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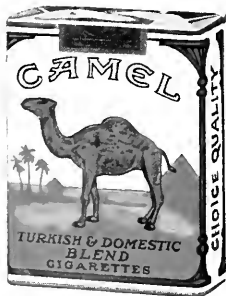
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VOL. 44

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CORADDI

STUDENT PUBLICATION OF THE
WOMAN'S COLLEGE
OF THE
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FALL, 1939

VOLUME 44

NUMBER 1



MARY MARGARET STEM is a new member of the staff. Her short story is based on a dream she had once.

Joyce Chambliss joined the staff after the try-outs last spring. Her short story in this issue is her first contribution. It is written in the Edgar Allen Poe tradition.

Peggy Holman, Jane Parker, and Margaret Coit are not new to CORADDI readers. Peggy's article on the late Ford Madox Ford is a tribute to this literary giant who visited our campus last spring during the Alumnae Seminar.

Five watercolors done at Beaufort this past summer are in this issue. They were done by Caddie Walker, Helen Howerton, Mary Burgess, Lena K. McDuffie, and Chris Changaris.

One home economics major, Yvette Turlington, has a pencil sketch in this issue. Mary Burgess and Lena K. McDuffie are special students.



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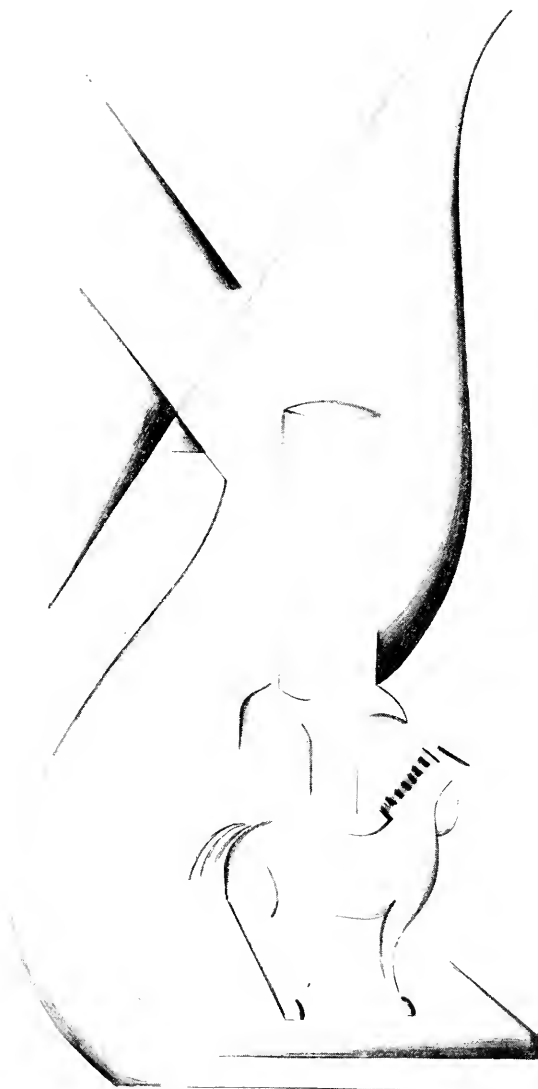
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FRONTISPIECE—
Frances Templeton

O, Sapientia!

By Peggy Holman

THESE are a great many things we might say about Ford Madox Ford. We might say, of course, that among all men of letters, he perhaps knew more of the artists of his day than any other one person—having spent his youth at the home of his grandfather, Ford Madox Brown, frequently surrounded by such personages as William Morris, Edward Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, and the Rosettis, who were his cousins. And then we might go on to say that in his twenties he was considered the most perfect stylist in the English language, or that in his fortieth year he wrote “the finest French novel in the English language.” We would undoubtedly agree that he did more for the English novel than any other writer by perfecting the time-shift. And we might or might not agree with Mr. C. C. Washburn when he calls Mr. Ford a sophisticate. At all of which, however, Mr. Ford would probably have shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly and turned aside.

In referring to his “perfect style”, which involves the use of various technical devices some of which are the time-shift, *mot justes*, *progression d'effets*, and the diluted stream of consciousness, it seems pertinent to quote a certain paragraph which I believe forms the core of his style. It is found in *Portraits from Life*. Ford is speaking of his collaboration with Joseph Conrad. He says:

“As for me, I went on working beside Conrad, trying, when his passionate and possessive material, mental and physical vicissitudes left me the leisure, to evolve for myself a vernacular of an extreme quietness that would suggest someone of some refinement talking in a low voice near the ear of someone else he liked a good deal.”

That is exactly what Ford always seems to be doing. He is always doing this and, of course, he is always doing more. As for instance in his *The Good Soldier*, which strangely enough first came out during the last World War. This is the book which he waited forty years to write, until, as he said, all the main characters had died.

This is the book, too, by which he chose to be remembered; it is his masterpiece. It is the “finest French novel in the English language”, compact, restrained, technically perfect. Let us consider for a moment the difficulties of this particular plot. In it the author is faced with the problem of a narrator who is one of the major participants in the plot, but who during the time when the action occurred, was ignorant of everything that was going on. Therefore he cannot withhold facts for the purpose of effect; neither can he tell the story in chronological order. Since the characters have to appear in varying lights, the author must succeed, as one critic defines it, in “maintaining the consistency of the narrator and at the same time in revealing the situation accurately and carefully”. Mr. Ford succeeds in doing this by the use of the time-shift device, taking us forward and backward, hither and yon, writing it just as the narrator recalls it incident by incident—each step progressing toward a preordained conclusion. This device is somewhat similar to that employed in the well-written detective story, which begins probably with, “Mr. — was found murdered,” and then shifts back to tell what happened previous to the murder.

Dependent upon this time-shift device is the consideration of the climatic effect. Mr. Ford has managed this quite skillfully. In the very beginning of the story he alludes to the conclusion:

“This is the saddest story I have ever heard.” When he goes on to describe the fine friendship that existed between the Ashburnhams and his wife and himself, we wonder what sort of sadness could be associated with such a relationship. But we have been fore-warned; it is a sad story. Another good instance of this predisposition to tragedy, is found in Chapter Four. Mr. Dowell is relating an excursion the four of them—Edward and Lenora Ashburnham and Florence and Dowell—made to the Castle of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. In one paragraph we can feel the panic of Leonora and the desperate fears of Dowell.

“I was aware of something treacherous, something frightful, something evil in the day. I can't define it and can't find a simile for it. It wasn't as if a snake had looked out of a hole. No, it was as if we were going to run and cry

out, all four of us in separate directions, averting our heads. In Ashburnham's face I know that there was absolute panic."

Then we see Leonora:

"Her eyes were enormously distended; her face was exactly that of a person looking into the pit of hell and seeing horrors there."

Then quite miraculously we see her overcome this emotion, in the tradition of the "good English people" which Mr. Ford rather liked. She speaks with a sort of contempt:

"Don't you know," she said, in her clear hard voice, "don't you know that I'm an Irish Catholic?"

