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Ruth
Lang

May Moon

By ROSALIND TRENT

A GHOST shouldn't walk under the May moon when the night breathes the perfume of new blown flowers. He should wait until the wind wails in January and the moon scuddles from cloud to cloud like a frightened hare trying to hide in clumps of hedge.

Even in January a ghost isn't considered proper in Queensboro, for the townspeople, both living and dead, are highly respectable, and respectable people don't gad about at night after they are dead. The ghost was a topic for indignation to them. Heaven knows he had caused scandal enough while he was alive. Was the town never to be rid of him?

The ghost had been Banker Percy Covington's youngest son. That made the whole affair even more scandalous, for the Covington family was the town model of propriety. The financial life of the town centered in the Covington Bank, its social life in the Covington mansion, and the Covington burial plot was in the very center of the cemetery. Terry Covington wasn't buried in the family plot. Tall marble shafts marked the resting place of the other members of the family, but only violets and grass covered the mound where Terry slept. Perhaps that was why his spirit walked at night.

The townspeople didn't blame the Covington's for having cast Terry out. The family, they thought, had been long suffering and patient enough with him, for he had always been in trouble of some kind. When he never studied enough to pass an examination, they hired tutors for him; when he refused to study banking, his father sent him off to study art; even when he announced that he was a socialist and refused to vote a straight democratic ticket, the family found excuses for him. But no one could have expected them to recognize him when he married a circus performer. A little black-eyed foreigner who couldn't speak a word of English! Banker Covington almost had a stroke when Terry's older brothers broke the news to him. After that, Terry was forbidden to come near his father's house. His name was never mentioned. Nobody spoke to him or his wife, but everybody stared at them. They were worth looking at, too. Even

Miss Lydia Covington grudgingly admitted that Terry's wife was "pretty enough, almost as beautiful for a woman as he is handsome for a man."

Terry took a job as a telegraph operator and rented a tiny cottage near the station. He and his Nieada lived there alone. The town knew that they were "poor'n Job's turkey" and felt that it "served 'em right." What the town didn't know was that they were just a little happier than the angels. They had each other—money and the rest of the human race meant little to them just then.

Things might have stayed so for a long time, but only a few months after his wedding Terry died of pneumonia. None of the Covingtons went to the funeral. Two days after Terry had been buried on the very edge of the cemetery, Nieada left town. Queensboro breathed a sigh of relief; its scandal was a thing of the past. So when the good people discovered that not even in death would Terry be proper, they felt that they had just grounds for indignation. Not that it was a bothersome ghost—it never even spoke, and only those persons who went to the cemetery at night ever saw it. But Queensboro hated to have a ghost within its precincts.

* * * * *

The moon shone down through the violet leaves, and the ghost brushed them aside and rose to stretch itself in the soft light. Then he flitted across the cemetery to the nearest flat headstone. Perched on top of this, he drew his knees up to his chin, wrapped his arms about them and looked up at the moon. A dead world, a ghost world. Burned out craters and the ruins of an ancient race. Or, perhaps, only green cheese. He might go and see, but why bother? Besides, there was something, someone he was waiting for. Nieada? Yes, that was it. If only she would come! He was so lonely. She seemed so far away.

He jumped down and went into the Covington plot. There was a tiny grave there, a baby's.

"Baby," he called, "Little sister."

But the baby was asleep.

Sonnet

Long have I known of beauties hidden deep
In Nature's bosom the long winters through
Unheeded and unheeding things which sleep
To waken with the sunshine and the blue
Of springtime skies and noisy winds of March,
And grow unfolding loveliness unthought
All through the summer, though her heat may parch
And sear the very life within that sought
The sunshine and the light above them all.
Then with that harmony which Autumn lends,
They grace the world above and brilliance falls
To grace the world below. My spirit bends.
These vivid autumn days are calling me,
And I respond with silent ecstasy.

JOAN WOLFE.



To One I Loved

With searching gaze you scanned my homely stuff—
My gingham strong, my sturdy calico,
My stout homespun, coarse-grained and rough;
And though I burned with love, I dared not show
My ivory lace with webby tissues drawn,
My purple velvet rich with threads of gold.
I waited mute, but you passed quickly on
Where gaudy, bright, though sleazy goods were sold.
I blushed with shame. But when I see by chance
The mirthful little wrinkles of your face,
Your bright hair's burnished red, I grasp and start;
I writhe beneath the calm and casual glance
Of your dark eyes. Your happy careless grace
Is like a cruel knife thrust in my heart.

ANONYMOUS.

The Bloodroot Blossoms

By BILLIE DAVIS

"I WON'T! I won't! I won't! I won't stay here and slide back into this old rut!"

Betty Atkins bestowed a vicious kick upon the wooden tub of wandering jew at the edge of the porch. The startled black kitten scrambled up from the sack on which he was lying and scampered under the house.

Betty felt a little tinge of shame as she realized that even the kittens ran from her. She had always been like that, she reflected, dropping upon the rock step—always spasmodic, always startling the kittens or the chickens by her fits of anger or her spontaneous spells of gayety. And she was always being reproved for them.

"But I can't help it. The people here just don't feel as keenly as I do," she mused ruefully. "They don't see all the beauties in nature that I see. They don't know me. They can't understand me. They can not realize that there is anything bigger in life than frying the best cornbread in Happy Valley and having the first beans in the neighborhood.

