wonderful! It's so pretty!"

Her mother and father were smiling. "Aren't you even going to look at your other presents?"

"I think everything's here," she laughed. "I'll look at the biggest ones. Oh, isn't it wonderful! Oh, a blue dress. It's so pretty! Oh, let me ride my bicycle to Betty's."

"No, come on, darling; let's get ready to eat breakfast."

"You know what comes next," Anna said to her father after breakfast.

"The Christmas story," he said. "Well, I can do that in short order."

They sat down. Anna curled up in his lap and rubbed her face against his coat.

"Is this in the bargain?" he asked.

"On Christmas, Daddy."

"All right." He began reading. "And there were in the same country shepherds . . ." His low voice went on in the familiar rhythm above her head. Her eyes were closed tightly. Her eyelids made a dark blue night sky. It was on a night like this, she thought, and there were sheep in the night. "I feel soft like a sheep," she smiled to herself; "my eyes, Daddy's lap, and his soft hand."

The door bell broke in and then her mother's voice, saying, "I'll go. You're holding her."

"Joyeux Noel!" a voice in the hall greeted.

Next would have come the angels and then the Baby in swaddling clothes. Reluctantly Anna opened her eyes and let the pictures go. She saw the firelight playing on the orange upholstery.

(Continued on page 17)



Blueprints

Tin Noises

THE night was cold, and the wind blew sharp from the Mississippi. Neon lights glowed against the St. Louis sky, and Christmas carols sang out from machines. The air was spicy with cedar; the streets were full of tin noises. As a part of the merry shopping crowd, we wandered into a throng of children, old men, and young mothers. Before us sat Santa Claus with a beard, a suit, and a crown like old King Cole. He sat on a throne and looked out over a Christmas circus—a mechanical monkey skipped with a tin cup in hand; a fur elephant and a suede horse rode a miniature merry-go-round; a clown hopped in the air between moments when his blousy breeches slipped up and down on thin wires; and a little wooden man with jerking fingers played a calliope that rang out “Santa Claus Is Coming to Town.” Here was “Big City” Christmas.

The night was crisp, and the wind puffed across long stretches of plain. Candles flickered on the window ledges of small white houses, and red glows fell slantwise over the snow. A sleigh jingled by; the air was full of merry carols. As we sat and looked out from the window of the train that was speeding us home to our own Christmas, we saw a tall young man dragging a tall bushy tree up the lane to a house. Five little children with arms full of holly scampered after him. Later, we passed a village church, and through the windows we glimpsed the choir—practicing Christmas carols. Here was “Small Town” Christmas.

We had caught a preview to both kinds of Christmas. And then we thought of the Christmas we were going to: it was neither “Big City”

nor “Small Town” Christmas. There were tin noises at the big department store on the main corner; otherwise there was merry laughter and a tinkle of bells for the Salvation Army Christmas dinner. This year we were going home to decorate our tree in tinsel and silver shredded icicles. Six years ago we strung popcorn for the tree. This year the girl across the street has invited us to a big Christmas Night party. We will dance around a silver tree and laugh and exchange presents later in the evening. We will have fun. But six years ago, after a simple supper of oyster stew, we all pulled out the cotton and tore off tiny bits to make snowflakes for the tree. Together we rolled out a white sheet under the tree and set up the nativity scene across the sheet. Then we read the Christmas story from Luke, and very late on Christmas Eve we opened our presents. This year there will be pens, brief cases, and perfume for presents. Like most of us, our friends will have been too busy to make a personal gift. Six years ago on the day after Christmas there came a thick envelope in the mail. We opened it and unfolded the card inside. We found two linen handkerchiefs edged in tating—homemade. This was the only present that meant anything to us.

We have written to our parents that we want a good old-time Christmas, the kind we used to have six years ago. We have accepted the invitations to the Christmas Night party, but we have told our boy friends that Christmas Eve was family night. They say we are sentimental and old-fashioned, as outmoded as maidens who wait for knights in shining armor. We realize that we are grown up into a new Christmas—a Christmas

and Waxprints



that is shiny and brilliant, a Christmas that our parents can no longer hide. But we believe that we can balance the tin noises and the traditional Christmas carols.

Hemispheric Solidarity

ALL our recent public display of affection for Latin America is, as we see it, doing little to promote a deep and inviolable understanding between North and South America. It is, instead, encouraging the whimsical and superficial "concern" of a dilettante. Drawn together as they are by fear of an Allied defeat, and by belief in man as an "individual to be developed" and not as an "instrument to be dominated," the Saxon and Latin Americas cannot attain to hemispheric solidarity overnight. Over a period of years, a well-planned trade program can do more to promote understanding than can innumerable polite social engagements, movies, travel articles, and student-teacher exchanges. An understanding between the two Americas can and will never be rushed by the niceties of social and literary functions. We do not deny that the niceties will contribute to understanding, but we maintain that it is the actual and real plans formulated that will draw the republics together in fellowship.

A Latin American, Belgodère, has pointed out that the United States has many suspicions to overcome in this program for hemispheric solidarity: "The Latin Americans would like to have effective collaboration with Saxon America, but they cannot strip themselves entirely of suspicion.

They fear they will be the workers charged with putting out the flames, and after . . . will they be scrupulously paid the agreed salary of labor?" But already the United States has done much to inspire the confidence of Latin Americans. She has advanced lend-lease aid, contributed to a favorable trade balance in five out of nine Latin American countries, overcome the shortage of hemispheric shipping through the use of some eighty German, Italian, and Danish ships standing idle in American harbors, worked out easy payment terms in export houses, established a clearing house for inter-American trade complaints, and guaranteed special priorities. There are certain defects, however, which the leaders of the two continents should face and remedy immediately. For example, the removal of trade restrictions among North and South America is not sufficient: private trade initiative should be encouraged. There must be close coöperation among the countries: without coöperation the governments of the republics can never succeed in keeping Hitler from control of the economy of the western hemisphere. And finally, though detailed plans are underway for the present, there is little evidence of planning for the time when the emergency has passed.

We feel that just as Leon Henderson desires to plan consumer economy for the next ten years, so should the governments of the twenty-one western republics work out a detailed trade plan to cover the years following this emergency. Such a plan could do more than all else to destroy the suspicions of which Belgodère spoke and would constitute our strongest common bulwark of defense against foreign domination.

CAMPUS CRISIS No. 1

CORADDI Editors Observe Tragic Situation, or How to Lose Your Man in One Easy Lesson

THIS is the story of Mary College and how she lost her man. It all began when Mary College went to see her English instructor for the fifth time in three days. The instructor had asked the class to write a personal estimate of Browning's lyric poetry. But Mary College and all her classmates had no estimates or opinions to offer. The instructor would not write the paper for her. So Mary College trudged home and bawled. Then she went to the college library and furiously compiled the opinions of ten leading critics on Browning. The day after the paper was turned in with ink stains and tear stains, Mary College was handed a current-event test paper marked *F*. The only comment read: "You show no perception of modern problems." So Mary College trudged home and bawled. In her next class, she listened for fifty minutes to Mr. Professor gripe about the inadequacy of last night's lecture. She was bored in class because she was too bored to go to the lecture last night. So Mary College trudged home and bawled over her boredom. But at last came that one night in fifty—Mary College's S. P. (secret passion) was announced over the amplifier.

"Whoops, where's my hat? How's my lipstick? Is my jersey sophisticated enough?" With that Mary College tripped down into the arms of her S. P. who stood in wordless awe of her beauty. Ultimately, Mary called him back to earth to remind him that he came to take her riding. They drove in town, and then he told her that he had been called into service.

"But aren't you too young?" asked Mary College. "I thought they didn't take them under twenty-four."

"Japan, it seems, has been the cause of the extension of the draft age," said S. P., satirically.

"Japan?" said Mary College. "What's wrong with Japan?"

Mary's date explained but to no avail. Finally, he gave up and left; thoroughly disgusted with her slim brains. So Mary College went home and bawled louder than ever before. This time she had lost her man—all because she could not understand Japan.

But not for long was Mary College without her man. New eyelashes and an up-hair-do enabled

her to snare a likely young lawyer from Yale. The engagement was announced two weeks preceding date of graduation; and she took her diploma (she barely made it) and her marriage vows on the same day. At lawyer-husband's suggestion to help curtail expenses, Mary took over the office. But matters grew worse as lawyer-husband discovered it was easier to forget his briefs than to try to read the atrociously typed cases. He joined the Country Club with an eye to prospective clients; but soon the club members tired of Mary because she could not talk about anything except clothes, make-up, and her cute 'tittle hubby. It was only a matter of months before Mary literally ran off her husband's prospective clients.

One day Mary's new eyelashes fell off; her permanent grew out; and lawyer-husband was not making enough from his practice to allow her to make an appointment at the new beauty salon on Main Street. So Mary became drab. And Mary's husband took notice, especially when he had to sit around the house all day and count swiss dots in the curtains because he did not have any clients. Suddenly, Mary's cheery conversation became monotonous conversation; and lawyer-husband became tired of Mary College. Said lawyer-husband to himself: "Mary doesn't know that there is any such thing as intellectual compatibility behind marriage. She cannot talk about even such poets as Browning. She has no conception of modern problems. She never goes to the lectures at the Civic Auditorium unless she has a new gown to display." One day he told Mary what he thought. So Mary trudged home and bawled.

Then Mary went to Reno and became Miss Mary College.

Moral—especially to seniors: Even if you do not enjoy intellectual pursuits for their own sake, you can enjoy them for their practical purposes. Inability to face a problem, analyze it, organize your views, and carry them through is a sign that you do not have the stamina to hold the thing that you desire and value.

by Ruth Heffner and Jean Bertram

America Dances

At Woman's College what does the modern dance mean to you?

"What cannot be spoken can be sung, and what cannot be sung can be danced," says an old French proverb. Too often the spectator fails to realize that if the idea which the dancer wishes to express could better be said in words, he would not be dancing. The spectator who really enjoys a modern dance recital is one who relaxes during the performance, does not try to analyze each movement, allows the dance to be its own excuse for being, and catches the beauty and the meaning of a beautiful piece of music or of a graceful statue.

Modern dance has been called many things—some complimentary, some otherwise—but the generally accepted explanation is that it is an expression, through the medium of movement by the human body, of the dancer's reaction to the world and to life as he sees them. A dance is a combination of mass and line in space, of contrasts in direction, in focus, in level and in floor patterns. The dancer's movements have varying degrees of balance and unbalance and may be percussive, sustained, or appendular. One of the first things he must learn is the control of his own body. Through simple and later more complex stretches, rhythms, and movements he achieves this control. Like any art, the performer learns a sequence of skills from the very simple to the very complex. For instance, in doing a fall, which is one of the most spectacular elements of any dance, unless he wishes to collapse in a heap with several broken bones, the dancer must learn to control his movements so that he actually goes down gradually, not striking wrong places at wrong times. He begins by "falling" from a sitting position and gradually works up to a jump before his fall. After mastering a few techniques, the dancer is ready to use his own imagination and ideas to compose his own dances—not to combine already formed techniques but to make new movements which best express



the meanings which he wishes to convey.