Then in 1914, Austria declared war on Serbia, and England declared war on Germany, and Ford enlisted and was gassed in His Majesty's Army. What may or may not have been the outcome of his years at the front, but what at least have the war situation as a background, are the four Tietjens novels, *Some do Not*, *No More Parades*, *A Man Could Stand Up*, and *The Last Post*. Here Ford presents to us quite unobtrusively the last English Tory, Christopher Tietjens, modelled after Ford's friend, Arthur Pearson Marwood. Tietjens is at once the most unusual figure in recent fiction—possibly because he is the last member of a fast-dying tradition—and the most credible. He is peculiarly English and again peculiarly un-English, since he refuses to accept certain decisions and practices of the government, and since he maintains an open contempt for certain public officials.

Ford describes Tietjens thus:

"In electing to be peculiarly English in habits and in as much of his temperament as he could control—Tietjens had quite advisedly and of set purpose adopted a habit of behavior that he considered to be the best in the world for the normal life." This habit of behavior was, in short, one of self-suppression of emotions, which while serving well to provide him with "deep arm-chairs in which to sit for hours in clubs thinking of nothing at all", put him at a disadvantage in the face of death, madness, passion, dishonor, or prolonged mental strain. Christopher Tietjens was faced with the greater portion of these in his wife Sylvia. He was torn apart by his wife, by the lies against Valentine Wannon, and by the unfair army discipline. Re-

strained, stolid, rarely betraying any sort of emotion, he is the type of person Ford must have admired—a victim of circumstance and a code. He is the sort of person who would have said with Ford, "There was one poor fellow, a most horrible physical mess." Although Tietjens' standards may be somewhat outmoded, they are at least consistent and firmly grounded in a tradition. Accordingly Tietjens finds himself defending his country in a war in which he does not believe, merely because he feels it is his duty to fight.

It is in speaking of *Some do Not* that Mr. Washburn has termed Mr. Ford a sophisticate. He gives his scale of sophistication as this: the characters are violent when expected to be well-bred, well-bred when expected to be violent; blase, witty; they must not take anything, especially vice, very hard; they must be gay and casual about problems that unsophisticated people are earnest about, although they may be as earnest as they like about things that average people consider trivial. This off-hand seems a queer standard. But if we examine it closely we find that there is a bit of truth in what Mr. Washburn says when he calls Mr. Ford a sophisticate—for Ford's characters are certainly unusual.

Take, for instance, a certain scene in *Some do Not* where Sylvia and Christopher are sitting in the drawing room.

"Being near Tietjens she lifted her plate, which contained two cold cutlets in aspic and several leaves of salad; she wavered a little to one side and, with a circular motion of her hand, let the whole contents fly at Tietjens' head. She placed the plate on the table and drifted slowly towards the enormous mirror over the fireplace.

'I'm bored,' she said. 'Bored! Bored!'

Now most married couples—nice people—do not throw plates at one another; nor do they, having thrown plates, walk slowly over to a mirror and intimate that they are bored.

Assuming that Mr. Ford is a sophisticate, there are two conclusions which we may reach. One is that being a sophisticate, he is successful; the other that he is unsuccessful. Mr. Washburn chooses the latter, feeling that the sophisticated writer is extremely limited, since characters which continually react to stimuli in opposite ways from which most people do are monotonous. But Mr. Ford is more than just a sophisticate; he goes beyond mere sophistication. I

believe that the point of sophistication that he reaches, the restraint and the unusualness of his characters—makes the action more forceful than it would be without this sophistication.

More so even than in *The Good Soldier*—which lacked the tenure of the martial spirit—this restraint is undoubtedly forceful in *Some Do Not*. Tietjens and Valentine, taking leave before he goes back to France and realizing that their love is in vain, have decided that they are among those who “do not.”

“I won’t watch you out of sight . . . It is unlucky to watch anyone out of sight . . . but I will never . . . I will never cut what you said then out of my memory . . .’ She was gone; the door shut. He had wondered what she would never cut out of her memory.”

Unlucky!

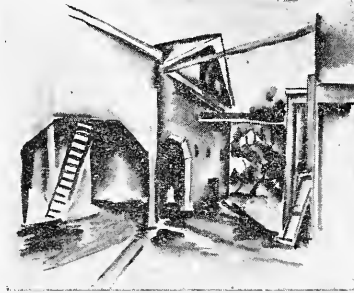
If we have seemed to dwell more upon Ford’s fiction rather than upon his poetry, or his criticism, or even his history or biography, it is because most great writers prefer to be known by the creations of their imagination rather than by their more personal compositions. The former is their art; the latter, their selves.

When the war was over Ford returned to a London changed as only a war can change a city. It was indeed a London which Ford no longer loved—a London foreign to arts and culture. In the demobilization forms after the war the novelist was actually placed in the eighteenth category, along with gypsies, vagrants, and other non-productive persons. And so Ford became an expatriate and left England. It seems strange, therefore, to hear him saying in one of his post-war books:

“It is only England and France that matter to our European civilization of today—England for all the finesses that she has produced and ignored; France for all the glories that would have been hers had she not owned Provence. On the fate of England trembling in the balance and on the destinies of France hang the hopes of all the European world.”

It is not, of course, strange that he should write thus about France, because he loved France. He had been trained to a devotion for this country by his grandfather.

He turned to France and wrote a very fine book about Provence, a sort of philosophical history. It is a new interpretation of the land of the troubadours—the only history, if such it can be called, that has ever been written about Provence. Not only is it a history, but it is a biography and a philosophy as well. It is, to quote the author, a book of “his thoughts of faiths, destinies, and chances and cuisines and digestions and the stage and music and the fine arts and the neglect of writers and love and honest merchanting and treason and death and strategies.” He tells how for the last 2500 years Provence has been overrun by invaders—Greeks, Etruscans, Ligurians, Gauls, Afro-Semitic Carthaginians, Volces, Romans, Ostrogoths, Visigoths, Saracens, Franks, and others. It would seem strange that a province thus



harried should develop any definite mode of life. Provence has, though; she has developed a local civilization that with the exception of Periclean Athens has been the only civilization that the world has yet seen. For true civilizations are born of gaities, riches, paganisms, and laziness, and Provence was the cradle of all these things.

“My feeling for Provence is a loving equanimity. Provence shall always be there, and, if not with the eyes of the flesh, then at least with those of the spirit, I shall always see it as I see it here [in London] in spite of the fog and the tumult.”

Such was Ford Madox Ford’s feeling for the land of the Troubadours.

In his day Ford knew and discovered a great many fine artists. In *Portraits from Life* he tells us about these men and offers brief criticisms of their work and, unconsciously, brief sketches of his own personality. This biography differs from most biographies in that he presents his friends not as glorified, ever-smiling saints, but as he himself had seen them, “strong, strongly-featured men whose little weaknesses they themselves were prone to exaggerate, since they knew that it is because of your little weaknesses that your life is preserved for your art.” There is the “master”, Henry James, quite proper, who was concerned with rendering the life of typical “good people” who sit leisurely drinking their English tea in well-appointed

gardens. There is Stephen Crane, the too much neglected American writer, "whose eclipse was as fabulous as was his fabulous progress across this earth." And, incidentally, there is Crane's version of Mr. Ford:

"You must not be offended by Mr. Hueffer's (Mr. Ford's) manner. He patronizes Mr. James. He patronizes Mr. Conrad. Of course he patronizes me and he will patronize Almighty God when they meet, but God will get used to it, for Hueffer is all right."