"That's all they do—bake cornbread, raise vegetables, and sit around Jim Brown's store up at the crossroads wondering whether tomorrow will be a good day to set tobacco." At the very idea, Betty added a disgusted wrinkle to her tanned nose. "No, I won't slide back into this rut." And she jumped to her feet.

"I lova-lova-lova-you." The call came from the valley down by the river. Betty turned her head, listened a second. "I lova-lova-lova-you," echoed the call. She wanted to follow it—follow it until she found the happy brown-speckled bird that was uttering it. She wanted to go off, and tramp, and tramp, and tramp. And be alone. But she flung her short brown curls back from her face and turned the other way. Hadn't she been tramping and tramping all her life? And where had she gone? She was really going to do something now, really to be somebody.

"Yes, there is more to life than that," she said aloud. She turned into the path that led to Jim Brown's store. She remembered that she

had started to the store to get a spool of white silk thread for her mother.

It was this spool of thread that started it all. Betty had come home from the state college for women for the spring holidays. It was the first of April. In two months she would graduate with the A.B. degree. So her mother was spending this week in getting her clothes ready. But she needed one more spool of thread to finish the graduation dress. Betty was glad of the chance to go to the store on her first day at home. But Mrs. Atkins thought it a useless bother. "Good gracious," she had said, "all this trouble over a dress that you'll wear just one time up at that college, and then pack away for the moths to eat."

"But, mother," Betty had remonstrated. And then she had had to tell it all—how she was going to stay at college to be a laboratory assistant and do research work for her professor that summer; how, some day, she was going to become an eminent scientist; how she was going to marry her smart young biology professor at the college. They weren't engaged yet, but he was waiting for her answer. And now she had made up her mind.

"Poor mother was hurt," thought Betty now as she reviewed the details of the quarrel. "But why shouldn't she want me to marry Tolbert? She wanted me to marry Bill, of course. But why can't she realize that Bill isn't my type, that Bill is little more than a boy—a country boy—with no ambition, no enthusiasm? Why can't she see that Tolbert is educated, is experienced, is grown up? With Tolbert I can go on with the work I like and become somebody. With Bill I could only fall right back into this old rut." She puckered her lips at the word.

"Hullo, there, Betty! Goin' to the store? Wait a minute. I'll go 'long."

Betty started, jumped back; the voice was so close to her ear. Then she looked up into two familiar devilish brown eyes. Bill Tollison slid off the top rail of the gate and landed lightly beside her.

"Hullo, your own self." A slight toss of Bill's head to put a brown lock into place had made Betty catch his spirit—catch his spirit for a minute—not permanently—she was still comparing Bill and Tolbert. The feeling of happy playfulness had stayed but a moment and then sunk into the ground as a rush of pity and sympathy welled up in her thoughts.

Bill started to say something gay, something nonchalant. But it stopped in his throat. He had not missed the change that came over Betty's face. He gave her a questioning, side-wise look, half facetious, half worried.

Betty took up the conversation and carried it on, asking about old friends, where each was, what he was doing. She talked about herself, about her graduation in June. Then: "Oh, congratulate me! I'm going to work in a laboratory this summer, and become a great scientist some day."

So that was it! She had outgrown Happy Valley. But Bill forced himself to praise her, to encourage her, to ask questions about her work. Indeed, so well did he conceal the sting that Betty found herself resenting his attitude of unconcern. "Poor Bill," she was thinking, "he is so dumb. He doesn't see that he is losing me, that I may never come back to Happy Valley again. And what wouldn't Tolbert have done if the situation had been reversed?"

She was still trying to answer her question as she picked out the spool of thread inside the little dingy store. But when she found the one she wanted, Mr. Brown was at the door, and she could hear a general hum of excitement outside. Then a car was gently brought to a stop at the door.

Betty was disgusted. "I knew it. Just a passing motorist. But that's all they have to look forward to up here."

"Can you tell me where Miss Betty Atkins lives?" came the clear masculine voice of Dr. Tolbert Evans. It was Betty's turn to rush to the door now. But she stopped. What would Bill do? It was his voice speaking now.

"She lives 'bout a quarter-mile down the road. But she's in the store now."

So there it was again! Was he just dumb? Betty wondered. She stepped to the door, smiled, and Tolbert had her in his arms. "Gee, wasn't it great of him to come just when I was feeling so lonesome," she was thinking as he ushered her to his green and black Chrysler roadster.

"Don't you need no gas nor oil?" drawled Mr. Brown as Tolbert was stepping on the starter. The foot raised.

"Why, yes, I forgot that. Give me ten gallons, if you please."

And then Bill felt it—felt it as he could not have a few minutes before when she had told him that she was going to leave Happy Valley. He felt that Dr. Tolbert Evans was driving Betty away from Happy Valley forever. And now he had one last hope as he leaned over the car door while Tolbert was paying for the gasoline.

“No, I can’t see you tonight or tomorrow or the next day or the next,” she was answering him. “I’m going to be frightfully busy all week. And when I see you again I may be Mrs. Tolbert Evans.”

