

ДОПІСАТЬ



THE CORADDI

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Peter Barry

DOROTHY BECKWITH TYSON, '30

THE FIRST time Jack and I noticed Barry, he was kissing a pretty girl. He was very young, we thought, and highly susceptible to love. Indeed, at this period, he seemed to fall in love at a rapid and continuous rate. It was characteristic of him that she was always a pretty girl. At least, this one had wistful eyes, and her hands were lovely. Barry worshipped beautiful hands—maybe because his own were long and brown with nails cut to the quick. He loved to paint artistic hands; they at once delighted and discouraged him, for he realized how rare they are.

This afternoon when we had just sold enough writing to relax a while, Jack and I were idly theorizing over our pipes in Jerry's Restaurant. Having nothing to do and plenty of time to do it in, we noticed a young girl sitting before the front window. There was something naïvely appealing about her freshness; and, in the play of sunlight and shadows, she made a charming picture. Evidently the young man at the third table away thought so too. When he heard Jerry demand roughly why she seldom ordered anything, Barry's heart went out to her. There were tears in her eyes. "He gives twice who gives quickly," but all he could give her was the flower he had just bought. He had not enough money to buy his own supper now, but he had hoped that the hyacinth would give him an idea for a sketch. Something about the girl reminded him of the white hyacinth.

A step away from her, he hesitated. If he were embarrassed now, it was the first time in his life. As she turned and looked quizzically up at him, he blushed impudently.

"Pardon me," he supplicated, "I only stopped for a moment."

He placed the white hyacinth on the table. If Barry expected any reply, he was disappointed. Jerry gaped at him contemptuously. The girl smiled straight past him and remained silent.

"My tribute to beauty," he whispered. "And sometimes we remember."

Then the amazing cavalier stooped and kissed her on the back of the neck; and with a characteristic toss of his head, rushed out before she could speak.

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For a moment, life accidentally became idyllic; before such youthful nonsense, I felt suddenly gray and weary. For sometimes we *do* remember.

"If I had two loaves of bread—" quoted Jack softly, "I would sell one to buy white hyacinths to feed my soul."

It was a pretty little scene, which, artistically, should end here. But the pathos lay not only in the fact that both Barry and Snowden Elizabeth needed steak with onions more urgently than they did white hyacinths, but also in that Peter's infatuation developed into a life-long obsession—pathetic in its consequence.

From this time on, Jack and I saw much of the two. As might be expected, they fell in love. Barry was sure that he could never love anyone as much as he adored Snowden Elizabeth. She, too, was very young, but not so young that she believed in eternal love. Love had never lasted, she said.

"If love goes we can't help it. I love you as long as I love you. After that—"

Then he would draw her toward him, and looking into her eyes, as if kneeling before a tiny angel, he would say:

"Eyes like yours would never lie. They'd not know how to."

The well-timed tears would begin to flow.

Peter, however, was happier than he had ever been. Even a rolling stone, one has said, needs an occasional hand full of moss. They lived in an atmosphere of easy hospitality, of art, and of slatternly house-keeping. He continued to spatter at paints. Eventually, he developed a gentle tranquility, an exquisite restraint. His touch became more firm and sensitive. Much of his dash and color were gone. Barry himself became more reticent.

We saw him only at intervals. Every now and then we glimpsed his pictures. The eyes were always large and limpid, the cheeks girlishly fresh; the delicate hands were always clasped quietly. Always they were Snowden Elizabeth. And they haunted me:

"Eyes like yours could never lie. They'd not know how to."

Then, we heard that Barry was about to come into his own. From a group of distinguished artists, he was chosen to paint a Madonna for the most fashionable church in Atlanta. Naturally Snowden Elizabeth was his conception of a Madonna. He set to work immediately.

His first sketches were so pleasing that the committee increased his commission and paid it in advance. For one time in his life, Barry's pockets were crammed with more money than he could find white hyacinths to buy.

A few weeks after he began the portrait, Jack and I dropped by to see him. He alternately worked like a race horse and idled like a lizard; but all day long he had painted with minute intensity. Evidently, Snowden Elizabeth had gone out. She was too frail, Barry explained, to pose for a long period of time. But he continued to paint with his innately delicate vigor, with the restrained taste of a long line of artists.

The minute we entered the studio, the unfinished portrait claimed our attention. Wherever we fastened our eyes, they instinctively turned toward the Madonna of the Hyacinths. It was a mystery of blue and gold—a white against a background of purer white. The eyes, shining like bright sapphires, illumined the place with an ethereal glow. The face was all expression and no features; a hint of sunlight wove in and out of the hair; the lips mingled sweetness with strength; the quiet hands were as fragile as dogwood blossoms. The whole painting made us marvel that woman could be so lovely. It was, indeed, the fancy of a youthful poet, whose

“—song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with his hands.”

Then before Barry could finish his picture, Snowden Elizabeth slipped from her role. For some months she had secretly enjoyed an affair with a wealthy business man. Peter, however, filled with adoration and artistic zeal, had painted on, blindly. He made all of her excuses for her—“Eyes like hers could never lie.” Then the wrath of the jealous wife burst upon her. Through a half-opened window, from the dark street outside, Snowden Elizabeth was shot. The bullet, piercing her body passed on through the canvas where Peter was working.

“God! they have caught me!”

She crumpled on the floor.

Of course, we read all about the affair in the papers, but it was nearly a month before we could approach Peter. Finally we mustered

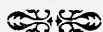
up the courage to go to see him. We strode into his apartment. The easel was draped with an old smock. Otherwise the room was not changed. It was still a jumble of books and half-finished sketches. On the window sill a white hyacinth drooped ominously. Peter was gone.

Jack uncovered the easel. The Madonna of the Hyacinth had disappeared. But, no—the face was turned to the wall. Across the bullet hole a fragment of paper had been placed. It was a passage torn from a book. Tremulous, we took it. We read:

“You speak to me of things which, in all my life, I have not found, and I shall never find.”

And below in pencil:

“Say that I died with a jest on my lips and a prayer in my heart—. Eyes like hers could never lie. They’d not know how to.”



Aphrodite

She rose from out the foaming waves;
I saw her dancing there,
Diaphanously clad in mist,
With diamonds in her hair.