Then there was W. H. Hudson, the passionate bird-lover, and Joseph Conrad, the Polish expatriate who wrote of the sea, and D. H. Lawrence who was the son of an impoverished miner, and H. G. Wells who forsook his talent for politics. There was, too, the "beautiful genius", Ivan Turgenev, who after meeting the eight year old Ford, mentions him in a letter as "le charmant et intelligent petit" who had asked him to be seated once in the home of his grandfather, Ford Madox Brown.

When Ford was not writing novels, poems, critical essays, or reminiscences, he was editing the *English Review* which he and Marwood started in order to publish a poem of Thomas Hardy's, "Sunday Morning Tragedy." Later he was editor of the *Transatlantic Review*, published in Paris, which was the rallying point of "Ford's boys", and numbered among its contributors such young writers as Paul Valery, Nathan Asch, E. E. Cummings, Ernest

Hemmingway, James Joyce, Glenway Westcott, Gertrude Stein, and Ezra Pound.

Poet, novelist, critic, editor, philosopher—Ford Madox Ford desired more than anything else to follow the "main stream of literature", which perforce is the middle stream. And more than any of his contemporaries he followed this main stream, for, while we have conflict of life and passion on one side and formal perfection and sound writing on the other, Ford's work shows, as one critic aptly states it, "not only that formal excellence may be combined with vitality and vigor; it reminds us that the sole justification of formal excellence is its effect in enhancing the vitality of the work in question." Mr. Ford has something more, too, as he expresses it in his own words, "because in the end have the true writer what he may or let him go without what perforce Destiny denies him, he has . . . one thing that is possessed by no other man. That is his integrity—of purpose or of achievement. That he has to have, or no one will rediscover him among the shades of ruined Empires." Ford Madox Ford has his integrity.

And I wonder, if we had said to Mr. Ford: "You have these—your place in the main stream, your integrity, your great novel. What else is there that matters?"

And then I think perhaps he might have said, "Alas, poor dung beetle."

But he was already winging his way beyond the storm-tossed Bermoothes.

O, Sapientia!

THE BLIND GIRL

Now feel the wind
And hear the caustic phrases
From the plaid clad parrot;
Now just the wind
In sound, and music.

Sightless eyes
Learn seeing in the sound
Of milk trucks' and electric trolleys,
Traffic horns and
Hurried feet of strangers.

Sight sleeping
In an active mind,
Possessed of shadows
And Skylines
Hard against the eye.

GWENDOLYN GAY.



WATERCOLOR—
Caddie Walker

I KNOW now that I shall never see Germany again. You can't go home after a war, not when you lived in a Rhineland village, back of the Seigfried line. Our house was half timbered, black and white, with red geraniums growing in the window boxes. From the upstairs windows we could look across the town to the steep hills, golden with rye and oats and wheat; and beyond to the shining water of the Rhine.

At night the fog steals up from the river. Slowly it creeps between the hills, wrapping their round forms in smoke. Now the smoke of the cannon swirls in the mist, and Karl and Rudiger and Hierl fire their guns at the French boys who are lying behind the hills. There is war in the Rhineland.

I am not homesick now. America is my country. Only last spring, when the Foreign Relations Club at Florida College gave an international dance, was I lonely for a face—a voice from the Fatherland.

Two Japanese boys came that night, a Russian, three Turks, a dozen South Americans, and a German, who had just come over to America. I wanted him for my partner.

The night of the dance we drew our partners from a box in the girls' cloak room. It was eight o'clock and five girls were standing around the table waiting their turn. Thelma Carlye, a little dark haired girl from Birmingham, took out her slip, unfolded it, and looked at me. "Germany," she said.

I could have cried. I plunged my hand into the box and got Panama two. "I'll swap with you," I said.

"Nothing doing," she answered. "You say German boys have got something; I'm going to find out what." She laughed and dangled the paper in the air before pinning it on her chest.

I stepped over to the long mirror between the two hat trees and powdered my nose. Thelma was looking at me in the glass.

"Your dress is so pretty, Blumine," she said. "It looks swell with your blonde hair and blue eyes."

"Thanks a million," I said. "My mother made it if you want to know. It's better than you can get in any of those high class Miami shops."

"I wish I had one like it," she said, letting her eyes caress the smooth white satin of the tight bodice and full skirt.

"Change partners with me, and I'll get her to make you one," I replied, as I penciled my eyebrows into slanting wings.

The Boy From

By Margaret

She shook her head. "Uh-uh. But I'll let you meet him later on." She floated out the door in a mist of pink chiffon.

I reddened my lips and went out into the big gymnasium. The orchestra platform was at one end, with the boys already in their seats. Red and black streamers tied to the balcony rail dangled from the ceiling over their heads. I looked for my date, but all the dark skinned boys had partners.

Then I saw a tall boy standing beside the drinking fountain. His head was covered with a heap of hair blonde like straw. When I walked towards him and saw his blue eyes and freckles, I thought he was the German boy. Then I looked at his badge. *Panama Two*.

He was rubbing the back of his head, but he dropped his hand to his side when he saw me. His large mouth puckered into a whistle.

"Hi yah, Marlene Dietrich," he said. "Are you a guest or a hostess?"

"Does it stick out all over me?" I asked him as we started to dance. "I'm a hostess, and I've been in this country eight years, in case you're interested, and I thought I spoke without an accent."

"You do," he said, grinning. His long, good-humored mouth and sharply cleft chin made him look like the picture of young Henry Clay in our American history book.

He pressed my arm. "Tell me now, Sweden, Austria,—Holland?"

"I'm not fat," I said, lifting my head. "I'm from Germany. My name is Blumine Fitzheld, if you want to know."

He grinned again. "I didn't ask you," he said. "I thought Marlene Dietrich had dropped in—you little Nazi."

"With confessions, but not a spy," I said, as the music jumped into a shag. "And you, I never saw a Panama boy with yellow hair before."

"I dyed it," he said.

"You mean—it's really black?"

His feet moved smoothly in front of my white sandals. He tightened his arm around my waist

Munich

bit

and led me into the center of the floor. I could feel eyes looking at my bare back.

"I was just kidding," he said. "I'm really white. Just a little old Scotch-Irish boy; that's me."

"I don't understand."

"I was bo'n and reared up in Randolph County, back in the Old North State. My father runs a tobacco factory branch down in Panama."

"But where is the Old North State?" I asked.

"North Carolina, honey, North Carolina."

"Oh, up in the sticks," I said.

The music stopped and we stood still, close together, on the crowded dance floor.

"You must've been talking to Yankees," he laughed.

"Wishing Will Make It So," the orchestra began and we stepped into the dance.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Jeff MacCracken. The Jeff stands for Jeffry, not Jefferson."

