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C O R A D D I

Student Publication of the
Woman's College of the University of North Carolina
Greensboro, North Carolina

Volume 45 | Winter 1940-41 | Number 2

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Marijalane Gault was a Freshman when she wrote *Goodbye*. With Ireland the next spoil in the European war, this romance has special significance.

America has theories on the Kentucky college girl. Alla Rommel's story is a gay confirmation of these theories. *Green Grows The Grass* is the first college story printed in Coraddi in a year and a half.

Last issue Virginia Sanford parodied William Saroyan. This time it's Thomas Wolfe, with a dash of the proletarian for pepper.

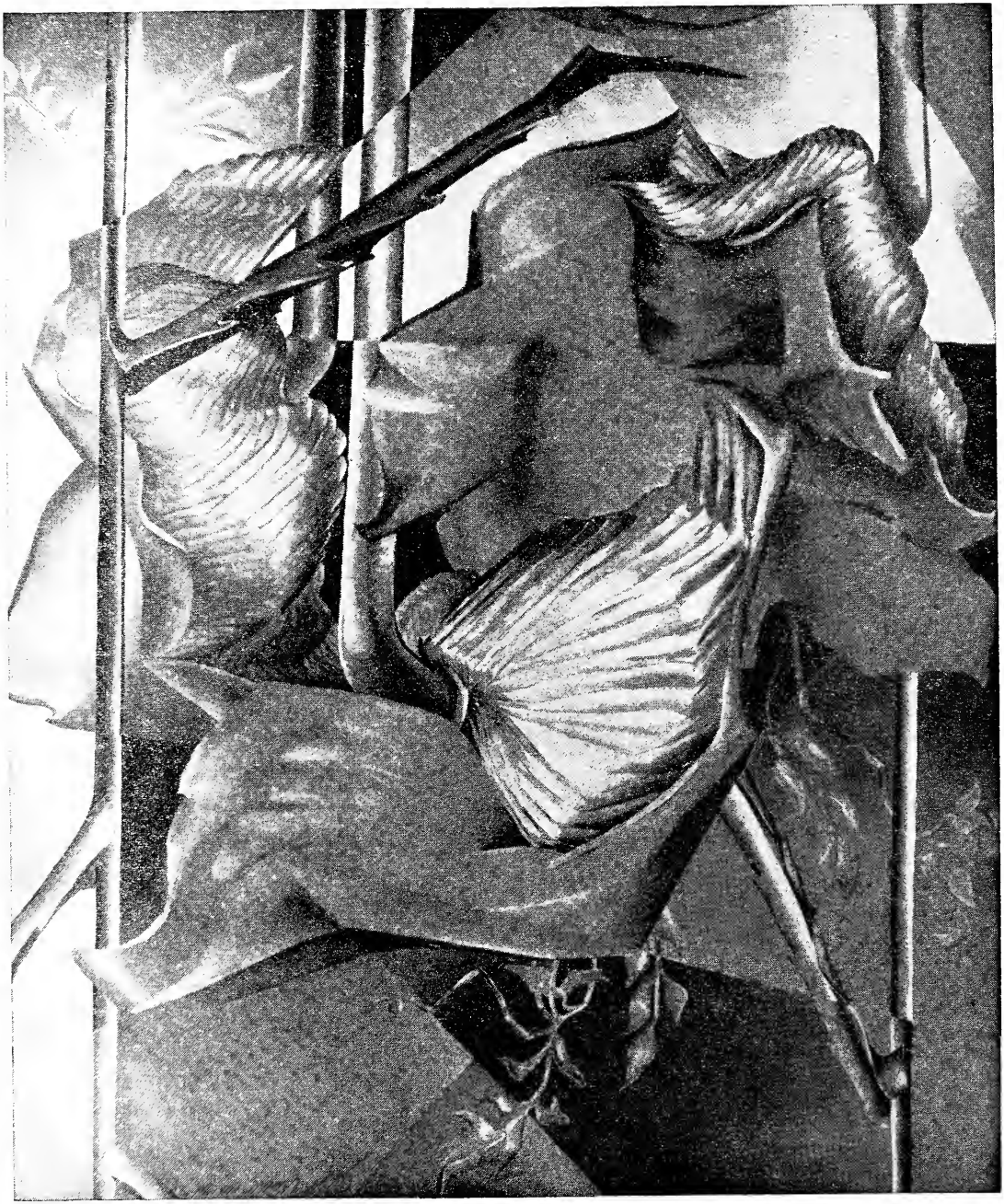
There are five new contributors in *Coraddi* this month, plus Jane Gillett who appears for the first time since her Freshman year.

This issue started out to be a humor issue. Because of world events it is one half humor, one half war.

Subscription rate, $1.00 per Year

Member National Scholastic Press Association est 1921 1940-41

First Class Honor Rating



FRONTISPIECE
by L. K. McDuffie

Leaning Upon A Straw

By Jane Gillett

"These, then, have my allegiance; they whose shining
Convicted my false dawn of flagrant night,
Yet ushered up the sun, as poets leaning
Upon a straw surmise the infinite."

THE modern poet finds himself leaning upon a straw. Many people demand that poets write only about the eternal verities: love and hate—trees—and the Oedipus complex, but not any present realities which might change and therefore be a subject for conflict and propaganda. At the same time, the poet is supposed to write something which presents these old subjects in a new light, that gives them new truth. Each year as new volumes are added to our store of poetic communication, it becomes more difficult for the poet to say anything about the eternal verities which is significant, and yet not too closely related to a contemporary political situation. It becomes more difficult to find words which are not already loaded with poetic connotations, to create symbols which have not already lost all significance through overuse. At the same time the poet has been exposed to scientific discoveries, particularly to some of the theories of Freudian psychology which make him aware, self-conscious of the poetic processes by which he is creating.

Not only is the poet, as always, confronted with problems of what and how to communicate, he has the greater, primary problem: Is what I wish to say best said by poetry? And, at the present time, the answer seems almost to be a universal No. The poet C. Day-Lewis says of this, "Poetry is based on the principle of free individual interpretations; you must create the meaning of each poem out of your private experience. But life for the average child of the twentieth century becomes an endless series of extension-lectures on anything under the sun; every item of his experience is explained to him—and worse, he is told exactly what his reaction to it should be. Who is he, then, to claim an individual interpretation of anything, let alone poetry? . . . There has never been complete freedom of interpretation for anyone at any time: the more vital a religion has been, the more plainly it has told man what he must believe is one direction—and the more freedom of choice and interpretation it has given him in all other directions. There is a lost world between 'This is the Catholic Faith: which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved,' and 'Drink Guinness: it is good for you'. Poetry has its roots in incantation, its effect has always been to create a state of mind: but it may well despair of competing with the incantation of Big Business, Bigger Navies, Brighter Churches, and all the other gang-yells of Hell's Angels. Poetry was born from magic, and science is the great enemy of magic: for magic is the personal interpretation of the universe; science, the impersonal rationalization. So it would seem that in a 'scientific' age the flower of poetry must wither." The poet must compete for attention with billboards and tabloids, must find something to say that is not better expressed in the scientific essay or the novel, by a symphony orchestra or a movie director.

In attempting to solve these problems, the modern poet has turned to experimentation in poetic technique. These *modern* (as distinguished from contemporary) poets have almost completely given up such verse forms as the sonnet; some of them have indeed largely ignored the conventional metre of other periods and many more the system of rhyming end words. To these poets, the foundation of metre is stress, not quantity. A foot consists of one stressed syllable, usually the first in the foot, with its accompanying unstressed syllables. An example of such rhythm is the following line by Gerald Manley Hopkins:

"*High* there, how he *hung* upon the *rein* of a *wimpling wing.*"

In contrast, C. Day-Lewis, one of the foremost contemporary poets, uses almost entirely conventional metre in order to retain what he considers to be the most desirable of rhythmical effects, the counter point of the natural speech rhythm of the words against the strict beat of the metre. Thus we have the natural speech rhythm:

"In *heav*en, I *suppose,* lie *down together*",

counterpointed by the strict meter,

"In heaven, I suppose, lie down together."

More general is the use of alliteration which had largely gone out of fashion before the war. There is also much internal assonance and repetition. Assonance is a species of rhyme using the sane vowel sounds in the last syllable of words having different consonants. This is made even more interesting by sometimes rhyming related but not identical vowel sounds. The following pattern of cross-assonance by C. Day-Lewis illustrates both simple and the more complicated form of assonance:

"*Now,* to be with you, elate, *unshared,*
My *kestrel* joy, O *hoverer* in wind,
Over the quarry furiously at *rest*
Chaired on shoulders of *shouting* wind."

Here we have the pairs — now, shout, unshared, chaired, kestral, rest. The pair *hoverer-over* is an example of assonance with a slight shift in vowel sound. This makes it possible to rhyme words which have been too often used as end rhymes.

Not only the difference in metre and rhyme makes modern poetry difficult for the beginning reader, but also the change in symbolization which is, after all, the basis of poetry. It is easier to understand the symbolization of Shakespeare than of C. Day-Lewis for three reasons: because of long association with Shakespeare and his imitators, we are used to his symbols, grasp them more quickly; in Shakespeare there is slower transition from symbol to symbol, and in Shakespeare the transitory relationship between the symbols is more obvious. But to understand modern poetry it is necessary to realize that transition from symbol to symbol is largely through the psychological method of free-association rather than in more logical sequence. This is similar to the movies' use of superficially unconnected shots to develop a mood or to change attention from one dramatic point to another. It is difficult for the reader because his associations are usually different from those of the poet, and it becomes necessary for him to remember that in the poet's mind these images have emotional sequences, and through reading and re-reading to create the same emotion in his mind. Without discovery of the sequence, logical or emotional, in a poem, the reader will be able to enjoy only a succession of images rather than a full poem.

The modern poet has not only experimented in technique, but in addition has somewhat changed the content of poetry. The industrial age has made far-reaching changes in society which have been only slightly reflected in poetry until the post-war years. Now the time has come when science and machines are so much a part of ordinary experience that the poet no longer describes them in terms of something else, but uses them as symbols as easily as Wordsworth admired the daffodils. An example of this use of machinery is the following marriage poem by C. Day-Lewis:

"Let us be off. Our steam
Is deafening the dome.
The needle in the guage
Points to a long-banked rage
And trembles there to show
What a pressure's below.
Valve cannot vent the strain
Nor iron ribs refrain
That furnace in the heart.
Come on. Make haste and start
Coupling-rod and wheel,
Welded of patient steel,
Piston that will not stir
Beyond the cylinder
To take in its stride
A teeming countryside . . . "

The problem of content is also involved by the perennial argument of art versus propaganda, which always flames highest in a period of transition when all statements of opinion, particularly when made through such a powerful medium of expression as poetry, may affect the results obtained by political groups. Day-Lewis says the following on the subject of propaganda in art: "The poet, you will say, has no business to be trespassing: if he will wander into other people's fields, he must take the consequences. But it is not as simple as that. The poet, besides being a poet, is also a man, 'fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons as other men.' Where there is hope in the air, he will hear it; where there is agony about, he will feel it. He must feel as a man what he reveals as a poet. It is as absurd to tell him that he must only feel strongly about natural scenery as it is to call every 'nature poet' an escapist. Nor is it right for us to say that the poet should be concerned only with eternal facts, with summer and winter, birth, marriage, and death. These are the mountain-peaks, the final and everlasting limits of his known world, but they are always the background against which stand out and are measured temporal things— the rise and fall of cities, the year's harvest, the

moment's pain. Today the foreground is a number of fluid, confused, and contradictory patterns. Standing at the end of an epoch, the poet's arms are stretched out to opposite poles, the old life and the new; that is his power and his crucifixion."