She ran; she leaped into the air
Above the blue-green sea.
The movements of her body were
A perfect symphony.

Forgetful of the charm, I spoke,
“Oh, Nymph, come dance with me.”
The spell was broken; she dissolved
Silently into the sea.

—*Edith Harbour*, '30.

Sunday School Libraries

RUTH SCHOLZ, '32

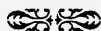
WHENEVER I hear people talking about Sunday School libraries, my mind turns back to hot summer days spent in our old family graveyard. It was hidden from view by a little white Church with a winding steeple climbing toward Heaven, the pathway of many a good old Methodist hymn sung to the tune of the creaky old organ.

What glorious freedom when the dinner dishes are washed, the dining-room, kitchen, and back-porch swept, and everyone peacefully taking his afternoon nap, to find my foot-steps swiftly turning the last crook in the path which leads to the side entrance of the old Church. The sunlight softly sifts through the drawn shutters piercing the slow moving spirals of dust which rise from the remnants of a much worn red velvet carpet. Straight over to the darkest corner of the Church where my treasures await me, my eager eyes precede my foot-steps, and search for the key-hole of the old, brown library covered with dust and cobwebs. Taking the key from my apron-pocket, I turn the lock, and the doors swing open. Ah! the same ecstatic thrill makes my hands tremble as they pass over these precious, worn, little red volumes so treasured by all their proud possessors.

And now which one shall I take? There is *Sylvia's Grandfather* on the top row. It is the first of several of the little red books, all of which I have read over and over. But how I long to come down to the second row, the books for the Juniors. These books are blue and have all sorts of exciting tales in them which the Juniors always whisper in closest secrecy to each other and quickly hush up when any of us beginners come around.

The third row is stacked with small, grey pamphlets containing Little Sermons for Everyday Christians for the Intermediates. And then my imagination runs wild, and I let my eyes rest longingly on the dark, forbidding black volumes on the fourth row. For these are the height of not only my ambition, if such it may be called, but of the Juniors and Intermediates as well. These are the books for the "grown-ups." What strange uplifting words of wisdom are hidden

in these bound volumes! What omnipotent power is derived from the solemn reading of these great books! Ah! I blush as I realize that I am treading on "holy ground," and quickly snatch one of my own little red books and hurry to my place under the magnolia tree in the graveyard.



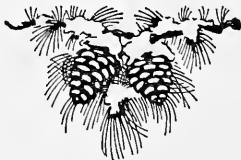
Wandering

The young world calls in springtime for me to go exploring
Wherever flowers blossom, wherever grass is green;
The stray winds bring me messages, tease me as I sit poring
Over Milton's "Lycidas" or Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

I shut my ears against them, and tell my heart its duty,
But touch of springtime earth has taught my feet the wanderlust,
All of me is longing to stray in search of beauty,
To do the thing I long to do, forget the thing I must.

And so I sit before my desk to dream of white-sailed ships,
Of distant fairy islands, till my roving spirit feels
A sudden pang of joy and a song is on its lips,
For my soul has silver sandals with wings upon the heels.

—Dorothy Long, '29.



De Big Bug

EDITH HARBOUR, '30

HER WHITE folks called her "Blackmammy" but you would never have guessed it. She was tall and angular, and she dressed not at all as negro mammies should. Down Berry Lane she met Deacon Brown and paused to chat with him as is the wont of members of the First Church of Africa.

"Mawnin', Deacon. How's yer health dis day?"

"Mawnin', Sister. Dere's still a misery in muh back, but I'se prayin' de good Lawd soon'll ease it out. An' how's yer health?"

"Jes moderatin', Deacon. Jes' moderatin'. An' where is you stirrin' to at dis time uv day?"

"I'se on muh way up to Sister Dabb's to remosterate wid her to return to de fold uv the Lawd. Dis wicked world has done snatched her 'way. Seem lak a pity; Sister Dabb was sich a earnes' worker."

Blackmammy sniffed, thereby expressing her opinion of the fallen Sister. "Reckon you'll not git much ways 'long, Deacon. That 'oman got no time for de good deeds uv de Lawd sence she done gone an' got rich. She dresses in silks an' satings an' rides 'round in a fine big car lak she was somebody sho'nuff. De biggest uv de big bugs is whut she thinks uv herself."

"Now, Sister. De good Lawd says we should be kind to them as scorns us. You shouldn't say sich uv Sister Dabb."

"Uppity! That's whut she is. Big bug! Lawd, yes, that's whut she is. Speaks not to us little bugs no more. Too good for sich as us. Puts on airs, she does. Thinks herself 'bove de hones' endeavors uv de workers uv de Lawd. She's biggity, she is."

The Deacon was plainly pained at Blackmammy's outbreak. He limped off up the lane, shaking his grizzled head and knockng at stones with the stick he carried in his hand.

Blackmammy shuffled down the lane towards her hovel muttering, "Them as hasn't wants but little, but them as has a heap wants every-thing."

Tragedy descended upon Blackmammy. Worse times followed upon the heels of bad times. Her man died. For days the house was

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filled with negroes, weeping, wailing negroes, moaning negroes. Negroes rocked to and fro with emotion. And they had to be fed.

Only one thing comforted the aged negress. She was able to give her man a gorgeous funeral. For years she had scrimped and saved in order to pay monthly contributions to the Pearly Gates Funeral Provident Association. At times this drain upon her meagre earnings had seemed futile, but now she was repaid for all of her scrimpings and sacrifices.

The funeral was held on Sunday, so that a large crowd might attend. Blackmammy sat in the car directly behind the hearse. She was draped in borrowed finery. There were fifteen floral designs and a profusion of cut flowers. The funeral procession to the burying-ground was made up of at least forty cars, and many friends were left behind at the church. Blackmammy moaned and groaned. Altogether it was the happiest day of her life.

A considerable let-down followed the funeral. Blackmammy found herself in straightened circumstances. She had spread on a little more than she could pay for. After a suitable time of mourning she went back to drudge in her white folks' house.

Dire times! The gambling, drinking, adopted son of Blackmammy fell ill. Hitherto, he had supported himself with his dice, but now upon the bent shoulders of the old negress fell the added burden of doctor's bills.