I did not answer him. Thelma and her partner were dancing beside us. He was darling, a little fellow, not much taller than I am. His figure was very sturdy and he had light brown hair and eyes, and a long nose that turned up on the end. I looked at Jeff.

"Did you ever get lonely for real Americans down there in Panama, Jeff?"

"Did I! Honey, if I ever saw a car with a license plate from the States, I'd stand by it all afternoon in a hundred degree temperature, waitin' for the folks to come, so I could ask how everything was back home."

"Let's go sit down," I said. We walked over to a wall bench and sat down. He slid his arm around the back of the bench so his fingers touched my shoulder.

"Jeff," I said, "there's a German boy here tonight with a friend of mine."

"You want to meet him?"

I nodded. "The dances from now on are going to be girl break, and I'll cut in on you soon. The girl he's with is real cute, if you want to know."

"Like you?" he asked, grinning.

"Oh, a lot nicer . . . You're a fine dancer, Jeff."

"Soft soaper," he said. "I know how you feel, honey. Where's your Nazi?"

"Over there." I looked at the orchestra platform. We walked over to the balcony. Jeff's eyes found Thelma.

"Pretty smooth," he said. "There're a lot of girls here I've missed."

Thelma ran over to me. The German boy was behind her, and she smiled at him.

"John," she said, "I want you to meet Blumine Fritzheld—from your own country."

"Hello," I said.

"How do you do?" he bowed stiffly from the hips.

I introduced Jeff to Thelma, and they stepped aside, laughing.

"Heil Hitler," I whispered to John.

His face was expressionless, he stood quietly before me, his arm hanging rigid at his sides. "Would you rather I spoke in English?" I asked.

"Ya," he said. I looked at his straight back. Hitler military discipline, I thought.

"Where are you from?" I asked him.

"Munich."

"Oh, I have a friend from there, Ernest Konsolman, at Miami U. Maybe you know him?"

"Nein."

"I like Munich. It's a beautiful town, I think."

"Ya." He looked at me, his eyes still unmoving. "The opera house—the opera house was—" he stopped.

We were getting nowhere fast. He evidently didn't trust me. I tried again.

"I have a boy friend; he's a Nazi. He came over in 1934. He's down at Gainesville."

John nodded and drew in his chin. He reached out his hand and touched Thelma on her bare shoulder. He turned his side to me. "Thelma, let us dance," he said, and walked away.

Jeff put his arm around me, and swung me onto the floor. "Did your Nazi stand you up?" he asked.

"Jeff," I said, "Isn't my hat on straight?"

He grinned. "Sure enough. You're okay, Blumine."

"He was stiffer than my father," I said. "Father was a Prussian army officer."

"American boys are all right, aren't they, honey?" Jeff bent me back, and we rhumbaed.

"When I mentioned Nazi—"

"So that was it," Jeff said. "On the defensive?"

"Folks say such mean things about the Nazis,"

I said. "I suppose he's been instructed not to be what we call vul— vul—"

"Vulnerable, Miss Dietrich."

A plump girl in a red dress cut in on us. I walked across the floor, weaving my way through the dancing patterns until I saw Thelma.

"Go break on John," she said. "I'll cut back in a minute."

"You go dance with Jeff," I said. "I'm going to get to the bottom of John."

"He certainly doesn't talk much," Thelma said.

I wound through the couples and found John. I broke on him.

"It's so good to see a real German," I said. "I've been so homesick. My father works over here, and sometimes I think I'll never see Germany again."

He said nothing. He spun me around in a circle.

"Do you like it over here?"

"Ya."

"How long are you goin' to stay?"

He did not answer for a moment.

"I do not know."

"What are you majoring in?"

"Music."

"Piano, violin, voice?"

"Violin."

The orchestra was playing, "Wine, Women and Song."

"That's nice," I said vaguely. "What kind of music do you like best?"

"All kinds."

"I major in home economics," I said. "I like to cook, and I can cook good weni^{er} schnitzel, in case you're interested. Do you like weni^{er} schnitzel?"

His eyes held mine. "Ya," he said.

Another long silence. The orchestra played "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

"I'm eager to hear about Germany," I said. "I know Hitler's pretty good in a lot of ways, getting rid of unemployment, and rearming the country. But do you people really like him?"

No answer. He spun me round and round. "Bitte," I said. "You're making me dizzy."

He didn't stop turning. He was crazy. The music ceased, and we stood still.

A dark-haired American boy wearing a constant smile stepped into the center of the floor and held up his hand.

"Get into a circle for the Big Apple, folks."

Laughing and jostling, we formed a circle.

"Truck to the right."

John was ahead of me, making awkward, faltering steps.

"Truck to the left."

There was Jeff, across the room, wiggling like a negro, a grin all over his face.

"Swing high."

The swish of legs, the rustle of skirts. . . .

"Swing low."

"Susie Q to the right!"

Feet, feet shuffling across the floor.

"Mario Gatigal—shine!"

A dark little Cuban with a red cotton handkerchief tied around his throat danced out onto the polished center of the floor, bowed, swayed, twirled.

"John Ludwig, shine!"

He hesitated, stood rigid, his red lips folded together.

"Come on Deutschland. That's it, Deutschland."

He walked across the floor, bowed. He jerked one leg up, then down, and returned to his place in the circle.

"Praise Allah."

We were crowded together in the center, our arms uplifted.

The American boy shouted again:

"Form places for the Virginia reel, folks."

Jeff was across from me, John down at the opposite end of the line.

Old Zip Coon. Oh Susannah! Our hands clapped, clapped, clapped.

With our arms folded across our chests, John and I met each other. His face was smooth and impassive as glass. Maybe he doesn't like my makeup, I thought. Hitler doesn't approve of cosmetics for women.

John and I circled around back to back. "Look

at the little Germans," the dark-haired American boy shouted. "Aren't they a cute pair? Herr and Fraulein Deutschland."

The reel was over. Jeff stood beside me, grinning. "Haven't forgotten me, have you, your escort of the evening?" He made a mock bow, passed his arm around my waist and began to dance.

"What are you going to be when you get through college, Jeff?" I asked.

He laughed. "I'm a Socialist," he said, "and I'm going into politics."

"How awful!"

"Politics?"

"Your being a Socialist."

"Why, Blumine!" Jeff inclined his head. "Socialism's the coming thing. I aim to be governor of North Carolina, some day."

"You're aiming pretty high," I said.

"And you?"

"I want to be a movie star."

He sighed. "Still at that stage of development, are you? Oh, well your face is pretty enough. Now, if your legs—"

"You hush!" The fat girl with the red dress broke on us.

I looked around and saw Thelma. She came over to me.

"Like it?"

She nodded. "Swell."

We were silent for a moment listening to the throb of "Cuban Heat." "I'll go cut in on John," I said.

She looked up quickly. "Please don't."

"You're not dancing with him," I said. "I thought you wanted me to break on him."