"Come down, come down, you suffering man,
Come down, and high or low
Follow your fancy and go with us
The way that we should go
That cannot be till two agree
Who long have lain apart:
Traveller, know, I am here to show
Your own divided heart."

Many of the modern poets seem to subscribe to this point of view, and as a result we have two more ideas which are continually occurring in their poetry. The first is the vision of a bright, new world. For many it is Communism or Fascism; for others it is merely a sort of New Deal society, but in any case there is a vision of material progress and a call to active participation which is not found among earlier poets. The following quotations from C. Day Lewis's "The Magnetic Mountain" are an illustration of this.

"Bayonets are closing round.
I shrink; yet I must wring
A living from despair
And out of steel a song.

Make us a wind
To shake the world out of this sleepy sickness
Where flesh has dwindled and brightness waned!
New life multiple in seed and cell
Mounts up to brace our slackness.
Oppression's passion, a full organ swell
Through our throats welling wild
Of angers in unison arise
And hunger haunted with a million sighs,
Make us a wind to shake the world!"

Combined with this call to activity for a new social order we find a recognition of the difficulty of acquiring wisdom, of being an adequate guide, of showing the traveller his "own divided heart". The result is that some of these poets, particularly W. H. Andrew, Stephen Spender, and C. Day-Lewis call themselves ancestor worshippers. This is not the ancestor worship of Confucious, or even of the DAR; this is an intensification of a feeling most of us have had, a feeling of intellectual, emotional, spiritual kinship with a person, living or dead who is not related to us by ties of blood, but only by ties we forge from our own admiration and emulation. This is the poet's method of re-establishing necessary roots in the past which were torn away by war and disillusionment. A clear statement of this ancestor-worship is found in the following poem by C. Day-Lewis, and also in Stephen Spender's beautiful "I think continually of those who were truly great."

"For those who had the power;
Unhesitating, whether to kill or cure:
Those who were not afraid
To dam the estuary or start the forest fire:
Whose hearts were filled
With enthusiasm as with a constant wind
That, lifting the fog, the pall of vision, unveiled
Their own memorial, the stars:—
There need be neither obituary nor wreath,
Accomplices of death.
These disappeared into the darkness ahead:
Followers shall find walking larger than legends in that
Them walking larger than legends in that virgin land;
Their spirit shall be blowing out of the sunrise,
Their veins our rivers, their homes our bread."

In spite of the frequent obscurity of their poetry, in spite of appeals which may be labelled propoganda in their poetry, in spite of rhyme and meter which seem prosaic and unpoetic at first reading, the poetry of many of the modern poets makes one feel after reading and re-reading in the words of C. Day-Lewis:

"Peals of the New Year once for me came tumbling
Out of the narrow night like clusters of humming-
Birds loosed from a black bag, and rose again
Irresponsibly to silence: but now I strain
To follow them and see for miles around
Men square or shrug their shoulders at the sound.
Then I remember the pure and granite hills
Where first I caught an ideal tone that stills,
Like the beloved's breath asleep, all din
Of earth at traffic: silence's first-born,
Carrying over each senual ravine
To inform the seer and uniform the seen.
So from this air, this closet of the brain,
The dove emerges and flies back again
With a Messiah sprig of certitude—
Promise of ground below the sprawling flood."

Green Grow

By Ali

GOLLY, but he's adorable! And has a line as long as from here to Charlotte. That's where he's from. Know what he did? Well, after we leave Brumfield's—I always like to go there first, especially on Sunday nights what with the suppers at the hall what they are—we drive 'way back on some little roads by the fraternity house, and I get a little dubious; so I say "Hum, 'fraid I'm not going to like this." And then I start to tell him that I tell my mother everything, and he kinda laughs and says, "I'm just taking you back here so you'll know the place. You be sure to remember it now." So I, like I always do, fall head over cute little stocking-clad heels for it and say, "Why?"

That is exactly what he is fishing for; so he gently explains, on a blind date, mind you, that we may make use of this secluded spot later on when we are madly in love. Greatly flattered, I tell him then that I have a very, very poor memory, as my mother will readily testify. Why do you know that she can send me upstairs to get her some thread or something and before I get to the top stair I'll have forgotten?

Oh, yes, my story! Where was I? Oh, yes. And I also said kinda questioningly, "IN LOVE?"

And then he says in a thrilling voice—Gee, I wish you all could have heard him—he says, "I'm not asking you, I'm telling you. I shall keep you reminded."

"And all the time he keeps feeding me this line about not looking at him too much because he's not responsible for his actions when under the influence of my gorgeous orbs. Oh, Lordy, I don't care if it was all a string game; it sho' sounded good to me. So woo-woo, girls, out o' my way, I'm in love again and out to get a pin this time!

TUESDAY—NOON.

Whoops, my dears, hooray and halleluia! He remembers me! That's something anyway. The last blind date I had proposed marriage and didn't know me next morning. Of course, he wasn't really drunk, you understand, only he did kinda feel good. Well, as I say, the answer to this maiden's prayer remembers her. He actually spoke to me on campus this morning. Of course, he was with a girl, and he may have only wanted to make her jealous—oh, all right then, maybe he would've picked somebody else to speak to if he'd wanted to do that; but she wasn't such cute stuff herself. And besides what could he do but greet me when I practically threw myself on his neck?

What? Oh, oh, meow, meow, he certainly would have known me, and I wasn't a bit forward—only trying to help his memory a little. So then he says; you can see that I am tactfully overlooking the remarks so rudely presented; he says, "And how are you this fair and lovely morning?" That was between second and third hour, and I was on my bright and cheerful way to Commonology. Well, anyway, that shows that he has poetry and romance in his soul; so maybe he did mean a little bit of what he was handing me the other night.

Oh, I'm not really believing his line; he's prob'ly told half the femmes in this college the same fable. He's a junior and has had time to, but—don't you think I do have nice eyes? Well you don't have to laugh so, everybody tells me the same thing, so there. Now, see if I'll ever tell you any more about how I'm progressin.' You've hurt my feelings dreadfully. I doubt if they will ever recover, and I shall go through life with a terrible inferiority complex due to your all's rude and inconsiderate laughter which has blighted forever a budding—What am I talking about? How should I know? I'm only doing the speechifying. How can I talk and think too? Only engineers can perform that feat. Well, there will be another bulletin published soon on the condition of my love life. Be back as soon as I can with a flash.

FRIDAY—3:00.

Gather 'round, gather 'round, all you lassies! I've had the most wonderful idea, but you all have to pledge secrecy 'til your dying day if I tell you. Well, you know, I was just sitting here when all of a sudden it struck me, merely a figure of speech, nobody else was in the room. I repeat, I was sitting here, thinking of nothing as usual, when my head began to hurt. "See here," I say to myself, "this will never do. You can't start thinking at this hour. Classes are over. You don't have to think any more until Sunday at eleven p. m." But in spite of my honest efforts to the contrary the thought would come, so I finally give up trying to stop it.

The Grass

Sommel

And this is my happy brain-child. I shall send him poetry! On penny postcards! Out to the fraternity house! Glory, but I'd like to see his face when he gets the first one—and when they keep coming! And the house! Gosh, I bet the boys'll get a kick out of it, and it certainly should weaken his resistance. Only—don't any of you breathe a word—I want to break the news of the identity of his unknown admirer to him myself. So here goes the first love token to the man of my dreams.

What? Oh, I'll send him Dorothy Parker, and Sara Teasdale, and maybe a dash of Edna St. Vincent Millay. Nothing too sentimental you understand—just good clean fun. Now, he should get this tomorrow, so all of you listen for the reverberations. There may not be any at first because they won't expect them to keep on coming, but after a week of D. P. and S. T. he should have quite a rep as a lady killer. 'Course, he may not approve of his rep, so maybe I won't tell him after all. But anyway, here goes the first missive of passion.

TUESDAY—6:00.

Have any of you all heard anything? Neither have I. I can't understand it—five postcards he has gotten and not a whisper of them is on the campus. Not even the vice-president of the frat said anything yesterday when I asked him if he liked poetry. Heavens, that's opening enough for discussing the matter! I've got to find out about them in some way. If any of you all get a chance, see if you can pump some of the boys at the house. Of course, be discreet about it for heaven's sake. Don't go blurting out the whole story and the fact that you know the root and cause of these untoward happenings. Well, my life and love are in your hands now. Preserve them with what little intelligence you possess. I don't want to leave college with the merry laughter of the fraternity ringing in my ears. Go to it, gang.

SATURDAY—NOON.

Well, at long last news comes trickling through! Lucy talked to him today! Yeah, him! Do you know what? Oh, but wait, let me tell you what Lucy told me.

She's just sitting over in the Union building playing bridge as is her habit when she doesn't want to go to classes when he comes drifting up and sorta peers over her shoulder. Now there is nothing that Lucy hates more than a kibitzer peering over her shoulder—of course there's nothing wrong with it—her shoulder I mean—but it's just the principle of the thing she objects to. So she turns around to give him "what for," not knowing of course that it would turn out to be the light of my life in person. When she sees who it is, she sits there with her mouth hanging open—and that, by the way, is a practice which Lucy should avoid. It may express surprise, but it makes her look slightly like those fish they have on ice in front of Sea Food stores. But as I say, she just sits there staring up at him like he was the ghost of Hamlet's father—we've been reading Shakespeare in English and the simile is my own—and about that time the bell rings for classes to change and everybody gets up to go except Lucy and him because she wasn't going to class before he came, and now she certainly wasn't going to lose this unforeseen and heaven-sent opportunity to find out about the fate of my tender and anonymous messages from the unconscious recipient himself. You know Lucy's tact and finesse in such trying situations—she always has everything under control—so she says, "Well, I hear that you have some poor little girl crazy about you." He kinda grins and names some femmes he used to go with. So she says, "No, I mean the one that is writing you poetry every day."

He looks surprised and says how did she hear about it. "Oh, one of the boys out at the house decided I should know about it. Tell me more: who is this woman in your life?"

Brightening up like a drought stricken country-side after a three day rain, he begins to tell her that nothing like this has ever happened to him before—I hope not—and he can't imagine who the little woman is, but he would appreciate very much any light she could throw on the identity of the person involved.

All this time Lucy is putting on a swell act of all this stuff he's telling her being news to her, and then she says that she has no idea of who could be sending him the ditties, but she certainly wished she did because our local Winchell would just love to know. Then she went on to remark how much she would enjoy reading his mail sometime and seeing what the love poems were like.

Beaming all over his face, he says, "You'd like to see the postcards?"

And she tells him yes; she'd like very much to see the cards. So whatta ya think, he pulls all the postcards out of his hip pocket! Yeah, everyone of them! Just like a man, isn't it, to carry around visible tokens of his fatal fascination. Glory, I know if I had of been Lucy I never could have kept from laughing, but she controls herself just long enough to bid him a fond, but hasty farewell. So now we know that he enjoys my humble efforts to please him and keep him amused. Now I want to pump him myself on the subject.

What? Of course I'll be able to do it so that he won't suspect a thing—not a thing. Just leave it to me. Watch my smoke now that he's interested. It won't be a month until I'll be loaded down with a pin and all the trimmings. Just you wait and mark my words.

SUNDAY—11:00.

Guess all of you know by now that my future pinnee was over tonight and you can believe that we weren't discussing the foreign problem.

What? Of course I'll tell you all about it if you're really interested. Well, I was studying tonight for a change, so it was by the mercy of heaven that I looked half-way decent instead of having on a smock and my hair up. My buzzer rings about eight o'clock, and I think that somebody's order has gotten waylaid, so I truck down the hall to yell over the banister to the desk, "162 didn't order anything, and she wasn't expecting anyone either; so buzz somebody else."

Then I hear a masculine voice booming up from right under my feet practically and it says, "Maybe you weren't expecting anyone, honey, but whether you know it or not, I'm what the doctor ordered for you. So come on down and take your medicine like a little lady, if possible."