Modern dance came into being because a few people who were tired of the old traditional dance forms had the imagination and ability, both physical and mental, to create a new system. Isadora Duncan is generally accepted as the first dancer to make a great break from the old ways of dancing: she decided that what was good enough for her forefathers was not good enough for her. Ruth St. Denis was also an originator. She, with Ted Shawn, created the Denishawn group which was the first great American dance group. From this beginning emanated Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, and Hanya Holm, who built their dance on this new foundation but added their own personal ideas and ways of expression to become probably the greatest present day modern dancers.

At last, modern dance has spread to every nook and corner and has been accepted by both sexes with equal enthusiasm. In the theaters and in modern dance class, men are finding that they are none the less men for having indulged in a little of the manual labor called by the modern dance fanatics "techniques." For example, the modern dance enthusiast will often find himself in the midst of cannibalistic drum beats and flying arms, legs, heads, and torsos which gradually evolve from all angles to an ordered and meaningful pattern.

Since modern dance has established itself among our arts, it has joined with itself other arts—music, costuming, photography, even the theater itself; and the result has been a new scheme of personal enjoyment for the dancer and the spectator. America has taken literally Isadora Duncan's prophecy, "I see America dancing."

By Dorothy McDuffie

Articles of Opinion on What Price Army

KHAKI:

By Margaret Gleim

I STOOD at the intersection of two highways out in the flat prairie country of Illinois and watched an olive-colored stream of army trucks flow past. The drivers were grim and solemn; the boys in the back of the trucks were holding their guns in an upright position and were staring silently ahead. I realized as I watched those trucks rumbling out of the grey morning mist that this was the closest I had been to actual war or to preparation for war. It is true that I had listened to radio reports of bombings and air raids and mass slaughters. I had heard of the leveling of Warsaw by German planes and tanks. I had heard of the massacre of Rotterdam, of the bombing of Old London. But these reports had always remained something I heard. I had been shocked, but I had not actually realized their true horror. I knew no Polish people, nor Dutch, nor Belgians, nor French. I had no personal contact with the war; and although it had always been painful to me, it had remained extremely unreal, extremely remote from my life.

But while I stood on the corner that warm summer morning as the sun burned away the clouds of mist, and while I watched wave after wave of army trucks roll past, I realized that these were not soldiers of a distant land. They were our own American boys, boys whom I knew, boys who were my friends. The war was suddenly, forcefully brought into my life—brought with a realism that I shall never forget.

Suddenly I understood that there was danger, and that America had seen the danger and was working frantically in preparation to meet it. America was calling my friends, my relatives, even my parents into service; and suddenly, there I was witnessing the desperate attempt of my nation to meet a force greater than its own.

But as I looked into the deeply tanned faces of the soldiers riding past me, I felt that something was missing in all the grim determination of preparation. These soldiers of 1941 were very different from the usual conception of exuberant lusty soldiers. What was it that was lacking in their youthful eyes? I wondered. To me they lacked a definite purpose and aim, a definite conviction that they would be repaid for all they were sacrificing or that they were certain the sacrifice was necessary. What is it that caused the lack of animation and aimlessness of these soldiers? Perhaps it lies partly in the deep-rooted

uncertainty they feel. Their immediate future is uncertain, not only next year, but next month, next week, tomorrow. They are constantly on twenty-four hours' notice, subject to transfer at any moment. Living under such a strain, they cannot dare to plan, or hope, or dream.

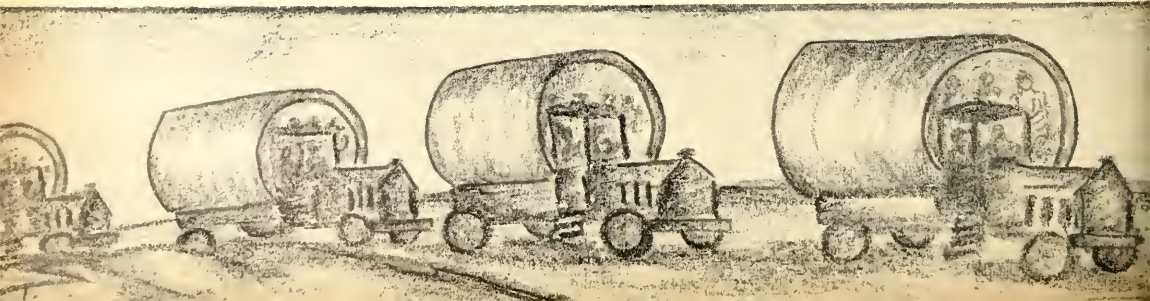
Then, I remembered that these were boys who had been brought up on pacifism, educated on peace parades. They were boys who had read *A Farewell To Arms*, who had seen "Journey's End," who had sat through the great movies, "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "What Price Glory?" These boys knew that promises of jobs had flickered out when their fathers returned from France. They had felt the privations and heart-breaks caused by ensuing depression. They had sworn emphatically that they, as Americans, would never enter war. Now suddenly they have been snatched away from all their hopes and dreams of a peaceful future to form a mighty bulwark against Hitlerism. Their entire attitude reflects their bewilderment: uncertainty overshadows each plan, each hope, each dream.

I have watched these soldiers of 1941 and have seen clearly the listlessness and confusion in their eyes. I have seen soldiers wandering around a small town in the rain. Groups of two or three standing on a corner, hands in their pockets, cigarettes loosely in their mouths. The street lights were dim under fine rain, and a solitary soldier was standing a little apart staring at the water gurgling in the gutter. The town itself was composed of nothing but row on row of dimly-lit bars and cafes. The cafes were crowded with khaki-clad soldiers and hard-looking girls in gaudy dresses.

I have seen soldiers sitting on the steps of their barracks and not speaking to each other, only staring thoughtfully into space. I have seen groups of soldiers clump silently, morosely down the street. No one speaking. No one looking at the other. Each engulfed in his own thoughts.

I have seen soldiers crowding into a small theater on the post to watch a movie. The movie was at least a year old if not more. Most of them I knew had seen it. I had heard some of them say so. The show was over at ten-thirty, and the olive-uniformed boys spilled out into the street and soon disappeared into the night. Only the

(Continued on page 24)





AND BRASS BUTTONS:

By Josephine Howard

I STOOD at attention near the edge of the parade field and waited as the retreat bugle sounded through the dusk. Slowly the notes rose and slowly drifted across the field. The cannon was fired; "Present Arms" was given; the call to colors was blown. Then stepping forward in polished shoes, two soldiers lowered the flag of their country. Clean-shaven, their faces were strong and proud in the twilight. Dressed in well-fitted olive-drab uniforms, with brass buttons and insignias shining, their outlines against the sky were firm and straight. Together they folded the flag as the military band played "The Star Spangled Banner." And retreat parade was over

I lingered there, wishing to retain the feeling of pride that had welled up inside me; and suddenly I thought: Why this impressive ceremony? Why these uniformed men in an Army camp crowding to eat in the mess halls, 'k.p.ing' in the kitchens, clerking in the offices, drilling on the parade fields, 'pill-rolling' in the hospitals, driving trucks and tractors, working as mechanics in the motor pools, 'nurse-maiding' mules and horses, acting as 'dog-robbers' to officers, walking posts as guards on duty?

As an Army daughter, I always took these activities for granted. But the day of retreat parade I realized that I was witnessing something I had never seen before—preparation for war. For the second time in twenty-five years, our nation has called upon its youth to come to its defense. For the second time in twenty-five years, a vigorous training is being pursued; and a physical, moral, and psychological fitness is needed.

Can we depend on these men who have been inducted into the Army to stand up erectly under all the strains and pressures and deprivations of their new kind of life? Can we depend upon them to retain, in spite of all hardships and disappointments and disillusiones, their plans and their hopes and their dreams? I say, yes!

In the eyes of these young men as they first entered the Army was a look of confusion, of regret at separation from home and family to enter an institution about which they knew nothing. The Army to them, at first, meant uniforms and 'yes-sirs' and 'no-sirs' and long and hard hours of work with no visible goal. But having become a necessary part of the mechanized machine designated as the United States Army, they

ultimately have realized the need to cooperate. They obey orders of their superior officers; they do the rough tasks assigned to them, never forgetting their plans and hopes and dreams of the future. They plan for the day when they will receive honorable discharge from the Army. They continue to hope that the war will pass, that the world situation will clear, and that they may return to civilian life. And they continue to dream the dream of every normal American man—the dream of a good job, a wife, and a family, happily living an average life. These hopes and plans and dreams are their protection. Strip them of their dreams, and they will crack under the strain. Strip them of their hopes, and they will be but shells of men. Strip them of their plans, and they will desert. Strip the men of these, and the Army will collapse!

A sagacious mind will realize the need that the Army is fulfilling. Many soldiers are actually gaining an education, learning an actual trade. Sent to cooks' and bakers' school, to officers' training school, to communication, flying, x-ray, business, finance, and engineering schools, they are learning to be cooks, bakers, aviators, radio operators, laboratory technicians, clerks, typists, engineers, mechanics, welders. Art, stories, and music are created by individuals in our highly disciplined ranks. The Army has not stifled the arts. To effect the placement of these men when peace comes, economists in the Army work out economy plans and submit them to their "higher-ups."

Ernie, a New York Frenchman, a former cheap night-spot entertainer, said to me, "I'm happy, 'cause I'm taking up welding. I'll know how to do something!"

Otto, a former music teacher, now has time for composition after drilling hours at five o'clock. Several of his pieces have been heard over a coast-to-coast hook-up.

And besides acquiring a knowledge of a profession which they will be able to pursue after their release from service, men in the Army are learning to live with one another, to tolerate differences and eccentricities of character and personality.

I have acted as recreational hostess in an Army Service club, where I have seen this tolerance. One Sunday night, leaving a group of boys engaged in a technical discussion of chess, I sat down beside a dark young fellow called Boy.

(Continued on page 24)

Anne Pudeator was fascinating, mysterious. But she could not stop the wagging tongues that gossiped about her.

Here in

MUSIC: *Sibelius No. 5, Movement No. 3. Fade up. Hold for few seconds. Take out.*

NARRATOR: (*Man's deep voice reading slowly, sonorously to get legend quality.*) Salem, Massachusetts, was, in 1696, a city of religious people: its inhabitants were imbued with the fear of God put into their hearts by the fiery sermons of Increase and Cotton Mather. In 1690 Salem was bounded on three sides by virgin forests; there were a few roads cut through to the lesser settlements that surrounded it. On the fourth side was the sea. Salem was a town of small white houses, built around red brick chimneys. Here and there, on the outskirts of the city, there were still a few log cabins surrounded by the stumps that had once been trees. A thriving community in the late days of the seventeenth century was this town, this Salem. The good folk of the city attended the Thursday Lecture and the Sabbath Sermon religiously. Old wives were punished for gossiping, and the whipping post and the pillory were set in prominent positions in the public square.

