




MARCH 1943

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UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA



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WHERE A CIGARETTE COUNTS MOST
It's Chesterfield

Caught in the early stages of spring fever are Margaret Robbins, sophomore, and Duane Beezley, United States Navy, on the wall in front of the Administration Building. (Photograph by Margaret Grantham)



C O R A D D I

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SATURDAY NIGHT FLING

Mary Tuttle

B R E A K I N G C R O U N D

When young *Duane Beezley* was introduced to Doctor Jackson as someone who was soon to be on CORADDI front, Doctor Jackson pondered a moment, then smiled broadly, shook hands with genial Duane, and said, "Young man, I expect that is just as dangerous a front as the Navy can give you!" Duane hails from Paonia, Colorado, long famous for their "bing" cherries which the smiling sailor assured us will cover a half dollar if they are cut open. He said that the name used to be Peony, but they changed it because they thought it too "flowery."

Jean Jorgensen exasperates but enchants her professors with her poetic prose. When a formal essay is announced, *Jean* turns up with something anything but formal like *No Longer Bound*, but showing such a beautiful command of words that they are handed back to her with the note "Excellent. Now could we have a formal essay?" inscribed in the corner. She is known among her classmates as a girl who can read a mighty pretty fortune in the cards and wield a very pertinent tongue in favor of tolerance for the Japanese people.

Tiny Judy Butler is new to the staff, but well known on campus and in the English department for her keen analysis shown in her meaty, almost masculine essays. She and *Hal March*, who is new also, conducted a campus opinion poll for this issue.

Editor *Margaret Jones* comes through in this issue with two widely different contributions. Both the short story, "*I Ain't Talkin'*," and the essay, *How to Tell About People*, reveal her insight and versatility, with the story showing the psychological impact of frustration on a Negro's mind, and the essay "telling about people" with the whimsical philosophy of the author emerging gayly.

Frances Glaze's Gray Rock was inspired by a dream that disturbed her so profoundly that she had to write a story. Frances graduates this spring, but she does not plan to lose touch with the literary; for she is hoping to work in a publishing house in Nashville, Tennessee.

Lea, or "*Buzzie*," *Bailey* has been termed an aesthete; certainly she is acutely sensitive in her

approach to *Remember Winter*. She is not new to the ranks of aspiring poets, for she has been a reader as well as writer of verse for years. She is said, for ultimate proof, to have her dates read her poetry on a summer's night.

The staff is proud to present a full page of the poems of the new president of student government, *Nancy Kirby*. Incongruous though it may seem, our poet-president is equally at ease in either role, and we silently pray that the exigencies of office will not prevent her from presenting us poems like these next year.

The excerpts from letters in *From Camp to Campus* were selected and compiled by *Nancy Kirby* and *Joan Flanagan* from real letters. At first, the girls interviewed thought CORADDI was hitting a new low and striving to imitate the pulp "mags" and print all of their most lurid love letters, but the girls convinced them that there was no desire to probe into the love-lives but the idea to share the amusing incidents in their letters that might not get any further than the girl down the hall.

Jane Bready shows us a different facet of her varied talent with the short story, *Song Without Words*, in which she handles the abnormal. The story is a combination of decadence and dignity, taking a different twist from her other stories, and showing definite versatility in the handling of situation and mood. This story and *Pretty Girl*, which was published in the Fall issue, have been selected for entry in a national contest for short stories.

Biz Dilts, who has contributed poetry to CORADDI, breaks ground with her dramatization of a girl's mind as she receives a letter, *Contents Noted*. *Biz* has the English department gnashing its teeth because she is a home ec. major. *Biz* likes intelligent people, cream of mushroom soup, and the feline whispers about speakers in chapel.

The frontispiece, *Saturday Night Fling*, is the work of *Mary Tuttle*, a senior art major who seems to have been blessed by the gods, for she is equally good in the fields of philosophy, psychology, and writes verse that delights the souls of the English professors. P. S. We like them too. See next issue of CORADDI.

SONG WITHOUT WORDS

By Jane Brady

Margaret could remember the first time she had gone to Gordon's. It had been winter and the lawn was mouldy and sallow. The house itself was on a rise, its gingerbread work fringing the porch, a clean porch with no chairs. Stepping over the threshold, she had felt welcome and she had smiled as she spoke to Gordon.

And yet the house itself lacked all the things that make a house comfortable. Antiques posed all over the rooms, darkness drained at the windows, somber colors misted everything. There was a piano with sprawling legs and a tiny clock that pinged out the quarter hours as if it were irritated with the passing of time. Shadows filled the folds of the drapes and the back rooms sounded empty. The whole house quivered with decorum and strange silences.

And then there was Letha, quiet and strange. She moved in swift little jerks among the antiques, making you wonder how she kept from breaking them—of if she cared. Yet, when you heard her voice whisper rustily, you could tell that she cared. Letha had been there that night. Letha was always there. Letha with the dark shadow on her upper lip, a shadow for which her beauty couldn't compensate. Braided Letha from Oak Street, with the spindly legs and a kind of beauty. Margaret supposed it was beauty. She couldn't tell exactly.

Letha and Gordon made a strange pair. He was so human—so genuinely nice. Gordon, the last of a line of Gordons, drawing Brahms from the piano or pounding "Boogie Woogie" into it—leading a life planned for him by other generations—fermenting in the old house—aging in wood. Immaculate Gordon in white shirts and tweeds. It was all so easy and calm. His homely face always managed to gleam pink and cleanshaven, especially in contrast with Letha. And Letha was always there for contrast.

It was hard to understand. Almost any night you could find them there—and find him relaxed on the piano stool, and her perched on a chair opposite, looking at him. And you wondered if they had been talking. Once he had been playing for her. He was flushed and a little excited. Margaret liked him better in the old role, complacent, genial.

Anyway, Letha always just sat there, casting a possessive net over their side of the room—just sitting there, smiling once in a while, apparently not knowing that there were others present. Gordon paid no more attention to her

than he did to the tortoise shell cat, yet he wanted her there. You could tell how he felt about it. She seldom took her eyes off him except to stare at her folded hands. Once in a while he'd look at her, long—expressionless—and then turn abruptly away. Letha didn't seem to mind. Once he called her "Hussy," softly, not meanly. It seemed almost as if he were saying "Darling." Other than that, he never called her anything, not even Letha.

After some time, Margaret got so she didn't notice, just as she didn't notice the antiques and the stare of the woman in the portrait over the mantel. Letha became just like part of the furniture, a shop-worn doll that spoke when you jolted her—just a little dark woman with a shadow on her upper lip.

People wondered about them, wondered where Letha came from and how she came to be there so much. Gordon went out with other girls, occasionally—not much, but as often as he liked. Sure, he was the kind of man a girl is glad to be seen with. But Letha stayed, being hostess to his parasitic friends who gratefully ignored her. She stayed, waiting for Gordon to come home. Then he would come in, smiling hesitantly at her and greeting all his guests. Some people even thought they might be married. Margaret knew they weren't. She could tell when people were married by the way their eyes looked when they met. And Gordon looked almost self-conscious.

They went on like that for months—long enough for people to become bored with the issue and turn to whispering about their other friends. There were several times when the old subject had been brought up—when Bill, a newcomer, had asked, "Well, who in hell is this Letha, his sister?" and when Pod had got tight one night and brought Letha her coat to go home in his car. Other than those few times, things ran smoothly. Everyone stopped talking and just explained, "His mistress, you fool," when the subject came up. It gave them an earthy, sophisticated feeling to say the word—the s's spit from between their teeth. Margaret knew. She as well as the rest of them had said it enough. Everybody knew about it somehow.

Life at the old house flowed by as usual—the slow evenness of dignity—the charming people who came—the things they talked about—and the beautiful food. On rainy nights, Gordon played for them, when it snowed they made egg nog, and times they just talked. Gor-

don was so generous. Always Letha was there, silent, smiling occasionally, adoring Gordon.

And then he had gone away. The town was insufferable with hot, humid days piling up one on the other. It was bad enough for the boys who worked, but Gordon had nothing to keep his mind off it. His friends diagnosed "Wanderlust" and sent him off for the only antidote. He didn't say when he would return. Maybe he didn't know. Letha sat in the house alone the night before he left, waiting for him to come in from his date. They knew. They had dropped by, and she had been waiting when they left. Alone. Small dark girl waiting in the house alone, waiting for Gordon to come. Margaret wondered what was to happen to her while Gordon was out of town.

* * *

When Gordon returned a month later, the crowd turned out to welcome him back. He had gained weight, looked well, and seemed happy. The house was gay that night, gayer than it had ever been before. But Letha wasn't there. Nobody knew what had happened to her—nobody asked. But not even the cat sat in the yellow chair.

The house became gayer in the weeks that followed—ablaze with lights, throbbing with music and laughter and life. The music was louder, the drinks stronger, the hours later. The ginger-breaded porch and the ball fring on the dining room drapes passed unnoticed. People came early and stayed late, while before they had come and gone early. Until one night . . .

It was late, and everybody had wandered home except Margaret and Ed. It must have been the drinks. Ed had never liked Letha anyway. His voice grated shrilly, and cigarette ashes had sifted onto the front of his shirt.