Oh, but you could have laid me out with a piece of down when I recognized that voice as the one of my dream man. Gosh, I sorta gulp and nearly tumble over the railing into his sheltering arms, but with great self-control—I'll never know how I managed it—I merely say, "Oh, it's you is it? Why didn't you tell me you were coming? I'm studying now, but I'll spare you a moment of my very valuable time."

I don't know why he laughed at this point, but laugh he did. Tripping down the steps into his open arms I throw out a casual, "Hello, honey, how you doin'?"

To which he replies, "Right fair, chile, till I happened to fall into the spell of your optics."

Doesn't he say the cutest things? I like a man like that—they sorta give you the idea that there's still some hope for you, and life isn't as bad as it seems when your hair won't curl and your nose insists on believing that it is being a little ray of sunshine by shining for all it's worth. Then, brazen-like I come right out with, "What's all this I've been hearing about your getting poetry every day?" He looks a wee bit surprised and wants to know where I heard about it. I tell him that one of his brothers told Lucy—that being the first thing I could think of—and tell him also that I am very desirous of seeing his love letters. He is very contrite—nice word, huh? I just learned it today—and says that he doesn't have them with him at the moment, but would be glad to recite a specimen for me.

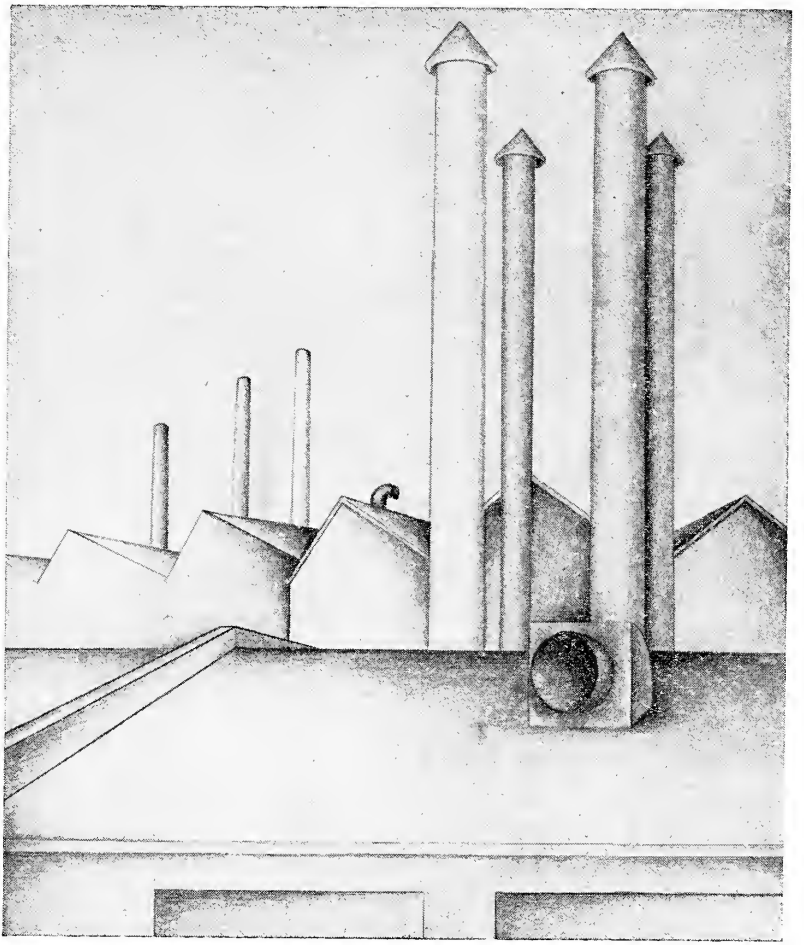
Thereupon he proceeds to spiel off my latest message—which, by the way, is a very sizeable piece of memorization, so, of course, I "oh" and "ah" over the tripe and wonder who could have sent the thing, all the time trying to keep a straight face.

I freely admit that it is quite a strain but I feel that I am doing a fair job of it until he gets a queer expression on his face and says, "You know, you and Lucy are the only two gals on campus who know anything about the affair." With that I try to look entirely guiltless and as innocent as a budding violet, but I look, I fear, more like the cat with cream on its whiskers, and he ain't so dumb; you gotta give him credit for that anyway. So, in spite of the fact that I assure him that he is jumping to foundless conclusions, he firmly states that by circumstantial evidence he believes that either Lucy or I am at the bottom of the "Mystery of the Poetic Postcards," so which one is it.

Naturally I didn't want to spring it on him all of a sudden—the shock and everything, you know—so—you'll never guess what I told him, and I really don't know whether I should tell you or not, but I reckon I will. I tell him Lucy sent the things! Why? But—haven't I told you? He had the cutest boy along with him and I can't have *him* thinking that I have a twit on Tom.

Jerry is just darling and I think I made some time with him tonight too. Because he up and asks me for a date right in front of Tom. Yeah, this time I've really fallen. And what I mean is fallen hard. He's so cute.

I'm right on out of this world about him.



COMPOSITION
by M. White

Thoughts On Riding From Chapel Hill To Greensboro

By Virginia Sanford

SMALL, desolate, dirty, hot bus station—with late buses arriving every minute. Indifferent—plump—virile bus drivers—two young grinning black bucks wearing red caps and carrying bags and satchels. A huge red and cream bus with seat backs draped with white covers.

Sleek haired Don Juan, attired in natty stripes and checks, with tilting cigarette, confidently sprawling on his seat.

Tired — grayed business man in straw hat, reading the *Mocksville Enterprise*.

Drab — thin — pale-skinned young mother lugging a sleepy heavy baby—on skinny unnourished arms.

Three pretty young girls with healthy alive hair, toasted skin — bare legs and spectator pumps—soft doe eyes—bright lips—and Vassar personalities.

Sweaty—muscular young buckarroe, in black leather jacket, glued to sex magazine.

Homeward scented school teacher—glasses—marceled hair—grim—droll face—lost and lonely sentiments—Freudian psychology.

Jerky starts. Rutty road—low hanging purple grey black clouds. Brow-beaten trees—marching along the curve of a hill which live for more and yet more unmerciful blows of wind, rain, and sun. White sun-blistered and Victorian farm house—with peaked triangle rising from center of porch roof—on green hill—shadowed by elms. Red brown mule and blue black T-model Ford.

Gleaming rich golden brown rows of wheat. Sprouting fresh earthy green corn — yellow parched—thirsty—defeated—their red streaked corn stalks hanging in shame at the comparison between themselves and their younger brethren.

White church in sandy yard surrounded by tall oaks and tombstones—out-house—"faith of the people."

Tumbling cabin — ancient negro in faded brown shirt and overalls—leaning back in cane bottom chair—shining little pickaninnies in tattered denim—who don't yet know that they are the South's number one problem.

Standard oil station — blue — green — red—lights—around the porch and in the windows "Atlantic beer and ale" 10c—"Hamburgers"—"Bar-B-Q" 5c. Man in black pants and blue shirt sitting on a Coca-Cola box—sun beaten face—white hair—high topped shoes. "Gas" 23c a gal. J. D. Rockefeller—oil trusts—

Three room house with sagging porch across the front—tired woman in faded gingham—rocking fuzzy headed baby clad in dingy white and wrapped with much wash blue cotton blankets over which grinning posed rabbits spring. Gnarled care worn hands that have nursed child and grandchild through measles and mumps—strong yet beautiful hands—with warmth and tenderness—that some day will find their own rest in the fertile earth from which they came. Red geraniums and green ferns in discarded tomato cans. Two wan-cheeked tow-headed youngsters with curious eyes and hungry mouths squatting in the yard — "two-thirds of the nation".

Rich heavy red orange clay. Thick cool bushes and trees—muddy—thin—lazy stream—buzzing mosquitoes and jumping frogs.

Abrupt jerks — stops at a crossroad — sweet sensitive faced negro woman walking through the bus to the back seat.

Condemned house with broken paned windows and swaying doors—inside enveloping gloom—not the inviting earth darkness—but an unwelcomed coldness which has no depth or beginning. Shut down mill—"No Tresspassing"—dirty blue windows—sun caressed orange-brown brick walls.

Old man with hollow bewhiskered cheeks and vacant smile—suspenders crossed on his back. Pretty—thin—young girl—in cheap finery—whites — blues — pinks — bows — curls — a

swing on an unpainted porch — limp yellowish curtains at small windows—

Circle in front of a drugstore moving from foot to foot—restless young men, who can't understand—"NO MEN WANTED"—the nation's No. 1 economic problem.

Greensboro's Harlem — crowded streets — rank smell of hamburger — singing voice — funeral homes — "The Place" — movies — "God what is life for?"

The bus station—people on hard wooden benches—toothless ageless woman—crying baby —cataracted eyes—waiting people.

Sand in your eyes—heavy lids—hot bath—warm soap suds—cool clean sheets—8:10 Monday morning psychology class.

SCRATCH BOARD
by Myra Culpepper

Goodbye

By Marijalane Gault

GOODBYE! It pounded from the darkness. It pulsed in Liam's numbed brain. The sharp rap of his even stride spoke in protest to a lonely silence, weighted close with a dense fog, which rose instead of fell.

A breeze filtered through the mist. The fog became thick, then thin, revealing a damp pavement strewn with brown, clinging leaves. Yet it was dark, and everything was seen through a vague dusk: a line of hedgerows; an iron picket fence; dripping gutters; a lamp post climbing into nothingness, with a halo of light above, suspended in space. And then the fog drifted and filled the thin space, and everything was blotted out.

Liam's pace slackened. He was thinking of something he would meet over there—something that would be dry, not moist. It would rise; the wind would blow it; and it would choke and smother and kill. Liam's hands reached farther down in the pockets of his great-coat; his shoulders hunched forward, and he regained his steady stride.

A clock from somewhere above sent down a drizzly midnight. Liam entered a gate, identical to the one next door, and approached a house, distinguished from the house next door only by a pale light glistening above its entrance.

So she had expected him! But then, he might have known she would be waiting. His hand felt for the door, as if to knock, hesitated, then fell to his side. He half turned around to leave, changed his mind, and entered.

Crossing a small hall, he stopped on the threshold of a main room. At its farther end a girl, seated beneath a dim reading lamp, roused herself as if from sleep to greet him. She lingered in the shadows, but her eyes were red from tears.

"So you did come." Her voice was steady and, somehow, she smiled.

"Yes, I managed."

"Let me take your coat."

Slowly, Liam lighted a cigarette, unaware of the time taken to hang up his coat. When she returned, it was with an obvious change of attitude. She had suddenly become gay, even laughing as she seated herself on the lounge.

Liam reached for a familiar ashtray on the mantle. He knew it would be empty. It was always full when he left. He picked the familiar blue silk pillow from a chair and tossed it to the girl. Then he stretched himself on the lounge, his feet in a familiar worn place on its arm, his head on the pillow in her lap. He once had thought it belonged there, his head, where he wanted it to be always, and not scattered about in a forgotten field.

Conversation was difficult. The girl spoke most of it, general, unimportant things. She guessed it must be foggy. Yes, he thought it was. Theaters, books, then—

"You leave tomorrow?" It was half a question, half a statement.

"Yes."

"Looking forward to it?"

"No."