The last Indian attack had been made thirteen years before; and while the good people of Salem slept in comparative peace, there was still a guard who walked the streets and called out the hours of the night. In the day, the blacksmith moved in his dark shop; the carpenter built new houses; and the cartwright made wheels for innumerable wagons. By the sea there were wharves, ship-building yards, and the homes of the sea-men.

MUSIC: *Sibelius. Hold up for few seconds. Fade to background for:*

NARRATOR: These people of Salem were safe: after thirteen years the fierce Wampanoags would not return. Yet, who of the Salemites would not admit that they breathed more easily when they heard the horn of the cowherd at sunrise? Then the women rose from their beds and threw open their doors to let in the blue haze and the golden sunshine of the New England mornings; soon smoke poured forth from their chimneys; and as the sun rose higher, the women and the young boys came from their houses to fill their pails at the spring. Still later, the men came into the fields to look over the young corn shoots and the cracks in the earth that foretold the first pumpkins. The women moved their spinning wheels out into the sunshine, and the village cats came from the houses to sun themselves on warm doorsteps.

MUSIC: *Harris No. 3, Movement No. 2. Fade up. Hold. Fade to background for:*

NARRATOR: When the night came again, the cowherd returned from the fields, and the bells of the cattle tinkled through the dark. The night

fell. For a brief hour the candles lit the white houses, and then once more the night spread over the village.

MUSIC: *Sibelius. Fade up and hold for a few seconds. Fade out for:*

NARRATOR: At noon, in the spring of the year 1690, there came to Salem village a tired and bedraggled young woman. She entered the town from the wood road that lay to the west of the town square. She was dressed in a torn Indian robe; her dark, tangled hair hung to her shoulders and was bound by a leather thong. Her arms and hands were scratched and bleeding; her feet were bare. She stumbled to the door of the nearest house on the outskirts of Salem. Instead of using the heavy iron knocker, she beat on the door with her bare fists.

SOUND: *Fists on heavy wood.*

NARRATOR: No one answered her summons; she beat on the door again.

SOUND: *Fists on heavy wood.*

NARRATOR: Then, weak from lack of food and sleep, she leaned against the door-frame. Slowly, the door of the house opened. The girl swayed and fell forward on the step.

PATIENCE: Oh! Theresa! Theresa! Come here!

THERESA: Did you call me, Miss Patience?

PATIENCE: (*Breathlessly*) Yes—here, Theresa, help me.

THERESA: (*Suspiciously*) Who's that?

PATIENCE: Never mind. Help me to get her inside.

THERESA: Yes, Miss Patience, I'll help you.

SOUND: *Shuffling of feet. Hold over for:*

PATIENCE: She's not very heavy, but we must be careful. I don't want to hurt her.

THERESA: She looks as if she had not eaten in days.

PATIENCE: And she's all torn and dirty. Here, Theresa. We'll put her in this chair.

SOUND: *Shuffling of feet dies out.*

THERESA: Ummmm—There!

PATIENCE: Run and get me some warm water and towels, Theresa.

THERESA: I'll go.

PATIENCE: (*Musing softly*) Poor thing; she's so strange. That savage robe! And those beads! She's beautiful, though. Where do you suppose—

ANNE: *Quiet crying.*

PATIENCE: There, child, there. You'll soon be all right.

ANNE: *Crying suddenly stops, and she speaks in a low, resonant monotone. She uses the tongue of Indians. Hold over speeches of PATIENCE and THERESA.*

PATIENCE: Ah, you're better.

THERESA: Here is the towel, Miss Patience—

PATIENCE: Thank you, Theresa. Dip it in water.

Dark Stone

SOUND: *Towel rung out in water.*

THERESA: Oh, what's that she's saying? What is she talking about?

PATIENCE: I don't know, Theresa, but never mind that now.

THERESA: But listen to her; she's staring at us, and she keeps on mumbling. She seems to understand. Why doesn't she talk sense?

PATIENCE: It is strange—Do you feel better? She doesn't answer—Do you feel better? Oh see, Theresa. She's nodding her head. I think she's trying to make us understand.

ANNE: What—place—is—this. From where—do I—come?

PATIENCE: I don't know, dear; we found you on the doorstep just a few minutes ago.

ANNE: From—where—do I—come? Why—am—I—so—dressed?

PATIENCE: (*Slowly*) I do not know. What is your name?

ANNE: I am called Pudeator.

PATIENCE: Have you no other name?

ANNE: Yes—It is Anne. (*Falls back into swift Indian speech.*)

THERESA: Miss Patience, come away, please. She is a strange one!

PATIENCE: Silly Theresa. There is nothing wrong.

THERESA: Yes, she is strange. Come away! Come away!

MUSIC: *Fades up: Quick and sparkling: Holds few seconds: Fades out.*

ANNE: My name is Anne Pudeator.

PATIENCE: Is there nothing more? How do you come to us?

ANNE: I do not know. I do not know anything. Only my name—

PATIENCE: You can think of nothing else?

ANNE: Nothing! (*Pause*) You have been kind.

PATIENCE: Any one would have done the same.

ANNE: No, only you; they are not all kind. (*Growing intensity, groping for words.*) They do not all believe! They do not understand that I cannot tell what I do not know.

PATIENCE: Do you ever remember anything, Anne?

ANNE: Sometimes at night, there are dreams. I wake to find myself speaking a strange language. I have odd and savage visions, but there is no memory. I can not remember.

PATIENCE: Try to think, dear.

ANNE: There are no faces. Nothing has happened. I cannot see behind the shadow. I cannot lift the dark veil that binds my brain in black chains.

PATIENCE: It is so strange.

ANNE: It is strange.

NARRATOR: And time went forward in Salem

village for a girl who knew no time past. Patience gave Anne an honored place in her home. Anne remembered nothing from the years before 1690. She was a beautiful and mystic girl. Many people liked her, in spite of her shadowed past. But old women talked on deserted corners about her. Why would a white woman come to them in Indian costume? What was her past? They dared not talk too loudly, for the Iron Gag and the Ducking Stool awaited slanderers and gossips.

1ST WOMAN: She is an odd creature, this strange girl.

2ND WOMAN: Aye, she is more than that.

1ST WOMAN: More?

2ND WOMAN: Aye, strange tongues she speaks. Theresa says that she has heard—

1ST WOMAN: Yes?

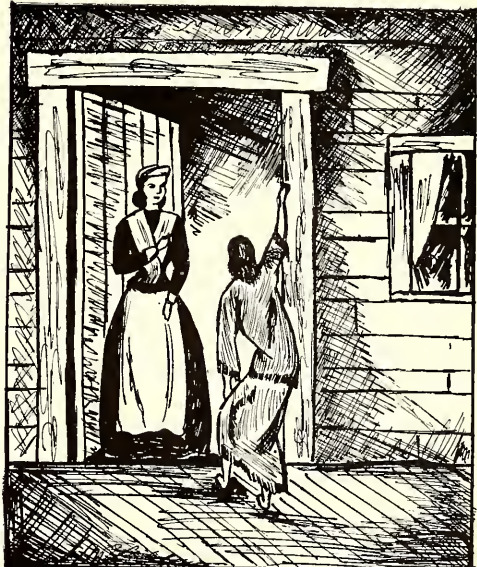
2ND WOMAN: At night she has heard her moving from her bed and speaking the language of the heathen Indian. And Theresa has seen—

1ST WOMAN: Theresa has seen—?

2ND WOMAN: Aye, Theresa whispered to me that one night she crept to her room and saw the girl behaving as one in the hands of the Devil.

1ST WOMAN: The Devil! The Devil! Oh, tell on!

2ND WOMAN: Rocking back and forth as she sat cross-legged on her bed. Speaking strange spells—and laughing—laughing silently.



1ST WOMAN: (*in horror*) She has said *spells*?
2ND WOMAN: Yes. Then of a sudden she would seem to wake. She would look around in an odd manner as though she were trying to remember something. And then she would fall back on her pillow exhausted. And then she would sleep.

1ST WOMAN: If this be true, we have another wise woman in our midst.

2ND WOMAN: Who can tell!

MUSIC: *Eery and mysterious. Fades up. Holds. Fades to background for:*

NARRATOR: Who could tell? For in the village of Salem, Evil walked abroad. Evil so terrible that it made Salem remembered long after she might otherwise be forgotten. In 1692, to this village of peaceful and religious people, the blight of the Devil, the curse of witchcraft had appeared. In England now, more than 200 innocent people were in their graves because they had some peculiar quirk of personality or appearance. And here in Salem, the curse of witchcraft set its mark firmly on the people of the colonies. So firmly was witchery branded on their hearts that the ministers preached of it from their pulpits. Cotton Mather burst forth one Sunday—

MUSIC: *Fade to:*

COTTON MATHER: . . . and I tell you, every one of you who hears my voice, to go and tell Mankind that there are Devils and witches, and that those night-birds least appear where the daylight of the Gospel comes; yet today, here in New England, there are examples of their existence and operation.

MUSIC: *Fades up. Holds for a few seconds. Fades out.*

NARRATOR: And so witches and wizards, and the Devil himself, ceased to be legends in Salem and became real beings.

One day an extraordinary thing happened. Anne Pudeator disappeared from Patience's house. Twilight came, and Anne did not return. As night fell, Patience went to each house and asked the men to form hunting parties to search for the strange girl. Into the dangerous and evil forests the men went seeking the lost girl. They looked all night; and as morning came the men, unshaved and sleep-ridden, came back to Salem with the sad news that she was nowhere to be found. When the cow-herd's horn sounded at day-break, every group but one had returned to the village. (*Start to fade gradually*). This group had not been seen since the night before, and—

1ST MAN: (*Grouchy*). We might as well turn back.

2ND MAN: Yes, I did not believe that she would vanish, but we had best return.

3RD MAN: (*Persuasive*) No, let us go on for a little while. Just a half hour more; then if we do not find her—

2ND MAN: All right; for a half hour more.

1ST MAN: My eyes are glued shut.

3RD MAN: Come on. Come on, man; only half an hour.

1ST MAN: Oh, all right; I'll come!

2ND MAN: Wait! Wait! What's that noise? Over there!

1ST MAN: I hear nothing.

3RD MAN: Your ears are glued shut, too, then; there is something! Come on!

ANNE: (*Off mike chanting of Indian speech. Hold next few speeches*).

1ST MAN: What is that?

2ND MAN: It is she!

3RD MAN: Of what does she speak?

3RD MAN: Hello there, maid! Hello! We've found you; we've been searching all night.

1ST MAN: Speak sense, girl; speak up, I say!

3RD MAN: Gently, friend; she must be ill.

1ST MAN: Aye, she is sick indeed!

2ND MAN: What mean you?

1ST MAN: I believe it now!

3RD MAN: What do you believe?

ANNE: *Stop Indian chant.*

1ST MAN: I believe—I believe that Anne Pudeator is a witch!

2ND MAN: Witch! A witch!

3RD MAN: Quiet, man. She's looking at us; she will speak. Speak up, maid; what is it?

