

CORADDI

MEMBER OF NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 32 JUNE, 1928 NUMBER 5

PUBLISHED BY NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Subscription Rate Per Year \$1.50

Grace Wolcott, *Editor-in-Chief*
Marjorie Vanneman, *Assistant Editor*
Jean Harvey, Mary Jane Wharton, Jean Hewitt, *Associate Editors*
Betty Sloan, *Business Manager*
Ora Sue Hunnicutt and Louise Crim, *Assistants to Bus. Mgr.*
Sue Underhill, *Circulation Manager*

Contents

WARNING.....	Dorothy Long
REMEMBRANCE.....	Alpha Gettys
FRAGMENT.....	Fadean Pleasants
RAIN IN THE NIGHT.....	Cecile Lindau
THROUGH THE PARK.....	Annie Lée Blauvelt
YOUR FACE.....	Mary K. Newton
A REQUEST.....	Allene Whitener
AFTER LIGHT.....	Dorothy Long
A SOFT WARNING.....	Anonymous
THE SYMPHONY.....	Allene Whitener
SONNET.....	Cecile Lindau
YOUR KISSES.....	Fadean Pleasants
DREAMS.....	Marjorie Vanneman
SPIRIT BATH.....	Eloise Banning
FOR A PEDANT.....	Fadean Pleasants
THE RICE BIRDS ARE HERE.....	Ruth Bellamy
To ———.....	Alpha Gettys
THE FLAME UNQUENCHABLE.....	Jean Hewitt
SPRING.....	Ruth Bellamy
To T. T. G.....	Annie Lee Blauvelt
BURIAL.....	Marjorie Vanneman
FORGETTING.....	<i>Anonymous</i>

Warning

I know a birch tree,
Slender and cool,
Shining in the night-time
By a moonlit pool.

If you go near it,
Quickly depart.
I stopped, enchanted, once,
And left my heart.

Dorothy Long, '29.

Remembrance

You laughed aloud at my weak efforts to escape,
And only held me closer.
Perhaps you knew—you always seem to know—
I didn't really want to go.
But I must struggle.

The grass was dripping with the hour-old dew,
And up above a moon hung like a great mirror
On Heaven's Wall.
You called it a boat—you always do—
Why must you think of these—ships, the seas?—
They're so restless—never being still—
But so are you.
One thing can hold you such a little while.

Perhaps even now you have forgotten—that night!
Do you remember the old felled tree,
The sound of the crowd below us
After we'd climbed the hill?
And the will-o'-the-wisp light that led us upward—
Always out of sight?

You jested—half serious, and I—I jested, too,
'Twas only afterward that I remembered heaven.
Did you, too—or was it—
Just a night—to you?

Alpha Gettys, '28.

Fragment

Nothing that is mine finds me with surprise;
Beauty unforeseen comes sure, quietly,
As when I, hill-born, first beheld the sea
With love for it, an old light in my eyes;
Nor did I find it strange and new to rise
To hear my first Beethoven symphony,
And others, then, that were to set me free
From restlessness, and lift me, strong and wise.

As surely as I know that warmth of sun
To which I hold my hands this green, spring day,
And warmth of my young body's blood are one,
So surely do I know that there's no way
Of Beauty that's a strange way to the feet
Of me who am a pulse in her heart-beat.

So when you came, though I had never known
Before how close you lay beneath my heart,
I knew at once that you had been a part
Of me always, that I just then had grown
Clear-eyed enough to see. When I had gone
Those nights, crying and groping through the dark,
It was for you I searched, too lonely, stark,
To know that you and I were not alone.

Alone? Yet we are not two merged in one;
It's just that somewhere in myself I end
And you begin. I don't know how to run
A boundary. My weakness seems to send
Fierce strength a-coursing through your veins, and when
Your strength ebbs outward, I am strong again.