"Damn, Gordon. I knew I had something to tell you. Thought I saw an old cast-off of yours in Hillton last week—at the Hillton Hotel there on Church street. Hell-of-a-hot night, you know. Thought I'd get a pint. Anyway—thought I saw the old girl there. It looked like her—standing there by the door. God knows, I've never seen another woman with a beard like that. Heh! Heh! Wonder what she was doing in that part of town. Huh! Or maybe I shouldn't . . ."

That was enough. Gordon's pink face turned grey and he bit his lower lip. His neglected cigarette burned down to a stub in the ash tray while he stared at the wall opposite. The conversation died, and they left quickly. When Gordon took them to the door, he said nothing, just stared and nodded. Margaret thought she saw his chin quiver. She couldn't tell. It was such a weak chin. Ed talked loudly all the way to the car.

And then Margaret realized. She had left the keys on the mantel. She could visualize them there as she had left them, one almost spilling over the edge. Pausing, she pivoted slowly and faced the

house. The moon gleamed on the walk and porch steps, making them look white. She couldn't send Ed back. She'd have to go herself.

Leaving the car, she found herself at the steps sooner than she expected—as if she had been lifted over the lawn and placed there at the foot of the steps with her hand on the newel post. The house had never looked so empty, almost as if it should have a "For Sale" sign on it. And the lights were out already. As her foot touched the first step, a muffled chord rumbled through the walls. She could feel it vibrate through the wooden steps and tingle in the bottom of her foot. The song was familiar—vaguely reminiscent—the way a lullaby you remember from childhood is reminiscent.

It was Gordon—Gordon playing as she had never heard him play before. She could imagine him there in the dark—poised at the piano, running his long fingers over the keys. He always looked up, ahead of him when he played. Margaret couldn't remember what it was he looked at. But to-night there was violence in his playing, as if he could drain all his desire for Letha out through his fingers. Margaret shuddered. It was the naked soul of a man playing a piano, the body of that man shoved away in the dark shadows of the house—and his soul at the piano. For several minutes she stood there, not moving. Then abruptly, the music ended on a dischord, and the house was silent again.

She ran back to the car. Ed was there as she had left him, slouched in the front seat, mumbling into his collar.

"D'ya gettum?"

"Get out. We're walking home."

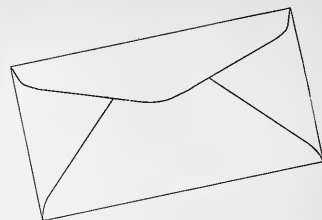
"What?"

"We're walking home," she said, going out into the street. Ed stumbled behind her and caught at her arm. Turning around, tears gleaming on her cheeks under the light, she looked at him a long time as a hard laugh came through her throat. Then she said it. "Ed. Oh, Ed. You poor drunk. You stupid, measly—stinking—s-s-sot!" He chuckled and then laughed. They both laughed—standing there under the street light—he stupidly—she hysterically—laughing there under the street light—the two of them—laughing.



Katherine Sledge

C O N T E N T S N O T E D



By Elizabeth Dilts

She decided to be nonchalant about it all. Tuesday, she had carefully calculated, was the earliest she could have possibly expected an answer—but that was unlikely, because it meant he would have to write the day he received her letter. Well, he hadn't done that. It was Thursday now, and there must be something—but if he'd been very busy it wouldn't be till perhaps Saturday, or even Monday. He'd be thinking of her anyhow. He'd said once that it took a lot to make him stop thinking of her. She leaned over and peered into her mailbox. Something for her boxmate, probably, she told herself. Don't hurry; don't fumble so with the key. Think how it'll hurt if it is for her. She controlled her hands to keep them from hurrying, her heart to keep it from pounding in her ears. Moving so slowly it ached, she emptied the box. There were three letters. She thrust one back and closed the little door. Control was not so hard now. It was easy to walk over to the battered trash can and drop the business-school mailing piece into it, easy to slip the long gray envelope into her notebook and hold her hand against it for a moment.

She left the post office and walked to the library, her fingertips in the notebook against the letter. She went up to the third floor of the stacks. The room was empty and dim, light from the north windows thrusting experimental fingers between the metal racks of books. She pushed a rickety chair between two cliffs of 600 volumes and settled in it.

She didn't want to open it right away. She decided not to read it but once—well, twice, maybe; then she would put it in the back of a drawer instead of carrying it around in a book. It made her feel tired inside to read them when she already knew them by heart. She rubbed the glued edge with her index finger, the way he must have done it when he sealed it. This is very silly, she told herself. You're completely out of character. You're being absurdly theatrical. Her finger slipped under the flap and carefully ripped the gray edge. She grasped the folded pages and lifted them part-way out of the envelope, then slowly pushed them back. This would be exactly the way he'd done it. No one but them had touched it. She smiled a little at the thought. You're being that way again, she rebuked herself, the smile crooking ironically.

Slowly, as though she were drinking rare wine, she unfolded the letter. I'll read it through very fast, she decided, then I'll miss some things and they'll be new on the second reading. Her eyes raced over the angular forehand lines. She thought of the funny way he wrote, left-handed with his wrist curved above the paper. Suddenly she turned the pages over and reread them, slowly and avidly, the way she had been going to all along.

As she folded them again and slid them into the envelope, she smiled dreamily at the book nearest her. It was a Text Book of Pharmacognosy. She wondered what Pharmacognosy was. She put the letter back into her notebook, still smiling faintly, and looked at the word again. She'd have to tell him about it in her next letter.

WINTERSPUN

*If you were here now, in this quiet room,
Beside me and loving me and beautiful,
I would not stare into the fire, or silence
Keep, seeing it in the snow outside,
Or sit with my face in my hands, musing
On the meaning of things and my thoughts
And my dreams of if-you-were-here.
So long, so long have I imagined
You here and holding me in the dark
And fire gold on our faces and us
Silence keeping with this place and the snow
Outside, so much have I longed and wept
At my heart's knowing you were here, and
My lips smiling up to kiss the air warm
And then before the fire—
This longing so long so strong has grown
Within me, that if you were here,
If you would come into this room and break
Its silence with a word,
I would close my eyes, and know that I had died.*

—NANCY KIRBY.

TRESPASS

*Think you of the night who walk there,
Down the path between the maples,
Where the stars sob down their tears
And the moon's light weeps its silver.
Hear the rustlings and the whispers
Murmur through the tips of grasses,
Sighing from beneath the water
Lispings in the tongues of rushes.*

*You walk the way enchanted there,
Lightly step lest you should crumble
The lace of web stretched on the ground,
Lest you fall against a white dream
Blended in the tears of lightness.
Look about you and tread not where
Dark and frail grow tender hearts
Rooted in the stuff of night and silver.*

—NANCY KIRBY.

I WEEP FOR THESE

*I stand here, the winter cold around,
Within me, and cloud curtains hanging
Heavy and gray, hanging heavy
The grief within me, over the clear
Sky of my joy. I stand here in the street
And weep and my tears are frozen
By the wind across my face.*

*I weep not for the absence of birds,
Nor for the ice-stilled river. Nor yet
Do I weep for all now dying and
The sound of their crying. Nor for
All the dead and dying on the ground
And under the sea and on the salt sea
And all the dying, falling blind
From the high skies, my tears cold
On this winter day are not for all these.*

*I weep not for all these, not all,
Not for those who dumbly fall and
Passively give away their piece of life,
These bring no tears running cold down my face.*

*I weep for those who laughing come to die,
Who laughing run and scream inside and
I weep for those who weep inside and
Wait and hate and hate to die.
I stand here cold in the street
And gladly, gladly weep tears
For the wind to freeze, and I weep
Today for the poets who die
With songs unsung within them
And laughter growing and tears unwept within
them.*

—NANCY KIRBY.

NO LONGER BOUND

By Jean Jorgensen

So they named you before them

For courage and valor in action.

And in the land

There was the sound of pride in their marching.

And in the churches

They spoke your name from the pulpits

As the music thundered eternal crescendos.

And on a darker continent

The airmen stand—

They who knew you, stand to drink a toast,

They hold their glasses high

But I, my love, am free at last.

There is no pattern that can bind me now.

I shall follow the path of the long ships that sail through the heart of the typhoon and out upon Oriental seas. I shall stand, leaning upon the rail, to watch the sampans fleeting homeward in our wake; and there will be a ragged junk ahead with a great crimson sail and the smell of fish rising from its hold.

I shall walk through a Chinese bazaar, through the crowds and the curious glances; and in a tiny stall down a twisted lane I shall see two merchants haggling long over a piece of silver brocade, their faces intent, their voices raised in anger.

I shall climb the marble steps to the Altar of Heaven. It will be midnight, with the stars crowded close to the land—and the land itself dark beneath me. I shall hear the slow murmur of the centuries and listen to the ghosts of multitudes, praying in the night for rain.

I shall sleep in a golden pavilion, set in a pond of drifting water lilies. I shall cross the arch of a moon bridge to reach my room; and fall in weary abandon on high piled quilts of snow white silk. In the flaming dawn I shall awake refreshed.