The son, too, died and was given a good but not a gorgeous funeral. Again Blackmammy wept and wailed and was moderately happy.

Blackmammy aged rapidly. Her eyes dimmed; her hearing was less sound. The neighbors look at her and whispered, "It won't be long now. Deaths always comes in threes."

But one day after the second funeral, rummaging in a pile of miscellaneous junk on the table, Blackmammy came across a much-gilded document. She could not read, but she remembered her foster son had come swaggering in at the door just a few nights before he had become ill, bragging about his winnings. One of his brothers-in-gambling had been unable to pay his debts; so he had given him a "policy." As the debtor was Russ Cobb, third exalted vice-president of the Golden Rule Insurance Company, it was no doubt an insurance policy.

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Being slow-witted, Blackmammy did not grasp the significance of the document she was holding in her hands. The next morning she happened to mention it in her ramblings-on to her mistress, who questioned her about it. The morning after she took it with her; it was pronounced genuine by none other than the head of the house himself. Blackmammy as beneficiary could collect the insurance.

Four days later Blackmammy moved from her one-room plus a lean-to cabin on Berry Lane to a five-room painted bungalow on Bellair Avenue. No longer did she trudge three blocks to the common well; she had water in the house. No longer did she sit and doze by the fireside at night; she now had the luxury of hot air and electric lights. No longer did she labor for the Lord at the First Church of Africa; she bought a closed car on the installment plan and hired a natty chauffeur. In other words, she had fallen from grace.

But Blackmammy was too busy absorbing highfaluting notions to realize that she had fallen. She adopted a mincing manner with her words. She aped the manners of the people whom she saw on the streets. Cultured? Certainly. She spent hours staring at the mysterious print in magazines. Traveled? To be sure. Her most cherished possession was an expensive wardrobe trunk which she displayed to the best possible advantage in her parlor.

Struggling up Main Street one day, uncomfortable in her gaudy, ill-fitting clothes, Blackmammy came face to face with Deacon Brown.

"Good afternoon, Sister," said the old Deacon.

"How-dee-do," answered his erstwhile co-worker.

"I wants to talk wid you, Sister."

"I'se sorry, Deacon, but I'se in a powerful swivvet. I'se got a angagement."

Apparently unimpressed by the impending engagement, the Deacon continued, "I wants to tell you I'se sorry you has fell frum grace. I'se thunk de matter ova, an' muh conductions has been that you is being punished for speaking so harshly uv good Sister Dabb. You shouldn't have used them harsh names."

"I chooses to infohm you," Blackmammy interrupted with freezing politeness, "that little bugs hasn't entered muh mind since I become de biggest and swellest bug in dis here town!"

Need Of The Muse

How I long for happy phrase
To tell with rapture what I feel
When walking in the park at twilight
And seeing night around me steal,—
Blocking out the flecks of sunshine,
Darkening where the hollows lie,
Covering earth with cooling shadows,
Lighting stars in evening's sky!
Poetry in my heart is ringing,
With love of life my heart's afire
But my tongue can never sing it,
And my song must surely die.

—*P. M. P.*



To A Wood Thrush

Little Brown Bird, that's my song you're singing;
Did you hear my thoughts and weave a song?
Then sing, gay Wood Thrush, take my song and sing it;
Never let such music in your heart lie silent long!

—*P. M. P.*

EDITORIALS

Just what gives THE CORADDI its awe inspiring halo? It is accused of having one. Common with "I do not choose to run," and "Don't give up the ship" is the discouraging statement "No indeed I could not write for CORADDI." A despairing editor is greeted with the remark that it is the height of originality to be able to think up something to write about for CORADDI. And what is the editor to do? Should she rush home and grind out another inane manuscript? When did THE CORADDI receive its superiority complex? If indeed it has one. Yet it is undeniably true that practically every issue is filled with the contributions of a faithful few. Why do not more students aspire to see their brain-children inside the austere cover of the College Magazine?

A girl recently remarked with a long drawn sigh of hopelessness that perhaps sometime she would get in a CORADDI *Mood*, then she would write something. So a mood is necessary! Oh that it were a pill—and that the student body could be prevailed upon to indulge in a dose! THE CORADDI is not created in the throes of a mood. Nor does it call for the heights of originality. We need originality of course. However, well written material of any kind as well as sane criticism is not only welcomed but solicited. Something is wrong. And if there are—as there should be in such a large school—many Literary Lights, they certainly keep their shades on!

It is customary for a new staff to announce, in the first issue, the policies and plans which are to be followed. However, we commit ourselves to no set policy or plan. We make no promises. Our ultimate aim is to be readable and to encourage creative writing. To carry out our aim we shall need some assistance. Literary Lights, please raise your shades!

The question is an old one and trite, yet failing an adequate answer it is often repeated.

What can account for the unappreciativeness of the college girls?

Why do they not patronize that which the best critics approve? It is rather generally conceded that the college girls do not appreciate the artists that the lecture and concert courses send. If the girls do attend they seem to have no compunction about leaving in the middle of the performance—or, even more annoying to the group, whispering loudly to their neighbors. Moreover the girls will not spend their allowances for performances which they are assured beforehand will be well worth the small amount charged.

The Theatre Guild is acclaimed by critics the world over, yet but a small percentage of the college girls go to see their performances.

A group of English actors presented *The Beggar's Opera* in the city during the winter. Less than a dozen of the college girls attended.

The music department of the college bend every effort to put on a well known opera in concert form, but on the night of the performance the participants sing before a mere handful of people.

The Playlikers formerly presented plays of the type of *Craig's Wife*, *Arms and the Man*, and *Rostand's Chanticleer*, yet because of the continued grumbling of their audiences they have deteriorated to superficial comedies like *The Patsy*.

This attitude is disheartening to say the least.

Several faculty members feel that the fault lies with them. In that they are partly right. If the girls do not realize the true value of these opportunities the faculty should feel obligated to lend their support to the good cause. The opinion of the student body is swayed to a large extent by the faculty whether the students acknowledge it or not.

But it goes beyond that—in the final analysis the students alone are responsible for their attitude.

What is to be done about it?

I, for one, can offer no remedy whatever.