“How strange it is,” these people think of me,
“That she has grown so different of late”—
For like a closed flower that seems to wait
A touch of sun and wind to set it free,
My petals, too, have opened suddenly.
“Perhaps it’s only that some lovely fate
Has called from sleep beauty with her innate
That we could not look deep enough to see.”

Thus do they look at me and fail to see
What you and I alone so surely know:
That all my loveliness is drained from me,
I am an empty husk if you should go.
And so I smile secretly, very wise,
I know whose beauty’s shining through my eyes.

Fadean Pleasants, '28.



Rain in the Night

Not the dainty pitter-patter of the raindrops of the day,
Which come singing down upon the earth with happy songs and gay,
Which come tripping down upon the earth with light footsteps
and free,
Which just tumble down, and play around, and dance so merrily.

No, the raindrops of the night come down with gentler, softer tune;
They come down and sing a song of rest, a lullaby they croon,
And their slow and silvery voice of calm and peace I like the best,
For it brings me dreams, it brings me sleep, it brings me blessed rest.

Cecile Lindau, '30.



Through the Park

The pines whispering to the breeze,
The trickle of water about to freeze.

The pale, dim curtains of the mist
Soothing the world with a cool, damp kiss.

The silver blanket of the snow
Shining cold in the pale moon's glow.

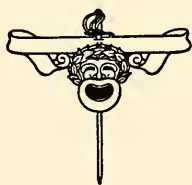
And you stood there so tall and still—
Life was made for love to fill.

Annie Lee Blauvelt, '30.

Your Face

Sometimes you sit for hours doing nothing, looking at nothing, apparently thinking of nothing. But why that merry gleam in your eyes? Why the tiny smile which hovers about the corners of your mouth? Are you planning some naughty prank, or is it merely Spring in your veins? If so, why do your eyes suddenly grow dark, your smile vanish, and your brow twist itself into a mass of wrinkles? 'Twas but a wind-blown cloud, pausing momentarily before the sun in its flight across the sky. It has passed. Lights begin to twinkle in your eyes. You laugh. You hum. You get up and go about the day's work. You do not know that I have seen.

Mary K. Newton, '31.



A Request

Beauty, wilt thou be my master,
Teach me things I ought to know,
Show me paths that I may follow,
Paths that others do not know?

Beauty, wilt thou be my teacher,
Pointing out as we go,
Showing in each bush and flower,
Souls of friends I ought to know?

Beauty, wilt thou be my lover,
Teaching me to love thy light,
Helping me commune forever
With thy spirit and thy might?

Beauty, wilt thou be my friend,
Helping me along the way,
Lending ever help and friendship
As I struggle on each day?

Allene Whitener, '28.



After Light

I would not be longing for you,
If you had never come.
Darkness, where light is unknown,
Is small cause for distress;
But you lit a candle of love for me,
Then blew it out again,
And the dark is loneliness.

Dorothy Long, '29.

A Soft Warning

A soft wind sneaks from the mimosa trees;
And fans my cheek, and tangles my hair;
And whistles to me as it flees
Pell-mell through the rose-bushes there.

And when I think the soft wind has gone,
Leaving me in the garden all alone,
He sneaks quickly, shyly back again
To patter on my back lightly like rain.

Anonymous.



The Symphony

Soft, long, white hands
Sweeping up and down,
Hesitating, then reclining,
Directing almost with a frown.

Short, long, quick notes
Ripple from violin bow,
Eagerly and gladly
Into the symphony go.

Allene Whitener, '28.



Sonnet

When I behold a tiny acorn fall
Upon the earth, where it will hibernate,
I smile to hear the rough wind's mocking call
That he did sever seed from tree—kind fate!
He does not realize 'tis for the best,
And that he gives the freezing one a cloak
By giving to the seed a place to rest,
That later it may grow to be an oak.

So shall my love for you increase and grow,
Though they who part us think its life to take;
But distance is as winter, and I know
That from an acorn they an oak shall make.
On love for you shall my daylight depend,
And thus my days shall be days without end.