ANNE: (*Speaks English once more*) I—found—the—answer—and I came away. He wants me; I must go back.

1ST MAN: (*Whisper*) 'Tis the Devil wants her!

2ND MAN: The Devil!

3RD MAN: Quiet, both of you!

ANNE: I must go back to him.

3RD MAN: No, you must come with us, Anne; come with us, Anne, back to Salem.

ANNE: Yes. Yes! I must go back to Salem. Perhaps he will let me go. Perhaps I can stay in Salem and be happy. He—oh, say that he will not come again. Tell me—

ANNE: Tell me—

3RD MAN: No; he will not come again, Anne.

ANNE: I may live in peace—in Salem. With Patience. He must not come; he shall not possess me. He shall not have me. I shall go back to Salem. I shall forget the empty places! I shall live in Salem! I will! I will!

MUSIC: *Sacre Du Printemps by Stravinsky. Fades up. Hold for a few minutes. Fade out for:*

NARRATOR: Anne came back to Salem. But not to live in peace. The fever of witchcraft was in white heat. And one of the men who had found her was convinced that she had spoken of following the Devil. In the past month, many had been tried for witchcraft. Forty-eight men and women were in prison in Salem accused of being in league with the Devil. The first witch to be hanged was Bridget Bishop who went to the gallows on a bright morning in June.

Through the streets of Salem in a prison cart more people were carried to the noose on the rocky, treeless ledge called Gallows Hill. On the 19th of July, Sarah Good, Susannah Martin, Elizabeth How, Sara Wild and Rebecca Nurse were put to death. On the fifth day of August of the hot New England summer, John Proctor, John Willard, George Jacobs, George Burroughs and Martha Carrier were hanged by the neck until dead.

Indian Summer came to New England, and the first breath of Autumn touched the green forests around Salem.

(Continued on page 26)

Oil for the Wheels



BOOKS

OLIVER WISWELL. *By Kenneth Roberts.* 836 pages. Doubleday, Doran and Company, New York. \$3.00.

John Jay once said, "The true history of the American Revolution can never be written." *Oliver Wiswell* is not a history, but perhaps it is truer than the history that has become our heritage. The novel verifies John Jay's further statement that "people in those days were not at all what they seemed, nor what they are generally believed to have been." In the novel we see for once the Tories who loved America, the Tories who would not take arms against the uneducated patriot, the Tories of keen mind and leadership who believed in England despite her blunders. They were men like Oliver Wiswell and his father. Seaton Wiswell faced the revolution mature in mind and great in spirit. Oliver faced it with youth and the desire to record truth.

The story, although of historical content, never once overshadows the characterization of Oliver. The war is the molding force that guides him to a mental maturity as great as that of his father.

Kenneth Roberts gives strength to his novel with scenes of momentous action; but, of equal benefit to the story, though not of historical significance, are the escapades of Buel, Oliver's self-appointed protector, the unique activities of Mrs. Byles who also allies herself with Oliver, and the genuinely human love story of Oliver and Sally. In the midst of world shaking crises are found, surprisingly, the homely detail of everyday. Personal emotions, so emphasized in time of war, are treated with a frankness that proves sincerity.

Perhaps it is because of this sincerity that one becomes so convinced of the fallacy of traditional pictures of traitorous Tories. It seems, from the Tory view, that the patriot is the traitor—the traitor who seized the property and took the lives of his countrymen, who turned against his own culture, who could not restrain violence with reason. The leaders of these men no longer seem invincible military strategists. They won, not by foresight, but by accident. The victory was impossible, but it came.

This novel coming when it does, in the time of another great war, naturally stimulates comparisons. Not only does it recall the old adage, "History repeats itself," by reminding us that once England was defeated; but it also presents a sane philosophy of war. Oliver's final speech

illustrates the perspective so needed to keep rational when irrationality prevails.

He says of wars, "Perhaps that's how God slowly sculpts the world to a shape concealed from us. Perhaps that's why the impossible happened, Sally—why that rabble that drove us from our homes were incapable of winning, but *did* win. Perhaps, Sally, something great will come of all that agony and all those deaths, all that intolerance and all that cruelty. Perhaps something great will come even to that rabble some day, as well as to us."

—Nancy O'Brien.

* * * * *

LADY EDITOR. *By Marjorie Shuler, Ruth Knight, and Muriel Fuller.* 288 pages. E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., New York. \$2.00.

LADY EDITOR, an account of careers for women in publishing, is written by three young women who are in a position to speak authoritatively. The book is divided into three sections: the first one is on journalism, the second on magazines, and the third is on books. Marjorie Shuler, author of part one on journalism, started her newspaper experience at sixteen writing society news and women's gossip for a large newspaper. From this position she went to an international newspaper which sent her on many important assignments both in America and in Europe. Miss Shuler was the first woman to fly around the world, and the first woman to cover South America by plane.

Beginning her advice to young women desiring to enter the journalistic field, Miss Shuler states bluntly: "The most remarkable thing about journalism is the unanimity with which journalists condemn it." From this sentence on, Miss Shuler pictures the trials and glories of newspaper business. The section is fairly and frankly written, illustrated with actual stories of careers in this field, and filled with good advice on "breaking in" and getting along in the world of news.

Ruth Adams Knight, author of the new novel, *WOMEN MUST WEEP*, has had wide experience in editorial positions, in writing for radio, and in writing for magazines. Her section on magazines opens with the statement that, "Nothing in our national life is more characteristic than our periodicals. They are as American as icewater, and as generally popular. But with circulation in the millions, they must appeal to highly diversified tastes." Each type of magazine—class publications, pulp magazines, women's publications, news, trade, fanfare, and children's magazines—is discussed.

(Continued on next page)

Muriel Fuller, who at the present is on the editorial staff of *Redbook Magazine*, has served on many editorial staffs. An authority on children's books, she has reviewed many of them for *Child Life*, *Chicago Daily News*, and the *New York World-Telegram*. Her section on book publication permits the would-be student to take a peek into some of America's largest publishing houses. Miss Fuller does not stop with giving advice; she illustrates her opinions with examples from the

lives of her fellow-publishers who, like the student, were once confronted with the problem of beginning.

LADY EDITOR will be read chiefly by prospective women journalists. It will be read because of its down-to-earth approach and advice to these young journalists. It is a girl's book, exciting, important, and, most of all, well-written by those who know what they are saying.

—*Ruth Heffner.*

DRAMA

Up through fifty years has come a Woman's College Christmas tradition—the Sophomore Christmas Pageant.

WHEN sophomores rush back and forth from Aycock Auditorium to the dormitory in the middle of December, they are planning a Christmas pageant. It is a tradition begun seven years ago when the sophomores, because they had studied the old mystery plays in English literature, were given the privilege of putting on a pageant.

Before the first sophomore Christmas pageant, every year on the last night before the Christmas holidays, the students would sing carols around a large Christmas tree in front of South Spencer Hall or on the front campus in front of the Administration Building. But every year, on the last night before the Christmas holidays, Greensboro decided to have a rain; and the unlucky girls were forced to take shelter in the Students' Building. At first, the singing was not organized, but later definite programs were planned and carried out. Romance language students sang carols in French, Spanish, German, and Italian. The last song was always "Silent Night," and the students sang it as they walked from the auditorium.

It was in 1933 that the sophomores first became aware of their abilities. Without the aid of faculty members, they presented the "Second Shepherd's Play." The Madrigal Club sang carols behind the setting of a church altar. They called it a pageant, but it could scarcely be classed with the pageants that were given in later years. The lack of proper direction doomed it to failure.

The wise sophomores of 1934 enlisted the aid of Miss Rowley, Miss Bush, Miss Summerell, and Mr. Thompson and presented a surprisingly good "Second Shepherd's Play." The play was both dignified and simple. At the end of the service, the college choir, carrying lighted candles, walked from the stage out of the auditorium while the audience remained standing. With such a success before them, the next year's sophomores decided to give again the "Second Shepherd's Play."

In 1936, however, a more modern theme was approached. Colored lighting and color symbols—

blue, crimson, purple, and gold—represented the various periods of Mary's life from the Annunciation and the Adoration of the shepherds and kings, to the realization of the significance of the birth of Christ. The student audience appreciated the significance of symbols and asked for more pageants like this one.

For the next four years, the sophomores concentrated on the Nativity, presenting it in a series of tableaux, each year employing a different theme. In 1937, with the setting in a typical medieval church, Dr. Elbert R. Moses, Jr., directed the choric speaking group in the pageant for the first time. A simple theme of two parts was carried out in the production of 1938—The Promise of God to His People That There Would Be a Redeemer and the Fulfillment of the Promise. The sophomores of 1939 gave a beautiful dramatization of the birth of Christ, with angels and choir music in the background. Last year, a series of full tableaux were presented, the first four portraying the Nativity, and the fifth, "Christmas in the Modern Family."

As the pageant grew from the former singing of the carols, so the carols are still a part of the pageant. There is carol singing both before and after the performance. The students troop over the quadrangle, where one of the sophomore voice majors leads in carol singing.

The Christmas pageant requires, however, the best of sophomore talent and the hardest of hard work. But it inculcates our deep-rooted desire for expressing our joy at Christmas through the singing of carols. It is the substitution of an expression just as gratifying as the gathering around a tree. It renews again the story within us of the birth of Jesus Christ. And as long as the sophomore Christmas pageant creates in us a feeling of satisfaction of "peace on earth and good will towards men," it will remain with us.

By Joan Morgan

EXCHANGES

By Betsy Saunders

PIECES O'EIGHT

East Carolina Teachers College

The fact that there is only one style of type heading in the entire magazine makes it very monotonous. The articles are elementary and conveniently vague of plan and purpose. In general, the fiction is weak; however, credit should be given to "One Hour Fast," a well planned short, short story. The poetry section is neatly presented and is amazingly good in a "Ted Malone" manner. Most of the jokes are old. We suggest humorous essays and anecdotes.

BEAVER REVIEW

Beaver College, Jenkintown, Penn.

The magazine cover is neat and concise in black and white but is not very inviting. There is, however, a definite bit of quality in spite of the quantity (only sixteen pages). The art work in this magazine is too ornate for the subject; and as there are no photographs, the lay-out has a rather bare appearance. The poetry is fair with a fascinating student translation of the Victor Hugo poem—"Extase." We enjoyed the book review on Poncins' KABLOONA and found the two short stories unusually interesting. The entire magazine reveals thought, time, and energy.

THE DISTAFF

Florida State College for Women

There is very little art work, other than a few decorative ornaments here and there. The cover is attractive but, in our opinion, has no connection to the material beneath it. The articles are pertinent, practical, and very readable. The short stories are racy and clever. And the Department of "All Wool" is a riot! "And a Yard Wide" is the review of three recent books being widely read by college girls. We think that poetry is one of the best features of THE DISTAFF, for it reveals superior craftsmanship and feeling. Our suggestion is make the cover do justice to the magazine.

THE STUDENT

Wake Forest

This is a magazine with a purpose—that of keeping the student aware of his problems and interests in Deacon-town. There are several well written articles on local situations, three short stories, and no poetry. This publication, however, stays at home too much and does not venture out of its own backyard.