That intangible thing known as "campus spirit" helps a good deal in other colleges, yet here we admit among ourselves that there "just ain't no such animal."

Some say frankly that with such a large group of girls the situation will never be better—yet they say at the same time that a twice as large number of boys evince more interest and appreciation.

Are we to admit this accusation?

Is there anything to be done about this distressing condition?

The Old Maid

EDITH HARBOUR

MISS MARY PACE was born to be an old maid. From early childhood she had shown a sharp interest in other peoples' love affairs and a marked aptitude for gossiping. And when she reached the age of twenty without having had a single beau, her status in the community was settled.

Shortly after she was twenty-one, Miss Mary appeared at the meeting house one Sunday clad in black. Her eyes were red-rimmed and she held herself aloof from those who would have questioned her. Her mother gave out the story.

"Yes, poor Mary is so cut up, having just heard Friday that the man she was to have married had died in a coal mine disaster."

The man she was to have married? Dry Ponders questioned themselves and each other. Just who was Mary to have married?

Mrs. Pace supplied that information also. "Why Mary was promised to Jeff Handy before he went west."

Jeff Handy had a local reputation for being the sort of sport who loved his girls and then forgot them. The inhabitants of Dry Pond were properly awed and somewhat sceptical concerning the belated announcement of the engagement. Word drifted back from West Virginia that young Handy had been killed during a gun battle in a saloon, which appeared strange considering the fact that Miss Mary's man had had his life snuffed out in a coal mine disaster.

Miss Mary had hugged her sorrow tight in her heart, had held her head high and continued to wear mourning. Years passed, and the gentle tradition grew up that she had been disappointed in love.

Love affairs at Dry Pond are rather unexciting events until the neighborhood gets to gossiping and then they are quite diverting. Miss Mary liked nothing better than to spend the morning visiting everyone on the creek, speculating as to who that were going together would get married and who that were not going together would soon commence. And invariably she would end her visit with a sigh, a wistful look towards the westward mountains and "I just can't help from thinking

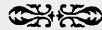
what might have been if poor Jeff had not been taken."

Housewives along the creek offered her scant pity. They could not afford to sympathize with her, being rather tied-down at home while she was perfectly free to run around and talk about peoples' love affairs. Most Dry Pond housewives had reached the conclusion that love was not as necessary as three meals a day, anyway, so why discuss the topic at great length?

But Miss Mary clattered on; and each year she grew more shrunken and talked more of the great tragedy that had blighted her life. People began to feel sorry for her; they feared she was afflicted with softening of the brain.

And then when Miss Mary was nigh on to sixty she married, married old Joe Nunn, a shiftless fellow who wanted to get control of her homeplace.

Miss Mary appeared at the meeting house attired in white, the proper apparel for a bride. In extenuation of her deed, she confided to the entire congregation that she always had known the right man would be bound to happen along if she waited long enough.



To Dreams

Dreams are elusive things.

I wink—and close my eyes—and am asleep.

No joy I find in watching shadows as they creep,

Or staring wide-eyed at some far pale star.

Rather am I doomed to deep unconsciousness,

Search as I may, I find no fancy in my lonely soul

To comfort me until I reach that far off goal

Of dreamless peace.

Eternities I used to lie awake

And trace the path of life from end to end.

Now I can only pray that God will send

One solitary dream—before oblivion.

—*Caroline Jervey.*

The Nymph And The Bee

ESTHER SHREVE

THE SUN was dropping behind the western hills and the lover had not come. The nymph had told him to be there at sun down, and he was not.

"Mr. Bee," called the nymph in a clear sweet voice, "Go as fast as you can to the Frances Tavern in the town."

"Yes, my lady," said I, "and what I pray you would you have me do there?"

"Fly through the window of the room where the dice are rattling and buzz around Rhoecus' ear and see if he will remember his tryst with me."

The nymph's command was no sooner given than I was away. My wings were carrying me faster than ever before. Finally I came to the tavern and through the window I hummed just as they were all laughing over a happy throw. I buzzed my very hardest around the ear of Rhoecus and he took his hand and brushed me away impatiently. But I still went back the second and third time, because my love for the nymph compelled me onward. The third time I went back Rhoecus was mad over a bad play and beat me off with growing wrath. Oh, how it did hurt! He had broken my wing and I was to fly no more. I couldn't go back to the cool woods and the little tree nymphs. I fell by the side of the window and watched the sun disappear below the western horizon.

To Miss F_____

Have you seen a lovely thing
Like a violet in the spring—
Like the opal in your ring?
That's my lady.

Have you heard a silvery sound
Like an angel's voice around—
Like a fairy's voice you've found?
That's my lady.

Have you thought of blue and grey
Like a dream both sad and gay—
Like a prayer at close of day?
That's my lady.

—*Cecile Lindau.*



Adventures

BETTY GAUT

WHEN I indulge in a spasm of regret, it is not disastrous adventures which occupy my mind—but those that—thanks to fate or relatives—have never materialized. These aspirations nettle my waking hours and haunt my slumber.

For years I've had the most violent desire to hobo a freight train. Once I got my nerve to hobo-pitch and watched the eight-thirteen crawl down the valley toward me with anticipation tinged with curiosity. Should I mount one of the austere refrigerator cars, attack a large petroleum tank, or get gloriously grimy on a coal car. By a process of elimination I decided to initiate myself into hobo-heaven on the oil tank. The train, by this time, was just around the Dog Town curve. I shifted my book bag to a less hampering position and waited. The train was much larger than any I had ever seen before—the engine was hotter, and the engineer looked much crosser than usual. But the speed was less than I had dared to hope. It would be disgustingly easy to climb on (and getting off worried me not in the least). For some unknown reason, I took a swift glance toward the house before I grasped the iron ladder. I remained on the ground—frozen with fury. For from an upstairs porch my aunt Ann stood watching me with affectionate curiosity well marked with suspicion. I'll never forget the anticlimax feeling with which I stood and watched my glorious adventure lumber out of sight.

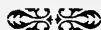
Another of my unsatisfied longings is less fool-hardy but far more deadly than laboring. I want to call my Cousin Cal—tall, frigid, Cousin Cal—by her christian name—quite unadorned by any cousinly prefix. Her name has always been one of my private little swears. It is through no fault of hers that she was so named. But how I'd like to march up and call her *Scotia Caledonia*. Then I'd retreat hastily to the beech grove back of the barn and wait to see the heavenly bodies gasp.