“But you’ll have time to see me once before you go back to college, won’t you?” Bill’s tone was nonchalant. He had guessed it already. He was much better prepared for it than he had been for the statement made earlier in the afternoon. He had heard rumors of this Dr. Tolbert Evans that Betty was becoming attached to.

Betty suddenly hated him for that nonchalance. As if it were a matter-of-fact occurrence for her to marry a man who had his doctor’s degree at the age of twenty-four, a man who, at that age, was already famous. And Bill had ignored the announcement. “No,” she was saying as the car slid off, “no, I will be busy every minute of the time.”

“Yes, she thinks that I’m dumb. But maybe I’m not so dumb after all.” Bill was whistling a low, half-audible tone now, as he started slowly across the meadow to his house.

In the next few days Betty did stay busy. Tolbert had come to the mountains to spend his vacation too. He had gotten a room at the hotel down in the city, and said that he would be there until Thursday. So that meant a busy time for Betty. He insisted on taking her riding, taking her out for dinner, taking her to dances, making her spend all her time with him. He gave her a gay time every minute, and all the time they were planning her work for the next summer.

But Betty could not throw herself whole-heartedly into these gay activities. The more she heard about researches and books and theories, the less they appealed to her. As she rode she saw the willow stems growing greener from day to day. She saw the elm buds swelling until they looked as if they were all ready to burst forth and say “Howdy” to her. She saw the little droplets of red peeping from the red maple buds. She felt the breezes tag her on the cheek and challenge her to a frolic.

And through it all Tolbert went on talking about the discoveries of this man or the volumes that that man had written on the subject. Or he was telling her what great times they were going to have at the big laboratory at the college.

Once or twice they had passed Bill, turning over the soil ready for his spring planting. And still Betty was comparing Bill and Tolbert. Why couldn't she ever leave Bill out of the picture? Why couldn't she think of Tolbert without thinking of Bill? They both loved nature. They both knew a lot about nature. But Tolbert had got his knowledge from volumes and stacks of books; Bill had got his from living with the trees and birds and flowers. That was it.

Here, her train of reveries was interrupted as the roadster rolled up beside the curbing in front of the club-house. And with Tolbert leaving the next day, and her mother basting and fitting yards of silk, Betty did not pick up the broken ends of that reverie until the last day of her vacation.

It was Saturday. She had crept down to the old orchard on the pretext of gathering peach blossoms for the table. She wanted to get away from everybody. She was growing restless, worried. People irritated her. She wanted to be alone, out of doors, where she could straighten out her tangled thoughts. Now the voice of the wood thrush kept sweeping up to her from the valley: "I lova-lova-lova-you." She wished that it would hush. It made her think of Bill more than ever. And she had vowed that she would forget Bill. She was no longer a child. She had grown up, and she must begin to think of her future. Hadn't she already decided to marry Tolbert? But she couldn't get Bill off her mind.

Here she remembered that last day that she had seen Bill ploughing in his field. And she went on with the forgotten reverie. "Yes, that's it. That's the difference between them. Tolbert lives in a laboratory filled with stuffed birds and dried flowers; Bill lives in a laboratory filled with singing birds and nodding blossoms — in Happy Valley."

Blossoms interested Betty. And now as she thought of them, true to her profession, she stopped to examine the little powder-puff stamens in a big peach blossom.

"Hullo there, botanist!"

The last word rang through her ears, touched a spring somewhere within her, and made her realize, for the first time that day, that the sun was shining unusually bright and that the wind was bringing all the freshness of spring up from the river. She did not need to look up to see the brown eyes fastened upon her, trying to catch hers.

"I lova-lova-lova-you."

"Listen!" Bill was exultant. "Listen!" All of his boyish enthusiasm was in his voice. Then it became wistful, hopeful, imploring. "And it must be about time for the bloodroot to be blossoming."

Betty raised her eyes, met his, and laughed—laughed as she had not laughed that week. "Wait till I get my cap," she called back over her shoulder.

In two minutes Bill and Betty were picking their way around the mud-puddles in the path to the river, where the bloodroot grew. Bill was talking, enthusiastic, alert, calling her attention to every beetle that crossed their path, to every leaf that was just beginning to explore this world for the first time.

And Betty listened, interested, amazed.

"You see, I got some books and studied birds and botany last winter during my spare hours. I figured that a little extra knowledge of a man's surroundings wouldn't hurt anybody. And this is my laboratory, the best equipped laboratory I know of." Bill made a sweeping movement of his hands that took in the whole of Happy Valley. "This is a real laboratory. All those things the professors call laboratories in the cities are just imitations."

"Imitations!" Betty caught up the word. It was the one she had been searching for all these days. "Imitations. This is the real laboratory."

"Wait!" Bill had grabbed Betty and pulled her back. She looked for the copperhead which she expected to find coiled under her next step. But there it was—a white, unassuming little blossom was scarcely peeping from its cradle of leaves. The bloodroot had blossomed.

"I lova-lova-lova-you," came the song of the wood thrush.

Betty looked at the buds; she looked at the bubbling water; she looked at the brown splashes on the wood thrush; she looked at the bloodroot blossom at her feet. And she thought of Happy Valley, of Jim Brown's store, of the old peach orchard, of Bill. The college and

Dr. Tolbert Evans seemed to be far off, something past and almost forgotten.