PACE

Los Angeles City College

This magazine is definitely in pace. All photographs are excellent, but the art work is only fair. Though there is variety in the lay-out, the type is too small for easy reading. Generally, the fiction is weak—there is a lack of distinction and imagination. PACE is an up and coming magazine—definitely the product of "city kids."

Silent Night

(Continued from page 5)

"Oh, Jane, how are you?" Mother's voice was happy. "Come on in. I'm so glad to see you. We were just reading to Anna," she went on. "She makes us read her the Bible story every Christmas."

"Really?" asked Jane. "How quaint!"

Anna lifted her head quickly and looked in her father's face. He looked tired: there were little wrinkles around his mouth.

"So Anna still remembers The Forgotten Man," Jane went on. "How naive! I didn't know children did that anymore. I thought these modern children had even outgrown Santa Claus."

Anna blushed.

A red-haired lady dressed in black smiled as she entered with Anna's mother. Anna was almost dumped from his lap as her father stood up. As they exchanged greetings, she looked for their place in the book. Anna noticed that the lady's eyes looked cold as steel, and she sat down on a hassock by her father's chair.

"Oh, please, go on reading," Jane went on. "I love these anachronisms. Especially on Christmas."

"What does that mean?" Anna wondered.

"No, I'm afraid we'll bore you," said her father.

"Oh, no, really," said Jane; "I haven't heard it since I was two years old, I'm sure."

"Don't read it, Daddy," whispered Anna. She shut the book in his hands and, after they had talked a few minutes, slipped out of the room.

"I think she's ugly," Anna said to herself. She would not go back into the room until after Jane had gone.

Then she sat down on the hassock again. Her mother and father were talking. The sound of "Silent Night" came faintly from the distance and became louder and more distinct. Soon it was outside the window.

"Listen, the carollers!" Anna said.

They kept on talking.

"Listen, Mother—Daddy, don't you want to hear the carollers?"

Singing "O Little Town of Bethlehem," the voices faded. Anna strained to hear the last notes.

(Continued on page 23)

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT
A LASTING ONE

from

SEARS, ROEBUCK & COMPANY

.227-229 N. Elm Street

Next to O. Henry Hotel

Out of the

An Interpretation of Carolina Folk as Seen by Paul Green



Moist Earth

By Margaret Jones

UP ON the hill in a big rambling farmhouse live the white folks. After the cows are milked and the horses and pigs are fed long fat ears of corn, the white folks come out on the porch and talk about the crops or the new litter of pigs. Pale summer moonlight sifts through red maple trees; and except for the flutter of the chickens going to roost, all is quiet. Soon fireflies alternate their brightness across the narrow dirt road, and a June-bug flies against the side of the house and buzzes a circle on the porch floor. Then, not abruptly, but slowly like a coil of wood smoke, comes the sound of soft, doleful music from across the hollow. "Down by the River" and "Nigger Blues" float from a negro tenant house. Before long the sound of a fiddle punctuates the monotony of the singing voices. The white folks are tired from plowing tobacco and hoeing corn. They pay little attention to the music. "It's just old Abe and his young'uns cutting up," perhaps they say. Nothing more.

But in the low, mournful music, Paul Green has heard a story; out of the pale, summer moonlight he has woven drama. The brow-beaten negro, the pain of Uncle Abe's rheumatism, the yearning of the young blacks to own a Ford, the twisted superstitions—all these things Mr. Green has heard in their chanted music. He says:

"My first memories are of negro ballads ringing out by moonlight and the rich laughter of the resting blacks, down by the river bottom."

And because Mr. Green feels the fire and the drudgery of the negroes and the white tenant farmers in his own veins, he writes about them. Not artfully, not didactically, but out of the fresh loam of the Carolina soil he draws them. Weaving into the plays the superstitions and the twisted philosophy of the North Carolina negro, cutting with his pen into the life bread of the kind of people that he has known, he paints life.

The opening of *In Abraham's Bosom* rings true with a common saying of the superstitious negro. "Monkey walking in dis wood—Fall on Puny's back 'bout three o'clock, git um down. Hee-hee." Without deep thought, the North Carolina negro can nudge his brother, cutting tops at his side, and point across the rows of corn to another negro who seems tired and worn after a half day's work in the hot September sun; simply he can scratch a shiny black head and grunt to his brother, "The monkey is riding his back."

This is the by-play of subtle superstition which becomes the entire background for other plays. In *The Man Who Died at Twelve O'clock*, the characters are caught up in the "signs of death." When the young negro girl tells her father, Uncle

January, of the crowing of the "dominicker" hen, the ringing of deathbells in her head, and the moaning of the death hounds in the night, Uncle January feels the black dirt piling over his dead body. By blind superstitions and simple beliefs the negroes chart their lives before them.

By using the ordinary habits and customs of the North Carolina negro as a background, and by using one outstanding or unusual incident as a theme, Mr. Green brings forth a play. Religion that comes in big revival meetings in the middle of the summer to stir the blood and the faith of the white man and the black is used by Mr. Green in *Unto Such Glory* and in *The Field God*. Nor is a southern negro black without his religion. Negroes at big-meetings in the hottest part of August; negroes sweating, moaning and singing past twelve o'clock, past one o'clock; negroes swaying and rolling their fat or skinny bodies under the chant of a straight-backed preacher of the "Lawd;" negroes walking home tired and exhausted, but laughing in the glory of their newfound faith; negroes walking along dusty little roads to dark clap-board houses—this is big-meeting time in the south. Roosters crow the coming of another day—a working day from dawn to dark.

Paul Green uses a theme with an intensity, perhaps an exaggeration, that makes his plays rich and vital. In *The Field God* he uses the intense theme of a man who has a deep-running love for a young girl at the same time that he must remain faithful to a fussy invalid wife. As a background to this turmoil, there is the commonplace smell of the acrid burning of hog hair and the sound of the bubble of "chittlings." Hog-killing time in Carolina. ". . . Don't let the hair set on that hog. That's it, scrape him, boys. Get it off him while he's hot."

It would seem that Paul Green's plays do not generally lend themselves to successful production. His characters are often difficult to interpret except by persons who have known the Carolina people. His plays are often difficult in setting. Possum hunts, hog-killing, and square dances do not lend themselves well to most stages. Paul Green seems to feel that the theater should be made for the play, not the play for the theater.

Paul Green acknowledges the existence of a black and white conflict in the south. At the same time he demonstrates by the simple words of an old negro woman that in most cases the conflict of the black is a lethargy rather than a rebellion. Mr. Green's treatment of the conflict is not

(Continued on page 23)

Diana

*Barbara had almost forgotten those days at Corbin College until
Diana came as a perpetual reminder.*

MRS. PHILLIP TEASLEY LAWERENCE turned down toward her garden. She swung along with the easy grace of one who has walked in many gardens. The diamond bracelets on her wrist clicked in time with her steps.

Barbara Lawrence moved toward the two large men who were lifting a heavy box from the back of a delivery truck. The backs of their shirts were dirty and marked with circles of perspiration.

"Did my husband send you?"

"Yes, Ma'm. He sent this piece out from our shop."

"Oh, yes, of course." What had Phillip bought for the place this time?

"Here she is, Ma'm." The greasy man snatched the last nail from the crate. "Diana, they call her. And lady, she's one of the best." The man patted the figure affectionately as he unwrapped pieces of burlap. "Some number. The only Reilley original in town, and they's plenty hard to get."

"The gardener will show you where to put it—on the mound in the rock garden."

A seven thousand dollar original. Barbara leaned against the elm tree and gazed at the figure, but what was she looking for? The figure, firm on its pedestal, was exquisite; and the expression on that marble face, strong, yet human, was out of place here in the garden. Barbara wondered what Diana would say if some celestial power were to put words into that stone mouth. Diana—Diana of the chase.

And with Diana, Lynn Caxton came again into Barbara's mind.

Barbara stared at the ground as she walked up the green slope to the terrace. She tapped a cigarette on a red-lacquered nail and then sat down without lighting it. A cold white line encircled the crimson perfection of her mouth. Barbara's fingernails dug into imaginary circles on the arm of her chair. Lynn Caxton had always wanted to do Diana. She had filled her sketch books with the woodland goddess—Diana with her bow, Diana at the bath. The girls used to tease Lynn about being the goddess of chastity herself.

Barbara leaned back and closed her eyes; she fought back memories of Lynn and herself, but she remembered. She remembered the night that Lynn met Scott Reilley.

Lynn and Barbara had gone to Corbin College. They both lived in Kinley Hall for four years; they moved in the same set. A dull pain around her heart came to Barbara along with the remembrance of those last months at school.

Scott Reilley was coming down from Carnegie Tech to go to the Senior Ball with Barbara. The

girls in Kinley knew Scott by the smiling picture on Barbara's dresser, by the square gray envelopes that were in Barbara's box every day, and by the candy or flowers that came every week or two.

The day Scott's picture came, the girls crowded into Barbara's room to watch her open it. They gasped at the handsome boy smiling out of the white leather frame.

Lynn took the picture, held it at arm's length, and said, "Barbara, he's simply *beautiful!* I'm going to snare him the very first chance I get."

Barbara smiled, "You couldn't if you wanted to." The girls all laughed; Barbara had laughed too.

The night of the Senior Ball, Lynn had worked in the art lab until after seven o'clock. She was trying to finish two pieces for the National exhibit. As Barbara dressed, she noticed Lynn hurrying around the hall powdering backs, fastening necklaces. She was almost late for the dance.

Barbara had applied her last touch of violet eye shadow and was clipping a diamond star in her black curls when Lynn came into the room. Why, she had on scarcely any make-up, and her dress was as simple as a skirt and sweater; but she was fresh and cool—*vibrantly* alive. They pinned on each other's flowers, Barbara's three speckled orchids and Lynn's three gardenias.

"Lynn, your flowers are lovely; so like you."

Barbara was dancing when she saw one of the boys lead Scott out on the floor and introduce him to Lynn. In the middle of a sentence about the graduation dance at Tech, Barbara stopped talking to her partner. Lynn and Scott danced beautifully together. Watching them talking as they danced, Barbara's breath came short. A strange voice deep inside shouted to her, "Barbara, what is happening? Why don't you stop it? Can't you do something about it?" She couldn't understand its meaning; she was confused just then. In a few minutes they danced out of sight.

After the dance Barbara and Scott talked over tall, cool limeades at the Soda Bar.

Barbara tapped a cigarette on a jeweled case and lit it after a second or two. She turned suddenly to Scott and said, "What do you think of Lynn?"

Scott flipped a gold charm on Barbara's bracelet. "Good girl."

"You seemed to think so." Barbara's laugh sounded high and shrill even in the crowded room. "By the way, just where were you that

(Continued on page 22)

By Mary Frances Bell

MURPHY MARIONETTES, INCORPORATED

By Nancy Murphy

IT ALL started with a little piece of wood not more than three inches long and less than an inch thick. I was sitting in the kitchen with the piece of balsa in my hand and several knives and razor blades before me. The wood looked as if someone had been trying to whittle something out of it: the cut on my thumb gave me a clue.