Then when the lightning subsided and the atmosphere became cool enough for easy breathing, I'd slip up the cellar stairs to the kitchen.

There I would mix up Today, Yesterday, Last Week, and Nobody Knows. These calendar-ish sounds are merely plates of large, light brown biscuit which are placed on certain shelves of the cupboard—according to age. I've always wanted to see if the world would come to an end if the venerable biscuit were removed sacriligiously from their chronological order. Aunt Ann has no doubts upon this subject.

The last and most tantalizing of my secret ambitions is to drink as much hot tea as I can accommodate. I want to brew it in grandmother's chubby little tea pot, and drink from her pet cup—the one with the grey and gold daises perched around the rim.

The only consolation I can muster is to promise myself that some morning I'll get drunk on tea from the daisy cup, yell "Goodbye Scotia Caledonia," race through the grove and climb on the eight-thirteen. Yes, I'm coming back to mix up Today, Yesterday, Last Week and Nobody Knows!



New Moon

A new moon is shining to-night
Over the tops of the trees,
A beautiful silver light
Wafting down on the breeze;

A new moon is shining to-night
Adrift on that billowy sea;
A new day is gleaming bright
A new chance is given to me.

—*Roberta Johnson*, '32.

The Appeal Of Byron

PEGGY ANN WILLIAMS

BYRON APPEALS to youth because he is a figure of revolt, hurling bombs at the "primum mobile" of all things established, culture, government, morality. In him youth sees mirrored all of its struggles.

The spirit of youth is in revolt because it has not yet learned the value of governance, personal and social. As he acquires property and a home, the average man changes his youthful theories of communism, "free love," and "individual law" to a practice of conformity to the social pattern that will protect his property from encroachment and his home from the disaster brought by extreme ideas of personal freedom. He has changed from radicalism to conservatism. Youth that took a zestful delight in the satire of Byron, representing the individual in revolt against society, in maturity is struck by it at the very foundation of his dearest forms.

To the untameable arrogance of Byron, his absolute non-conformity, is added the dramatic appeal of his tragic life, as he represents it in his poetry, and the great gesture of his early death. His heroics are unsurpassed. In life his genius is too superior to the rest of mankind for him to expect understanding or even an approach to it. He must bow his "naked head" in the clouds and snow of that "lofty peak" from which,

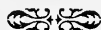
"He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below."

With what pathos does this splendid isolation appeal to youth!

Youth, especially youth which feels within itself a power to create, passes through a painful time of trying to find itself, to place itself in its destined sphere of work. This period is marked by times of extreme cynicism, of absolute despair, of loneliness and of strangeness to itself. It is a self-centered period. All of these things "the wandering outlaw of his own dark mind" expresses. For Byron never knew himself, though he had what E. Barrington called that power to reveal himself without the power to understand himself.

The romance of Byron makes perhaps the strongest appeal to youth. Byron himself, his personal beauty and his irresistible charm, his position as the worshipped hero and the condescending lover, fulfills those day-dreams of the romantic age in youth. What young person does not incarnate himself with Conrad and Lara,—even as Byron himself did—“mysteriously wicked, infernally proud, quixotically generous, and above all melancholy.”*

The secret of Byron's failure to hold the interest of the mature may be that in spirit he never outgrew the struggles of youth. His hero was ever himself and himself was ever too detached from the common man, too “different,” too “superior.” His “mad blood,” his extreme popularity, his unhappy childhood, kept him from successfully breaking through the surfaces of life to face truth in his soul, as a mature poet must do. His sincere poetry is the cry of the struggling, wildly unhappy, bitterly proud and disdainful youth. His imaginative work is the heroic pose of the grown man dramatizing for himself a role in the eyes of the world.



I Wish I Were A Daisy Field

I wish I were a daisy field—
Or just a bunch would do—
Or even several daisies—
Just four or three or two!

Then on days when you are good
I'd say—“He loves—a lot.”
And then on days when you are bad
'Twould be “He loves me not!”

—*Cecile Lindau.*

* Moody and Lovett.

“Remember, You Are Ladies”

(A guide to proper conduct)

by

FLORENCE BAREFOOT	LUCY JOHNSON
MARY VIRGINIA BARKER	KATHERINE JONES
KATHERINE BLAIR	KATHERINE LEE
REBECCA CAUSEY	EDNA LIVINGSTON
LOIS CHAMPION	LOUISE MOORE
MARY DEESE	FRANCES PADGETT
EVANGELINE GALANOPOLIS	GLADYS PRICE
MARGARET HASBROUCK	LOUISE RICHARDSON
ANNIE LAURIE HUDSON	FLORENCE SOFELY
JESSIE RUTH JENSEN	ELIZABETH STRICKLAND

Class of '32

PREFACE

Inspired by a guide to gentlemanly conduct, Thomas Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook*, we have resolved to provide for the students of North Carolina College, especially for freshmen, a similar hand book. Just as he wrote a guide for fashionable gentlemen of the seventeenth century, so we have written for college girls of the twentieth. We realize that for thirty-eight years a great effort has been made to raise the standard of conduct to its present level, wherein there is a distinguishing atmosphere of honesty, earnestness, courtesy, scholarship, and culture. We revere such an atmosphere, and feel that it can be protected only through a means that will impart to those newer members of the college community the essentials of conduct as adopted by upperclassmen.

In collecting this material we have endeavored to keep one general idea in the mind: the situations that will occur to a new student, and the manner in which these situations should be met. We sincerely hope that it will instruct the freshmen in the finer points of etiquette and put them at ease immediately.

We wish to acknowledge, in addition to the inspiration given us by Thomas Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook*, the aid of Will Roger's *Nifty Notions of Behavior for Nature's Noblemen*. Much credit also belongs

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to the upperclassmen in teaching us the knowledge herein set forth, and to the Freshman of '29 for their splendid spirit of coöperation in this undertaking.

THE FORK TO USE

One of the greatest obstacles that confronts the freshman is how to act in the dining room.