I shall hold wrought jade in my hands. It will be cool and ageless to my touch.

All this I wanted
All this I might have had
 But that you took my hand and led me out
 Across a high plateau in early spring.
I lay upon the grass
To watch the clouds above
 But you laughed and pulled me up to you.
 Stay here with me, you said,
 Here in the tall, clean hills of Vermont,
 And you will be far happier.
Again, after you had gone
I might have left
 Except that when we said goodbye—
 Will you be here when I return, you asked?
I stayed
And now I need no longer wait.

My love,
In a deserted Chinese village
There is a grave,

While in your quiet hills
The rain weeps softly
Through the dusk.

Is it strange
Where you are, my love,
Alone and apart?

Perhaps it is best to remain,
To listen to the rain upon our roof
 Remembering that in the churches
 They have spoken your name,
 And there were some who prayed.



"I AIN'T TALKIN'"

By Margaret Jones

The late September sun streaked the tobacco dust in a long dash in front of Tump's eyes. The dust burned his eyes, and he sneezed into the pile of leaves that he was grading. Loyd was tying tobacco across the room from him. He was looking for a good tying leaf, and Tump could hear the rough sandy sound of the leaves.

"Tump, dat air leaf at yer big foot is wuth a five dollar bill," Loyd said.

As Tump stooped to pick up the leaf, he saw Miss Mary, his landlord's daughter, walking past the pack barn with her fox terrier. He saw that she had on a flimsy dress and that her white legs shone bright in the September sun.

"Giv' ya best gal for shins as white as them, wudn't ya, Tump?" Loyd said.

"I ain't a saying."

"Or air ya complainin' any 'bout ya color?" Loyd said.

Tump did not speak this time.

Loyd laughed a long, throaty laugh. "Eee-yuh-yuh—" The laugh rang clean across the wide meadow that stretched in front of the pack barn door.

Tump did not laugh. He spat into the middle of a round cow dung under the pack barn porch.

Things settled quiet around the barn then. There was only the rough sound of the leaves being swept through the long black fingers. Tump stopped grading and started tying the long yellow leaves in full bundles.

A flicker bird swung outside on a hickory limb. Tump shifted his head to one side and listened. He hoped Loyd would not open his mouth again about that gal talk.

Somehow the tobacco wasn't looking good. There had been a long dry spell during the summer; and Mr. Owen, the landlord, had thought it was ruined. But there had come a rainy week, and the crop had just armed-out. It looked dirty green around the stems now.

They were going to sell soon. Tump already felt the green bills between his fingers. He wished he had a car—like Loyd. He would like to buy one fair—not have to steal it as Loyd had done. If he had a car, maybe he could get a gal and go riding some Saturday night.

Loyd started talking again. Loyd talked almost all the time.

"I'se gwine take Sal out soon's I get ma tobacco money—show her the hot spots."

Tump did not say anything. He just sat there.

"How many gals you got, Tump? Is they worrin' ya too much fer ya sorry hide?"

Tump's fingers twitched on the bundle of tobacco that he was tying. He would not look at Loyd. Tump knew pretty well how things were with him. He knew that one of his legs was kind of draggy and that his eyes were not much good. When he walked, he had to drag that leg and tilt his head to one side so he could see straight ahead. Girls never liked him much. Last month, there had been that girl across the

river. Her name was Mellie Bennett, and her eyes were big and she wore a red dress that curved all around. Now, she wouldn't see him any more. He had heard her saying to her Ma one night, "I ain't carin' if'n he is a good workin' man, Ma. It ain't enuf."

"Ya gal's don went an lef you, ain't she?" Loyd said. "Eee-yuh-yuh—"

Tump spat out into the dirt.

"Eee-yuh-yuh," Loyd said, "ya gal's done went an lef ya."

His deep laugh echoed across the pasture like the train running around the river bend on a foggy night. Tump wanted to hit Loyd in the mouth with all the strength in his knotty knuckles. He reached down for a leaf and held on tight to the chair rung.

"Yee ain't a talkin', air ya? Ya niver say anything, do ya, Tump—Naw, ya ain't a talkin'."

Tump tied his bundle of tobacco so tight that the tying leaf split in two with a loud tearing sound. He reached for another leaf, and again Loyd laughed across the pasture.

Loyd was what Mr. Owen called a "sorry nigger." He sneaked off at nights and helped some folks across the creek sell moonshine liquer; and on the way home he stopped at people's chicken yards. The next morning Loyd would cook chickens for dinner. And he would laugh about it. He never got caught.

Loyd was showy, and he always got along with the girls. Tump sometimes hated him. He hated him now. Loyd was always bragging. Tump hated that too—

* * * *

It was early that night when Tump heard Loyd drive by his house in the car. Tump wondered about Loyd coming so early. He turned over in his bed and pulled the quilt up over his head.

The next morning Tump was coming up through the pasture from the creek where he had been to his catfish traps when he saw Loyd coming down from the pack barn. Tump's string of catfish swung back and forth against the broom sedge. His hand tightened on the string of fish when he saw Loyd coming.

"Mornin', Tump. Been fishing, air ya? Trap 'em in the creek so they can't git away and then eat 'em, don't ya? They ain't got a chance with anyone as smart as you, 'av they?" said Loyd.

His deep laugh came, resounded in the cool of the morning air.

"Mornin'," Tump said.

"Boy, you shouda seen me last night. We sold nearly seven gallons of likker. I'm going back Saturday night 'cause some gals is coming from over the river. We're gonna cut a shine, I'se a telling you," Loyd said.

"Ain't ya scared of the law?" Tump said.

"Naw, eee-yuh-yuh. I ain't never been caught fer nothin' yit," answered Loyd.

And he laughed and laughed.

"Jess so I can fool 'em I'm a gonna walk over there tonight—leave ma car ter home," he said.

Tump watched Loyd walk off down through the pasture. He watched him lurch from side to side in play. He stood there in the path and kicked a flint rock with his toe. In front of him a bunch of purple-top grass shone with dew. Then, just beyond the grass his eye caught the sharp sparkle of metal. He walked over and pushed the grass back; he stooped and picked up a key attached to an old leather strap.

It was Loyd's car key.
 "Loyd," he yelled. "Loy——"
 A key to a car—Loyd's car. And Loyd said he was walking over the creek to bootleg tonight. And he wouldn't be using the car.

Tump decided to keep the key.
 He cut tops that afternoon. Each corn top came off with a sharp ripping sound. The long dry blades of corn rattled in the wind. His fingers sometimes searched in his pocket and found there the cold metal of the key.

* * * *

That night at eight-thirty Tump was in town milling around in the crowd in front of Rose's 5 and 10¢ Store. Loyd's girl, Sal, always came here after she quit work at the cafe. Lots of times Loyd met her there.

The greasy smell of warm peanuts and the rich sticky smell of peppermint candy came out of the store. Across the street red lights blinked and blazed across the wet sidewalk. It had been raining, and the streets were slick. A car skidded on the street and almost swerved into a big truck.

Tump stood there and stared. By his watch he could see that it was ten minutes until nine o'clock. Sal usually came about nine.

At four minutes past nine Tump saw Sal swinging down the sidewalk. The swing of her hips switched her red plaid skirt from side to side. She stopped under the 5 and 10¢ sign and looked quickly into the crowd.

Tump hesitated a minute, then pushed past an overalled farmer to where Sal stood.

"Air ya lookin' fer someone?" he asked.
 "I won't a saying I wuz, wuz I?"
 "But you wuz 'a lookin', warn't ya?" he said.
 "What's it to ya if I wuz—and how come air ya talkin' so much tonight?"

Her eyes flashed black.
 "I aims to take yer home, Sal," he said.
 "Oh, you do, well ain't that fun. Who's a telling ya I'se a gwine with ya?" she said.
 "Well, ain't ya?"
 "I ain't."

She turned and started back up the street.
 Tump grabbed her arm. It came to him what he ought to say.

"Loyd sent me. He had to—he had to—help Mr. Owen load tobacco tonight. He—he sent me to git ya. Now air ya comin'?"

She stopped and stood motionless on the sidewalk. Sal looked him full in the face.

"That's sompin else—if he sent ya—" she said.

She turned and walked beside him down the street. They walked around the corner and down near the railroad where he had parked the car.

The shoeshine boys at the barber shop stopped and looked at them as they passed.

Sal was gay now and laughing and nudging him in the ribs as she told him something or other about a dirty white man tipping her with a two dollar bill and saying that he'd see her later.

Tump just listened.
 * * * *

It was on the straight stretch of road just before the sharp curve on the way home that she started teasing him about the way he was driving.

"You air drivin' like ya wuz visiting with the dead," she said. "Loyd always makes sixty-five going down this hill. What's ailin' ya, Tump. Air ya scared?"