I had, indeed, been trying to make a model airplane, but all my plans had come to nought. I definitely could *not* whittle. When my father came into the room, I handed him the little piece of balsa and asked him to make a little sphere of it. Although I did not know it at the time, once I had that little ball of wood in my hand, Murphy Marionettes, Incorporated, was born. The little ball of wood looked like a head; very well, I would make a head out of it.

About supper time, I produced "Archibald Percival," whom one could recognize as my piece of wood plus a black cotton wig, huge ink eyes, wooden nose and ears, mercurochrome mouth, and a huge handle-bar mustache. It was an amusing face, but the face was no good without the body. I descended upon my father, and again it was the same request that he whittle a ball of wood, this time slightly larger. My father's curiosity was aroused. What did I want with *another* one? "I'm making a marionette," I announced, and my fate was sealed.

"Archie" was not a lovely figure. His joints were composed of screw eyes and string, which made him very double-jointed. But he was just the beginning. Soon I had produced a lady, a pronounced redhead—shoe polish and mercurochrome were my only dyes—who was duly christened "Physostega." She remained the only lady in the whole company—excluding myself. After "Physostega" came "Butch," who was our leading man. "Butch" had yellow powderpuff hair and a manly physique. My father was tired of whittling spheres and refused to do more than cut a few corners off "Butch's" torso.

These three were my own creations. My stock company was soon increased, however, by "professionals." A neighbor bought a small plaster of Paris marionette which she promised to turn over to Murphy Marionettes, Incorporated, if I would give some performances for her first grade pupils. Thus we acquired "Sambo," the only colored member of my troupe. Doing some Five-and-Ten shopping, I ran across "Punch," the clown, who was destined to become a box-office attraction.

One day my neighbor asked me to give a performance for a group of her first-graders' parents. This was something of a command performance, for she was an important stockholder. I agreed to give the performance although I did

not have a stage prepared, and none of my actors had strings.

Making a stage on short notice was quite a task. A pasteboard box was cut up to form a temporary substitute. The play I decided to give was my own version of Parson Weem's fable, which is better known as "George Washington and the Cherry Tree." As this was an historical epic, it took quite a bit of preparation.

"Physostega" was, of course, Mrs. Washington. As I doubted that the original Madam Washington had auburn hair, "Physostega's" red wig was covered with cotton. The costume was made by sewing a yard of white lace on a doll dress. "George," alias "Butch," was dressed in knee breeches and a long-tailed coat. A little iron hatchet completed the effect. The immortal tree was a spray from a Christmas centerpiece. After one or two dress rehearsals, I announced that we were ready; and with all the confidence of an amateur, I believed it.

I have good reason to think that the audience will never forget that cardboard stage, those six-inch marionettes, or that performance. Mrs. Washington sat stiffly in her chair. Not once did she move her hands or show the slightest sign of animation. George, in addition to his famous misdemeanor, had evidently been touching his father's bottles. He staggered into the room backwards, one shoulder very much bent by the weight of his hatchet; and swinging back and forth, he repeated his famous lines. Not until the curtain was about to fall did he assume a respectful posture.

Nor were things going so smoothly backstage. The janitor had been pressed into service as electrician and stage manager. His combined offices included holding a light bulb over the stage proper and holding up the front of the "theater," which was threatening to collapse upon the actors. My neighbor filled the office of general assistant by holding up the blue corduroy curtains and making herself generally useful. Shortly after the performance, my cardboard stage collapsed from the strain; and I threw it away, resolving to build a new one.

It was more than a year, however, before the new stage was built; and it, too, was something of an accident. Prowling about our cellar one day, I discovered several two-inch pine strips, the remains of the Woman's Club Festival float. Deciding that the women were through with their lumber, I annexed it for my own purpose, that of building the Little Globe Theater. Eventually, the stage, like Topsy, just grew until I was alarmed at its ungainly proportions; but I solved the problem of wheeling it about by constructing a rickety roller base.

(Continued on page 25)

Diana

(Continued from page 20)

half hour or more when you didn't dance with your own date?" Carefully avoiding Scott's eyes, Barbara traced circles with her finger.

"Now, Duchess, don't turn green on me. I just mentioned that model reservoir that I have to do tomorrow and said that I didn't know how to put the plaster of Paris on my frames." He ground his cigarette in a green tray. "Look, we sat down, over by the chaperons, and she told me how to do it. Then we talked about sculpture—that's her line."

"O.K., darling. I didn't mean to give you the third degree; I'll take your word for it." She touched his sleeve lightly. "It really doesn't matter anyhow. But just what do you mean about that model something-or-other?"

"Gee, honey, thought I told you in a letter. I've got to hand it in by Monday, so I can't possibly stay over tomorrow. I haven't even started the thing yet. I'm driving back tonight as soon as I take you in."

Barbara's breath caught in her throat. "But, Scott, you never have gone back from a dance on Saturday night. And I have plans for us tomorrow. Can't you do it after you get back tomorrow night?"

"Sorry, darling, but it counts half my final; and you do want me to graduate, don't you?" He kissed her lightly on the cheek.

They walked back to the dormitory in silence. They passed a dozen or more couples getting in from the dance loud and happy. Barbara turned a button on her evening coat. She was trying to think of something to say—about the graduation ball, about that model thing; no words would come. The late bell rang just as they stepped up on the terrace. Scott shoved Barbara in the door just before the hostess closed it, and he yelled, "G'night, Duchess. See you soon."

Three or four days had passed since the dance, and Barbara had not received a single letter from Scott, not even a note saying that he had enjoyed the dance. Barbara walked down the hall to Lynn's room.

"Lynn, do you have a stamp that I could borrow? I've just got to have one tonight."

"Sure, there are some in my writing case."

On top of a gray envelope was the book of stamps. Barbara paused for an endless second, tore one out, and snapped the case shut. She looked up to see Lynn looking at her rather curiously. Hate for Lynn flamed up in Barbara. Its choking fingers clutched at her throat. Barbara fought for words.

"I'll bring it back tomorrow when I get some. Thanks."

A hundred times that night Barbara told herself that dozens of people used stationery like Scott's. She hadn't seen the address, and even if she hadn't heard from him since the dance, what of it? He would probably give her a ring for graduation, and then they would have an autumn wed-

ding. Her friends and her family's friends would accept him into their circle. She would help him to get big engineering contracts.

Barbara had much to offer him. She was beautiful—well, striking at the least; she had lovely clothes and knew how to wear them; she was one of the wealthiest girls in the state. She was a young moderne who talked brilliantly—on things other than art and sculpture.

Her spirits brightened. She began to hum a little tuneless song. Yes, Scott was probably terribly busy here the last months of school. Besides, didn't she owe him a letter?

The following Saturday, all the girls were hurrying Lynn so she wouldn't miss the bus.

Fran Taylor said, "Lynn, where does your grandmother live anyway?"

"Caxtonville. The town was named for my grandfather."

"Where on earth is it?"

"About ten miles from Dalton."

The bus drove up and stopped. As Lynn stepped inside, Barbara called, "Bring us some of your grandmother's cookies, darling."

Dalton. Ten miles from Dalton. Why, Scott lived in Dalton. But Scott was at school. He said that he had to study.

Barbara called Scott that night. His roommate took the call.

"Hello, Barbara? . . . Sorry, but he took a bunch of boys into town tonight. If it's important, I'll have him call you when he gets in, but it'll be pretty late."

"Oh, I just wanted to talk to him. Tell him a friend of his sends her love."

Bill was the kind of boy who would tell his roommate's girl the right answers for a sudden call. Wasn't he? Barbara went to her room, threw herself on the bed, and buried her hot face in the pillow.

The week-end after Lynn had visited her grandmother was the one that Barbara had been planning for months.

(Continued on page 28)

Tennis Racquets

Golf Clubs

ODELL'S

Greensboro, N. C.

The Home of All Sports Equipment

327 SOUTH ELM

Walton's College Shoe Rebuilders

Christmas is drawing near! Don't forget to have your shoes rebuilt before returning home for the holidays.

409 TATE STREET

T. W. Walton

J. R. Fogleman

Silent Night

(Continued from page 17)

Her father turned on the radio. "Christmas," the announcer was saying, "almost two thousand years since the angels sang, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.' But the fighting in Europe did not pause on the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace. It is reported that the Germans advanced . . ."

"Aren't we going up street?" Anna's mother asked. "It's getting late. I'm afraid we won't see much if we don't hurry."

"Well, let me hear the news," her father said. "Then we'll go."

In a little while they drove up street. Anna looked at the Christmas decorations. Betty had been right; they looked old. The street lights threw a yellowish color across everything. Few people were on the street.

They got out of the car. A stooped, black little figure came up to them. "Won't you buy a poinsettia?" she asked.

"No, I don't think so tonight."

The street light glared in the figure's face, showing it thin and wrinkled. Anna looked up at her Mother's face in the yellow light. It looked wrinkled, too.

"You certainly miss the Christmas lights, don't you?" her mother said. "Everything used to look red and green, and tonight everything looks yellowish."

The people on the street thinned. A group of boys looked in a window. They said nothing.

The street was silent. Only a few cars passed.

"Everybody must have left town for the holidays," her father said.

"It's late," Mother said.

"Let's go up to the store on the corner," said Anna. "The window's so pretty. It's a little boy's Christmas dream."

They walked to the store and looked. A small boy sat dreaming. Around him were trains, wagons, balls, and toy pistols. In the background sat a man chained.

"Oh, I didn't see that before," Anna said. "Has it been like that all the time?"

"I don't guess they changed it just for tonight," her mother said.

They looked in a few more windows and walked back to the car.

A boy, a bundle of rags, sat on the running board of their car. "Gimme a dime." His head was flung back, and he stared up into her father's face.

Her father reached into his pocket and put something into the boy's hand.

"Couldn't we take him home?" whispered Anna.

"There are so many like him," said Mother.

Her father started the car. On the way home, Anna looked at the yellow faces of the models in the store windows; there was no one else there, unless in the black shadows.

"Anna's sleepy tonight," her mother said; "she's so quiet."

Anna still said nothing. Her mother's arm came around her until they were home.

The car door banged after they got out.

"The stars are bright tonight. Look at them twinkle!" her father said as they walked in.

"They're almost laughing at us," said her mother. "They always seem so cold and far off on a night like this. Look, Anna's almost walking in her sleep. We've got to get her to bed."

"I'll carry her," her father said.

Anna felt his arms grasp her body firmly and carry her to her bed. The tan blanket was tucked up against her chin. She closed her eyes. She felt them kiss her, "Good-night," and heard them leave the room. It was dark in her room now, and she was alone. Above her and her room, she thought, the stars still softly laughed.