Cecile Lindau, '30.



Your Kisses

They are such naked little kisses
That you leave upon my face,
So I always lift my hands
To cover up the place.

They are so much alive, you see,
And shine so nakedly,
That I must clothe them first
For proper folk to see.

Fadean Pleasants, '28.

Dreams

A little boy stood by the railroad track and watched
The train go puffing and steaming around the hill.
"It would be great," he thought as it disappeared,
"To swing on that train and go travelling into the blue,
Away to the sea, where the ships sail into the blue."

* * *

He wistfully sighed, as the train drew up and stopped
At the end of the line, only twenty miles away.

Marjorie Vanneman, '29.



Spirit Bath

My soul has been dipped in the stars tonight,
And my heart has been sprinkled with dew.
The stars were bits of your soul light,
The dew was the tears of you.

Eloise Banning, '31.



For a Pedant

By the size of every word
He measures' his mouth-space,
And before he makes a sound
He fixes all his face.

He knows well how he will look
With his words marching out—
This line here, and that line there,
And sureness all about.

O! I should like to shake him
Into a strange surprise,
And show him to a mirror
And see his startled eyes!

Fadean Pleasants, '28.



The Rice Birds Are Here

Yellow skimming rice birds,
Dipping to the ground,
Swooping swiftly up again,
Flitting soon adown,
Who has taught you rhythmic grace,
Who has shown you how
To fall like golden autumn leaves
From your perches on the trees
In a charming bow?

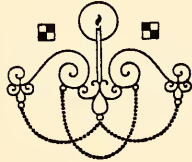
Ruth Bellamy, '28.

To _____

And is there nothing more left to be said?
Will we two meet now just as others do?
The fire which yesterday flamed at my slightest touch
Is quite dead?

And I shall be—just any one—to you?
And will you never in a sudden glance
Remember all the old familiar ways and moods?
Will you forget—these, too?
Perhaps we neither ever understood.
But it is late—old dreams, dead fires are both such
useless things.
You're going now?—And you'll forget?
Would God I could!

Alpha Gettys, '28.



The Flame Unquenchable

If I were queen and you were king,
Our love would be a pretty thing.
We'd quiet sit upon a throne
With one whole kingdom for our own,
And men would smile on us and say,
" 'Twere good to be as glad as they."

But since my frock is shrunk and torn,
And your poor, patient hands are worn;
Since we must sometimes go unfed
Who labor for our daily bread,
Men sigh and pass, and cannot know
How gladder than the gods we go.

Jean Hewitt, '30.



Spring

Now spring has come
Like a timid maiden,
Shy before a staring world,
Looking through her lacy, leafy window,
Longing for her heart to blossom
In a tender flower
Of summer love.

Ruth Bellamy, '28.

To T. T. G.

A golden-headed poplar tall you stand,
Against the pines so straight and still and dark,
A contrast light against them like a spark.
The birds fly high to miss your head so grand,
But yet find happiness within your hand.
From erratic flight they find their mark.
You see night's somber arrow find its mark
And catch and give the dying sun to man.

I am a scrub pine standing near your base
Who longs to stretch and see the things you see;
Yet I can see, down very near your place,
A thousand things that you can never see,
A tiny lit of crinkled green moss lace,
The earth, the grass, a flower, and a bee.

Annie Lee Blauvelt, '30.



Burial

Bury me not when I am dead
With two gray stones at my feet and head,
And a basket of roses upon my breast—
'Here lies one who has gone to rest.'
Place me instead on a bier of fire,
With the flames licking up and the sparks flying higher,
Higher, and up to the very sky
On a windy night with the stars rustling by.

Marjorie Vanneman, '29.



Forgetting

The way your lean, brown hand
Clasped mine when first we met,
Your voice, your smile, your very
Face I shall forget—
 Ah, to forget
 Would be quite wise
 If I could forget
 The grey of your eyes.

Anonymous.