Bill was silent, watching every line change in her face. He understood. Gently his arm went around her waist. "When are we going to get married?"

And Betty knew that she would spend her life frying cornbread and raising vegetables.

"But we will always come here to find the first bloodroot blossoms," she said aloud to Bill.

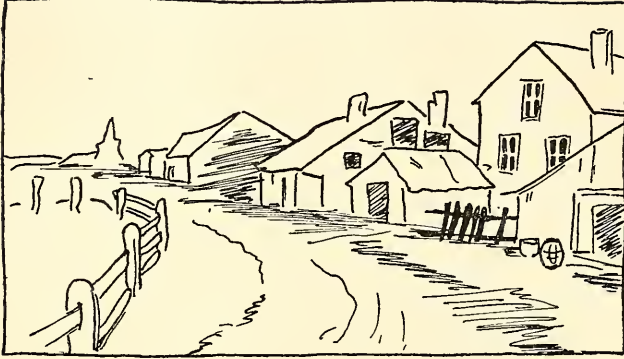


Lines to Accompany a Poem

These are the signs that I have set
Like full a thousand singing larks
To say that it is you I love;
These lifeless words are fragile barks
For thoughts so heavy as mine be
In saying what you mean to me.

When I am dead and have no need
For your gay love or your frail cares,
I pray you burn a candle light
Of memory at all your prayers,
Telling like beads the things I've said,
And know my love is not yet dead.

ARLINE FONVILLE.



Houses we build for our bodies,
Shelters from rain and sun;
Never were walls built for safety
For souls since the world's begun.

Magic and songs and creeds we have
Binding sparks divine,
Till they shrivel and die in the darkness,
Lost in a caved-in mine.

Souls, let alone, protect themselves,
Weaving cloaks so thin
That stars and sun and rain sift through
And loveliness enters in.

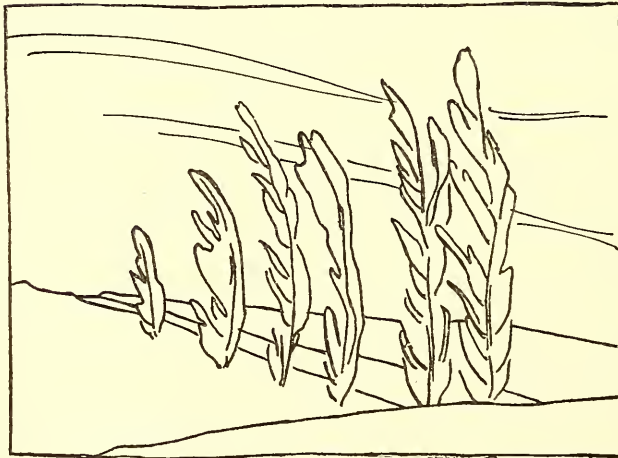
ELOISE BANNING.

Miracle

It is when miracles like these
God wrought in lilacs and slim trees
And all of nature's loveliness
Quite fill my heart with happiness,
That beauty is too much to bear
Because you are not here to share.

There is some wall between each heart
Which somehow keeps each soul apart,
And of what stone its height is made
No one has quite discerned or said.
Yet one can never walk alone
Through miracles that two have known.

ARLINE FONVILLE.



Florence Byrne Ford

The Pursuit of Relics

By FRANCES MARSHBURN

THESE antique-hunters are as enthusiastic as bloodhounds in action when they get on the trail of a "find." Their nostrils fairly quiver with impatient excitement. Such was the state of Mrs. Jones, our next door neighbor, one moist day last August, when she came dashing into our house, pulling on a hat with one hand and a coat with the other. Her eyes glowed with feverish luster. They were unmistakable—the signs, I mean. I was fully prepared for her first words.

"Get in the car quick," she panted, daintily mopping the perspiration from her brow. "Mrs. Smith told me about a Georgian high-boy out on the Orange Park road. If we hurry we may beat Mrs. Woodle to it. I understand she is hunting a high-boy, too."

I allowed myself to be pushed, hustled and otherwise hurried into the car. My antique-minded neighbor, I might be so bold as to say, was more adept at scrutinizing a Victorian sofa, or stroking a Sheraton dresser, than she was at driving an automobile. But then, I thought kindly, we all can't excel in everything. In fact, I enjoyed clenching my teeth as we swerved madly past a racing car, and I reasoned that pushing down on the floor boards was good exercise for my feet. I was having such a good game seeing how long I could hold my breath that I was really sorry when we bounced into a bare yard that surrounded a mediocre farm house. Mrs. Jones was out and knocking at the front door in less time than it takes to tell it. We were admitted by a sullen-looking woman. Yes, it seemed as though she was the owner of a genuine Georgian high-boy. Being of a somewhat less ardent nature than my friend, Mrs. Jones, I let her take the lead in the interview, and I loitered behind. The high-boy looked as if it had seen better days. But in the scars on the knobs Mrs. Jones saw hoary sagacity, and the great, cumbersome drawers spelled pure old age. She was clearly fascinated. She inquired if the lady were willing to sell. The latter replied cautiously that she might consider such a thing. Mrs. Jones asked her lowest price. Three hundred and fifty dollars, the

owner hesitatingly answered, was the least she would take for it. Here began the usual game of tossing figures back and forth.