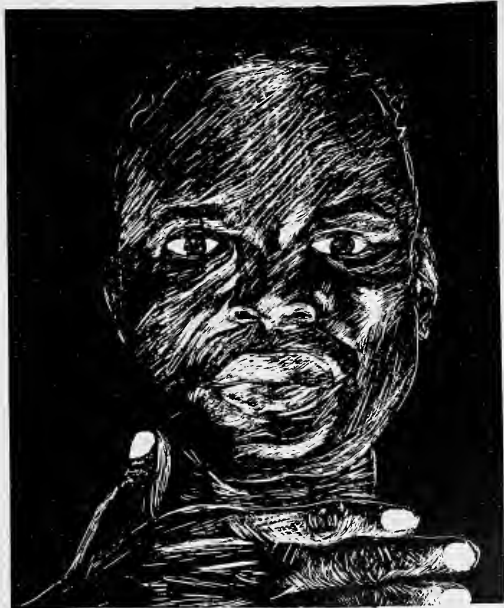
"I ain't," he said.
 "Yee air," she said, "ya drivin' like you wuz."
 His window was down, and he felt the rush of cold damp wind coming in the window. He went faster and faster.

"We're making seventy-five. That's mo fast than Loyd evir went," Sal said. Her voice sounded far away.

Rudely there was a huge mass of light and the sudden swing of a big motor van to the left side of the road. Tump's feet moved to the break pedal. He jerked the car to the right, felt the car slide from the road, saw a tree rising in front of him. Then, a thud. A crash. And nothing.

Slowly he crawled out from under the wheel. He saw that they had hit a big sycamore tree. The truck had gone on down the road, and everything was black except the flash of light from a passing car. The car did not stop. Per-

(Continued on page 24)



Mary Childs

FROM CAMP TO CAMPUS



AUSTRALIA.

You see, we were stationed in a cemetery. Everyone cracked a lot of jokes about it, but it really wasn't so bad. There was no one to bother us, and we sat on the gravestones to do guard duty. There was a lot of noise out there caused by large bats as they flew about. They had a wingspread of two to three feet. They seemed to care about some kind of fruit that grew in the trees nearby, and they would fly into the trees after this fruit. They also have a fondness for parrot meat; every now and then we could hear one (parrot) squawk out, and then the bats attacked him.

Guess what watermelons are selling for over here? Some of the fellows paid as much as eight to sixteen shillings for one, and a shilling is worth sixteen cents in American money. Isn't that a lot to pay for something like that?

NORTH AFRICA.

I certainly have been traveling a lot on government money; I am now in North Africa. Algiers is a very beautiful city and it is surprising to see how modern it is. Really, it is the Miami of Europe—palm trees, orange trees, etc. The climate is that of Florida, but I will hate to see summer come.

NORTHWEST AFRICA.

We are living in tents and like it very much. Imagine perspiring in the middle of December! But then at night we get chilly and sleep under blankets. The nights here are lovely; they say that once you see the sky of an African night, you'll always come back to it, and I can easily believe that. The sunset has those rust and mud-gray streaks of a western sunset.

FORT SILL, OKLA.

Today added another hole in my arm—Tetanus shot. You know, it's a good thing these holes heal over or my arm would look like a set of Chinese checker boards.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

After being on the range last week, this week they pull quite a bit of chemical warfare and gas training on us. Tuesday, we had to go in the gas chamber, and we learned how good our masks were, being in Tear Gas and also concentrated chlorine. Boy, when they made us take off the masks inside, just to show us we weren't being fooled, you should have seen me weep. I haven't cried so much since I was a little fellow. All the guys were really pouring forth the tears, and though it was painful and irritating, it was quite funny in a way too.

LOWRY FIELD, DENVER, COL.

Last week I climbed Lookout Mountain and saw Buffalo Bill's grave. It is ten miles up there by road, so you can imagine how tough a trail would be that went almost straight up. The very next day they took our entire class, and put us on K. P. I'm still tired!

SANTA MARIA, CALIF.

Here I am in sunny California, only it has been raining ever since I came in from McClellan Field over a week ago. This sure is a heck of a place; we sleep on wooden double decker beds with boards for springs, no sheets or pillow cases, and the showers are in another building up a hill 300 feet away from the barracks. But, really, I am not complaining because it is fun—just a little different from Miami Beach with a room and private bath.



ORAN, ALGERIA.

The wine here is very good, although quite potent. Algeria is truly a country after my own heart as far as that item is concerned! (But I'll still take the good old U. S. A.) French and Spanish are freely spoken, but believe it or not, I'm getting along famously although I speak no Spanish and my French is very poor. I have located a cute little blonde tutor (imagine a blonde in Algeria. . .) in the neighborhood, so perhaps I'll improve if I can keep my mind on the lesson!



ABERDEEN, MD. PROVING GROUND.

If I live through this proposed schedule of training and academics, the Japs and Germans will have to develop a new weapon with which to annihilate this Yank! I rise at 5:00 A.M. and drill and study until 9:00 P.M. Then I have one hour to shine shoes, etc., and so to bed.

It's obvious that my chances of indulging in any social activities are minute—infinitesimal, I'd say. No passes during the week, and every other week we are allowed off the post, from Saturday 4:00 P.M. to Sunday 6:00 P.M.—if we do not have too many demerits. And, you can get those for having one eyebrow lifted higher than the other, or for looking at a fly on the end of your nose. And if, perchance, a fly or roach should die of old age on your bunk while you're away at class, you receive another demerit.

SANTA MARIA, CALIF.

After spending the week-end away from here, I am just beginning to feel myself again. Lt. Smith and myself did the town from one end to the other plus Hollywood. Saturday evening we spent at Earl Carroll's, and to top things off, I was doing the hands, knees, and bumps a daisy with a few of the chorus girls of the show in the middle of the club room. The audience wanted me to do it again, but being modest, I said "No." We sure did have fun!

CAMP HOOD, TEXAS.

Last night we had a sham battle and what a time! It was a clear night but it reminded me of a severe thunder storm; the flame from our big guns just flashed like orange lightning and there was so much smoke and noise that the ground really rocked. We battled for about two hours, and made a fast cover-up retreat using blackout convoy where we dashed through the woods, through several creeks, and over a rough terrain field—I still have indigestion! We ruined several trucks and a couple of jeeps by bouncing them against rocks in the blackout driving. It was fun but I still want to live a little while!

At last we are hitting the news—July 13th issue of *Time Magazine*, *Sunday Inquirer*, and *Fox News*. I thought we were in the lost Battalion, but it's coming to light. We are credited for being the fastest moving outfit on the ground!

ENGLAND.

Can't mention much about England, not even the weather. But, it is very beautiful and quaint with well-built houses, mostly brick—haven't seen a frame house yet. The roads are good and all the country is well-groomed.

Imagine me going to church! Yes, the other evening I was in a church 700 years old; things do date way back here.

AFRICA.

I guess I can tell you a little about this place called Africa. The people here consist mostly of French, Italian, Portuguese, and the natives. The natives are the ones to see—their dress consists of a robe and a hood for the head—they look like the old-time night shirts. As for shoes, they don't have any, and they run around in their bare feet, better than we can—their feet must be as hard as leather.

All you can see around here are rocks and open fields, very few trees and only a few shrubs. What few buildings there are are made of white stone, and they look very nice.

CRAIG FIELD, SELMA, ALA.

Guess what—we've been here for a couple of days and haven't had any flying weather. Fog, and rain, and cold as a frog in a frozen pool. Been wandering around the ship, and I believe she's going to be a sweet baby to handle—horsepower, speed and maneuverable.

ON MANEUVERS, TEXAS.

The weather has gotten a bit chilly. The only good feature of that is that it chased the snakes and chiggers. It hasn't chased the pigs! Everytime we bivouac, it's near some farm where there are a lot of them. You'll go off to sleep, and the next thing you know, someone is rooting you—it's time to get up—but it can't be, it's still dark. Then there next to you is a big, fat porker! More fun than a barrel of monkeys!



ESSEX, ENGLAND.

Please send me a snapshot of yourself. I am enclosing one of myself taken in Home Guard uniform, a few days before I joined the Navy. You can see what a determined character I am and realize why "Jerry" didn't invade this country.



ROMANCE

*She had a wild and windy
 Look of freedom in her
 Eyes, and a smile
 Of swift, cool, honest
 Candor.
 There was a lust for living
 In her look, pale apple-blossom
 China, and a roaring
 Blusty,
 Sweeping,
 Cape Horn
 Wind across the deck.
 She looked as racing
 Hounds and high, sweet
 Windswept Scottish moors,
 And yet there hung a soft, slow
 Scent of buttered scones
 That one receives at tea.
 Or English tweeds and lavender
 And knarled, old shadowed
 Yews.
 And over by her counter
 The women lined to pick
 At pink lingerie.*

—JANET COX.

LOVE SONG

*Oh, I loves you, loves you, loves you
 When de moon begins to climb,
 An' de shadows wrap aroun' me soft an' cool;
 When de sleepy bird's a-chirpin'
 In de bush befo' de do',
 An' de bull frog's ploshin', ploshin' in de pool.*

*Oh, I loves you, loves you, loves you
 When I hear yo' footsteps come,
 An' yo' voice reach oh, so gentle through de dark;
 An' yo' say ma name an' touch me,
 An' yo' whisper low an' sweet,
 "Oh, my darlin', darlin', darlin'," in de dark.*

*Oh, the loam is warm an' fragrant,
 An' yo' breath is on ma throat,
 An' yo' arms are hard aroun' me, close, close, close,
 Then de worl' it starts a-movin'
 An' de stars begin to fall.
 Oh, I loves you, loves you, loves you, then de mos'.*

—LYDIA TAYLOR.