The students of no other college exert their attention and care to the matter of dress as do the students of the North Carolina College. They have a reputation all over the state for their carefulness, neatness, and appropriateness of dress. In this day of modernism only the old-fashion country girl dresses before breakfast. The attire that gives the desired air of flippancy, sophistication, and distinction consists of colorful pajamas underneath a coat, no hose, and loudly clicking mules. The mules give you a grace of carriage which cannot be equaled by sport or tennis shoes. The lack of stockings shows off your motor parts to great advantage. If you should see any elderly person staring at you, you will know she is admiring the lines and curves of your ankles. You will probably find the coat a necessity since it is usually cold in Greensboro early in the morning.

We know, of course, dear freshmen, that you have been taught table etiquette at home. No girl ever reaches the college age without having acquired faultless table manners. Upon reaching college, however, it is best to forget these habits immediately. Do not feel shocked—there are reasons for this. At home you eat with civilized people, and you naturally respond to their courtesies. Here, however, you are with people of your own class. Furthermore, you have too much to do in college to waste any time in the dining room.

The proper behavior for breakfast is not exactly like that for lunch and dinner. Upon entering the dining hall, make sure, young ladies, that you push and elbow your way through the mob as roughly as possible. This will let everyone know you are perfectly at ease and essentially an individual. Especially should the individual idea be carried out in all your movements in the dining hall. Roughly push those who are in line ahead of you, for this helps the dietitian a great deal in giving quick service. When you have, by continued pushing, reached the back of the dining hall, slowly select the particular knife, fork,

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bread, and beverages, remembering that you will get a second chance to choose them, for N. C. C. W. boasts that she is financially able to furnish every student with two of everything at breakfast. After you have gulped down your breakfast rush hurriedly from the dining room, leaving your tray and dishes on the table so that the waiters will not have to be rushed at the tray counter stacking dishes. If bananas, grapes, or oranges are served, be sure to scatter the peels or seeds just outside the dining hall so that all visitors for the following week may see that N. C. C. W. furnishes delicious fresh fruits in and out of season.

For lunch anything you happen to be wearing will be O. K. Do not take time to comb your hair for fear of appearing high hat. If you plan to go off for the afternoon, the lunch hour is a splendid time to get your hair in good condition. Put combs in your hair just before lunch, proving to your friends that you, not God, should have the credit for your marvelously waved hair.

For dinner the same rules apply as for lunch. Never dress especially for dinner. The faculty members and seniors are always too busy to dress and you mustn't make them feel out of place.

The same method of rush is used when entering the dining room for lunch and dinner as for breakfast. There are two advantageous times to enter the dining room. You may come as soon as the bell rings. This enables you to get the best seat at the table and to get a start on the pickles or potato chips before the rest of the diners arrive. The other advantageous time to come is just three minutes before time for the bell. This will give you two and one-half minutes to dash to your seat to noisily drag your chair out, sit down, and drag your chair back to the table. After you sit down in somebody else's chair (variety is the spice of life) and get your company seated (never come to the table without at least one guest because your table-mates might think you have no friends), you must manage in some way to monopolize the conversation. (Incidentally wrap your feet around the legs of your chair so you will not fall off on the floor.) While the blessing is being asked, you should look about over the dining room to see whether all your friends arrived on time, meantime repeating the blessing over in unison with the hostess, commenting upon it if she adds a new thought or leaves out a word.

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While you are waiting for the food to be served, clank the silver, put your feet on the floor, taste potato chips or whatever happens to be already on the table, talk to girls on the other side of the hall, sing "Broken Dreams of Yesterday" (incidentally knocking a glass off the table), pour the water (mostly on the table) or do anything you wish just so it makes a noise. When the hostess taps her bell, do not be startled for she also is merely amusing herself.

When the food arrives, be sure to give special injunctions to the person serving as to what you want and how much. Change your mind several times.

When the dessert comes, manage by bribery, persuasion, force, or otherwise to get the largest share. Then, no matter whether you like it or not, make a decided statement to the fact that you do not. This will be the fitting climax for the complaints you have been making all the while you were eating. Do not forget in your immediate exit to carry out whatever you think you might want later, in glasses, napkins, et cetera. Nobody wants you to starve, of course. To get as much as you want, you should hurry through your meal, get through before the others do, so that before everything is eaten, you can pile around your plate what you want to carry out. If you cannot carry out all of it by yourself, the dining room hostesses will only be too glad to assist you.

Just one word about elbows. The position of elbows is generally considered a sure mark of class. Freshmen, who do not know the ropes, keep their elbows off the table; sophomores put one elbow on the table; juniors put both elbows on the table; and seniors put both elbows on the table and bury their chins in their hands. Since you wish to be pointed out as Upper-Class, use one of the last three positions.

HOW A LADY GETS HER MAIL

The twice-occurring, all important event of the day is the arrival of the mail. This occasion possesses a set of social rules and customs all its own, to which you must strictly adhere.

Although the post office is a field especially suitable for physical education majors, the democratic principles of this institution grant

equal rights to all students. Therefore do not be afraid to enter the athletic contest, the prize of which will be your mail.

To begin with, it is customary to wait until the lights outside the door are on before you go in. These lights signify that the postmistress is awaiting you with open arms. You can then go in and get your mail before the crowd comes. This method is to be used when you are in a hurry or expecting important mail. If the postmistress shouts, "Get out of the post office!" do not be so mistaken as to think that you must leave. If you were to leave you would declare publicly that you were a green freshman. Really, when the postmistress shouts, it is a sign that you should talk a little louder, for since you are not making enough noise to amuse her, she is shouting to amuse herself.

However it is really better form to wait awhile until the crowd comes because in this way you obtain more practice for track, football, and wrestling, or whatever sport you prefer.

The manner of entrance is quite important. Regardless of which door is entrance and which exit, enter and leave by the door nearest your box, for this will enable the post office to be quickly emptied without congestion.

Come in and push, shove, elbow, or kick your way into arm's reach of your box. Stand directly in front of as many boxes as possible while you are searching for your mail. The other girls will appreciate this and will not hesitate to let you know their gratitude. Thus you will have the honor of being in the limelight while you gather enough breath for the return trip to the great outdoors. If, on opening the box, you find only a half dozen advertisements, snatch them out with a lady-like oath and cast them on the floor. The floor is the proper place for them since the wastebaskets are reserved for faculty members.