During this time I was admiring the crocheted centerpiece on the table, and basking in the stares of the rest of the family. The youngest one, a dear little fellow of about five years, advanced to my side, stood regarding me with hostility for a moment, and without warning kicked me viciously on my right shin. I smiled and shifted my left shin forward.

"Nice little boy you have here," I remarked sweetly to the rest of the group, laying my hand on his head.

"Aw, shut your mouth," he admonished, giving my left shin a hearty kick.

After an hour's energetic haggling, Mrs. Jones and I departed, Mrs. Jones without the high-boy and I with a pair of battered but willing shins.

"I do hope you're not tired," remarked my companion as we entered the car.

"Oh, not at all!" I assured her pleasantly. "I enjoyed every minute of it. Children always amuse me so," I added, crossing one shin over the other.

Before the morning was over, we had covered the county. What if we did have four or five punctures? Such obstacles are only a challenge to the soul to bear onward, ever onward, and never to turn your back, but march breast forward. This I did, and goodly marches they were, too, for service stations were sparse.

We stopped at every "promising-looking" house. Bulldogs, flower beds and fresh paint daunted us not. The irritated screeching of cross parrots and housewives made me fairly radiate with a generous, spontaneous (if vague) love for mankind in general. I felt that the morning was well spent. I could distinguish the front claw from the hind claw of an Empire sofa; I could stare a watchdog out of countenance; I could tell at a glance if a Hepplewhite chair had three rungs or four; I could tell of what material the slats in a four-poster bed were made. When Mrs. Jones asked me to accompany her on a little expedition the next day, it was with real regret that I remembered that my services were urgently needed at a rehearsal.

Apple Blossoms

This tree is all alone,
Without the friends that trees
Which grow in orchards have—
The birds and honey-bees.

This tree is all alone—
The middle of a plot
That is behind a house
Built on a city lot.

And yet the fragile blooms
Bedeck the limbs that strain
Their blackened, crippled arms
In prayer to April rain.

To-morrow we will go
Together to the place,
And you will break the blooms
For my Italian vase.

MARGARET ASHBURN.



Observation

I have noticed in my span of years
That big things go unseen;
Things that drain forth most of tears
Are little, in between.

E. BANNING.

Atmosphere

By CECILE BREVITZ

ATMOSPHERE may be a spheroidal gaseous envelope. In fact, it probably is just that, since the Messrs. Fowler seemed convinced of the fact. However, they concede that it may also be a moral and mental environment. To some of us these words may be mere black bugs on a white background—or at least psychologists tell us they appear so. Personally I never could see any resemblance, unless it would be in X or B, and the likeness there isn't overly striking.

At any rate, atmosphere, whether a spheroidal gaseous envelope or a mental and moral environment, is universal. There is no place, no thing, without its own individual atmosphere. Homes and colleges and ball games have atmosphere. And dogs have atmosphere—always speaking, of course, of mental environment. When a dog comes up to you, wagging his tail and grinning companionably through his whiskers, doesn't the day brighten somehow, and things take on a better aspect all around? And when another dog comes gamboling up to you, having but recently left some perfectly delightful (from his viewpoint) muddy ditch, and leaps playfully at you, does he bring atmosphere with him, or do you create it? The point is not quite clear, but let us proceed. Atmosphere is intangible. It is that certain something we all feel, but cannot grasp . . . which is probably the reason we want to grasp it, if we do. That point also is rather complicated.

However, perhaps no one will deny that we like people because of the genial and comfortable, or exciting and thrilling atmosphere they create. Inversely, we dislike people for the unpleasant atmosphere they create and its disagreeable effect on our own atmosphere. Who of us, wreathed in cheery smiles and love for all mankind, has not unceremoniously entered a room only to feel our mouth droop at the corners, and our inner quiverings be stilled? We seem to wilt. Our bonhomie has been pierced by a frown or a frigid silence, or—and this is very frequent—an atmosphere of conscientious duty and self-righteousness has struck us to the quick. The thing to do at a time

like that is for you and your damaged atmosphere to back out gracefully and with all speed. If not gracefully, which is sometimes very difficult, merely back out with all speed, and the purpose will be served. The times are not many when combative atmospheres are able to dwell together in peace and harmony. As a general rule, one drops to freezing point while the other concentrates considerably higher up on the thermometer. Wherefore, let thy atmosphere be thy guide. If it recoil, recoil thou also.

Likewise does atmosphere hover about your studies and your books. Without your being conscious of it, a history book conjures up in your mind the clash of arms, the roar of cannons. You recall endless and pointless political wrangles, and see treaties and dates without number. (Or perhaps "without end" would be a more fitting description.) A math book swims in a sea of digits. English literature is surrounded by hosts of tiny men who scramble and kick and shout and sing—and die. Psychology abounds in tiny chicks and spinal dogs, not to mention theories.

Woolly slippers, alarm clocks, sunsets, everything is wrapped in atmosphere. Everyone wears it like a coat of many colors. Consider the atmosphere of a theatre, the faint sighs, rapturous gurglings, whispers, laughs, tears. Consider the atmosphere of an 8:15 class, an autumn night, or a cat fight. Consider, finally, that atmosphere is a spheroidal gaseous envelope, or a mental and moral environment. Does it not, O mortals, make thee puffed-up to see and feel and know so many spheroidal gaseous envelopes, such myriads of mental and moral environments?