The End

Out of the Moist Earth

(Continued from page 19)

the emotional rebellion of Bigger in Richard Wright's *Native Son*. Paul Green speaks softly and slowly of a more prevalent feeling in the south. In *White Dresses* an old negro woman sums up her resignation to the overwhelming forces of the white folks by saying to her granddaughter, "I knows yo' feelings, chile, but you's got to smother 'em in, you's got to smother 'em in."

And Paul Green writes, and there is joviality. The black man with gingham patches in the knees of his faded overalls can shake from stooping shoulders the pain of hoeing endless rows of tobacco, can wipe from red, knotty hands the calluses made by the hoe, can enjoy the warm June night. In *The Woods Colt*, Mr. Green tells of the old neighborhood square dance.

"Square dances and breakdowns they were. Aih, them was great times, plenty of cider and brandy and the fiddles going, swing yer pardner, promenade. Sashay, it was, salute yer lady, and music beat the band. All night long we'd go it till we'd wear our shoes clear through, and then back home in time fer breakfast, tired down and happy and ready to pull fodder all the whole day."

Nor are possum hunts concerned only with possums to the ragged black men and the white tenants who go hunting on frosty-clear winter nights. Ghostly tales, dead men, and "hanted" swamps mingle with the barking of the hound dogs. In *The Possum Hunt*, Mr. Green scares up many more North Carolina apparitions than bristling possums.

The importance of a Saturday night is not over-looked or lightly passed by the seeing eye of Mr. Green. Cranking up old cars to go to nearby towns, taking baths in big tin washing-tubs, making big freezers of home-made ice cream—farmers are no longer tired because it is Saturday night. In the introduction to *Saturday Night*, Mr. Green says:

"If the crops are not too pushing, the farmers usually end their week's work at Saturday noon. After dinner you will find them congregated in the neighboring village, buying rations, swapping news, politics, and sometimes religion until evening comes. The boys have gathered over at the old-field baseball diamond where with run and shout and a little cussing they play their hearts out till darkness drives them home, perished for water and with the seat of their trousers dragging the ground. And if times are not too hard the old man will return with ice and vanilla flavoring to make cream for the children. And everybody will have some fun between the heat of the fields behind and the loneliness of Sunday coming on."

It is with a deft hand that Mr. Green handles the dialogue in his plays. With a few, curt words he gives a meaning and a feeling to a character. Men of the soil do

not waste needless words. In *Saturday Night* three men sit on a porch, watch the summer moonlight sweep across cotton fields to tall pine trees, and talk about life and death.

"Lucas: Sixty years is a long time to live.

Jones: Uh-uh, now, always think of something.

Day: Long, and not so long.

Jones: Long one way, not so long another."

Mr. Green does not ignore that the black man's existence is a problem in the south; but he chooses to portray the negro as an individual, not as a social problem. "Doubtless," he says, "readers of these plays will object that they are not generally representative of the Negro race. They are not meant to be. Specifically, the chief concern here is with the more tragic and uneasy side of the Negro life as it has exhibited itself to my notice through a number of years on or near a single farm."

And so Paul Green goes back to the moist earth, back to the clapboard houses and patched ragged overalls, back to life—sordid, sensuous, earthy, or tragic as he may have found it. Out of the moist earth he brings the sweaty bodies, the indecent jokes, and the bent shoulders of Carolina folk.

The End

"All the News All the Time"

W B I G



Greensboro, N. C.

TO LOOK YOUR BEST AT CHRISTMAS
VISIT

MANGEL'S

HOSE, LINGERIE, SUITS, DRESSES

216 South Elm Street

*The
Jefferson Roof Restaurant*

"on Top of the Town"



DELIGHTFUL
ATMOSPHERE

EXCELLENT
FOOD

KHAKI

(Continued from page 10)

occasional flame of a match, and the red pin-prick of a cigarette glowed in the darkness.

I have seen the Service Club filled with soldiers too. The Club was noisy and smoke-filled. For the greater part, the hostesses were old gray-headed women. Some of them were friendly in a motherly sort of way. Others were friendly in the obvious martyr-to-a-cause attitude. I have seen a soldier sitting at a desk in the corner writing to his girl back home. He, too, was listless and unanimated.

I have seen soldiers wandering aimlessly about on the campus of this college. I have seen one in particular, a fine looking boy, leaning against a tree looking thoughtfully at the girls passing by. I had wondered what was in his mind—if perhaps he was remembering someone far away. These boys cannot even dare to think of the future that lies far ahead. They cannot think of a reliable job, of any property that they can call their own, of a home or a family. In such a life there is little incentive, little encouragement, little hope, but only an increasing sense of futility and disillusionment.

Autumn, 1941, is a difficult time, an unnerving time, a hopeless time to be growing up and to be realizing that the normal dreams of youth may prove empty and worthless.

There is no immediate solution to this tragedy, no way that this situation can be remedied. We, as the hope of America and of all the world—the builders of tomorrow, can only pray sincerely as Lincoln once prayed "that this scourge of war may speedily pass away," and that the young men of America may return to the useful hopes, the normal dreams, the vibrant well-laid plans of far-sighted youth.

AND BRASS BUTTONS

(Continued from page 11)

"Funny," he said; "here we are—and actually getting a big kick out of it!"

"Getting a kick out of what?" I asked.

"The Army. When we came here, we thought we were coming to a desolate camp where we'd spend lonely nights looking at the four walls of our barracks, go to bed, get up in the morning for a rough day's work, and return to our four walls. But, look. Every man in here is engaged in some activity. There are Paul and Everardo going up the stairs to the library where they'll spend a couple of hours reading Russian history. Paul is Polish; Everardo is Italian: the best of buddies. There are Joe and Art concentrating their energies on a game of ping-pong. Joe's girl is 'restricted to quarters' tonight." He paused; then continued.

"See that jerk taking dancing lessons from Ernie? He told me he'd gained twenty pounds since he was 'selected' for service. He said he had pouches under his eyes that would run a close second to any subterranean passage! And he couldn't dance a half-step before he entered. Look! Willie is settling himself at the piano for another fling at 'Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2'. And see how those fellows are occupied . . ."

I followed his glance up towards the balcony which borders the upstairs section. We saw boys intently writing letters and reading magazines. Occasionally, however, they paused to flash a word of greeting to their comrades downstairs.

I left Boy to talk to a lean and lanky individual who introduced his parents and his fiancée. They had come down from Massachusetts to spend the week-end. They were staying in the Guest House which is provided for the friends and parents of service men.

Noticing a short and fat and bald man who had come in the front door and was standing in the vestibule, I welcomed him and asked him whom his son was.

"Mine son—he iss in de hospital. He iss vaitin' for a C. D. D. [certificate of disability for discharge], und I am stayin' heah so dot I kin take him beck to Pennsylvania vif me." (Later I found out that the boy had *pes planus*—flat tootsies!)

At eleven the boys began to leave, coming one by one or in a group to bid their hostess goodnight. Each grinned and said, "Thanks for an evening—like the ones back home."

Taps was sounding . . .

"Day is done;

Gone the sun

From the lakes, from the hills, from the sky.

All is well; safely rest.

God is nigh."

Night—and silence once more—and then another dawn—an awakening to hard work—another night—and another. Yes, we admit, there is a peculiar solemnity in the Army; but there is also a happiness—a happiness of association, of comradeship, of cooperation, of discipline, of hardness and fitness of the physical self, of alertness of the mental and moral faculties. For the defense of their country—soldiers happy, well-rounded; and as before, planning and hoping and forever dreaming!

The End

Murphy Marionettes

(Continued from page 21)

Meantime, several new actors had joined Murphy Marionettes, Incorporated. "Snowball," the white elephant, and "Tarbucket," the black donkey, owed their careers as actors to the mechanic for the county schools. If he had not fastened a length of copper wire in each of their wooden bodies, "Snowball" and "Tarbucket" would be plain toy animals today.

Our new "human" actor was a gift from the patron for whom we had presented "George Washington and the Cherry Tree." As he was much larger than the other actors, our new member could be used only for solo acts; but this slight disadvantage was disregarded because he was a real marionette and not one of my none-too-successful attempts. A white-haired old riding master, he bore the name of "Colonel Chewing Gum."

With my new actors, my new stage, and a little practice, I was soon able to produce some of my own plays. From the first time we presented "Sambo Goes to the Circus" for the first grade until the end of our career, Murphy Marionettes, Incorporated, was a success. Performances were requested by every grade in the gram-

mar school; and so many requests were filed by private parties that I was forced to produce more plays. As the audience ranged in ages from the first-graders to the members of the Parent-Teacher's Association, the task of making these plays simple, but interesting was difficult indeed. No play enjoyed more universal favor, however, than my simplest one act "Sambo Goes to the Circus," although "Sambo Gets A Scare" was given equal rating by many.

The season came to an end when school closed, and I began to plan for college. Our little company was forced to disband. The stage and all the "dolls" except the Colonel, I left with the Dramatic Arts Department. As I felt the cares of my position as manager of our company slip from my shoulders, I was rather glad. I thought it a relief to be through working with marionettes.

But now I am not so sure that I am through playing with dolls. Before I left for college, I had to overcome the temptation to pack the Colonel and bring him along. I have a strange hankering to see a marionette club here on the campus. For, after all, if one girl could do so much with a little piece of wood, what could a dozen do with a tub of plaster of Paris?

The End

On Your Shopping Tour Make Wilkerson - McFalls Drug Company Your Rendezvous

FOUNTAIN SERVICE

CANDIES

PRESCRIPTIONS

MAGAZINES

Corner of Elm at Gaston

Select Gifts of Distinction

at

Ellis Stone & Co

For 39 Years Greensboro's Best Store

226 South Elm Street

Efird's
DEPARTMENT STORE

Headquarters for
CHRISTMAS GIFTS
for the entire family

230 South Elm

Phone 4836

Here in Dark Stone

(Continued from page 14)

Accusations were poured on the lovely head of Anne Pudeator; and at last on September 20, 1692, she came to the trial before Judge Sewall and Justices Hawthorne and Corwin.

SOUND: *Crowd noises: Fades up. Hold a second. Fade out.*

1ST MAN:—and we found her there in the woods.

SEWALL: Yes, yes, go on!

1ST MAN: At first she habbled in a strange tongue and acted as one possessed.

SEWALL: Yes?

1ST MAN: Then we spoke to her, and she finally stopped shaking and seemed to understand what we were saying.

HAWTHORNE: Come on, fool; get on with the story. Stop this dabbling.

1ST MAN: Yes, yes, your Honor. She cried out that the Devil possessed her and would not let her go. She said that she would not come back, but that she would go with the Devil. Then she suddenly changed and said that she would return to Salem.

SEWALL: Is that all?

1ST MAN: That is all, your honor.

SEWALL: You may take your place in the court room.

SOUND: *Crowd noises: Murmuring: Fade down for a few seconds: Fade down for:*

SEWALL: Call Theresa Wainright to the stand.

MAN: Theresa Wainright! Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, as God is your witness?

TERESA: I swear.

SEWALL: Tell us your story, Theresa.

TERESA: Well, from the first day that she came, I knew that there was something wrong with her—the way she talked, the strange tongues; and then her voice, so low, so alive, going on and on, always in the same tone.