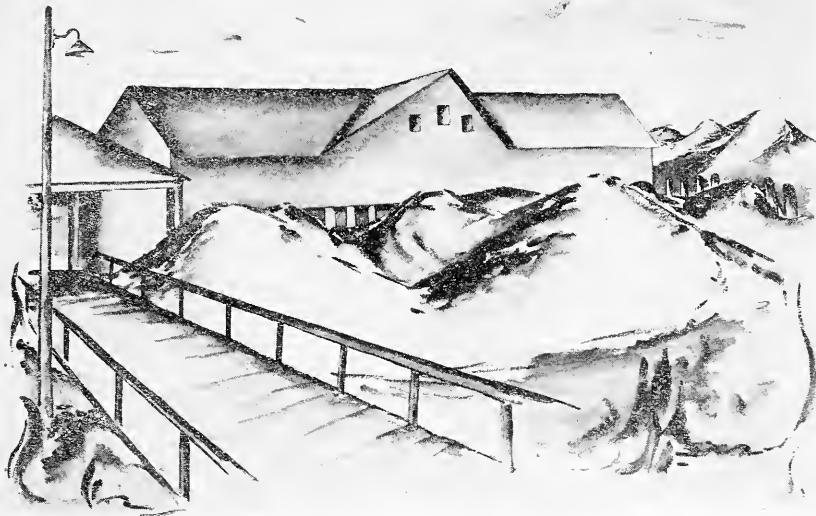
She looked at the floor. There was a smudge of dirt on the hem of her evening dress. "He said he didn't want to talk about Germany, to be asked questions about it."

"To talk about Germany!" I repeated. Suddenly I new that John was staring at me. I looked into the crowd, saw his tightly curled hair, then his expressionless face. For a moment our eyes met. He abruptly tossed his head and looked away from me. I turned to Thelma. I was beginning to feel frightened, and my hands were wet against my satin dress.

"But we are both—away from home," I said.

Thelma pleated a fold in her dress.

"John Ludwig is a Jewish refugee," she said.



WATERCOLOR—
Lena K. McDuffie

The Gold Box

By Joyce Chambliss

THAT day the wind blew with such force it seemed to command us to turn back, but Brenda was adamant. She walked beside me, head bent, clinging to my arm. The wind brushed through her hair with ruthless fingers and the separate strands blew behind her. The falling leaves rushed past us, then scurried on again. The trees, stripped of their foliage, were stark sentinels against the greyness. This day had a dream quality. It was filled with scattered impressions, indistinct, leaving no definite pattern.

Suddenly, I felt Brenda clutch my arm. "Here it is," she said.

We were standing before the window of a small antique shop. At first I could see nothing in the dimly lighted window. Then I saw the gold box. It was in the center on a grey velvet dais. The other figurines receded into the background. They were dim and insignificant, dwarfed by the box. The box was oblong-shaped and embossed with strange figures.

"Shall we go in?" I asked. She nodded her head.

As we opened the door, a chime rang out. The proprietor hurried out of the back of the shop.

"We would like to see the box in the window." My words echoed strangely.

"Oh, the gold box?" his voice mocked me.

"Yes," I answered.

He removed the box from the window and stood caressing it. His hands were long and oddly claw-like. The purple veins stood out in relief, and he had talons for fingers. Closer now, I could see the box more clearly. It was covered with leafless vines, which twined and intertwined around it. They had no beginning, no ending. I stretched out my hand to take the box, but drew back, repelled by the clamminess of his fingers. He told me the price. I turned to Brenda.

"I want it," she answered my mute inquiry.

I nodded to the clerk. "We'll take it," I said. Soon we were out in the wind again. Now, it hurried us toward home, away from the shop.

I had the gold box under my arm. It seemed to burn through my coat.

We were not alone. The dead leaves rushed along with us. We had not far to go, and soon we were climbing the steps side by side. Brenda leaned heavily against me and stopped for a moment at the top. Then we went to our room.

The room was dimly lighted by the faint rays that came in at the window. There was a tense, expectant feeling in the atmosphere. I went over and pushed up the window. The scraping noise emphasized the stillness of the room.

When I turned, Brenda was leaning against the door, breathing heavily, one hand pressed to her throat. She was so pale standing there that I grew cold with fear. I crossed to her side, and removed the cloak from her shoulders.

She went over to the window and stood looking down into the gloomy courtyard. I followed her. The room was still except for Brenda's labored breathing. The stillness beat down upon us.

"Why did you want it so?" I said finally. The gold box was like a living, pulsating thing between us.

She straightened and stood looking at me. "When I die—" She was gasping.

"Yes?" I asked, bending closer.

"When I die—I want to be cremated." She seemed scarcely able to go on.

"Hush, Brenda." I tried to take her in my arms.

"No, I must," she moved away from me, leaned back against the wall. I could scarcely hear her.

"I want to be put in this box." She paused again, then whispered, "Keep it near you always."

We had never spoken of her impending death and now it was as if we knew for the first time. Brenda turned to me, her eyes beseeching. She opened her lips to speak, then crumpled against

me, trembling. "I don't want to die," she sobbed.
* * * * *

Dusk had fallen, but I did not rise to turn on the light. I sat there, the box in my hands, feeling its coldness against me—a box of ashes. They had comforted me once. Now, they seemed as nothing. Brenda, with the honey-colored hair, with the limpid tawny eyes, with the shadowed hollow in her rounded throat. She had had a tiny black mole in the center of her chin. She had had a habit of holding her lower lip between her teeth when perplexed. Brenda—ashes? No! No! I bowed my head in hopelessness upon my arms.

A sudden knock brought me back to reality. It was so gentle a knock that I scarcely was sure I heard it. I sat there waiting. I do not know what for. Then the handle turned and a girl entered. She stood there a moment, not seeing me. She was tall and slender. Her hair fell in a dark cascade upon her shoulders, and her lips were a purple stain.

I saw the mute sympathy in her eyes and understood. She had come to comfort me. She knelt by my chair, looking at me. Closer now, her face was pale with the pallor of one who has drunk often of the Lethean river of forget-

fulness. Yet *she* had come to comfort me. She crossed the room in long slow steps and stood beside me. I took the box, my hands trembled. I would tell her about Brenda. I glanced up to speak. Her eyes were fixed on the box. Two fine white lines appeared around her mouth, and her hands were clenched on the arm of my chair. I closed the box, pushed it back into the far corner of the drawer. Her hands relaxed; she closed her eyes, her face white and spent.
* * * * *

I was weary that night. There's no joy, no comfort in returning to an empty room. I climbed the stairs. The hall was dark, and I could scarcely find my way. I had my key in my hand before I realized that the hall door was ajar. My first thought was of Brenda. Could it be? Then, I remembered.

I entered hurriedly. At first in the dimness I saw nothing. Then, objects began to take shape, and I saw her. She lay across the table, arms hanging from it. I went toward her, stumbled, looked down. It was the Gold Box, empty. I lifted her head, brushed the dark hair back from her face. She was cold, still. Her lips were coated with grey ashes.

Strange, Strange. . . .

BELLIGERENTS

The ever trance of treading feet
In stillness hummed
And sudden light became
A flash of steel.
Sand slid downward through the glass
And slapped the shaded blots.
No static rhythm but
The scrap-made storm
That pierced the black of night.
Scars lay raw in sadness
And the black and grey of mourning
Dulled the glint of steel
As bells tolled out the death
In lonely hours.