Thy atmosphere is thy guest. Be thou a good host. Selah.

Julie

By ANNE COOGAN

THE lighted platform of a station slid into place by the window of the subway car before which Julie Marzar stood. Mechanically she tightened her grip on the shining white strap; mechanically she braced herself for the shock of pushing people, people who were as tired as she, and who cared nothing for her fatigue in their eagerness to get beyond the crowds they themselves made up. The windows of a department store faced on this station. They were filled with fresh, bright-colored garments, garments Julie coveted with all the stifled longing of one who has been many times denied the things for which youth lives. As the car sped into the darkness, Julie stood struggling with that longing.

“If I don’t tell Mom about that raise, I’ll have a dollar to use like I want. If I went to one of those places on Chestnut Street, I could pay something down and something every week. Then I could have some new clothes instead of these old rags Miss Rose at the Settlement gave me. What’ll Mom say if she ever finds out? I could say Miss Rose gave them to me—but Mom would make Elena ask Miss Rose, and I’d catch it.”

As Julie stood swaying with the motion of the car, she thought of the home she was approaching, a home that from morning until night echoed with strife, strife between her stolid, unhappy Slavic mother and the younger children whose ideas were too advanced and too American for the woman to comprehend; strife between her mother and her father, who, unable to adjust himself to changed conditions and new customs, had taken to drinking in the little rooms behind grocery stores and in basements. Long ago, when Julie herself was young, he had labored on the docks and in freight yards, earning enough to eke out Mrs. Marzar’s scant pay as charwoman for an office building down town. Times had grown harder; Julie had left school three years ago when she was fourteen to go to work in a five-and-ten. She had been a good girl, and had worked hard. Tonight she had found an extra dollar in her pay envelope, making the total sixteen dollars. Again the wild longing for pretty things burst out within

her. Why did others have so much and she so little? she questioned bitterly as the fires of resentment burned high.

The car stopped at Fairmont Avenue, and she got out. A cool wind from the river pushed at her back and hastened her step. She passed blocks of dark silent houses and little stores whose lights shone out from behind dirty windows, then turned into a street that was filled with the fragrant smell of Russian bread. Before the bakery she paused a minute; then she walked rapidly up the steps into the three disorderly smelly rooms that made up their home. Without a word, she tossed sixteen dollars to her mother; then turning she entered the room she shared with her three sisters, to cry wildly and bitterly until the wooden bowls were placed upon the table for supper.



Lover

The World is so great a lover.
Last night he brought me three stars
Like three kisses.
This morning there was a white mist
Like a dipperful of the Milky Way,
And yesterday
He brought me an armful of cornflowers—
Blue as the day is blue.

All of the things that I have written,
All of the words that I have said
Are merely other ways of saying,
“I love you, World.”

The World is so great a lover.
Last night he brought me one clear bird-note
And three stars like three kisses.

ANONYMOUS.

Editorial

IT HAS come to our ears that a statement of policy is necessary and proper in a first issue. We might have decided against being proper had not the same wind brought us all kinds of helpful hints and disturbing criticisms. Accordingly, we have made our resolutions to try to satisfy the taste of the campus and at the same time to educate and improve that taste.

Some of our readers tell us that artistic sketches appeal to the sweet-tooth. For this reason, our staff includes an art editor and our first issue includes several sketches and drawings.

Other critics complain that we are too sophisticated. This seems to be a case of the need for both satisfaction and cultivation. We have conceded already a few of our pages, Pen Feathers, to the hilarious cries of the carefree. We give another step in the substitution of more fiction for serious expository articles. So far we have gone—but no further. A college magazine exists primarily to be read. Theoretically it should not be above the head of the reader, nor practically can it be, since its public and its eligible contributors are one and the same. After all, there can be nothing much awry in our proposed ratio of heavy and light material. Even the most respectable fowls of our acquaintance are possessed of more pinfeathers than quills.

Pen Feathers

“Needles and Pins . . . Trouble Begins”

By HAZEL DAVIS

I INTENDED to settle most comfortable into my chair and read a story, but I bounded out in only a second. Something painfully sharp had struck me, jabbed in a bunch of nerves. I looked at the chair and saw the needle, with a short piece of gray thread dangling from it, stuck upright in the seat. Puffing with anger, I whirled to yell at my roommate just what I thought of her thoughtfulness, her efficiency, her general and specific lack of sense. Had I not told her ten times already how dangerous it is to get a needle broken off inside you? Hadn't I given her a pin-cushion especially for her to use after she had stopped a run in a hurry? Hadn't I tried patiently to help her break her bad habit by calling her attention to needles she left around and letting her impress her mind by sticking them into the cushion at once? And now she had left one in the chair again, and I had sat on it! It was too much!

I yearned to throw the needle at her and follow it with a book for emphasis. But when I looked at her, I only pulled out the needle, stuck it in the pin-cushion, and sat down. Joyce was sitting at her desk writing letters. She had long since forgotten that she had ever darned a stocking that day. She would only be hurt or disgusted if I fussed about her carelessness. She would be apologetic and worried if I just begged sympathy for my hurts. It was useless to bother her.