If you have forgotten your key, don't worry. Some kindhearted person will allow you to reach through her box into yours for the much desired epistles from home. This will greatly please the postmistress, for there is nothing she likes better than a display of your anatomy from the tips of your lily white fingers to three inches above the elbow.

Perhaps the gods will shower you with blessings, and you will receive a slip in your box indicating that you have a package that must be called for. There will probably be thirty-five other girls waiting in line, but you cannot afford to waste your valuable time thus. Hand the

slip to a girl near the window, and persuade her to let you get in line behind her. The other girls will admire this display of friendship and you will become popular.

If, in addition to your other mail, you have received the home paper, open it while you are in the crowd so that you can demand the space required for three instead of one, and, in that way insure a safe exit.

SOURCES AND RESOURCES

Before the freshmen receive the hearty invitation, given annually by the faculty, to enter the deep recesses of the library, it behooves them to know how to conduct themselves properly in this storehouse of knowledge.

Upon entering the library, slam the door with a loud, sonorous thud, which will be echoed to the librarian, who will then know that a regular patroness of the library is approaching. If, at the first few attempts, the door shuts with just a mediocre and muffled rumble, do not lose heart, for by repeated and consistent practice, this can be improved. Moreover, the librarian's hair will stand on end, and nothing can compare favorably with the beauty and amusement offered by hair on end, especially that of the librarian. Do not proceed quietly from here like a cowering thief in the night or like a freshman, but go rather as a dethroned king, or a sophomore. If you intend to sojourn in the fiction or Reserve room for any length of time, tread heavily up the stairs. At the same time hum, whistle, or sing a tune, keeping time and harmonizing with the steady beat of the steel taps on your heels. To show your sociability, lean over the railing on the second floor to chat gaily and unconcernedly with your friends on the first floor. If, after leaning over, you see no one you know, do not retreat, for retreat at this moment means embarrassment; instead, in a shrill and loud voice ask the librarian when the fiction room will be open. If your question goes unheeded, throw a paper wad to attract her attention. Having performed this function, enter the Reserve room. Amble boldly to the reserve desk. If the book you desire has been withdrawn, it is your duty and privilege to investigate the situation. Leisurely inspect the various tables to try to spy the book. In the meanwhile, take notice of the melodious sounds of the tap-tapping underfoot. Once you see the book, inquire the length of the time the reader will use it; then, very

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patronizingly and condescendingly, seat yourself at her side to receive it when she is through. Between spurts of ink, engage her in a pleasant conversation, for by this time, she has become bored with the contents in the book and she needs must have some diversion. Time passes quickly, and in a short time you will perceive her preparing to leave.

These rules are proper only on the second floor.

On the first floor, the situation is quite different. In both the Reference and the Periodical rooms, the social atmosphere prevails. Make this first floor of the library your daily rendezvous; meet your friends here and chat gaily and at great length; here you can laugh to your heart's content; and receive and exchange the latest gossip; and exhibit, receive, and analyze the newly arrived letters. Although there are comparatively few people who insist on studying in this room, we assure you, they have picked an improper place. When investigating the contents of the card catalogue, pull out the several drawers, but—REMEMBER—never put these drawers back in their correct places. The rules concerning the Periodical room are similar to those of the reference room, with one exception. The papers and magazines are there for your use. Any information in them that can be of value to you, is yours to slip out. Be sure not to let the director of the library see you doing this, for if he does, he would probably insist that you take the whole newspaper or magazine home with you, mindful of the fact that your sense of property right is very keen. After your social hour has been concluded entirely to your satisfaction, clatter loudly out of the library.

In short, we must make the members of our campus community realize that our library is a house of freedom and pleasure. It is your duty, as sincere, earnest students of N. C. C. to keep its library free from the common atmosphere of a workshop.

STAGE FRIGHTS

Another matter that must be brought to the attention of the freshman in order that she may feel entirely at home and free from embarrassment is the form of behavior most suited in attendance on any occasion at the auditorium. One of the most frequent of these is the

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chapel exercise, looked forward to with much eagerness by those who are versed in the modes of culture, the upper-classman.

It is necessary to go to the auditorium by way of the "Wop Shop," since you have a whole ten minutes from the end of the fourth period until the beginning of chapel. Besides, Dr. Foust likes to see the girl ambling along the way, and is very much disappointed if they are prompt in taking their places.

After this excursion is completed, approach the auditorium, increasing with each step the noise you and your friends can make. If your seat is on the east side, enter at the west, in order to greet as many of your friends as possible. Chat with them to your heart's content, for it is by no means necessary to seat yourself before the marshals are taking the attendance. If your seat assignment happens to be in the center of the row, do not let that bother you. Girls do not mind having their feet stepped on and their books scattered—it is all taken in fun.

If perchance you arrive late, all the better. This affords an opportunity to get personally acquainted with Dr. Foust in an interview which the marshals, not aware of your presence, will arrange for you.

For late and early comers behavior is uniform. The college considers the chapel hour one of the best times to foster versatility in the students. In fact, the atmosphere of the exercises simply exudes inspiration for various pastimes. It is an excellent opportunity to read the home town paper (being sure to rattle its few pages furiously), to exhibit the morning mail, to catch up on your heavy correspondence, to prepare an assignment, or to discuss the latest gossip with your friends. Those who are sitting far enough back in the balcony for the voice of the speaker not to annoy them may sleep peacefully; only be sure to have someone wake you when Mr. Hall finally gives the signal for the race. Who knows but that the A. A. president will see you and put you on the track team?