GWENDOLYN GAY.

Some Problems of American Neutrality

By Jane Parker

MUST America enter the European war? Probably no other question is more discussed in America today, and certainly the answer is most vital to the future of the people of the United States. There are those who contend that America's entrance into the war is inevitable. One factor in their opinion is the knowledge that the mass of British propaganda with which America is being flooded, combined with the predisposition on the part of thousands of Americans that Hitler is in the wrong and that Great Britain, Munich notwithstanding, is acting the part of protector of the weak, will push even those whose viewpoint in time of peace is objective, more and more toward a subjective and emotional reaction to European events.

War excitement serves to intensify attitudes and to make the individual less discriminating in his judgment of the shades of truth in what he hears. It is indeed difficult, even though there is a realization that such conditions exist, to weigh sanely the war information received. Hitler's flagrant juggling of statistics has been reiterated so much that Americans are inclined to smile when he announces some victory for the Germans or the number of men killed in this or that clash. But facts may be underrated or suppressed as well as exaggerated. Great Britain is skillful in pressing into the background facts which might prove detrimental to her interests, and in throwing the searchlight upon anything which, in being thrust into the knowledge of America, would have a tendency to draw American sympathies into the pro-British orbit. Great Britain's technique in spreading propaganda in such a way that the average American does not realize that he is being propagandized makes the results much more menacing than any results which could be achieved by Hitler's obvious lies. Failure to regard this aspect results in loss of the true perspective with regard to the conflict, and in the heaping up of impressions sympathetic to Great Britain until the nation subconsciously is prepared for America's entrance as a belligerent; in fact, under such circumstances, America is already considered a "moral" belligerent.

Another factor which figures greatly in the opinion of the inevitability of American participation in the conflict, is the importance of America's situation economically. A country with the resources and the far-flung trade interests of United States can not entirely isolate itself economically from the rest of the world. An attempt to reconstruct our economic system on the basis of self-sufficiency and isolation would involve adjustments which, formidable as they appear in theory, would probably be much more difficult in practice. During the World War of 1914-1918, the economic interests of large and powerful elements in the American population became so involved in the success of the Allies that the United States government entered the war, knowing that the collection of the debts owed by the Allies to Americans depended upon Allied success, lent the Allied governments money to pay the debts, and, incidentally, made the world safe for fascism.

On the other side, the results of America's entrance into the conflict might not, even granting that the Allies could win again, be very pleasing. A war is a very good excuse, both for rightists and leftists, for changing the form of government existing at the time. As previously stated, during a war, people are excitable, impulsive, somewhat susceptible to acceptance without question of what they hear, particularly if what they hear is backed up by emphatic argument. Also, if the war is long and disillusioning, and if it causes much economic discomfort at home, people are likely to listen to almost anyone who promises change for the better.

There is also to be considered the difficulty at the end of the war in placing the national economy back on a peace time basis. Reabsorbing an army into civilian pursuits is no simple matter. Soldiers returning either victorious or defeated would come home to find that during their absence their places had been filled by others. Would it be fair to discharge millions of people for no reason other than that their positions must be given to those who had fought overseas? Yet it certainly would not be fair that the sol-



WATERCOLOR—
Mary Burgess

diers, many of whom would fight not of their own volition but through conscription, should be told that there were no positions open to them. In either case, the results might be extremely disconcerting, to say the least. Add to this the difficulty in bringing increased war time production back to normal, and national "equilibrium" would be seriously threatened.

What good would our entrance into the war do? Harsh peace treaties breed new wars. After fighting the people of a nation for several years, the people of another nation are not in the mood at the end of the war to be lenient in their treatment of the defeated power. Remembering the famous "khaki election" in Great Britain in 1918, with its slogan of "Hang the Kaiser and make Germany pay for the war!" we might estimate the feeling which will probably prevail at the end of this war. Furthermore, what is to be done concerning the conflict, which doesn't seem to be diminishing in the least, in the national interests of the different European powers? While this exists, what is to

prevent the frequent reoccurrence of European wars? Why should we think that, granted that we had the power, we as a nation would be any more successful in the peaceful settlement of European affairs than the European nations themselves have been? Seen by the people of a country, all wars fought by their country are defensive wars. Always the other nation is seen to be the aggressor. Always the other nation is trying to take some undue advantage. The ultimate causes of any given war, taken separately, would not be sufficient in themselves to cause a conflict. It is the combination of these causes which results in war. The American people will not enter another war thinking that in so doing they will end war. Whether the United States fights or not, we as individuals should endeavor in every way to maintain an objective attitude toward the European war. In so doing, we will be better able to weigh events in their proper proportion and not to succumb to mass hysteria, one of the most unstabilizing effects of war.



PENCIL SKETCH—
Yvette Turlington

THE STRANGE HOUSE

By Mary Margaret Stem

I WAS walking along North Bond street Tuesday evening about one o'clock from a late poker game. Why I chose to walk by way of this street I do not know. Perhaps it was for the exercise, perhaps it was fate, luck, or what have you; certainly I am not in the custom of walking through North Bond street, or any streets of this sort—miserable, squalid, dirty byways edged with houses occupied by persons of shady character, pickpockets, common thieves, and other members of the unromantic brotherhood of knavery.

Suddenly I heard a scream, like that of a woman. Ordinarily I would have continued upon my course, but this time, for some strange reason, I had an urge to investigate; call it chivalry or call it curiosity. The scream issued, I thought, from a house but a few steps away from me; it was the matter of but a few moments to reach the door and raise the knocker. Again I heard the scream, and it seemed almost within the door itself. I brought the knocker down with a resounding thwack. The door swung slowly open; evidently it had neither lock nor knob.

I found myself almost within a large well-lighted room, quite an ordinary room except for the strange fact that it was absolutely devoid of furniture and the walls were dead white. No sign of human occupancy was evident. At the farther end of the room was a door of the same white color, which probably led into the back of the house. It was at that moment that I should have turned back, but the spirit of adventure gripped me, and I wished to go on. So I moved slowly toward the door, looking carefully around me, though there was absolutely nothing in the room behind which any being could have hidden himself, and there were only the two doors, the one through which I had come, and the one toward which I was going.

I approached the latter with a feeling of intense curiosity not unmingled with fear. I opened it and stood at the head of a flight of stairs leading down, quite ordinary stairs except for the

fact that they were white, and the walls on either side were of the same dead white. I hesitated there at the head of the steps and wondered whether I should go down or not, but again the spirit of adventure got the better of me, and I decided to go on.

The stairs were spiral, and after descending about two hundred steps, I came face to face with a door to which the steps obviously led. By this time my resolve was to continue until I found something or somebody; so I unhesitatingly opened the door, which, like all the others, was unlocked.

On the other side of the door was another room, very well lighted, the walls, floor, and ceiling of which were painted with the same white color. At the farther end of the room was a door; swiftly I made my way to it and opened it. I saw on the other side a flight of steps exactly like the flight down which I had just come.

I could see the stairs only to a point where the ceiling overhung them, so as to render further vision impossible. I had a sudden impulse to turn and go, before it was too late, but then I reproached myself for my cowardice, reassuring myself with the fact that so far I had seen no one, or nothing which presented a threatening or dangerous appearance.