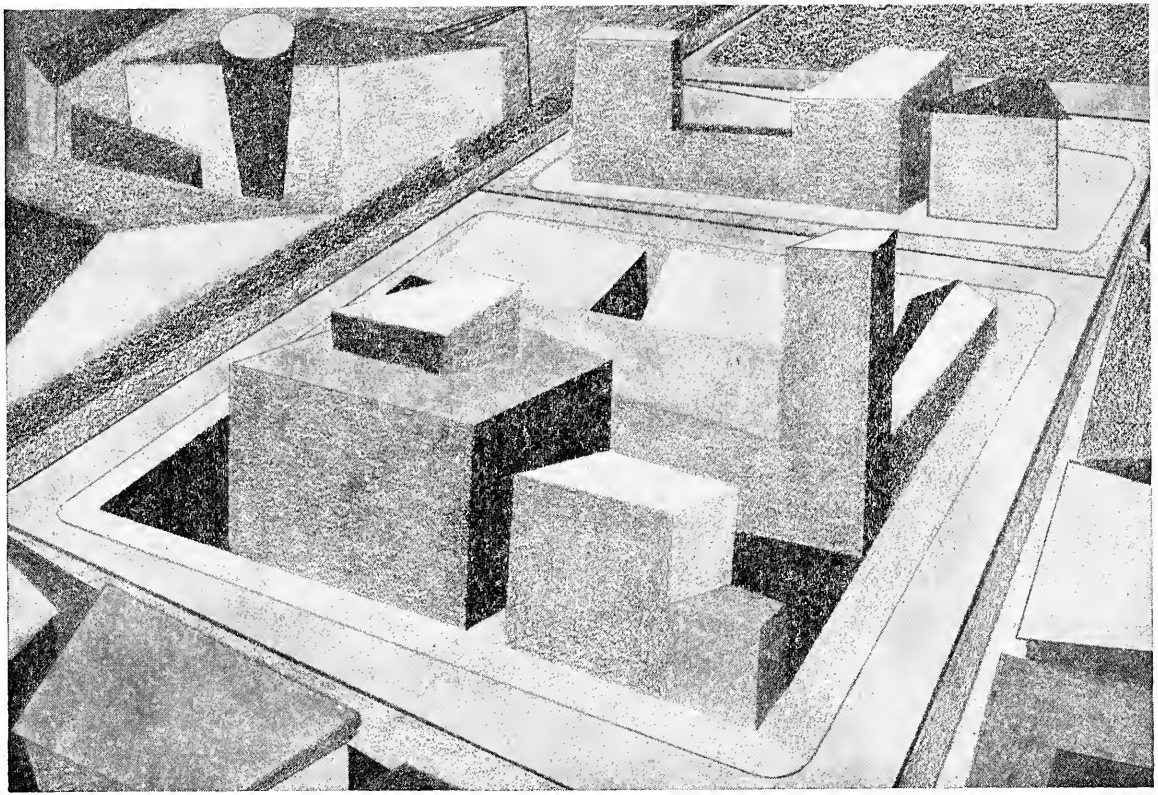
"John McGarran and Claude Calhoun are."

"They're fools. Orangemen, anyway; Looking forward to it . . . to what? To—perhaps—never seeing you again?"

"Some people still cry about the patriotism that built our civilization."

"Yes, Irish patriotism. I can feel that. But whose civilization?" He arose, walked to the fireplace, laid his arm along the mantle. "England's tried to destroy our civilization. Hasn't she? And now—bands play, flags wave, speeches are made about the 'cause' . . . *our* cause." He paused, searched for words. "Ours is the only right cause. Theirs is the wrong cause. They're trying to impose their cause on us. But ours is the right cause, so we turn around and impose ours on them." He jerked his head up triumphantly. "And the cause changes. Today England's not fighting for what she fought for in the beginning." He began to talk faster. "Eire's in an uproar, newspapers spreading propaganda and impossibilities. The people believing them: parading, shouting, cheering. Yet, not one of them knows why. Patriotism . . . civilization!"

He had left the fireplace, was striding about the room. Now he stopped, lighted another



COMPOSITION
by Anna Medford

cigarette, and dropped down beside the girl.

"Liam, you're afraid."

"One reason I'm going is to keep you from believing that."

"And the other reason? You don't have to go. You're Irish."

He folded his hands behind his head. "I'm Irish, yes. It's the Irishman's soul to fight, even if he doesn't know why." A smile slanted across his face. "We fight, not for an ideal, but for fighting."

The girl was silent. She bowed her head.

"You're fighting for defense, aren't you? Won't the Germans come over here, if we don't stop them in England?"

He nodded. "They'd probably be even harder on us that the English have been," he said. He lit a cigarette, quickly, snapping the match to the floor. He lifted his head.

" 'I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the stars above—' "

"Stop," she said. But he continued:

" 'Those that I kill, I do not hate,' " She shuddered.

" 'Those that I guard—' " he bit off his words, continued:

" 'My country is Kiltartan Cross
My countrymen, Kiltartan's poor.
No likely end could bring them loss—' "

"Oh, darling," she said.

He looked into her face, smiled. "You put it out of my head," he said. "It's something about no cheering crowds or public duty made me fight." He lifted his head:

" 'Some lonely impulse of delight
Led to this tumult in the clouds.
I balanced all, brought all to mind.
The years to come seemed waste of breath.
A waste of breath the years behind,
In balance with this life, this death.' "

"Do you believe that?"

He shrugged. "It's Irish. Yeats."

"Yeats?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Nothing, only—"

"Only what?"

"Wasn't he the one who wrote:

'For Patrick Pearse has said,
That in every generation
Must Ireland's blood be shed' "?

Liam nodded. "It's true, isn't it. Don't, don't look like that." He pulled her to him, his chest against hers. "You know now I'm not afraid," he said, and kissed her, long and firmly on the lips.

Gently, she moved away from him. Her words tumbled out quickly, distractingly.

"Paula called today. Bobby came with her. He is such a charming child. Paula let him take cambric tea with us." She stopped for breath. "And he insisted that Peter, his rabbit, be allowed to sit with him. We talked of Paula's new play. It's coming along fine." Liam shrugged. "I believe it will be even more successful than her last one."

Her conversation ran along in desultory fashion, but Liam could not force interest in a play that he would never see. Stopping, the girl put her hands on his arm. The corners of her eyes crinkled in fan-like fashion, and her eyes and mouth smiled, bewitchingly.

"Liam?"

"Mmmm?"

"Liam, remember the night we bought some groceries at the corner delicatessen for supper? Remember the little old woman who waited on us?"

Yes, Liam remembered.

"I was talking to her this afternoon. She was precious—wanted to know where my young man was?"

Liam's low laugh at last broke the tension which had so long gripped the two. She continued, a happy catch in her voice.

"Mrs. Creech—that's her name, you know—confided in me. It seems that Mr. Creech has been troubled with the gout for the past ten years. And, in spite of Mrs. Creech's admonitions, Mr. Creech has persisted in his use of alcoholic beverages, firmly believing them to be the only medicine for his gout." The girl looked at him. Liam smiled comfortably.

"Well, Mr. Creech should be worse, to Mrs. Creech's puritannical way of thinking, but he isn't. He's much better. And Mrs. Creech thinks, in all seriousness, too, that he has sold his soul to the devil."

In spite of himself, Liam was drawn to the charm of her low voice, the ease with which she now spoke. He forgot the purpose of his visit. The clock outside was striking one. Time was precious. The room receded into the shadows. It seemed as though it were being looked at through the wrong end of a pair of field glasses. It was far away, Liam thought—in a dream. And then he couldn't think. There was only the dream—and the girl.

The clock struck three times. Liam was alone in the room. He looked at the ashtray, now full, at the pillow in the chair, and touched the worn place on the arm of the lounge. He wondered if he would ever see them again. Somehow, he had a vague notion that he would.

She entered with his coat. She walked to the mantel and turned, hand extended. Shadows half concealed her eyes. They were brimming, with tears, yet her voice was steady as it said,

"Goodnight."

Suddenly, Liam was happy. He had come for a reluctant goodbye. Instead, his hand met hers. He smiled.

"Goodnight. I'll see you . . . soon."

He believed it when he said it.

Stooping through the door, he stopped on the steps outside, straightened, and descended, almost like a little boy who has rid himself of a fear. At the gate he paused, as if to look back, thought better of it, and brushed through. The fog parted as he walked, then writhing, settled in his wake. Out of its shifting muck floated a martial strain. Liam was whistling.

MAN OF THE SEA COAST

Man of the sea coast behind your busy pipe
And whiskered countenance of age, tell me
The stories of wind and storm that harshly wipe
Great ships and sailors off the open sea.
Show me the turgid waves that rise and break,
The rocks that once stood high and sadly proud
And now lay next the crescent waves and make
The skyline lower for the threatening cloud.
It passes near and pertly picks the foam
From off the showy waves and throws it in
The face of gliding gulls. Sea worn, they roam
Like you and ships that die, homeless men.
Do not get up, I have not time to wait.
I know the tale and now can see your fate.

—GWENDOLYN GAY.

NIGGER PRAYIN'

Cross the tracks on the wrong side of town.
Follow the street about two blocks down.
There's a little nigger church in between two
roads
Where the black folk come to lighten their loads.
Mighty small church without much paint,
Yet to the darkies it's a symbol of their saint.
I used to hear 'em long in the night
When the moon was dark or the moon was light.
They'd be a-moaning and a-groaning; a-singing
and a-shoutin';
Great goings on at the colored folks outin'.
Big, black bucks beating time to the hymn,
Shakin' and shimmyin' the walls they're in.
Clapping of hands and stomping of feet,
Vibrating rhythm with every beat;
Hummin' starts low and loudens at last,
Startin' off slow and endin' up fast,
Tears a-streamin' down brown faces
As the tempo sets to hurry the paces;
Eyes a-rollin', big bass booming',
Shoulders swayin', shadows loomin',
Wavin' arms and swingin' hips,
Hands a-raised, trembling lips;
Bodies beaded with their sweat,
Bodies—copper, dark brown, jet.
All combined to form one mass,
Bound in rhythm, bound in class!

In the back of that small room,
White folks sit, there in the gloom,
Come to giggle, come to snicker
At them darkies, at that nigger.
Colored man looks straight at him,
At dat white man 'bout to grin—
"Nothin's funny, suh," he said,
"When you'se died, you'se jest as daid!"

MARY TUTTLE

SCULPTURE
by Elizabeth Gorrell

SCULPTURE
by Judy Bullock

Portrait of a Patriot

By Jean Bertram

"THE main reason that has forced me, in spite of my age to undertake this long and tiresome voyage was the unbearable moral atmosphere on the European continent. I could not stand it any more."

These words of Ignace Jan Paderewski relieved many who had been alarmed by the news of his detention in Spain. Arriving in the United States on his eightieth birthday, Paderewski was greeted at the Jersey City pier on November 6, 1940, by news-reporters, committeemen, and ambassadors. When asked of his plans, he said merely that he would return to his ranch in Paso Robles, California. And yet it is difficult to imagine Paderewski idle. He may return to his piano; but considering his work of 1914, it is more likely that he may endeavor to dispatch some aid across the waters to his beloved countrymen.

Cooperation of Americans will not be so difficult to obtain as it was in 1914. Already a committee has been organized by Americans to help Paderewski in any project which he may wish to carry out to alleviate the suffering of his countrymen. Americans of 1940 truly accept Paderewski as both a patriot and an artist.

Forty-nine years ago, when he made his debut in New York, Americans accepted Paderewski —yet none too enthusiastically—only as a concert pianist. But what no one among his world-wide audiences knew was that one thought alone motivated his efforts in music: "I want to be somebody and so to help Poland." How he would help Poland he did not precisely know. But glorify Poland he must! When he was ten years old, he read an account of the Battle of Grunwald. The battle had been fought in 1410 between the Poles and the Knights of the Cross. The Poles had won. Young Ignace's mind was afire. For months he could think of little else but the battle. Suddenly, he realized that 1910 would mark the five hundredth anniversary of the battle. The five hundredth anniversary . . . Why, he would erect a monument to the occasion! But not one word of his plans did he reveal to anyone; for, as Paderewski himself has said: "I have a superstition never to speak of anything I intend doing." After each concert, a little of the money he received was put aside for the monument. "The thought," says Paderewski, "never left my heart and consciousness." For forty years the idea absorbed him.