I lolled back in the chair and was soon comfortable. I picked up my book, but did not begin reading. Joyce wrote on; she was used to my jumping around. After all, she would be right to sympathize with me. I realized how foolish I was to worry over reforming her. I was doomed to failure.

I remembered about reforms I had tried on other roommates. My first one, Clarice, was a care-free butterfly. I revelled in her faults and, before the first month together was over, planned a schedule of reform.

She was to get up earlier; she was to keep her shoes in a row in her closet; she was to get a larger laundry bag; she was to tie up her water-wave combs in the morning instead of spreading them over the bureau; she was to keep her towels on a shelf, instead of in the chest we used for a window seat; she was to lay her curling irons in the window to cool, instead of on the bed. She was to do a great many things which she never did do. The points were all very good, and Clarice would have been better off if she had learned them; but I wish I had not wasted my time. I worried over her faults and her refusals to change until I pictured her as an entirely graceless person. Whenever girls asked me whom I roomed with and I said, "Clarice," they thought of a charming little minx; but I thought only of the hole burned in my silk counterpane, the jumble of slippers under the bed, the pillows knocked to the floor by a frantic search for a towel, and the pile of dirty clothes on the closet floor.

The next year I again roomed with a girl generally conceded to be delightful. In a week I had outlined in my mind a list of her faults with time limits for them to be remedied. I wanted her to get time-conscious and either leave for class earlier or walk faster; I wanted her to go to bed when she was ready instead of waiting for me every time; I wanted her to stop studying aloud; I wanted her to keep perfect silence when I studied; I wanted her to stop looking resigned when I clack-clacked my typewriter; I wanted her to get money-conscious and stop tempting me to spend; I wanted her to stop saying, "Whose time is it?" about sweeping, dusting, and turning on the heat; I wanted her to hold the dustpan for herself when she swept; above all I wanted her to conquer her love for argument. Needless to say, she did none of those things. Every time she disregarded one of my bold efforts at reformation, I felt hurt and peevish. Occasionally, I boiled with indignation when she would say twice in one minute, "Has the bell rung?" I would answer her very patiently and sweetly—very patiently. You all know that tone.

Now, there was sweet Joyce, who had not an enemy in the world. All summer I had looked forward to being with her, for I was sure that the year would be perfect. And she stuck needles in beds and chairs! Every time I had seen one I had been more provoked, but this was the first time I had sat on one. I had told her over and over that

some one would get hurt some day. So far, I was right; but the sticking had not been nearly so serious as I had pictured it. It had hardly mattered really. As I looked at Joyce's back and remembered how thoughtful she was, how sweet she had been to my mother, how capable she was when the girl across the hall got sick, how clever she was about her clothes, how well she stood in her work, I forgave her unconcernedness about the needles. Again my foolishness flashed upon me—this time in a different way. Straightening in my chair, I opened my book. I resolved not to mention reform to her again; I resolved to look before flopping into a chair; but I chiefly resolved to adopt her policy and not ever worry over such little things as needles.



A Crammer's Lament

With apologies to Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I sit up at night
And cram by yellow candlelight.
In summer, quite the other way,
I go to bed and stay and stay.

In winter I sit up and see
My roommate sleeping peacefully,
And hear above the cloggers' prance
In vain attempt at graceful dance.

Now does it not seem hard to you,
When everybody else is through,
That I am forced to give up sleep
And with my books a vigil keep?

FRANCES MARSHBURN.

Poems by Penelope Wilson

Safety First

My thought and I are very
Much wrapped up in each other:
It likes me, for I am its house,
And I hold it as very dear
Because I fear
I may not have another.

May Storm

Lightning bolted down the sky,
(Sizz, hiss, zip!)
Dived into the earth, and rose
An orange-petalled tulip.

Surprise

This afternoon I heard a choir of birds
Practicing anthems in an apple tree.
I wondered if the choir master were bald,
Opened the door, stepped on the porch to see,
And gasped; for that which I had heard
Had been the gossip of a mocking bird.

Restraint

This mountain range treads slowly,
For its train of little hills
Dips in the sea,
And velvets, water-soaked,
Trail heavily.

Book Reviews

A CHILD IS BORN. *Charles Yale Harrison. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, New York. 1931.*

A Child Is Born leaves the reader with the feeling that this particular child, and thousands of others like him, should never have been born. The book was written to call attention to one type of injustice that exists in modern society. It is, quite frankly, undisguised propaganda on the theme of social injustice.

Briefly, the novel tells the story of Arthur Roberts from the time of his birth in Red Hook, the waterfront section of Brooklyn, through his escape from "The Island" 19 years later after a five-year stay in the reformatory. The boy is thrown into the street without a guiding hand at the age of 12 years when his father's murder in a labor dispute makes it necessary for Mrs. Roberts, the mother, to go to work. He is caught stealing a box of candy and receives seven years when hailed before the children's court. An explosion from a dump-heap makes possible his escape after he has served five years. The novel ends with the boy swimming toward Manhattan with hatred seething in his heart.

"He hated them all It was this hatred which gave him strength to fight desperately against the begging, swirling waters. It was this hatred that carried him on and on."