SEWALL: Please get on with your story, Theresa.

TERESA: Yes, sir. Well, one night I (*Start to fade from mike*) came to her room, and I saw her—

NARRATOR: Many a witness was called. People were interested in this strange girl who had suddenly taken up her life there. Some few knew that Anne Pudeator could not be a witch. They knew that she was only a poor girl, hopelessly lost. They understood that she could remember nothing of her past—an amnesia victim. But while they forgave her for her mysterious ways, they could not testify in her behalf lest they themselves be accused of witchery. A few believers could not save her head in that flood of madness. The judges had to hurry; there were more witches to be tried at Salem that day. The jury deliberated for only a few minutes, and then filed back into the court room. (*Start to fade from mike.*) Judge Sewall asked each one for his verdict.

1ST MAN: Guilty.

2ND MAN: Guilty!

1ST WOMAN: Guilty!

2ND WOMAN: Guilty!

3RD WOMAN: Guilty!

3RD MAN: Guilty!

4TH WOMAN: Guilty!

4TH MAN: Guilty!

5TH MAN: Guilty!

6TH MAN: Guilty!

5TH MAN: Guilty!

6TH MAN: Guilty!

1ST MAN: GUILTY.

MUSIC: *Fast whirling. Lasts for a few seconds. Stops.*

NARRATOR: On September 22, the lifeless bodies of Martha Corey, Mary Easty, Alice Parker, Margaret Scot, Willmet Reed, Samuel Wardwell, Mary Parker, and Anne Pudeator were taken from the tree where they were hung and thrown into a common grave there on Gallows Hill in Salem.

MUSIC: *Ein Feiste Burg. Hold for a few seconds. Fade out for:*

NARRATOR: Time passed quickly in Salem Village. Anne Pudeator was the last witch to be hanged in the New World. Salem went on her usual round of events once more, but the dark stain left on the hearts of the people of Salem could not be erased so quickly. A few years after Anne was hanged, Judge Sewall appeared in the pulpit of the old South Church in Boston. The Judge had aged a great deal in the few years since 1692. (*Start to fade from mike.*) In an old and shaking voice he announced to all the world that—

S. SEWALL: I, Samuel Sewall, sensible of the reiterated strokes of God upon myself and my family, desire to take the blame and shame of the witchcraft trials, asking pardon of men, and especially desiring prayers that God will pardon this sin (*Start to fade from mike*) and all other sins.

MUSIC: *Holds for a few seconds. Fade out for:*

NARRATOR: Sewall's confession was all very well; but nineteen innocent men and women—nineteen created in the glory and image of God—were dead, murdered, before their just time.

The people of Salem who had denied the existence of witchcraft had not forgotten; and those who had believed in witches and wizards and the Devil had forgotten even less. But they were dead. Anne Pudeator had been in the Gallows Hill Pit for eleven years now. She had no family to mourn her; only the ties of love that bound her

You Are ALWAYS WELCOME

at

WALGREEN'S

Greensboro's Outstanding Drug Store

HOSE
BAGS

SHOES
SLIPPERS

For CHRISTMAS CHEER

Pollock's Shoes

"A Southern Institution"

102 South Elm Street

to Patience. Patience, too, had grown old. Young she was in years, but her face was lined, and her hair was grey. *She* had not forgotten.

Cotton Mather died at last. And the fire and brimstone sermons went to their grave with his body.

From the hills of Western Massachusetts, a new preacher came to take his place. He was a kind and gentle man, well liked by all who lived in Salem. He must have heard all the witch stories again and again, but one day he visited Patience in her home. They talked of many things that day, and among the stories that Patience told was that of Anne Pudeator. The minister (*Fade from mike*) listened quietly while Patience told her story.

PATIENCE: (*Brokenly*) I tried everything to save her, but they were all so sure. She rode in the witches cart with all the others. She didn't say a word, but she looked pale and frightened! I left then, for I couldn't see the rest. They say that she is buried with the others on Gallows Hill.

MINISTER: Pudeator—You said that she talked slowly?

PATIENCE: Yes, she spoke strangely. No tone—just words, but I hung on every word she spoke.

MINISTER: Yes—Yes. I did too! Yes!!! I remember, now.

MUSIC: *Wild, savage Indian music. Up for a few minutes. Down to background for:*

MINISTER: I remember that one day, while hunting many years ago, I came upon an Indian festival. I saw the red men dancing around their fire. I went closer. It was evening, and the long shadows of the leaping Indians kept time with the throbbing drums. I crept nearer to the fire and lay very still. It was the harvest of the year, and the Indians were celebrating the feast of the Leaf Falling Moon. There had been a wedding that day.

MUSIC: *Up for a few seconds. Fade to background for:*

MINISTER: I saw the bride enthroned on a high pedestal covered with bear and deer skins. Her hair was black and long, and I thought at first that she was an Indian; but as I came closer, I was amazed to see that she was white.

MUSIC: *Fades out on "was amazed to see that she was white."*

MINISTER: I never learned her name, but later I did learn that this white bride of an Indian had been captured as a young child and reared among the Indians. She could remember nothing of her former life in the white settlement. She was conscious that something had happened in time past, but she knew not what. I shall never forget that night I saw her as the bride of a tall Indian.

MUSIC: *Gay alive. Hold for a few seconds. Fade down for:*

MINISTER: Her groom in ceremonial dress looked wild, like a strange devil! (*Fade from mike*). The bride must have been . . .

MUSIC: *Gay music up to full. Hold for a few seconds. Fade to background for:*

NARRATOR: And so the strange story of Anne Pudeator's Indian marriage became known. The people of Salem will never forget her—the last witch. With Hawthorne they believe that:

HAWTHORNE: Here in dark funeral stone should rise another monument, sadly commemorative of the errors of an early race, and not to be cast down while the human heart has one infirmity that may result in crime!

*The New Year rings in the
Fiftieth Anniversary
of our college.*

*CORADDI will celebrate
the occasion with
a special issue.*

*Justify yourself and your talent:
Submit to the
editor of CORADDI*

*a poem,
or a play,
or an essay,
or a story*

*interpreting what the
Woman's College of the University
of North Carolina
means to
YOU TODAY.*

SANDWICHES OF ALL KINDS
PLATE LUNCHES

At

THE GRILL

Phones 7306—9465

Fred Showfety, Prop.

Take Your CHRISTMAS LIST To

BELK'S

Greensboro's Modern Department Store

++

JEFFERSON SQUARE

Diana

(Continued from page 22)

She and Scott were going to drive to Washington. Again and again throughout these last weeks, Barbara had said to herself, "I'll have him to myself this week-end. After this week-end everything will be all right."

Wednesday Fran brought a telegram for Barbara.

IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE TRIP THIS WEEK-END.
LETTER FOLLOWS. LOVE—SCOTT.

Barbara wasn't quite sure about what followed that week-end. She couldn't remember just what had happened. Hot tears ran down Barbara's cheeks when she read the last of Scott's letter, even though she didn't realize its meaning until months later.

"... Duchess, now don't get any wrong ideas about my wanting my pin back. It's just that I know I don't love you in the way I thought I did. I don't think it would be fair to either of us if I didn't tell you the truth and say that we should call it quits.

"I'll always remember you as one of the sweetest girls that I have ever known, and I can still count you as one of my best friends, can't I? I hope so.

"Best wishes for graduation.

"As ever,

"Scott."

Fran Taylor came into the room and said, "What on earth? You look horrible!"

"Scott just kicked me." Barbara turned suddenly toward Fran. "So he wants his pin back, does he? Well, he'll never get it! Not for any other girl to wear!" Her body trembled; yet she was not crying.

Fran was wide-eyed. "Are you going to keep it?"

"Keep it? I wouldn't keep it if it were the crown jewels of England!" Barbara fumbled with its catch, yanked it off her sweater, and flung it on the bed where Fran was sitting. "I never want to touch it again! Fran, throw it down the drain pipe—anywhere where I'll never see it again!"

The day before her graduation, Barbara was packing in her room. The girls had gone into Lynn's room to watch her open a tiny special delivery package.

In a few minutes Fran came into Barbara's room, sprawled out on the bed, and watched Barbara brush her hair. "Guess what?" she said, lighting a cigarette. "Scott just sent Lynn the cutest little platinum watch that you ever saw. And do you know what she did? She cried like an idiot. What do you make of that?"

Barbara brushed her hair with long, deliberate strokes. The bristles dug into her scalp. "Sables come next, my dear," she said and threw the brush on the dresser.

The following August, Barbara received an invitation to Scott's and Lynn's wedding. She sent them a silver vase and her wishes for their happiness.

Barbara looked up suddenly to see Phillip standing beside her. She raised a cheek for him to kiss.

"I finished that abstract for Mrs. Barksdale this afternoon, but she probably won't like it." He sat on the arm of his wife's chair and put her hand in his. "Did the fountain come?"

"Yes, a little while ago. You couldn't have given me anything I would have liked better. Shall we go down to see it?"

Together they strolled toward the garden, Barbara tall and cool.

A hedge of lilacs bloomed just behind the rock garden where the figure stood. Tiny streams of water glanced up and across Diana's legs and ran down over the pink and lavender verbenas at her feet. Diana's white skin shone in the late afternoon sun.

Phillip said, "You know, I'm going to try my hand at this sort of thing some day. There's really nothing in painting any more."

Barbara looked at the vacant stare in his eyes; she saw the fanciful thoughts in his mind—wishes that, like his paintings, would never mature. He would chisel blocks of marble for a few months, and then she would tell James to move them out of sight.

He spoke again. "You know, that Reilley woman's really got something, hasn't she?"

Barbara reached up to touch Diana's hand. The diamonds on Barbara's arm caught a thousand little red and blue lights from the sun. The bracelets clinked against the cool marble.

She lifted her shoulders, smiled at her husband, and said, "Yes, that Reilley woman's really got something."

The End

Dine At

The Mecca

Good Steaks

Fresh Sea Foods

Air-Conditioned

228 West Market

BUY THOSE INDIVIDUAL GIFTS

AT

BETTY LOU SHOPPE

Always First to Show the Newest

111 South Elm

ST. JOHN STUDIO

DISTINCTIVE PORTRAITS

Reasonably Priced

In BELK'S DEPARTMENT STORE

The Nativity

(St. Luke, II, 1-20)

1. And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

2. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was Governor of Syria.)

3. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

4. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David.)

5. To be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child.

6. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

7. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

8. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.

12. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

14. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

15. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

16. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger.

17. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

18. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

19. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

20. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

Merry Christmas

and

Happy New Year

Coraddi Staff

With MAUREEN O'HARA
it's Chesterfield for Christmas
She is appearing in the
20th Century-Fox Production
"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"



FOR CHRISTMAS

It's Chesterfield

Here are your Milder Better-Tasting
Chesterfields again . . . in the most attractive, up-to-the-
minute Christmas gift package of the year.

Buy them for the folks at home . . . send them to your friends
and don't forget to mail them to the boys in the Service.

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE *They Satisfy*