On July 15, 1910, Ignace Jan Pawderewski stood before a crowd of his countrymen in Crackow. He was about to unveil a monument which had cost him one hundred thousand dollars. As the veil slipped down, the Polish people looked up at an immense statute of King Jagello, founder of the Polish dynasty. They read the inscription: "For the glory of our forefathers. For the encouragement of our brothers." And then Paderewski made his first political speech:

> "Brothers, the hour of our freedom is about to strike. Within five years the fratricidal war will soak with blood the whole earth. Prepare, compatriots of mine, brother Poles, prepare, because from the ashes of burned and devastated cities, villages, houses, from the dust of this tortured soil will rise the Polish Phoenix."

Padrewski had said "within five years": the war came within four. Nevertheless, those were bold words prompted by vision. Years later, Paderewski was to evaluate that address thus: "As I look back now, I feel very strongly that that moment was a tiny opening of the door into another world."

But had the door not always been ajar—even from the very day he was born? His birth-place was Kurylowka in that ill-starred province—the province of Podolia. Podolia had once been a part of the old Polish Republic, but had been ripped away in 1793 by the third partition. The bitter past of his native province was still spoken of in 1860, the year of his birth. And yet, as a mere child, Paderewski's thought was not for Podolia, but for the whole of Poland. At six years of age, he was prancing all over the house in a Polish uniform made of red and white paper with a red square cap cocked on the side of his head. He was a great Polish warrior come to liberate his country. All through the house he brandished his little wooden sword—cutting down this enemy and that. And uniquely, there was never a single protest against his playing this game in the house.

Not long after his speech of 1910, Paderewski was warning statesmen all over Europe: "A war, I think, is in store for you in a very few years." Few there were who had the foresight that was Paderewski's. And then came that day —August 1, 1914—when Germany declared war against Russia; France decided to support Russia; England was silent. Paderewski was in Switzerland then. That morning he walked around Morges. Many of his friends were in uniform: there were the Morax brothers guarding the railroad station; there was Gustav Doret guarding the telegraph. But no words passed between him and his friends that morning; they all felt too deeply to speak. As he walked, Paderewski was making a decision. Should he abandon his purely artistic work and give his all for Poland? Fate touched his eager ears: for Poland he must work!

Paderewski turned to a map of Europe. Pointing to Poland, he prophesied: "The gigantic armies of Germany and Russia will clash on this helpless body. But while Poland's jailers attack each other, their captive will escape. This means the liberation of Poland. In a short generation Poland will again be martyrized." Martyrized—did the word bring back memories of the Revolution of 1863 and 1864 and of the terrifying day when the Cossacks came to take his father away? Frightened, but wanting to know what it all meant, little Ignace had approached a Cossack. "What is happening to my father?" The Cossack laughed and struck him with the knout. The sting remains.

Paderewski was now determined to make the whole world realize the necessity for a new Poland. Early in 1914, he had already begun to prepare himself for the task. He reviewed the English and French languages with the utmost diligence. He must appeal to all in behalf of his beloved Poland. Now, more than ever, his music was a means to an end. The world knew and appreciated him as an artist. His concerts brought great sums of money—money for Poland. Suddenly, he learned that Germany had promised, if she won, to restore Poland. But the new Poland was to include only a small part of the old kingdom. This would never do! "We must have a Poland with the ancient territorial boundaries," thundered Paderewski. The Polish people shook their heads: a small Poland was better than nothing. The world laughed at the Polish pianist's fantastic dreams. In the very face of that laughter, Paderewski organized an army for the single purpose of winning a new Poland with the old frontiers.

But Poland must have the support of the people and the president of the United States. Paderewski foresaw that America was to play a great part in this war. How and where would he appeal to her people? Providence provided an opportunity: he was invited in January, 1915, to play and speak at the Panama-California Exposition opening in San Francisco. He opened his speech with these words: "I have come to speak to you about a country which is not yours, in a language which is not mine." Would he ask the United States to fight for Poland? His speech ended with a plea: "Give me seed for this trampled, wasted land, bread for these starving." Paderewski left San Francisco with thousands of dollars for food and clothes for his countrymen. He had won the hearts of the American people to the cause of Poland. But what of the president? Providence offered another opportunity: one day there came an invitation to play at the White House. Paderewski played, but he played only the compositions of the Polish musician, Chopin. President Wilson was not musically inclined; but something there was about Paderewski that he could not resist. Wilson began to talk. Paderewski ceased playing. Soon he was interpreting to the President of the United States the plight of the Polish people and the story of Poland's partition. Wilson was impressed. On January 22, 1917, the President of the United States declared openly: "Statesmen everywhere are agreed that there should be a united, independent, and autonomous Poland." Commenting on Wilson's statement, Rom Landau has said: "It was the first time in a hundred years that a leading statesman dared to mention publicly the necessity for a new Poland." It was certain that Paderewski had won the support of the United States—its people and its president.

By the end of the war, Paderewski had statesmen all over the world Poland-minded. But the good will he had built up was almost destroyed when Pilsudski made himself Chief of State and became a kind of Bolshevik dictator. Sensing the antagonism that was growing in the minds of his fellow statesmen, Lord Balfour urged Paderewski to go "unite the Polish hearts." Years on the concert stage had taught Paderewski the value of a good first impression; he would go to Poland only aboard ship—an English ship. Balfour yielded; and Paderewski sailed to Dan-

zig on December 21, 1918, aboard the *Concord*.

The voyage was a diffcult one. The weather was stormy; the sea was rough; and the little ship rolled incessantly to avoid mines that had not yet been removed from the waters. But Paderewski did not allow either the unpleasantness of the journey nor the pressure of his impending task to restrain him from taking an opportunity to make others happy. On the ship he spied an old piano. The keys were chipped, and the paint was worn off here and there. Paderewski: "Perhaps you would like me to play for you a little?" Captain Paton: "Oh, Mr. Paderewski, we could not think of permitting you to touch this piano. It has never been tuned in the memory of man. And there are several keys that do not even respond." But Paderewski played for two hours. The little audience cheered him and shouted, "Bravo! Bravo!" Paderewski smiled and bowed. Though his hands and arms were stiff for days after, and though his leg pained him dreadfully, he has always expressed great satisfaction for having brought happiness to Captain Paton and his crew.

On Christmas day, 1918, Paderewski reached Danzig and accordingly made his way to Warsaw. There he talked with Pilsudski for two hours. Before the interview was even over, Paderewski knew that the two men could never come to an agreement: they were too different. Pilsudski was austere, suspicious, and reticent. Paderewski, as Lord Howard of Penrith has said, "enjoyed good living, good company, and good talk." Pilsudski and Paderewski had but one trait in common—their love of Poland. Despite differences, Pilsudski was forced to appoint Paderewski premier. Poland was bankrupt and starving. The only man in or out of Poland who had enough influence with the allied statesmen to put Poland back on her feet was Ignace Paderewski. A few days after Paderewski accepted the appointment, he was informed of a plot to overthrow the government. A turn-over in the government at this time would completely destroy the confidence of the Allies. With great vigor, Paderewski opposed the plot and persuaded the conspirators to abandon their plan.

The plot was checked. But just as the Allies distrusted Pilsudski, so many in Poland distrusted Paderewski: he was a concert artist, and they did not yet understand him as a statesman. Paderewski knew he must have the confidence of the people. He resolved to obtain their confidence not by force, but by persuasion. His first test of the resolve came sooner than he expected. Only a few days after he became premier, there was a violent demonstration by the radical faction in front of the Hotel Bristol where Paderewski was staying. "Bread! Bread! Bread!" they chanted. They gathered around the automobile that was waiting to take him to the Sejm, or Polish parliament. He was to be mobbed. There was no mistaking the fact. If the radicals succeeded in mobbing him, the confidence of the Allies would surely be lost. "I shall go down to them," announced Paderewski. Suddenly he was running down the steps; he was plunging into the crowd; now he was speaking. Boos and jeers cut through the air. But a few persons were listening. Gradually the hoots faded in the wind. The whole crowd was silent. His voice and words were charming a violent mob just as his piano and music had charmed millions of concert-goers. What he told the crowd no one knows.* But when he finished, the crowd shouted: "Paderewski! Vivat Paderewski!" Now the crowd made a lane for him, and he walked to his car. Cheers rang out long and loud as Paderewski drove to the Sejm. Reckless bravery had won a mob. But Paderewski needed more than reckless bravery to win over a parliament. And yet he was perfectly confident that he would succeed. When he rose to outline his program and policies as premier, there was a stir among the members of the Sejm. On the right side were the Conservatives. They were for Paderewski. On the left side were the Radicals. They were against him. Paderewski folded his arms across his chest. He tossed back his head and stared straight before him. His red-gold hair was almost white. His long leonine face was lined and firm. His eyes gleamed like blue fire. Though he was of medium height, he had the demeanor of a giant. One full minute he paused. As a concert artist he had learned the value of forcing silence. At last he spoke—quietly, gravely. The deep clear voice vibrated to the very corners of the room. His voice rang with what Ivanowski called an "absolute confidence." Gradually his voice grew louder with passion. The Radicals on the left were overcome. Was this the man who had played the piano in all the leading cities of Europe, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, North America, and South America? Was this the man who composed the opera *Manru*? And then

*There is no copy of his speech and no indication of the substance of the speech.

the speech was over. Members of the Sejm—Conservatives and Radicals alike—were on their feet: "Paderewski! Paderewski!" Not force, and not reckless bravery, but confidence in himself had brought the confidence of his colleagues.

At last with the Sejm and a large portion of the masses behind him, Paderewski was able to begin the reconstruction of Poland. He had two main problems. In the first place, many of the Polish people had been snatched off to Russia and Germany to work in their factories and mines and railroads. After the war, they streamed back into Poland. Some came without an arm; some without a leg; and all were hungry and tattered. Paderewski created a special organization to care for these people. To the organization he himself gave great sums of money. Then, he had to organize the government. Only after he had established a government acceptable to the Allies could Poland be represented at the peace conference. It had been almost a hundred years since the Polish people had participated in self-government. And to make the problem more difficult, there were three stystems of administration—Russian, German, and Austrian. Within three weeks, he had done the impossible; he had formed his cabinet, established a government and provided for a popular election. When Paderewski left on January 19, 1919, for the peace conference at Paris, the foundations of new Poland were well laid.

On meeting Paderewski at the conference, Clemenceau asked: "Is this the same Paderewski who used to play the piano?" Paderewski smiled and nodded. "And now," said Clemenceau, "you are a mere premier. What a come down!" But Paderewski was no "mere premier." His whole musical career had trained him—in some ways consciously, in other ways unconsciously—for the great thing he was doing for Poland. His study of music had forced him to cultivate an automatic memory; so that after he had written a speech once, he knew it perfectly. Paderewski's speeches at Paris were unquestionably impressive; for Viviani, the first premier of France, is reported to have exclaimed: "Oh, if I could only play as Paderewski speaks!" As the conference wore on into April and May, the days became exceedingly difficult. Paderewski was compelled to make frequent trips between Warsaw and Paris. He, nevertheless, kept himself physically fit. He watched his diet most carefully; he had a horror of becoming fat; but he never deprived himself of cake, which is his favorite dessert. In addition to his diet, Paderewski took exercises regularly. Twenty minutes of each morning he devoted to gymnastics. These gymnastics and an occasional walk were the only relaxation Paderewski had. And yet there is no record of his having once lost control of himself. As a concert artist, he had been obliged to attain a certain degree of self-control. That self-control he needed, especially in his dealings with Clemenceau, Wilson, and Lloyd George over the question of Upper Silesia. After several weeks of haranguing, Lloyd George won out; it was decided to hold a plebiscite. Paderewski was indeed stunned. His government and his people wanted Upper Silesia outright. He truly expected to be forced to resign. Though his expectations were not immediately realized, his relations with Pilsudski became more and more trying.