REMEMBER WINTER

*When you remember winter,
 You will see
 Standing stark in greyness,
 A stricken tree;
 And rain somewhere
 With faint lights in her hair.
 Then you'll remember winter noise
 And hear again
 The screaming wind that broke a brand
 and after—
 Raw cadence in the falling rain,
 The trickle of rain-laughter.
 Then you'll remember winter's touch
 And feel not this,
 No chill of wind or air or rain,
 But breath warmth in my kiss.
 And then—
 For a moment, you will love again.*

—LEA BAILEY.

PAYMENT DUE

*Somewhere he is fighting
in a scorching, tropic heat.
And here I sit and grumble
about the food I eat!*

*Somewhere he is dying
in a bitter gale,
and I sit here and frown
because I get no mail.*

*Somewhere he is singing
to keep his spirit up,
and I sit glum, and crab
because there is no second cup.*

*Somewhere he is writing
to tell me he is fine,
and not to worry ever—
hope—in every line.*

*Somewhere he is trying
to keep my country free.
Do I deserve the peace
his death would buy for me?*

*Does he wonder in the night
what he is fighting for—
somewhere on a foreign sea
or on an alien shore?*

*True—I think of him quite often,
buy a war stamp for a dime,
don't write to him so very much,
think I haven't got the time.*

*Somewhere he is fighting
to find freedom and unearth it.
I wonder sometimes—if he knew me,
would he think that I am worth it?*

—BONNIE McCLOY.

THE UNVEILING

*Then they will say to us in voices of pride,
"Well done, my boys," and "You know not
How much, how much is here gained
By what you have done and what is
Bought so dearly by your brave deaths."
Ah then they will breathe in our
Soundless ears, "Bravery is great and
You have kept the trust," and "honor is
Precious above all little lives."*

*Yes, later when the smoke has fallen
And grass has grown up fertilized,
Yes, then they will stab the green-grown
Lumps of our flesh with little flags,
Badges of our honor and the trust
We kept unto death.*

*But who now exhorts us,
Hanging weary over the edge
Of unsung, unhonored life,
Standing deep in the moment's muck,
Lying filled with ice, drained of blood,
Glass-eyed, stiff, unburied,
Feeling shudders below the earth,
Our rest, and hearing black thunder
Along the cliffs, obscure the sky,
Who now believes we bravely die?*

—NANCY KIRBY.

OIL FOR THE WHEELS

Campus Opinion

HONOR POLICY

Too few people realize that we have had an honor policy all along and that our attention has just been forcefully called to it by the addition of new responsible freedoms. I am all for it. I would like to see it grow and expand to include other details. I think we are expanding just as fast as we can but I think as yet most students appreciate the honor policy only in more important matters, not in the smaller details. All rules, no matter how small, should be included in the honor policy.

—*Louise Boatman.*

The honor system is a credit to the Woman's College. However, I feel that the majority of the students fail to feel their responsibility.

—*Betty Scott Barber.*

I think the honor policy is a good thing. As a residence hall hostess, I have seen several instances in which the honor policy worked successfully. I think the honor policy makes you feel more responsible for the things you do.

—*Edith Moton.*

There is a healthy attitude on campus about the honor policy. But the honor policy is not working one hundred per cent. What it needs is the support of all the students.

—*Elizabeth Jordan.*

It's a new thing, and all new things fail in certain aspects. Being a new thing, it has succeeded very well. What is needed is a better presentation to new students just exactly what the honor policy means. An aid to the policy would be the abolishing of some of the small rules that irritate and detract from the policy being an absolute honor policy.

—*Cynthia Grimsley.*

CURRICULUM

I'd like to see more inter-departmental coöperation at Woman's College. The demand for specialization is turning us more and more from the formal liberal educations, and is segregating us into groups of English majors, art majors, home economics majors, and BSSA majors. It is becoming increasingly difficult to meet your

classmates who are not of your department on a common ground. We all talk in our own lingo about the same things without understanding one another simply because of our varied terminology. There is good, substantial reason behind encouragement of inter-departmental courses. Shorthand and typing would be helpful to many an English major. I am glad to see the beginnings of greater inter-departmental coöperation in the proposed courses of Dr. Rogers and Mr. Thomas in aesthetics and of Dr. Haydn and Dr. Pfaff in ideas. I hope that this is only the beginning, that there will be others in music and art and literature as well as in the so-called practical fields.

—*Frances Glaze.*

I would like to be able to take more elective home economics courses—courses for those who want them but who aren't planning to major in home economics. I think we should have elective courses in sewing and cooking.

—*Julia Ann McKnight.*

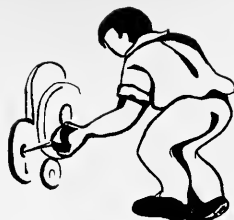
In a school for girls who, almost without exception, intend to marry, there should be a home economics elective course in cooking and sewing that would be practical for non-home economics majors. This is especially important now since the boys they will marry will demand greater efficiency as a result of their military training.

—*Carolyn Coker.*

Known as a liberal arts center of learning, Woman's College has achieved its purpose except in one field—that of philosophy. At present there is no department of philosophy and very few philosophical courses offered in other departments. The proposed courses to be offered in the modern mind and the nature of art will help remedy the situation, but why not have a philosophy department?

—*DeLon Kearney.*

We need an active student curriculum committee. I also think that as long as it is the policy of the college not to increase the faculty during the war, there should be some shift so as to increase the faculty where there is an increase in the enrollment of students. This is a time when we need advanced courses offered in fields that will prepare students for war



work. We need more specialization in all fields, so that quality may be weeded from quantity.

—*Katheryne Levis.*

Freshmen and sophomores should have more choice in the subjects that they are to take in order that they may begin to specialize earlier in their college careers. And would it be possible to have a few more practical electives?

—*Anne Spivey.*

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

The present student government association has made as much progress as is possible under the present system. More progress is to be expected when the boundaries of the three branches are more clearly defined. At present the student government association on this campus has only two branches—legislative and a combined executive and judicial. Theoretically, it would be ideal in the training of individuals to have complete and absolute student government. From a more practical point of view, however, I cannot see such a form of government attaining its desired goal without the aid of the administration.

—*Betsy Saunders.*

There is room for more real student government, and there would be more student government if more students participated.

The annexing of the presidency of the association from the chairmanship of judicial board should be thoroughly considered before it is put into effect. If such a step is taken immediately, judicial board chairman would become the power, and the qualification for election of the association president would be popularity. If, however, students had the faith in the ability of the president to make advances in further real student government, the division between executive and judicial branches would be advantageous.

—*Mary King.*

Woman's College has modified student government. Technically we do have authority in our hands to govern students; but in reality it is the administration which disposes of serious cases among students, and decides policies of the college as a whole. I would wish for better cooperation between the two groups, with the

students' having a voice in policies and, if the administration wished, their having a voice in detailed work.

—*DeLon Kearney.*

FACULTY

I think, on the whole, the faculty is too unaware of campus life aside from the academic side, but I feel that this is not entirely the faculty's fault. There should be more informal gatherings, faculty teas and dinners, and the faculty members should be invited to take part in the clubs. Aside from this, I don't think much can be done.

—*Louise Boatman.*

We need more social relationships with the faculty. After some one semester courses the students don't feel as if they know the teacher very well. We need more student-faculty teas, more chances to meet teachers outside of clubs.

—*Edith Moton.*

Student-faculty relationship should be one of the most important phases of college life, because it is among the faculty that students may make their most interesting friends. Most students do not realize that teachers want students to be their friends. A teacher's interests are centered around the college, as are the student's. Therefore, we have common ground for association. A senior who is graduated without having known one faculty member as a friend has missed part of the fun of college life. I wish there were activities other than formal teas and receptions where students and faculty could meet in a party atmosphere.

—*Joan Flanagan.*

As far as I myself am concerned, student-faculty relations are good. Most of my classes are small, and conducive to informality. The best relationship exists when a professor can maintain his dignity and yet let down his hair enough so that students know he is human. I have that relationship with most of my teachers.

—*Betty Nickerson.*

There seem to be two kinds of faculty members: those who do not know what is going on outside the classroom, and those who do. I much prefer the latter.

—*Elizabeth Clay.*



HOW TO TELL ABOUT PEOPLE

By Margaret Jones

I went around alone for years. I went around in circles—falling in love with the wrong people, bowing to the low-brows, and scorning the high-brows and I was lost and did not know about people. It was awful.

Then one evening in my bathtub—when I was thinking about nothing at all and casually chasing the cake of Ivory soap across the tub . . . it came to me about people; and I saw them all clearly. As Einstein's theory of relativity came to him as he floated down the river strumming on his guitar, so my theory of how to tell about people came to me. It was great. You can tell about people by the kind of fruit they eat. It spots 'em every time.