A Child Is Born is less a novel than a treatise—a sordid tale relieved by few moments of beauty. As a novel the book lacks unity. Arthur does not come into the story in a significant capacity until the volume is half finished. Before this time the author has been concerned with Red Hook in all its aspects—economic, social, spiritual—and has successfully depicted the environment into which the child is born. In doing this he brings in typical characters—the union organizer, the fake Jewish insurance agent with his oily tongue, Arthur's father, a longshoreman, Margaret, his mother, who plays a prominent part in the boy's life and in the novel, and Miriam, his

sister, who passes from the street to the store and then to the dance hall, where she has learned to get decent pay for her services.

The book is written in a style commonly termed journalistic; but it is less journalistic than a series of short, disjointed words and phrases written in a manner somewhat similar to certain types of free verse. This medium is singularly well-adapted to describe the moments of intensity and emotional crises in which the novel abounds. Contrast is effectively secured by the use of extracts from related news accounts at various places in the book; as when Margaret's scene with the insurance agent Blumgarten, in which she tries to get money to bury her husband, is followed by a news story on a life insurance convention where officials are praising "the public service of insurance to the poor." The device is skillfully wielded by Harrison.

In all, *A Child Is Born* is vivid and intensely realistic. But it does not constitute pleasant reading. Perhaps no study in social justice could. As a stark revelation of social injustice, however, Harrison's book achieves its purpose. MAT MOORE TAYLOR.

READER, I MARRIED HIM. *By Anne Greene. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.50. pp. 288.*

Taking her title from Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre*, the author writes of a modern girl who was willing to go to any length to get her man and, having married him, found that she had juggled with nature and played with obscure forces. Catherine read the cards, visited those skilled in palmistry, and enlisted the aid of a so-called magician in her attempts to capture Gilbert; but, in her own phraseology, she merely "swapped the witch for the devil."

With Paris as a background, Anne Greene writes of the charming but ineffectual Douglasses, Andrew and his children, Catherine and Hugh the Jew. Mrs. Douglass, made, not born a member of the clan, had died several years before, leaving her family a little white villa in the rue Talma, smallest street in Paris. They were a family of individualists in their own irresponsible way. Catherine had her dresses made by Lanvin because large bills were easier to pay than small ones, but she never had money for the harmonizing accessories. For financial reasons Andrew becomes social manager of an

exclusive club, secures Hugh a job as librarian, and packs Catherine off to live with Anne Calhoun in her well-ordered home on the *place des Etats-Unis*.

The author draws her characterizations with rare skill, and the dialogue is excellent; but the reader wonders if Catherine, with all the magic of Paris and its environs at her command, could have married Gilbert if Anne Calhoun had not succumbed to a weak heart, leaving Catherine all of her money.

EDITH HARBOUR.

WOODEN SWORDS. *By Jacques Deval. Translated by Lawrence S. Morris. Viking Press, New York. 1930. Price \$2.50.*

"Another war story!" will be probably the words of the weary reader when he first picks up this book. Yes, it is another war story, but a war story that has a peculiar flavor of its own. It is different, and being different is a recommendation in itself to those who like variety and originality. Remarque and Stallings choose to picture the horrors of war, Deval laughs at it, but his indictment of it is, in the end, no less forceful than theirs. They view the war from the front line trench; he from behind the lines where disability keeps him as a clerk, a metallurgist, a bicyclist, and nurse. They saw the terrors of war in actual combat; he reveals it as the ineffectual, silly machinery that it is.

The story is made amusing by the vivid imagination of the author and by his remarkable faculty of expressing things in exaggerated and humorous style. He pictures himself as a Don Quixote of the war who wants to do big things, but is prevented by fate in the person of his father and the army officers. He starts on a daring commission to Antwerp and ends up by playing bridge in a pseudo-prison. He rushes madly about carrying important documents to find that they are only theatre tickets. He doesn't mind laughing at himself or at the war, and consequently, we don't mind laughing with him. Incidentally, he introduces such figures as Petain, Foch, and Pierre Loti, and gives intimate glimpses of them that make them real people. The book is a thoroughly enjoyable one, and to those who are not yet satiated with war stories, we recommend this one as something entirely "different."

ANNIE LEE SINGLETARY.

Kritik's-Change

Subemeco: We like the editorial, "College and Knowledge," in the March number; it contains a rather noteworthy point, "And the college does not make fools; it develops them." Although the numerous essays are good enough in description, they grow monotonous as one reads through the magazine. In correction we would suggest variety in material. Some exchange notes or an exchange department would help.

Shako: The rather cleverly-drawn cover is attractive; it suggests that we have a military magazine in hand before we read "The Citadel." "Birches" and "The Reason" we would criticize as good poems—our compliments to B. Langston. "Science Today and Tomorrow" in our judgment is well written; rather novel is the conclusion in the form of poetry.

Sun Dial: The material as a whole is interesting. Especially is our attention drawn to the Book Corner, where we find criticisms of books of poems with quotations from them. "Song in April" in our opinion is excellent, and in quotation of one verse we give—

"I shall come quietly
With grace
In the acacia and
Birch lace.
All through the day,
All through the day, the sun
Will warm the fingers
Gently, everyone—
So delicate a warmth
You will not see
New little shoots upon
The tree."

We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: *The Wintbrop Journal*, *Hornbook*, *The Acorn*, *The Erothesian*, *The Agora*, *The Herald*, *The Wesleyan*.

KRITIK.

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