After the peace conference, Paderewski returned to Warsaw. But his relations with foreign statesmen did not and could not abate. By letter, by telegraph, and by telephone, he had constantly to keep in touch with statesmen all over Europe. The Polish delegation could do nothing until they received instructions from Paderewski. And Paderewski had no office from which to carry on this very important diplomatic business. One floor of the Hotel Bristol was given over to him and his staff. There he lived and ate and slept and worked. Important telegrams, we are told, were kept under his bed. Obviously, there was much disorder and many complaints. These complaints plus Pilsudski's dictatorial efforts ultimately forced Paderewski to resign as premier. On December 5, 1919, he sent two letters—one to Pilsudski and one to the Marshal of the Sejm—asking for release from office. Pilsudski granted the request immediately. But the Marshal of the Sejm and later two delegates with Archbishop Kakowski hastened to the hotel and pleaded with Paderewski to reconsider. Poland needed him, they said. He declined: Poland did not need him as long as opposition to him prevented unity within Poland. Paderewski's career as an active statesman ended for a time. By his charm and eloquence, he had won many friends for Poland. He had increased the Polish army from 1,056 to a million in active service and a half-million in reserve. But above all else, Paderewski had actually liberated Poland. And just when he resigned, his countrymen needed him more than ever to preserve new Poland's liberties. As Col-

onel E. M. House has commented: "No country ever needed the services of one of her sons more than Poland needed those of Paderewski then, but he was never one of those who feel themselves indispensable. Had he been more ambitious and less patriotic and unselfish, he might have continued in power and become an autocrat."

And then, in 1921, Paderewski came back to his ranch in Paso Robles, California—back to his vineyards and fruit trees and books. Away from Poland, he was restless. But he tried to preoccupy himself by studying the Spanish language and by perusing the works of Benjamin Franklin, Vernon Harrington's *Main Currents in American Literature* and Bryce's *American Commonwealth.* These were his stolid American textbooks. As he read through the books on American literature, he must have thought of Michiewicz, Kaminski, Slowacki. As a boy in Russia-dominated Poland, he had memorized poem after poem of these forbidden Polish poets. Poland—men and women and children of Poland were still hungry and cold. All across Europe, in numberless hospitals, lay his fellow countrymen. They needed him: he must help them. He turned again to his piano. With his piano he could earn money for medical supplies, food, and clothing for his people! Restlessness went out of him. He was a man with a purpose—a purpose for the people of Poland.

PADEREWSKI

One, three, five, six hours a day he practiced. For seven long months he practiced. Now and then he went to the "horse opera," as he called the wild western movies. As he watched the story unfold on the screen, Paderewski's interest knew no bounds. He leaned forward. His elbow was propped on the seat before him. His cheek was in his hand, and his forefinger was pointing up on his temple. Soon news-reporters were calling that pose the "Paderewski pose." After the show, he could return to the piano with a fresh zeal. At last he felt satisfied that he could resume his concert tours. In 1924, he toured the United States for the first time since the war. The United States had not forgotten him: they paid five hundred thousand dollars to hear him—five hundred thousand dollars for his needy countrymen. His audiences applauded him as they had never applauded him before. And Padrewski knew he was securing more and more friends for Poland.

On December 9, 1922, Paderewski was overwhelmed with joy. Poland had a president. Pilsudski had resigned, and Narutowicy had been elected president. A week later in New York City, Paderewski gave one of his most brilliant concerts. Now he could really play: Poland was experiencing a new democracy. How still was his audience that night! But Paderewski was too elated to realize that it was a death silence. He did not see the looks of compassion, even from those on the front row, as he bowed and smiled gaily. After the concert, his friends told him the dreadful news: Narutowicy had been assassinated—assassinated only seven days after he became President of the Republic of Poland. Paderewiski almost fell into his chair in a faint. His heart nearly stopped. What of Poland now?

With the news of the establishment of what was generally called a "ministry of experts," Paderewski's heart began to beat normally. Ladislas Grabski, Paderewski's second successor as premier, was heading the ministry. For two years the government continued and Poland prospered in peace. Again Paderewski reached new heights in music. Then in November, 1925, the ministry collapsed. The following May, there was a *coup d'etat*: Pilsudski became president—that meant dictatorship. Soon there was the question of the Polish Corridor. Paderewski could be silent no longer. With minute care, he prepared his famous "Corridor Speech." In that speech, Paderewski drew a sharp distinction between Prussians and Germans. He praised the Germans; but he denounced the Prussians:

> "The Germans are a very great nation . . . Their contributions to our modern civilization are of the very highest order . . . (The Prussians), a class apart, however ethically related to and having a language in common with Germany, are mentally and psychologically, quite different from the real Germans . . . They (the Prussians) were the principal trouble makers and peace disturbers in that corner of northeastern Europe. Finally, defeated and obliged to recognize the sovereignty of Poland, they could not forget their past and their not too enviable glory . . . Their hatred and their contempt . . . for the Polish nation . . . were practiced as fundamental articles of a political creed. Since 1871, they have endeavored to impose that political creed upon the whole of Germany."

As usual, Paderewski had analyzed the fundamentals of the question then most pertinent to Poland. He, furthermore, anticipated a war. With great vehemence, he declared: "We shall defend ourselves."

But the war came. And Poland was almost helpless. The mighty engine of Hitler began rolling across the plains of Poland. Poland was falling, falling. The territory was seized—but not the government. Members of the government had escaped into France. They asked Paderewski to head the Polish National Council.

At seventy-nine, Paderewski rose out of a sick bed and journeyed from Riond-Bosson to Paris. Nothing was too much for his country. He had been asked to head his country's National Council. Poland wanted him, and he would do what he could. As he delivered his acceptance speech, his voice rang through the air: "Poland will rise again. We incarnate the majesty of Poland's martyrdom." When the Polish people throw off the German yoke, they will have betrayed neither the confidence nor the efforts of their great fellow countryman, Ignace Jan Paderewski.

P. K.

By Nancy O'Brien

I USED to wonder, when Peter and I were youngsters, what kind of a man Peter would be. I could never guess. Peter was like spring weather—he changed.

I knew him well before his family moved East. Mother had lots of folks to be visited, and we got around to Dad's only about every four years. But Peter and I didn't forget each other.

We visited Hampton when Peter was twelve —Mother, Dad, and I. Hampton was a little place with wide, shady streets and paths for sidewalks. The manse was big and homey with a sweep of lawn that extended right up to the back door of Uncle Don's new church. On the inside, the manse was just the same as Uncle Don's manse back home had been. There were crocheted covers on the chair backs, a "God Bless Our Home" motto in old English letters on the wall, and on an old upright piano there were stacks of hymn books. I felt at home in this house with Uncle Don, Aunt Minnie, and Ann. But Peter was changed. I don't think he liked Hampton.

I went with Peter one day to a ball game on the play ground. Then I understood. We came up while the boys were choosing sides. A guy named Dink Murphy was a captain. He stood on third base and held a bat as though he were going to use it as a club. He had big fat lips and stringy hair.

"Am-scra", he said to Peter. "Preacher's kids ain't wanted." He looked at me, "You kin stay if you ain't no P. K.—that's a preacher's kid."

One little kid laughed. "P. K. Peter," he yelled. "P. K.!" He grabbed at Peter's detective badge. "Ain't that yer Sunday School medal, P. K.?"

Peter's face was red. He bit his tongue between his teeth, and his teeth were bright white. He socked that kid so hard that I figured his nose must be broken.

Peter unpinned his badge and put it in his pocket. "Come on, Bob," he said; "no time to fool."

We walked off toward the street. Dink yelled, "Think yer smart, don't cha, P. K.? Better watch out. The Bad Man'll git yer if you ain't good, P. K."

Peter and I walked on, and Peter whistled.

That is how Peter met Dink. That is how Peter came to be P. K. Peter hated that name. It was his disgrace. I think he hated it more because it wasn't his fault. For a while he looked really sick if anyone yelled P. K.

If I had been Peter, I would have steered clear of Dink and his gang. Not Peter. He could not bear to be an outcast. He wanted to please people.

One day Dink was bragging about smashing window lights. He said, "I smashed out four last night. Bet you're skeered to smash window lights, ain't cha, P. K.?"

Peter said, "So you think I'm scared. Well, I'll smash as many as you say."

And he did. Around nine o'clock that night the gang and Peter and I met back of the school. The moon shone on the windowpanes and made them look like giant ice cubes. The snickers of the boys behind the bushes sounded like mice.

Dink whispered, "You gotta smash six!"

Peter had a handful of egg-size rocks. He took a mouthful of air with deliberation. He aimed. He was a good shot. There were six glorious bangs. The rest of the boys began to fade away. But Dink and I watched from behind two little cedar trees. Evidently nobody heard the crashes.

Peter seemed to be having a good time. I wasn't. When he saw that no one was coming, he knocked out three more, as he said, "Just to hear them smash."

Peter didn't even get caught. Nobody squealed, and the incident passed with no effect, except the effect on Peter. He cherished the reputation he began to acquire. Dink was more tolerable to him. He was a "made man."

The next time we visited the manse, Peter was sixteen. He and Dink were pals, and Peter was a leader. He was full of talk about some poker game they had at midnight. To hear him talk, that was the high spot of his senior year. The fellows still called him "P. K." Now Peter regarded it as a term of endearment.

One day I was with Peter down town. A fellow came running after us. He was all out of breath. He grabbed Peter by the arm.

"Say, you," he said; "ain't your mem'ry good?"

Peter scowled. "My memory is as good as the rest of them. You'll get your dough as soon as I get it."

"Listen, Buddy," leered the fellow, "when I bet, I ain't playin' marbles for keeps. It ain't none of my affair how you step up the dough. But, me, I'm waitin' on you. Do I get that dough or not?" His hand was gripping Peter's arm. I could see a circle of red outlined below his rolled sleeve.

Peter said, "Let go of my arm, you rat! I'll give you every cent I have. You won an' I'll pay. But you'll have to wait till I get the rest." He dug into his pocket and produced three wadded bills. I heard some silver jingle, but the tough guy didn't ask for that.

He said, "Oh, payin' up on the installment plan, huh? Well, I don't do business that-a-way. If you wasn't such a sissy-pants, I'd mop up with you. But", he said, snapping a rubber band around the bills and stuffing them in his pocket, "we'll see, Sonny Boy, how the next installment turns out." He scurried up an alley.

Peter said, "Phew! It's a good thing that cop was over yonder. There might have been a brawl."

It was true. A cop had been watching the exchange from across the street. I was glad. For a minute I thought I would have to pay the fellow myself to keep Peter in one piece.

Now Peter had stopped before a pawnshop window. As though he felt my question, he jingled the coins in his pocket and moved on. I saw a watch in the window that looked like Peter's, but Peter's was at the jeweler's. We went on. Farther down the street, Peter dropped his remaining coins into a blind man's hat. I paid his way to the show.

I was not blind. I knew that the congregation knew about "that wild young Peter Kirkman", but I really don't think his father knew. Not that anyone wanted to protect Peter. In fact, some of the parents in the neighborhood would have liked to see him banished to China. But people wanted to protect "The Reverend". Peter took no pains to conceal his escapades. Of course, he didn't smoke around the manse, and he cursed only mildly; but, if his father had questioned him, Peter would have answered unabashed.

Peter's mother didn't know that evil existed—much less that her son indulged in any. She sang hymns around the manse, or made cuttings in the garden for Deacon So-and-So's wife, or baked cakes for the circle meeting. She was so busy with her Sunday School girls and the Ladies' Auxiliary and the Christian Endeavor that she didn't have time to hunt gossip. It wouldn't have mattered if she had. Peter's ideas were becoming definite.