There is, first of all, the good old wholesome apple-eater. He is fair and square with the surface of the world—which he always thinks is flat. He does things by ploughing through. This kind of person is quarter-back for the high school football team and later goes into good dirty politics that look clean as a whistle on the surface. The apple-eater is inclined to think that there is something fine and decent about eating an apple. It denotes a will for power. I imagine all dictators were brought up eating apples. Some professors eat apples.

Then there are the peach-eaters. In this category, there are two classes: the fuzz-eaters and the dish-eaters. (Anybody in between these two groups would do just as well to eat apples and let it go at that.) The fuzz-eater picks the peaches off the trees or buys them out of big bushel baskets in front of curb markets. He holds the peach and admires it; then eats it and lets the fuzz go and the juice run down his chin. These people are artists and appreciators. They don't push things out of the way as the apple-eaters do, but they step around things. The dish-eaters are of the same race as the peach-eaters, but they are of a different gender. They have long exquisite eyelashes and wear nylon hose and expensive perfume. All of the best opportunities in life are missed by them. They eat peaches out of small china dishes, and they eat them in small neat slices. Usually, they eat the peaches for breakfast and leave one piece in the dish to be polite.

A rare group are the tangerine-eaters. They usually eat tangerines because they are too lazy to peel oranges. I have no respect for tangerine-eaters. School teachers, old maids, and frail children eat tangerines. They pick the strings off and pile them in a neat stack with the seeds and place all this inside the hull of the tangerine. Hen-pecked husbands eat tangerines.

The orange-eaters are a big group. They are divided into the suckers, the halfers, and the peelers. Babies and old men suck oranges through a small round hole cut in the top. These people are unawakened and sneak up on a thing rather than meeting it straight. Second rate insurance investigators and truant officers suck oranges. The orange-halfers are first cousin to the peach dish-eaters. They usually use a spoon, and their only enlivening feature is their squirter offense—which usually embarrasses them more than it does the person squirted. Orange-peelers are executives of the middle class, librarians, and mothers. They are good managers and methodically peel the orange and eat it piece by piece.

Banana-eaters are an insult to the fruit-eating class. I am relieved that they are banned for the "duration."

Grape-eaters are different among themselves—just as grapes are different. Great lovers and philosophers eat scuppernongs and muscadines. Plato, Aristotle and Hegel ate scuppernongs. Petarch and Laura, Dante and Beatrice, and Skeezix and Nina are grape-eaters of this class. They mash the grapes against their palates and swallow grape and juice at the same time. Then, they spit the hull out with great force and smile because they feel their stomachs grow sweet. On the other hand, grape-eaters of the Malagar grape class are idlers, rich men, and bridge players. They eat part of the grape and daintily remove the hull and seeds from the corner of their mouths. They are half-tasters and know nothing of the best things in life. Neither have they ever felt the pull of honest labor.

There is one class of fruit-eaters that requires special attention. They are the persimmon-apricot-plum eaters. They have a tendency to low-rate the other fruit-eaters. They have become too high-minded to appreciate the meatiness of apple-eaters, who are—after all—a good thing for the world.

One other thing must be said about fruit-eaters in general. They are either picky-eaters or mass-eaters. Picky-eaters take a hand-full of grapes, three persimmons, or one apple. They eat conscious of quantity and with no feel for quality. Mass-eaters eat a crate-full of oranges, a peck of apples, and a ground-full of persimmons. Specialists and experts are picky-eaters: philosophers and artists are mass-eaters—they have a sense of the depth of life. I like mass-eaters.

GRAY ROCK

By Frances Glaze

The rattling, rambling old local deposited me at Moreby Cove, and with a short shrill blast of its whistle ambled on its way down the worst piece of road-bed I had ever ridden over.

A peculiar-looking individual who, I assumed, was the station-master, strolled on the platform and looked me over. I looked back at him—shapeless trousers, maroon sweater torn at the sleeve, disreputable old hat on the back of his head.

He spat before he spoke to me. "Lookin' fer someone, miss?"

"Yes. The Creightons are expecting me, I believe. Do you know the Creightons at Gray Rock?"

He nodded. "Yep. But I don't think they're 'spectin' nobody. Saw Miz Creighton this mornin' at the store, but she didn't say nothin' 'bout havin' me look fer you."

"Could you tell me, then, how I could get out there?"

"Wal, I reckon Pete could take you. If you'll walk down this a-way to the corner and two blocks straight to your left, you'll come to the wharf. More'n likely, Pete'll be there; if he ain't, ask some of the fellows where he is. I'd go with you but there ain't nobody to stay here."

"Thank you. I'll make it all right." I picked up my bag and stepped into the road. There was no sidewalk.

Moreby Cove, Katherine had written me, consisted of perhaps seventy-five fishing shacks huddled around a dry-goods store, a barber shop, a grocery store, and Hamp's Ice Cream Emporium. Early on this autumn afternoon, Moreby Cove was sitting morose and deserted in the pale sunshine that was fast disappearing behind leaden clouds.

I saw no one as I passed down the two blocks leading to the wharf. However, from the agitation of the limp lace curtains at the window of one of the gray cottages, I assumed that my arrival was not totally unnoticed.

I reached the wharf and set my bag down with relief. There was no one in sight. I sat down on my suitcase and looked out across the cove and waited. The indenture of the coastline came just where the mouth of the Goose Neck river emptied its dark waters into the ocean. To my left toward the river, I could see the line where the black river water met but did not mingle with the green-gray of the ocean. Half-way between me and that line, in the center of the cove, was a high rock, its top sharp against the sky. A wooden staircase clung to its black side. At the foot of the staircase was a wharf. A neat tan motor boat lay alongside. Beyond the rock I could see the other side of the cove curving away to the northeast.

The water of the cove was choppy. The ugly black-green of it curled into white spumes at the crest of its puckers. Over it the sky was slate-colored with great heavy clouds bulging down toward me. The sun had disappeared completely. I turned up my collar and buttoned my coat closer around me.

"You the one that wants to go to Gray Rock?" a voice behind me asked. I got up and turned around.

"Yes. Are you Pete?" He was a boy about seventeen in blue overalls and a leather wind-breaker. He was sandy-haired and had nice eyes.

"Yep. Mr. Davidson sent down to the store for me. Said you wanted to get out there."

"Is that Gray Rock?" I asked, motioning to the rock island at the river's mouth.

He nodded, and, picking up my suitcase, he carried it over to a weather-beaten little boat with a broken windshield and Minnie Belle painted on its side. He helped me in. The motor protested, but Pete was persistent. Finally we shoved off. The whitecaps spanked the bottom of the Minnie Belle, and she bounced alarmingly across the water to the Creightons' dock.

"Is it always rough like this?" I asked.

"Nope. Looks like it's gonna blow a bit," said Pete.

When we reached the dock he took my suitcase and led the way up the narrow stairs. I grasped the hand-rail tightly, trying not to look at the water below, and tolled up after him.

The top of the rock was flatter and larger than it had appeared from the shore. A verticle, jutting wall of granite hid the house from the curious eye of the Moreby Cove. The cottage was long and low and of the rock itself. It looked as though it had always been there, squatting in the protection of its wall.

We followed the walk around the house to the front. I was delighted with the broad veranda that looked out to the sea. Katherine saw us, and came out, looking lovely in her smart navy slacks, to meet me.

"Pamela Burton, wherever did you come from? We weren't expecting you until tomorrow. You poor thing, with no one there to meet you. A fine hostess you must think I am. Come right on in; you must be dead. Pete, take her things in to the room on the right there." Leaving a bright trail



Betty Styrton

of comment in her wake, Katherine led me through her house and into the bedroom which was to be mine.

She was as lovely as I had remembered her. I had seen her rarely since her marriage four years ago. She and Jim usually traveled in the winter, but they spent all their summers at Gray Rock. She pushed me down onto the bed.

"Now you just sit there and tell me what to do with things, and I'll put them away for you. You must be tired."

"Not very," I protested.

"I told Jim when I got your letter saying that you had been sick that this was the place for you. And while you are here recuperating you can keep me from being too lonely while he writes on his old book. I wouldn't mind staying here all winter really if I had someone to keep me company. You do look tired," she said again. "Lie down there and I'll go make some tea."

"You're treating me like an invalid, and I'm not, you know," I told her as she went toward the kitchen.

I lay deep in the big bed, feeling the weariness release its clutch on my body, letting the silence

numb by senses, until Katherine came back with the tea.

"I wish you would try to sleep for a little while," she said. "I have to go over to Moreby Cove to the store for some things I forgot this morning. You won't mind if I leave you, will you? It will hardly take half an hour. Try to sleep until I get back."

Sleep, I thought when she had gone—hardly. Doctors and nurses, medicine and thermometers, fever and pain, and then later the inactivity and nervousness of slow recuperation had left no sleep for me. But perhaps here with the wind and the sea and the sky . . .

I was awakened by a step on the veranda. With a great effort I pulled my eyes open. Someone was standing in the doorway which opened from my room on the veranda. At first I thought it was Katherine. Then I really saw the woman. I was awake immediately.

"What is it?" I asked. "Do you want to see Mrs. Creighton?"