By my calculations I had by this time descended about two hundred feet into the earth, and, since I knew that at this point the clay loam was interspersed with a layer of stone, I realized that these stairs could not lead very far; so I went on.

After five minutes I became aware that these stairs terminated at another door which I could see at a distance. I quickened my steps and hastened on to it, feeling sure that beyond this door would lie the answer to this puzzle, the salve to my aching curiosity. I opened the door—beyond it was another room identical to the first two, very well-lighted with blank white walls. At the farther end of the room was another door.

I directed my steps toward it with much trepidation, grasped the knob, turned it; it swung outward and there before my startled eyes was a flight of stairs leading downward!

Suddenly a feeling of intense and overwhelming fright overcame me; I felt that I was trapped, caged in this horrible blank place like the

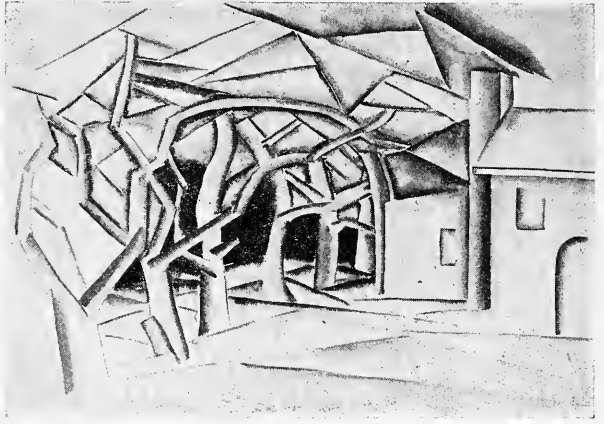
inside of a vault. I turned and ran back up those soundless, colorless stairs, and through those hollow, empty rooms, a feeling of horror and fear steadily growing upon me. When I reached the door that led into the street I turned and glanced behind me; the lights in the room were steadily growing dimmer, flickering, and, as I looked, they went out.



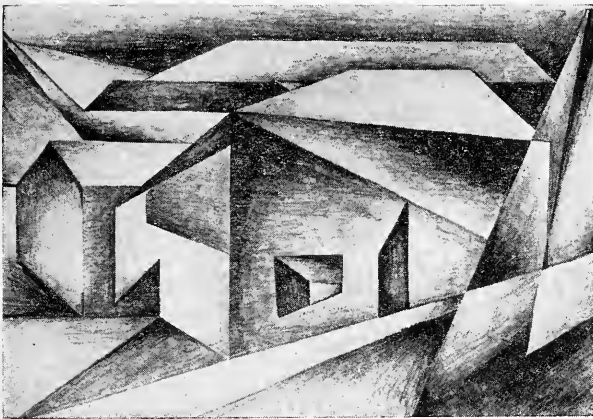
SOLILOQUY

Consistency forbade laughter
And mourning forbade sound—
For sound was unutterable—
A yearning as yet undistinguishable.
God grant his soul rest.
Yawning, the unknowable lay.
Far, far, and yet
Farther, so that no new
Thing could hold forth with
This newly-old, marble
Eternity.

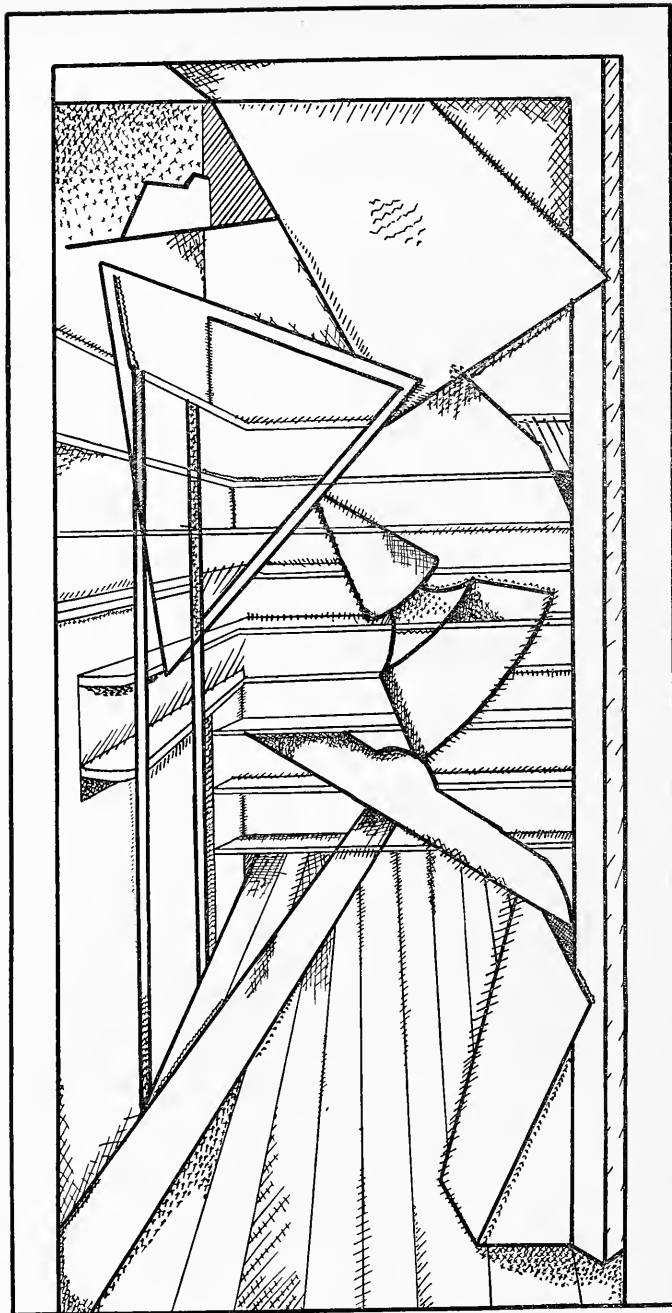
PEGGY HOLMAN.



WATERCOLOR—
Helen Howerton



PENCIL SKETCH—
Betty Reynolds



PEN & INK SKETCH—
Betty Reynolds

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Colleges and Education

Colleges and universities of today have adopted a form of mass production which has resulted in a gradual lowering of scholastic standards. This movement is a natural carry-over from our great faith in democracy. A democratic government needs citizens with the highest educations, but our educations have become more like apprenticeships. Many students go to college to prepare themselves to make more money rather than to become cultured. One wit facetiously remarked that college is the place where young people spend four years avoiding an education.

Our educational system is passing through an experimental stage and it is impossible to predict what the outcome will be. Everyone likes to give his or her theory about what is wrong or what should be done. One interesting phase of experimentation is that carried on by at least two colleges that have adopted the trivium and quadrivium as the basis of their curriculum. This takes in all learning. Before giving their students specialized training, these schools give

them a thorough cultural background. They study the arts and the sciences.

An example of their thoroughness is their plan for the study of literature. The students read the great works of literature—preferably in the language they were written in—and then read the criticism that has been written about these works.