It was during his senior year at Hampton High that Peter made his important decision. He told me about it, and I recreated the scene for myself.

Peter was with Madge Patterson. They were easily the best looking couple in the group, and knowing Peter's gift for puns and wisecracks, I knew that Madge must be the kind of girl who would play up to them—one of those flashing types with enough tact to respond to his good cracks and pass over the bad ones. They were good publicity for each other. They got the publicity, too. I was surprised that Madge should ask Peter, as Peter told me, a question with a real desire for information.

"Peter," she said, "What are you going to be?"

Peter, I think, was surprised, too. He toyed with the glass of punch he was supposed to have gotten for Madge and tried desperately to think up some comical answer which he thought Madge expected. So he raked the truth as best he could, and, taking a gulp of Madge's punch, he said, "The old man wants me to be a shepherd of the sheep."

Peter was amazed that her robust laughter was so genuine. People standing around thought Peter must have made an excellent pun.

She threw back her head and said, "Oh, Pete, you a preacher! That's too funny!"

Then Peter knew that it was not his words, but the idea that amused her. She was laughing at him.

According to Peter, he swore a big, long swear that night that he would never be a preacher. I did not tell him, but I thought it was just as well.

I went home with Peter's problems practically settled in my mind. I had no doubt that he would not be a preacher. I started the fall term in college. Peter went to the University. I got

post cards now and then: once when he became a fraternity member, once when he was on a house party in Maine, once when he was suspended from classes for two weeks, several times when he couldn't ask his father for money for a debt. I sent it, but I knew what the debt was for.

It was easy to imagine Peter's life at the University. I was at a small college, but I knew that Peter would be the same anywhere. I wished that he were different, but I liked him anyway. Everybody did. I felt sorry for his father, though. I knew, too, that it would be a shock to Aunt Minnie when she discovered that her charming, curly-haired Peter was not a righteous youth. I blamed Peter's curly hair for many of his attitudes. Good looks, I always say, are a curse.

I felt years older than Peter. If he had been handy, I would probably have counseled him and reminded him that he was wasting his life—but, of course, he was aware of the fact. He was, nevertheless, spared my counsel until he asked for it. He wrote a letter—an activity unusual for Peter. He implored me to suggest some way for him to let his father down easy. What he really wanted was to do just as he pleased with his father's best wishes and blessings. He was still determined not to affiliate himself with the ministry. I wondered what to tell him. I decided to give him the works. I wrote a long letter and informed him in only a slightly veiled manner that he was "nuts." I told him that he expected to turn down what had been proposed in favor of absolutely nothing. Then I suggested that he find something he wanted to do and prove to his father that it was worth doing.

I wondered if he would understand my plea for his father. Now that I was old enough to see Uncle Don as adults saw him, I realized what a swell guy he was. He was dogmatic concerning his ideas, but the power of that dogmatism in the pulpit, and in his life, justified it. I never knew him to compromise his faith, but I never knew him to be illogical. He was a gentleman. How such a strong man could fail with the wilful childish Peter was a psychological problem which I reserved for some future leisure.

I could not get to Peter's graduation; but I was at the manse when Peter came home with his parents, his degree, and no honors. The arrival was not exactly a merry one. Aunt Minnie went back to see about supper. Uncle Don went up to the study, and Peter, not bothering to take up his bags, piled them all in the front hall.

We talked on the front porch before supper. I sat on the bannisters. He lounged in the swing. It did not take long to discover that he had not followed my advice. I guess it was too much to expect. At first he talked about this and that. He told me that his old pal, Dink, was in the pen for forgery, and that Madge Patterson had eloped with a truck driver. Then he came to the point.

"It'll come up tonight, Bob", he said, "probably when the family is together at prayers." He stopped. I waited.

"I wish I could think of something I wanted to be. I could do anything if I wanted to. I made 'C' in 'Qual' without cracking the book."

I thought that statement was doubtful, but I didn't say so. I didn't deny that Peter was intelligent. Sitting there in the swing, serious for once, he looked like a student. I still say good looks are a curse.

Peter remembered that I had just graduated, too, and said, "By the way, Bob, how did your exams come out?"

"O.K.," I said. "Let's go to supper."

At prayers that night, I expected Uncle Don to mention Peter's future. He's not the kind of a man to put off till the next minute what can be done right now. I watched Peter and his father. Uncle Don had the air of never quite relaxing. The open Bible on his knee balanced rather than rested. His deep set eyes, now on Peter, analyzed rather than observed. I could feel Peter's scrutiny of his father. I could feel indecision in his restlessness. He pushed a big signet ring up and down on his finger. The scene looked only casual, but I felt that something bigger was happening.

Uncle Don spoke. "Peter, read for us." And he handed Peter the Bible.

Peter said, "What?"

"We are reading in Jonah—the first chapter." Peter smiled. His mother might have taken it for a smile of pleasure. I read it for a grin in recognition of irony. The story of Jonah indeed! I knew that Peter was seeing a plotted application—"You see what happened to Jonah when he didn't obey." I knew that Peter thought the allegory was funny.

Peter fumbled around in the prophets and found Jonah. He read in a golden smooth voice like his father's. When he finished, Uncle Don said, "Let us go to prayer."

During prayers my mind wandered. I remembered Peter in knee-pants crawling out the window while his father offered morning prayers. I remembered Dink, waiting outside one morning and yelling "Amen" when prayers were long. I remembered Peter licking gold stars and sticking them on his memory verse card; and I remembered his sister, Ann, crying because he had won more than she.

When prayers broke up, Peter was cheerful. He went out to the kitchcen whistling "My Heart Belongs to Daddy". I went up to the room I shared with him. The room was changed—as Peter had changed.

I was in bed when Peter came in.

"Say," he said, "who's ragging me?"

"Huh?" I questioned.

"I mean the fixings."

He pointed to an ash tray, a deck of cards, a vacant place where a motto used to hang, and a clean place on the wall paper over his old desk. I remembered that a picture of Jesus in the Temple used to hang there.

I grunted and turned over on my back. He grinned and lit a cigarette.

"The humor of my little sister Ann," he murmured.

I turned to the other side and watched him in a mirror. He slouched in a rocker and puffed.

There was a knock at the door.

Peter said, "Come in."

It was his father.

"Well, my boy, taking life easy, I see."

Peter dusted the ashes off his cigarette.

"Yeah," he said.

His father sat down.

Peter had a bright idea. He offered his father a cigarette. His father took it and examined it closely.

"I used to roll my own," he said. "I don't suppose they do that anymore." He handed the cigarette back.

I was shocked. Peter only said, "You did?"

"Yes."

Peter didn't ask a question. His father didn't bother to answer an unasked one. They just sat.

After a while his father said, "Well, what is it, law or teaching?"

"What makes you think I could do law?" asked Peter.

"You speak well, though I doubt your having a legal mind."

Peter let the last one pass. He waited.

"Of course," said his father, "you aren't prepared for anything, just now. You must have some talent, though."

Peter said, "Yes, I have a few talents. Maybe not ten," he laughed. "I can play 'Blueberry Hill' on the trombone. I'm wonderful at pool. And then, I could earn my living with my silver tenor voice."

His father had the grace to overlook his humor. I had the desire to punch him in the nose.

Uncle Don said, "Well, several fields are open; but one, at least, is closed. Don't try the ministry, Peter. You lack the qualifications."

His father got up and went to the door. He came back over to the bed and pulled my cowlick.

"Goodnight, Bobby," he said. He said goodnight to Peter and went out.

Now Peter is twenty-eight. I saw him Sunday. He leaned earnestly over the big polished pulpit, and his golden voice sounded smooth and dogmatic. He spoke on the story of Jonah. He finished, and the congregation bent in silent prayer. There was a benediction, and then the people filled the aisle. I heard a woman say, "Such a fine young man."

I thought of little Peter, of adolescent Peter, of this man Peter. He changed but he was the same.

Reviews

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS, by Ernest Hemmingway.

Three of the four most outstanding American novels of the past year were written by Southerners. They were Thomas Wolfe's *You Can't Go Home Again*, Carson McCullers' *The Heart Is A Lovely Hunter*, and Richard Wright's *Native Son*. The other book, perhaps the greatest of them all, was a war novel, concerning the upheaval in Spain, which now seems to have happened a thousand years ago. *For Whom The Bell Tolls* describes an isolated guerilla engagement, during the civil conflict of a second rate European power. The action covers four days. There are only a few characters. The Spanish civil war has long become insignificant, with all of Europe afire. Yet Ernest Hemmingway saw that this struggle was the overture, the prologue to the whole world revolution. Here, on a small stage, democracy, half idealistic, half corrupt, rent with internal dissension, fell before the machine age of totalitarianism. A great critic has said, "The bell in this book tolls for all mankind."

It is possible that Ernest Hemmingway, who in his *Farewell to Arms* wrote the giant novel of the last war, has here written the saga of democracy's last stand. Hemmingway has been often criticized for the naivete of his theories on life, love, and politics. But there is no naivete in his grim message, which he reveals in a conversation between the American hero, Robert Jordan, and a Spaniard. They have been discussing farm problems, and the Spaniard asks if there are any large farms and factories in America, and if any governmental efforts are made to decentralize and break up the monopolies. Robert Jordan says that so far the increasingly high taxes have proved unsuccessful. The Spaniard says that the big interests in Spain, feeling that democracy would shift into Communism under such rigid restriction, brought on the Fascist Revolution. Jordan says that there are no Fascists in America. The Spaniard replies that there are many people who will discover themselves to be Fascists when the day comes.

The book is more mature in conception than any Hemmingway has previously done. Still writing best of violence, he has begun to deplore it, in practice. But he at last realizes that he is, what another great war novelist, Erich Remarque, predicted that all young men, nourished on war from youth, would be. Ernest Hemmingway joined the Italian army at the formative age of seventeen, was a disillusioned and experienced veteran at twenty, the author of the caustic and unbelievably cynical *The Sun Also Rises* at twenty-five, one of the greatest American stylists of all time at thirty, when he wrote *Farewell to Arms*. He fits the present era, and the present generation (he himself is only forty-two) because like Remarque, he is good only for war, can write only of death, violence, and a rotting civilization. He has symbolized two generations in himself and his writing. But now he feels pity, and even hope. Recurrent wars have made him see that there is, among the simple soldiers, unduped and ignorant of their leaders, ideals and humanity, even in violence. Talking is the only civilized thing they have left; love, eating, sleeping—the basic elements and Hemmingway's favorite topics—are keyed to a war tempo. He believes that war can be noble, because of an ideal, but that the ideal will always be lost.

In his search for some of the ideals that foolish critics have been condemning him for lacking, Hemmingway has lost the support of some of the stylistic critics, who contend that his writing has consequently become muddy. In this book there are at once some of the best and the worst passages, Hemmingway has ever written, but as a whole *For Whom The Bell Tolls* ranks with *Farewell to Arms*. Hemmingway is still at the height of his powers, and with a war to write about, he is better than he has been in ten years. His thirst for violence is satisfied.

His writing is more full of stylistic tricks than ever before. His dialogue, although retaining the clipped, tense qualities of his earlier work, has an appealing awkwardness, because of his literal translation from the Spanish, cleverly catching the quaint rhythms of Spanish provincial speech. His use of obscenity is unique. So too, is Maria, a spiritual character, whose romance is yet told only in physical terms. Yet

the exaggerated Gertrude Stein sentences that Hemmingway uses during the love scenes give these scenes a more than physical significance.

For the first time Hemmingway has created truly great characters. The gigantic Pilar, with all her peasant elementalism, ranks with Dickens' Madame DeFarge. The defeated and broken Pablo, and Joaquin, the charming gypsy, Augustin, grimly stolid, and old Anselmo are alive, individual, vivid as the war around them.