The woman did not answer. I sat up and stared at her. She stood outside the screen door. The door, I noticed, was latched. She stared at me. She was a small brown woman, very thin, wearing a dress that was too long for her and a man's sweater over it. She wasn't old, but she looked shrunken. Her skin like the dress and the sweater seemed too large for her. Her gray-brown hair was loosely pinned in a ball on her neck, but wisps of it had escaped and were straggling across her forehead and clinging to her throat.

Suddenly I was aware of her eyes. Their pale blueness held an intensity of excitement that was an untamed brute thing, tearing itself free of restraint. In their depths was a dark, frightening terror which I could not bear to watch, and yet I could not turn away. With a physical shock I felt that they were burning into me, unbearable, fanatic, terrifying. I didn't want to look at her. She made me feel ill inside, and I was suddenly afraid.

"Did you want to see someone?" I asked again.

"Eleanor," she said. "Eleanor, is that you?" Her voice rose. "Eleanor, is that you? Let me in, Eleanor, let me in." And she shook the screen with more force than such a small woman should have.

The noise of the banging door frightened me still more, and I hoped desperately that the other doors were locked.

"Eleanor," she called, "Eleanor." She pressed against the door peering in. "Eleanor," she said shrilly, beating at the screen with her fist, and I felt rather than saw the scrutiny of those eyes within the room.

"Please," I said. "Please don't do that. There isn't anyone here except me. Please, please go away!" Suddenly she was quiet. She stopped shaking the door and stood looking out toward the garden.

"Mrs. Meekins," it was Katherine's voice. "Mrs. Meekins, wait. Here," she said, coming up on the veranda, "here, sit down; you'll feel better in a minute."

The woman sat, a vacant, uncomprehending stare on her colorless face. Slowly the blankness left her, and she looked up at Katherine, pathetic and confused.

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"I—I—I'm sorry," she said. "How long have I been here?"

"Just a few minutes," Katherine said. "Do you feel better now? Do you feel well enough for me to take you home?"

"Yes. I think so. I'm sorry," she said again.

"That's all right," Katherine said. "Let me help you. We'll go down this way." And the two of them went down the front walk and around toward the dock steps.

"It's pathetic," Katherine said to me later while I sat in the kitchen watching her set out the dinner dishes. "She's not like that often. It's usually only at this time of year, stormy days like this when the wind is high, and the water is rough. It brings back too clearly those things she has tried to forget, I suppose. They say her daughter was a sweet girl, rather nice-looking, and well liked in the village. She used to come often in her old sailboat to visit the Keanes who lived here on Gray Rock then. Sometimes she spent the night. One evening she stopped here on the way home from town. A storm was coming, but she decided to go on across. She never got there."

"How awful! Why didn't she stay over here that night?"

"Mrs. Meekins had been sick and Eleanor didn't want her to be alone. The Keanes tried to persuade her not to go, but she insisted. The whole thing was a remarkable coincidence. To reassure the Keanes, Eleanor said she would hang a storm lantern out as soon as she reached home. Later, seeing the light, they flashed an answering signal, but the light was simply Mrs. Meekins' storm signal to see if Eleanor had stopped at Gray Rock for the night."

"Then Mrs. Meekins thought the light on Gray Rock was Eleanor answering?"

"Yes."

"Did they ever find her?"

"They found her down the beach three days later. Since then Mrs. Meekins has lived to herself. She won't let anyone do anything for her. It's only on these rare occasions when she comes over here looking for Eleanor that I see her."

I shivered. "It was silly of me to be afraid, but she startled me. There was something so utterly terrifying about her. I have never seen such eyes; they were hardly human. It's getting worse outside. Listen to that wind. She should have someone to stay with her."

"I phoned Mr. Castle in the village," Katherine said, "and asked him to try to get Mrs. Seabury to go over and stay with her."

Our dinner in the little house atop Gray Rock

was a cozy one. The fire glowed warmly over Katherine's pleasant things; and Katherine was as charming and Jim was as bold and gay as I had ever remembered them. Outside the wind tore from the ocean across the Rock, and the waves dashed themselves against its base. But the house, protected by the jutting wall of the Rock, scarcely felt the wind and only heard the sea. We drew the curtains to shut out the rain-wet windows, and all was as pleasant within as it was disagreeable without.

I slept that night as I had not slept in months, feeling secure and protected, exultant in the wildness of the storm.

The next morning at breakfast Jim announced that the wires were down. "This is really isolation," he said smiling. "But I guess the world can get along without us for a day. Probably tomorrow I'll be able to take a boat in. You needn't worry," he said to me. "I don't think you'll go hungry; Katherine keeps her cupboard well stocked."

"Just like Robinson Crusoe," I said, "only better provisioned, and Friday is still two days away."

Before luncheon I ventured out on the veranda and down the walk toward the low guard-wall in front of the house that overlooked the sea. The wind tore at me, jerking my coat open and flinging the ends of my scarf violently behind me. The sea was frightening in its fury. The black boulders at the foot of the Rock were only occasionally visible through the froth which the great walls of water flung down upon them. I felt some of the spray in my face even at that great height. The sky was oppressively close. Its heavy gray billows stifled me with their nearness. Sky and water seemed to be closing in on me, pressing down and surging up until I was imprisoned in a gray mantle of gloom. I thought with an almost physical sickness of the horror of clinging to a boat out in that gray curtain, of the stifling terror, the lost loneliness of feeling sky and water meet around you with no sheltering Rock to keep them apart. I shivered and turned and hurried back up the walk. The wind behind me pushed and shoved and flung me against the door.

Inside the house was warm and bright with the glint of firelight reflected on the windows and the mirror. The andirons radiated its red-gold cheerfulness.

That afternoon the wind died, and the sea sounded less violent. Jim went out for a look at the boat dock and came back bearing news. "There is a group of men down by the docks. They seem to be excited about something. I think I

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could get in all right, but I'm not sure I'd be able to get back before dark. I don't suppose you females would be willing to stay out here alone tonight, would you?" he asked hopefully.

"Why certainly we would," Katherine said. "We wouldn't even miss you. Go on if you want to. You can come back in the morning. I think the worst of this is over."

Jim went. With misgiving I watched him go. There was no danger in staying there with only Katherine, I knew. She had stayed alone before.

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And yet I was not quite comfortable. I was impatient with myself and would not admit that I was afraid. That's what comes after a long illness, I told myself, a period of getting well for the nerves long after the body has thrown off the disease.

Every noise about the house startled me. The wind was rising again, and the eerie sound of it wailing around the Rock was the cry of a ghostly demon from whom I could not escape. A rattling window beat an infuriating staccato accompaniment until I got up and thrust a folded paper between it and its frame. I could not read. I sat with the book on my lap and stared at the fire, watching the writhing orange fingers pluck at the feathers of soot hanging from the bricks. When the clock on the mantel chimed nine, I started so violently that the book slipped off my lap and thumped solidly to the floor. Katherine looked up questioningly.

"I was just dozing," I explained; "and the clock woke me." To my relief she put down her book and began to talk about Sue and John Bass whom she had seen on her last trip to the city.

We went to bed early. I slept almost at once though I hadn't expected to. But it was restless, troubled sleep, shot through with the sound of the pounding ocean and the rushing of the wind, turbulent with fantastic, disconnected dreams of lost ships and choking clouds pressing upon me, stopping my breath, filling my mouth and nose with stifling mist until I woke myself in an attempt to cry out.

I lay there partially awake, trying to shake off the dream, reassuring myself by the solid, substantial feel of the bed. It was then that I heard the cry. It came with the wind and died away in a long, dismal wail. The second time it came it was clearer. It sounded as though someone lost were calling for help.

It came a third time. I got up and reached for my robe. "Katherine," I called, going into her room, "Katherine, are you awake?"

"What is it?" she said, sitting up, "What is it? Are you sick?"

"No. I'm all right, but there's someone out there in the storm. I heard them calling."

"Out where? On the Rock, you mean? But there couldn't be. No one could get out here on a night like this. That's just the wind you heard."

"No, it wasn't," I said positively. "It was somebody. I know the wind when I hear it." The cry came again. "There," I said, "that wasn't the wind."

"It did sound like somebody," said Katherine, putting on her robe, "But I don't see how it could be. It might have been the whistle or something from Moreby Cove."

"Whistle nothing," I said, "What kind of whistle would be blowing this time of night?"

"The fire whistle might. They blow it for all the men to come to help when there's a fire."

"It wasn't a fire whistle," I said.

But we heard the sound no more. Katherine went to the front door and looked out, but there was only the blackness and the rushing wind and the distant boom of the sea. We listened until the cold cut through our robes, and we could bear it no longer. Then we went into the

living room and punched up the fire and turned on the lights.

"I'm going to make some tea and toast," Katherine said, going toward the kitchen. "You've been jumpy all night, you need something to quiet your nerves. I wish I had some sleeping tablets for you, but I haven't a thing."

I sat by the fire warming my hands. The sputtering of the wood just catching, the lights, and the sounds from the kitchen were comforting. I felt better, but I could not quite shake off the uneasiness of hearing that sound in the wind. It stirred something old and restless and inexplicable far back in the depth of my mind beyond memory. So helpless, so lost it had sounded, like a frightened child calling for its mother.