In one school the professors must be able to teach anything. For example, the chemistry professor also teaches Greek.

The seniors in one college must be able to conduct a class in any subject offered in the college before he can graduate.

If these colleges are successful they may have a growing influence upon our educational system. Both of them are closed to women and have only a limited number of students. Naturally only a minority would be qualified for such a course, but with more schools on this order the best students, both men and women would be able to get the education they want without having to finance additional years in graduate school.

Reviews

Understanding Poetry

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY: NEW YORK,

UNDERSTANDING POETRY: *An Anthology for College Students*, by Cleanth Brooks, Junior, and Robert Penn Warren, is probably one of the best texts for the critical study of poetry that has been written. Proceeding on the assumption that "if poetry is worth teaching at all it is worth teaching as poetry," the authors have overcome the temptation of most poetry texts to substitute some object other than the given poem for study. The authors point out the most common of these substitutes, which are: A paraphrase of the logical and narrative content; a study of biographical and historical materials; an inspirational and didactic interpretation.

In the introduction we have poetic expression viewed as a whole, how it differs in aspect and in purpose from scientific expression and what the advantages of the differences are. What the scientist gains in absolute precision he loses in "associations, emotional colorings, and implications of judgments;" where the scientist is strictly impersonal the poet is concerned with man as a personality; and, whereas the scientist is concise because his ideas occupy only a set space, the poet is concise for a dramatic effect, for a purpose. For poetry is essentially a specialization of ordinary speech.

A poem is and "should always be treated as an organic system of relationships; and the poetic quality should never be understood as inhering in one or more factors taken in isolation."

Mr. Brooks and Mr. Warren approach the selected poems from various angles—according to the narrative, implied narrative, objective description, metrics, tone and attitude, imagery, and theme—all the time making it clear to their readers that the poems have qualities other than those pointed out when approached from a specific angle.

As to the value of poetry, it is important in

that "it springs from a basic human impulse and fulfils a basic human interest." The value depends ultimately, therefore, upon the value of these basic interests.

PEGGY HOLMAN.

The Long Night by Andrew Lytle

EYRE AND SPOTTISWOOD: LONDON, \$3.00.

ANDREW LYTLE'S *The Long Night* is one of the two or three best novels of the Civil War, ranking with Stark Young's *So Red The Rose* and Allen Tate's *The Fathers* in literary value. The book was originally published in London, but the author, Andrew Lytle, is an Alabama plantation owner, and an important member of the Southern regional school of writers.

The story is first told by a young man who is visiting his reclusive uncle in the section of Southern Alabama. The uncle continues the narrative throughout the long night, in which the horror of his revelation slowly and steadily rises. A weakness in the book is the changing of the person from the first to the third after the beginning chapters. This was probably done so that several of the leading characters might tell their own stories, which they do at length in the old-fashioned manner of Dickens and Henry Fielding.

The early sequences of the book are laid in West Georgia. Margaret Mitchell in six chapters of *Gone With the Wind* discussed the primitive, slightly barbaric life of the Georgia back-country before the Civil War. Andrew Lytle illustrates this crude frontier life in half a dozen pages. Here is the description of the militia musters, with the horse racing, the gossiping of the women, the whiskey and barbecue, and the brawls of the men. Rivals to Margaret Mitchell's Tarleton twins are Joe and Mebane Caruthers, who toss their heads alike, walk alike, and share their sweethearts. Mr. Lytle's concise, clipped, and vivid writing, his power for brief and yet full characterization is apparent throughout the

book. The story, despite the horror of the theme is a eulogy on the beauty of family relationships and bare existence of small farmers. I quote from the opening paragraph:

"His voice stopped suddenly, as a clock might stop. . . . For twelve hours from sun till sun, I had listened to Pleasant McIvor. By degrees the steady fall of his words had beat all the warmth out of my senses until terror crept over my body, leaving it defenseless in the grip of rigid nerves. . . .

"The cold light of a winter's dawn lay upon the puncheon floor and streaked the hearth like a ghost's mark. I had last remembered a room filled with dark shadows and a fire curling over the back stick into the dark suck of the chimney's mouth. Now the ends of the stick had stabbed the white ashes, and a faint red glowed among the coals. A light gust from the chimney littered the hearth, and I shivered into the chair. It was the middle of February, but a cold sweat was soaking to the tops of my shoes."

The Long Night is a story of merciless and

undeviatingly directed revenge. When slave traders murder Pleasant McIvor's father, the boy gathers his kinsmen, and one by one slaughters all of the twenty odd men who were responsible for his father's death. This ruthless revenge which continues into the years of the War at last destroys Pleasant's life in every sense but the physical.

The book is unhampered by romance, or any action that would shift interest from the central theme. The brief love interlude of one of Pleasant's victims with a farm girl, obviously put in for convention, and is an episode covering perhaps three pages.

The Saturday Review spoke of *The Long Night* as "page by page more exciting than *Gone With the Wind*." The novel is exciting. It is exciting in its story; it is exciting in its theme; but it is most exciting as a brilliant demonstration of Mr. Lytle's style, which in its tense ice-clear beauty embodies the excitement of a rushing glacier.

MARGARET COIT.



CORADDI will award five dollars each for the best short story, poem, critical article, and news article contributed during the year. The judges will be three members of the faculty. The winners will be announced in the May issue.



DATES ARE DIFFERENT TODAY

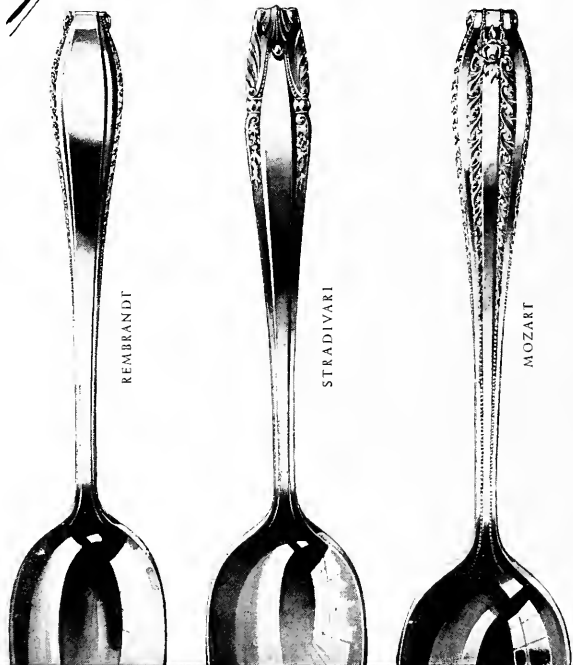
...But what did Debonair Charley say
...when the Gibson Girl puckered her
lips?...Of course those mustache twist-
ers were a handicap...but the horse
knew the way home...

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*Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"*

"The U. S. Government has helped farmers raise finer tobacco—and the better grades go to Luckies!" says Earl Forbes, auctioneer. He's been "in tobacco" twenty-two years, and has smoked Luckies for thirteen years.

Have you tried a Lucky lately? Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years.

As independent tobacco experts like Earl Forbes point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today.

Try Luckies for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Have you tried a Lucky lately?