When the young freshman has overcome the complexities of chapel conduct she is well on the road to perfect etiquette at concerts and lectures. It is the duty of every girl to show the townspeople assembled that culture is an intricate part of N. C. C. W. Baffle them first by manifesting your culture in an impressive entrance. There are two acceptable ways of acquiring this desired result. If you fear the program will not interest you, seek out the auditorium early, assuring

yourself of a seat in the middle of a section well towards the front. This makes your premature exit a coming attraction. For your own convenience, sit in the balcony which is equipped with many rails on which to prop your feet. This is an advantageous position, if you sit with your seat upturned, to view the assembling crowd, to criticize, or to admire the new evening apparel. Change places several times so that you may be sure you have the very best seat. You will probably see a better place just as the curtain rises, but this need not keep you from changing. You may, however, wait and join the rush for the reserved seats at the end of the first act or in an interval of applause. However, if you plan to spend the evening, postpone your entrance, if it is a lecture, until the audience, aroused by the colorful introduction, has leaned forward in the seats to catch the first few words; or, if it is a concert, until the music has just burst forth. The performers will appreciate your dispensing with this awkward moment of tenseness by distracting the rude, staring audience's attention. With head-up, chin-in, walk quickly to a seat. Disregard all signs of the marshals entirely, unless you prefer to give them a sniff of disdain. Scramble to the middle of the row regardless of the black, hateful looks of the entire audience. After seating yourself find that the neglectful marshal has failed to give you a program. This necessitates your arising, and threading your way through the aisle to the usher. Having obtained your object, return to your chosen place. Never forget what you went for—the program. You will find that since it is made of stiff paper it will rattle, much to the amusement of those near you. By now, surely a climax has been reached. You must remember something important to tell your best friend about five seats removed. Call her or have word passed along to her; snicker at the mere thought of what you are about to say; and conclude your conversation by saying you'll finish it later.

Continuously remark, criticise, and admire the program. Never vary your remarks. Simply repeat them adding a little more vehemence to each repetition. If you came early it is now time for your premature exit. Be sure that you leave while the performer is on the stage or he will think you are bored, and are trying to sneak out. Your exit may be slow, for then the artist will think that you felt you could not devote a whole evening to him but thought you could not afford to

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miss him entirely. Your exit may be very hurried, for then the artist will think his words or music have moved you to action. However, if you come late, witness the grand climax of the performance at the end. It is the author's duty as well as his privilege to greet you back of the stage. In fact, he will be overwhelmed by your consideration. If the steps to the stage are too crowded, scramble, climb, crawl, do anything just so you get there. Having arrived, elbow your way through the crowd to the front of the mob. Stay until you are satisfied; the performers glory in being gaped at—it adds to their sense of comfort. It is rather out of date to ask for an autograph on your program. Should we serenade the artist? Since this practice was started too late in the season this year to be perfected we are relying on you, new girls, to do everything in your power to establish this custom.

If these simple precepts are followed, you new girls will be freed from the embarrassment the freshmen of other years have felt. Besides you will help the upper classmen impress the visiting artists with N. C. C. W.'s cultural atmosphere.

DATES

The freshman to be popular needs must learn these few customs and requirements concerning the entertaining of young men in the dormitory parlors.

No doubt during the course of the year you will unexpectedly have a young man caller. Or if one does not come of his own accord, it is always possible to hail a date from the street. It is even easier to recognize, through mistake, some stranger who is just leaving campus and who is no more anxious to leave than you are to have him leave. If you desire to remain in your room, it is even easier to attract passersby, for then you can be dressed more alluringly. You must never forget the shock it would be to the counselors to find that they had girls old-fashioned enough to keep the fresh air and sunshine out of their rooms by lowering the shades.

When you are informed of your unexpected caller whom you have hailed or who has come of his own accord, make a flying dash for the reception hall, and enter in a whirlwind of excitement. He will be so flattered by your enthusiasm that he will not fail to call again. Re-

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gardless of the fact that you are perfectly acquainted with the home rules, wait until you are informed that you must get permission from your counselor before you go through with that formality. The delay will further prove your interest in your caller and serve to put the counselor in the best of humor; otherwise she would think you forward and would be exceedingly jealous of your popularity.

When your half-hour date is finished, walk complacently out on the porch with the young man and stand talking to him for at least twenty minutes longer. Pay no heed to the advice of the counselor that good-byes may be said quickly and effectively. The extended goodbye will give the girls who room on the front side of the building a chance to view, admire, and criticize both you and your caller.

In case you know beforehand that you will have a date wait until the last minute, or the minute after that, to sign up. If your counselor is not in her office, look for her. She will be glad to accommodate you at any time during the day or night. Her time is entirely at your disposal.

Never be ready when the maid comes to inform you that you have a young man visitor. He will be perfectly comfortable and at ease standing in the reception hall until you have completed your toilet, and he may profitably spend his time becoming acquainted with some of the other girls. When you finally arrive on the scene, debate loud and long as to whether you will sit in the sun-parlor, the little parlor, or out on the terrace. Unless your make-up is particularly good however, do not choose to stay inside because the floor-lamps are permanently out of order it seems, and only the glaring ceiling lights may be used. On the terrace the reflection of the brilliant headlights are very illuminating but the effect is much more satisfying outside than inside.

After you are finally established, do not sit straight in your chair. Draw your knees up and clasp your hands around them or sit on your ankles. This posture reveals a ravishing display of the latest style in two-fifty hose. By all means never forget your gum, and if your supply is exhausted demand of your date a stick. Chatter and chew.

When it comes time for the young man to leave, walk outside and try to cram all the things you forgot to say or ask about into the last three minutes. The maid is never anxious to leave, and she will be

only too glad to remain as long as you wish. Above all things do not bring in your chairs from the terrace, for through menial labor you would only show inferiority.

On those nights when no one comes to see you and when your efforts to secure a date are in vain, you should realize the duty that falls upon your shoulders with regard to the entertainment of the others, and do your part to relieve the monotony of the hour. Remain a while in the hall, singing the latest hit, doing the newest step, or quietly sitting before the door ready for any emergency. Always be ready to extend a welcome to each newcomer, remembering that she who has a date with him is remaining in her room for no other purpose than to give him an opportunity to be with you.

You may afford novelty to the occasion in other ways than by the entertainment in the hall. Enter the reception room, call everyone's attention, and ask if anyone can change a quarter. If there is no response, ask each man separately. Come back again to find someone to mail a letter for you. If you know any of the boys and girls who are dating, go in and have a friendly chat with them. If you have the least musical talent, never fail to enter and render a program. Rest assured that those in the parlor realize that your efforts are for their amusement alone and that they most heartily enjoy your entertainment.