And then I heard it again. The voice this time was quite near. It began high and clear and then slid down the scale ending on a minor note. I could almost distinguish the words. A blast of wind rushed whining across the Rock, and in the lull that followed, once more I heard the banging of my bedroom door, and the frantic voice calling, "Eleanor, Eleanor." The door rattled violently. I clutched the poker with which I had been stirring the fire. Once more I could feel those wild eyes watching me from somewhere in the darkness where I could not see. I fled to the kitchen calling Katherine.

"Katherine, Katherine, it's Mrs. Meekins. She's the one who was calling. She's out there, out there on the veranda, calling and shaking the door. She's out there; I heard her. Don't you hear her?"

Katherine looked at me as though I were crazy. "Don't let her in, Katherine, I can't stand having her in here. Please don't let her in."

Katherine put down the kettle and went into the living room. I stood by the stove staring stupidly at the door she had gone through. I heard her open the front door. I caught the corner of the table and held hard, bracing myself. I heard Katherine take down the storm lantern. She came back into the living room and lit it from the fire. Then she went outside again. I clung to the table and wished she would come back. The clock tolled three deep interminable strokes. Finally the door opened and she came in again.

When she walked through the door into the kitchen alone, I released my grasp on the table. My knees buckled under my weight, and I collapsed on the high stool behind me.

"Wasn't she there?" I asked.

"No," said Katherine, pouring a cup of strong tea and handing it to me. "Here, drink this." I took it in both hands, but the uncontrollable, amber liquid splashed over the edge of the cup and down on my white robe. "Let's go in here and sit down," Katherine said, taking the cup from me and putting her arm around me to help me up.


I sat on the couch. Katherine brought a blanket and wrapped me in it. The hot tea made a river of warmth within me.

"What happened to her? Where did she go, Katherine?" I asked her.

"Let's not talk about it," Katherine said. "Are

you warm enough?" She picked up a magazine, "I'll read to you for a while. Here's a story you'd like." Her voice was pleasant to listen to. I heard it without hearing the words. Just before morning I fell asleep . . .

I was awakened about ten when Jim came in. I heard Katherine hush him and lead him off to the kitchen. I stretched and rubbed my eyes. At first I wondered why I should have been sleeping on the couch. Slowly the memory of the night came back to me. It was vague and



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indefinite as though the fear had, at the time, dulled my sense of perception.

Jim came in from the kitchen. "How're you feeling this morning?"

"Fine." I answered. "Has the storm stopped?"

"Almost. The wind's gone down. The water's a little rough, but not really bad."

"What happened in town? Did you find out what was going on?"

"Oh, yes," he said as he lit a cigarette. "They were looking for Mrs. Meekins."

"Looking for Mrs. Meekins?" My voice sounded dull, stupid to my own ears.

"Yes," he said, "Mrs. Seabury had taken her to Moreby Cove, but during the lull in the afternoon she had slipped out and taken her boat and gone. Nobody knew where. That's what the crowd was doing on the wharf. Before anyone could decide whether or not to go after her, the wind had risen again, and we couldn't take a boat out. During the night some of them thought they could see her storm lantern burning across the cove, but, of course, they couldn't be sure."

"Haven't they found her yet?" I asked.

"This morning they found her and part of her boat on the rocks just up above the landing docks at Moreby."

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"Where had she been?"

"Nobody knows."

"Could she have been coming from over here," I asked.

"Well, yes, maybe," he said; "But she might have been coming from across the cove too." I looked at Katherine.

"Pam thought she heard Mrs. Meekins here last night," she said.

"Is that right?" Jim said with interest. "When was that?"

"Around three," Katherine replied. "Wasn't it about then?" she asked me.

"Yes," I said; "I remember the clock struck when you were outside."

"It couldn't have been Mrs. Meekins, then," Jim said. "The doctor said it was much earlier, about six hours earlier. At least before midnight."

"Is he sure?" I asked.

"Well, reasonably. They can't say the exact hour, but they can get it within a period of about six hours, and he says it was between six and twelve."

I stared at Katherine; she stared back at me. "Then who could it have been?" I asked.

"No one," said Katherine, "perhaps it was just the wind."

"No," I said; "There was someone there. I know there was."

"No," said Katherine. "There couldn't have been anyone. It must have been the wind and the storm."

I opened my mouth to protest. Katherine and Jim were standing there looking at me—peculiarly, I thought, as though I were a stranger, someone they didn't know.

"Perhaps it was," I said; "perhaps it was just the wind."

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"I AIN'T TALKIN'"

(Continued from page 11)

haps they could not see the smash of Loyd's car from the highway.

Then he thought of Sal. Sal—of course. He limped back toward the car. She was sitting there slumped over against the door. He felt sweat running off his neck and down across his chest. He pulled Sal out of the car.

"Sal, Sal," he said, "Air ya all right? Sal—"

She would not answer.

He shook her and shook her. She did not move. He felt warm blood running down his arm where he had held her head—and then he felt her body growing cold against him. "Oh Lawd," he moaned. "Oh Lawd."

For a long time he sat there by the smashed car, by the cold body of Sal. Other cars passed and did not stop. Then he heard a car door slam and saw the bob of a flashlight coming toward him.

He did the only thing there was to do. He jumped up and ran. He ran down through the woods away from the people that were coming.

It seemed hours later when he came out on a road. He knew the road, and he knew he was not far from home. He was tired. His legs ached,

and he breathed in heavy gulps. The stars shone bright and cold above him.

He knew what he would do. He'd go home and go to bed. Yes, that's what he'd do. In the morning—in the morning—they'd catch him. They'd say he killed her and take him to the law. They'd kill him then, he guessed. Yes, he reckoned, they'd kill him. That's what they'd do.

The door screeched when he went in the house. His hound dog growled to him. Taking off his clothes, Tump left them in a pile by the bed. Then he crawled in between the rough blankets. His father turned over in the bed across the room and mumbled something in his sleep.

Tump lay there still in the bed—still like Sal had been—and cold. "You air driving like ya wuz visiting with the dead," she had said. And the thud. The crash. And nothing. His body jumped. He pulled the wool covers up over his head and slept.

* * * *

A streak of sunshine woke him the next morning. He saw by the clock on the mantel that it was nine o'clock. His father's bed was empty. A coffee cup sat on the table.

And then the night came back to him. Slowly he put on his clothes; slowly he fed his dog a hunk of cornbread. Carefully he patted her on the head and rubbed her behind the ears.

He'd walk up toward the barn, he reckoned. Mr. Owen was shucking corn this morning, he thought. All the white men and the colored men would be there. He'd go up and make it easy for them to find him, he reckoned.

The sun was very bright against the bark of the white oak trees. In the damp sand he saw the tracks of a young rabbit. His catfish traps were probably brim full on a morning like this. His feet dragged in the wet sand.

The men were all sitting behind the barn—chewing tobacco and talking in quick tones. He walked up behind the barn and listened. Pressing his head against the barn, he tried to keep it from throbbing so loud that they would hear.

"She wuz dead—plum dead," a voice that sounded like Mr. Owen said.

"Might know that the sins of that blamed nigger would ketch up with him some time," another voice said.

"The cops found his car last night—mashed up against the big sycamore tree on Duncan's curve," the first voice said.

"This morning when the cops accused him, he said he didn't do it. He swore he didn't and talked as fast as he could—like he allus does. He allus did have plenty to say," the second voice said.

"I bet he don't talk himself out of this one," someone said.

"I reckon that warn't your car' the cops said, 'I reckon she wern't your gal. I reckon you didn't usually bring her home every Saturday night,'" said a third voice.

"And they took him away, and all the time he wuz talking and talking and saying he didn't do it; but he wouldn't say where he wuz last night if he wuzn't bringing Sal home."

"Nobody believes nothin' he says. He talks too blame much," said Mr. Owen. "They'll probably never get the truth out of him. I doubt if the truth is in him."

As Tump stood there pressed against the barn, something new stirred within him. He smiled. He turned and walked down the road toward the creek. He laughed. He'd go see if there was any catfish in his traps. That's what he'd do.

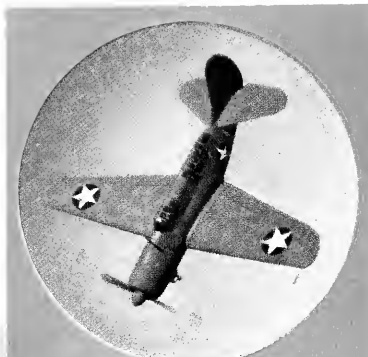
"I ain't a talkin'," he mumbled to himself, "nope, I ain't a talkin'."

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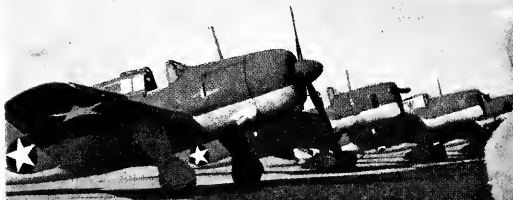
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