The war. Hemmingway has described the war. He tells of the capture of a Fascist town, and the execution of the Fascists. He tells of a small band, under the leadership of a certain El Sordo, trapped on a little hill, fighting and dying to the last boy. These war scenes rank with any in literature, modern or ancient.

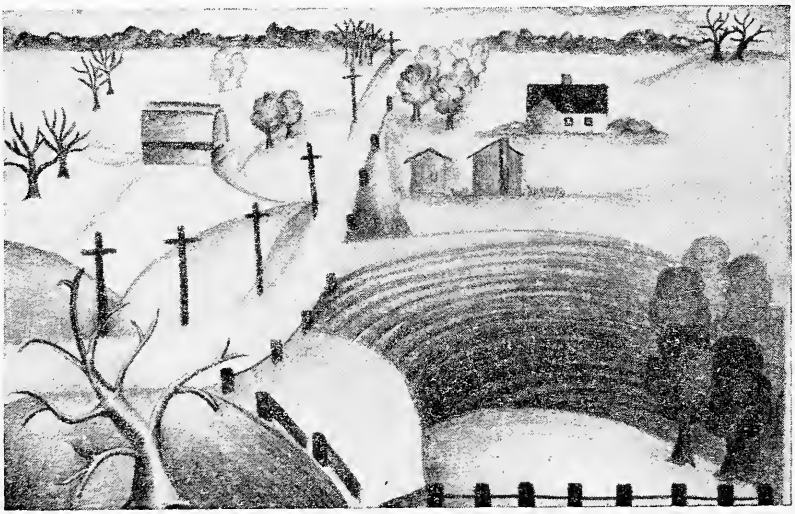
The eating scenes resemble Wolfe's in their sensuory gusto. The minute, photographic descriptions are Hemmingway's alone, as only Hemmingway can do them, vivid examples of a talent which has glorified the name of Ernest Hemmingway before the world.

—M. L. Coit.

You Can't Go Home Again, by Thomas Wolfe.

No, Thomas Wolfe could not go home again. But the "lost" young American of the earlier novels found himself as a man, if not as a writer. In the last book he did not dam his style, concentrate his eloquence, or construct a plot. He was still too gigantic for the conventional form of a novel. Only in death did Thomas Wolfe find his message for America.

You Can't Go Home Again, although not as completely satisfying as his rich masterpiece, *Of Time and The River* ranks with *Look Homeward Angel* in lyric beauty, in characterization, and in fierce, violent action. Lacking some of the most brutal scenes that so often character-



Landscape
by Helen Sharpe

ized *The Web and The Rock* there is an ominous, underlying terror muttering through the last chapters, muttering of the turmoil to come. Thomas Wolfe felt as early as 1934 the approach of the world war that he did not live to see.

In the first part of the book Wolfe visits Asheville. He takes time to paint the characters that he missed in *Look Homeward Angel,* that he forgot in *The Web and The Rock.* With his sinister, decaying Judge Rumford Bland, he has created a character as memorable as Oliver Gant. The average Asheville native today can tell you who Judge Bland is. Wolfe still drew his characters from life, but he got away from his own personal experience, when he described, in the later chapters, the death of a college student from hazing. The citizens of Asheville still recognize their counterparts, however, but they condemn Wolfe no longer. For Asheville, and the people in Asheville, types that walk the streets in all Southern towns, have become immortalized by the man they dared to hate.

And in New York, which could never be home to Thomas Wolfe, whose cafe society of the late nineteen-twenties he characterized more mercilessly than he ever depicted Asheville, the originals of the minor and major personalities at "The Party at Jack's" including Sinclair Lewis and Maxwell Perkins, proudly remember that Wolfe remembered them in his last book.

In the Asheville chapters, showing the flimsiness of paper prosperity, in the New York section where Wolfe shows the weakness of the economic royalists, using as a symbol a skyscraper built on a tunnel, Wolfe revealed a new social significance and awareness, which swept through the chapters on Germany.

No writer ever thrilled to Germany, the dark, old, romantic Germany, more than Thomas Wolfe. His father had German blood, and Thomas Wolfe, with all the sensitivity and passion that characterized his nature, felt the singing gold and velvet black of the nation that has fathered so many Americans. With all the fervor of a man who loved Germany, Thomas Wolfe watched her die, saw the disease that had killed her creeping over Europe, feared that eventually it would infect the United States. The most powerful scene in the book is a railroad journey out of Germany with one refugee, who is captured before he escapes. There is no obvious horror in the incident. But the undercurrent holds much more than horror.

For the first time, Wolfe realized that the world struggle transcended his own personal conflicts. It is of course impossible for a book which has universality and clearly reveals the tenor of the times, to avoid a tone of futility and despair. Yet in his personal triumph Wolfe surged with optimism. He found himself; he found humanity; he found hope. At the end of the book he was happy, yet knew that he was going to die. But even for his country he did not despair. "I think that we are lost in America, but I know that we shall be found," he wrote, before going to "a land more kind than home, more large than earth." He could not go home to the little Southern town which he had made symbolize America; he could not go home to a whole nation, for even America was not large enough for Thomas Wolfe. He has gone home to those other giants, who bestrode America like Titans, Herman Melville and Walt Whitman.

—M. L. COIT.

There is a small book in the library, which every student should give an hour and read. It is a beautiful book, as, for some mystic reason, most books by aviators are. The adequate writing of Douglas Corrigan and Charles Lindbergh, has been developed into great literature by their successors; the spiritual experiences of Byrd at the South Pole, the soaring ecstasies of Amelia Earhart, and the lyric loveliness of Ann Lindbergh and Antoine de Sainte Exupery.

Ann Lindbergh has written *The Wave of the Future.* It is too beautiful a book to succeed in what it means to do. For it speaks in a sane voice to a nation and a world gone insane. But no reason, no sanity has a chance now. If Ann Lindbergh had wanted her message to influence the masses of people she would have disguised her plea in the words of hysterical tyranny, which are the only words that can be clearly heard today.

Her book is for the thoughtful few. It will not change the tide of history. But it may keep a few minds clear in their own thinking. It is the voice of sanity and reason and justice, speaking as the noise of guns drown out the words.

—M. L. COIT.

PEACE

Herr Hitler marching through England,
Gloating, jeering as he goes—
Battered skeletons, barren waste land—
To the victor belongs the spoils.

Mr. Churchill and his Cabinet,
Bringing Germany to her knees—
Choke her, kick her, beat her, starve her—
Another Versailles will bring submission.

—Betsy Saunders.

Lights out—
A Chesterfield fog—
The first stroke of tomorrow,
And "Moon River" comes into its own.
Wistful faces
Scurrying back to reality,
Prompted by a crisp voiced announcer
Putting in a "plug" for a local packing
company.

—Betsy Saunders.

Tenderly I wrote those verses,
Late, angrily, I penned them,
Sure that I had found life's secret
To a publisher I'd send them.

Then almost a year slipped by me.
These my poems lay, forgotten.
Sentimentally, I read them . . .
And, I find that they are rotten!

—Mary Tuttle.

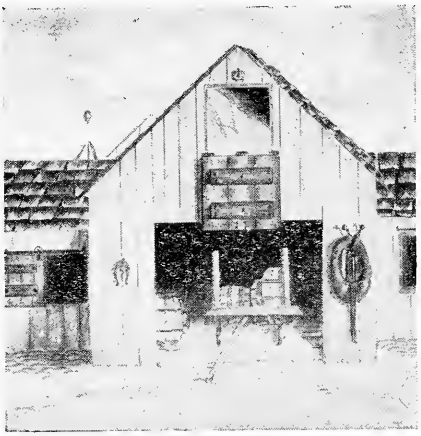
Democracy At Home

The greatest hope for continued and improving democracy in America can be found on the campuses of our universities. The University of North Carolina has a nation-wide reputation for liberalism, and at Chapel Hill students and professors alike have complete freedom of political opinion and thought. But the fraternity and sorority system there prevents the perfect social equality to be found at the Woman's College of The University of North Carolina.

At the Woman's College there is only one standard by which a person is judged. She may be Catholic, Protestant, or Jew. Her parents may be millionaires or on relief. She may be Democrat, Republican, or Independent. She may be Northern, Western or Southern. Her ancestry can be almost anything mentioned in the Ballad for Americans: Cuban, Irish, Scotch, German, English, Chinese, or Italian. But she enters this college on the same footing with her twenty-three hundred other fellow-students. She may fail or become President of the student body. If she succeeds, it will be because of her own personality and perseverance. No obstacles of race, religion, or class stand in her way on this campus. There are no secret clubs, no cliques, no small group who dominates the social and political life on the campus.

The University of North Carolina, in all its parts, shows how hundreds of people from all groups in America can fuse into a completely democratic whole. This college is an example to the entire nation. So long as there are colleges like this one, no pessimist need despair of the future of democracy in the United States.

There are a lot of new "isms" in the world today. And the world today, having destroyed itself, loves to blame the young people, to criticize their supposed radicalism, or lack of morals, and their presumed indifference to the life about them. But so long as young people can live democractically together at a college, there is reason to hope they will continue that way of life, so long as they are allowed to live, after graduation. The young Americans are accused of being reactionary. They are reactionary. They are reactionary enough to believe that the American way in America is still worth "blood and sweat, toil and tears."



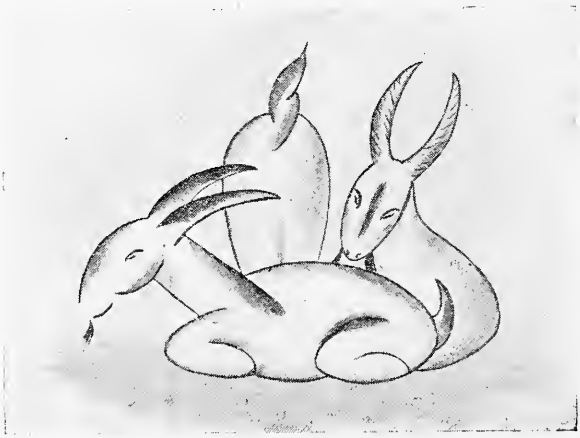
PENCIL SKETCH
by Jane Grace

Harrison Printing Company, Greensboro, N. C.

CORADDI

Student Publication of the
Woman's College of the University of North Carolina
Greensboro, North Carolina

Winter, 1940-41 Volume 45, Number 2



AFTERMATH

"But the past is just the same, —
and the War's a bloody game.
Have you forgotten yet?
Look down, and swear by the slain
of the War that you'll never forget.
Do you remember the rats and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the
frontline trench,
And dawn coming, dirty-white,
and chill with a hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it
all going to happen again?"
Do you remember that hour of
din before the attack,—
And the anger, the blind compassion
that seized and shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard
faces of your men?
Do you remember the stretcher cases
lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads,
those ashen gray
Masks of the lads who once were keen
and kind and gay?
Have you forgotten yet?
Look up, and swear by the green
of the Spring that you'll never forget.

By SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

● *Actual color photograph—Frank Brown, tobacco warehouseman, shows a visitor some fine golden leaf*

GIRL: Mr. Brown, what counts most in a cigarette?

MR. BROWN: Why—it's the tobacco, of course.

GIRL: So that's why you smoke Luckies?

MR. BROWN: Right! And most other independent tobacco experts do, too!

MEN like Frank Brown...who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco...know that Luckies get the finer leaf—and Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember: authoritative tests reveal that for more than 2 years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the 4 other leading brands—less than any one of them.★

You see, Luckies scientifically analyze tobacco samples before buying. So our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow yet milder—low in nicotine content.

For genuine mildness, why not smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Ask for Lucky Strike today!

★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940 Lucky Strike has averaged

9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

With men who know tobacco best_it's LUCKIES 2 to 1