

THE CORADDI

Woman's College of The University
of North Carolina

THE WOMEN'S COLLEGE
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH
CAROLINA
GREENSBORO, N. C.

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THE CORADDI

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SUSANNE KETCHUM, *Editor-in-Chief*

MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS, *Co-Editor*

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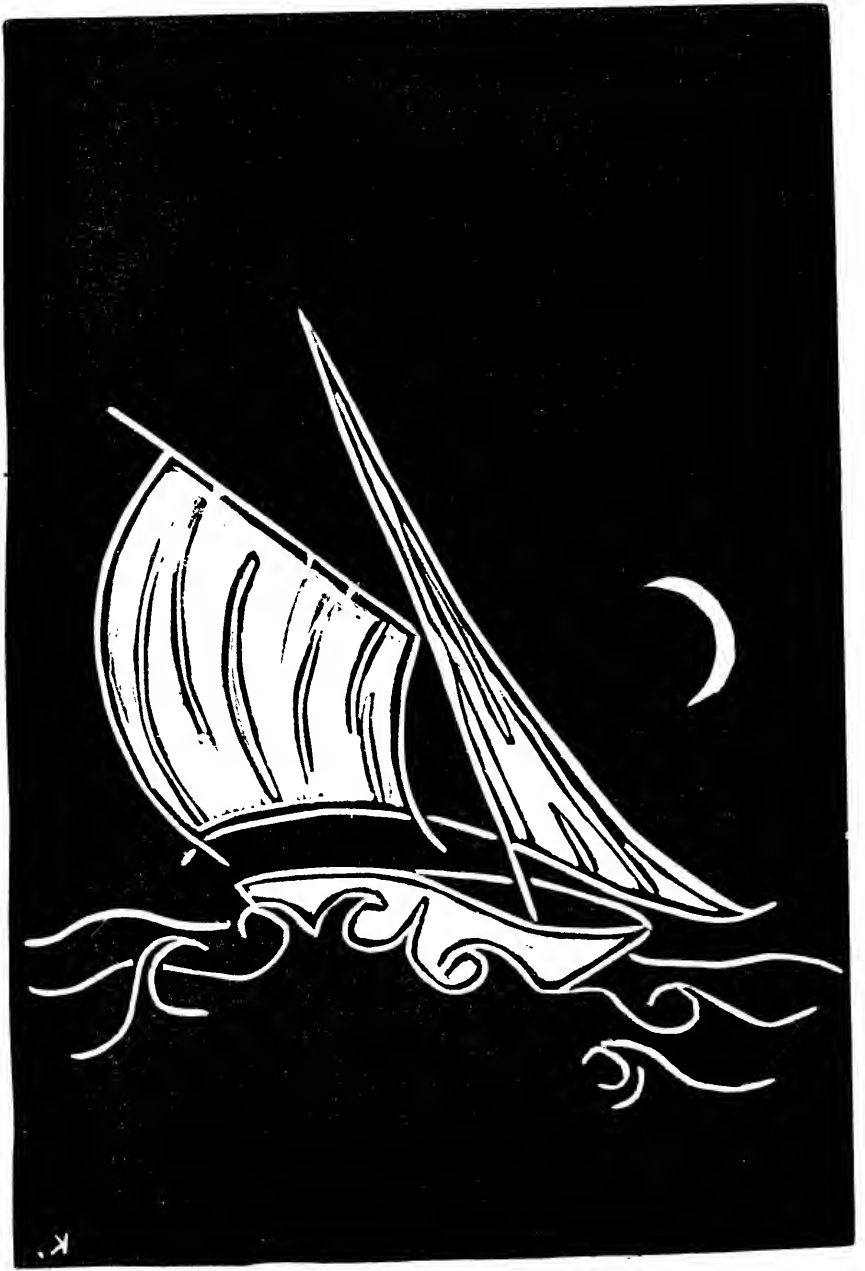
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LOIS SWETT

EVELYN KERNODLE

MARY ELIZABETH BITTING





K.

Earthbound

No one is so still. Even small tow-headed boys sprawled on their stomachs “thinking things to myself,” never lie so still. But so she lay in the wheel chair that was turned from the sun. Two wide eyes were lying to themselves; even when no one was about they lied, always to themselves. Wheel chairs are but poor things at best. One doesn’t wait for a score of Aprils to come to one lying down. Smoke-bitten Fall days, long slow Winter evenings have a way of granting only half-measures to paralytics. Such she’d said to the Doctor yesterday. He’d shaken his head. For the first time since the tumble with Tod’s motorcycle into a ditch, he’d not smiled. Only shaken his head. He’d thought she couldn’t see. Never before had she dared ask that some line be drawn to separate these days on days she built for herself here in the garden from her other days. So she lied. This joke would soon wear out of itself. Then she would be free to come and go as she pleased, any day, every day. Free to be up and away.

An excited bark exploded fairly at her ear. Two brown eyes, like wet tea leaves, shone up at her. The old “come and walk” plea came through the dusty tangle of hair. She raised her head to smile at Tad, who every hour dashed back from canine quests to push against her chair, as if to say: “All right? Here I am again. Can’t really get rid of me, you know. But — off again. Think it’s that impudent Courtney cat snooping about our garbage heap again. After an hour up the plum tree, this morning I should think she’d have had enough.” With a blind hand she fumbled for the shaggy pate that wriggled to be off.

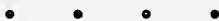
Caught. Fairly caught. Not fairly, most unfairly. But tied. Helpless as a pulling baby that must be fed and constantly watched lest it dabble its porridge down its dress front! And what if this kindness should some day change to thin-lipped Duty with patience and a martyred “dedication to a broken spirit” written on its face. But it was more than kindness. She knew that. Her mother loved her. But surely some day, some near day, she would tire of lifting, feeding, bathing this lump of a body. The frown that had flickered across her hot face today as she kneaded flaccid muscles . . . was it annoyance at thus being kept from a thousand other insistent tasks to make some sort of a show at fighting this creeping-life-in-death? It was all so

useless. Didn't her mother see that? Perhaps she had known from the first. Perhaps it was all a part of being a mother to seem not to see. To laugh and talk as though nothing had ever happened.

Those people who dig toes into warm slipping sand. Those who swing their heels over pasture walls. Carelessly, never a thought that someday through some horrible mistake, they may never do so again. Some one should tell them. Some one should shake them out of such sleepy acceptance. Some one should pound at their stupidity. All these things should be told them before it was too late.

God! to be well out of this. All the usual rot about being brave, taking one's medicine like a soldier and a gentleman! It was no good. This being courageous. What was it some one had said about trees? "God put them there, and they must stick it — no matter what the weather." But He hadn't put them there already broken and smashed. Life, a thing of lying between two sheets and smiling with just the proper touch of wistful resignation . . . it was not good so. It was not fair that one should be made to live, no! exist so!

Her hands struck the metal of the wheel that rimmed up over the edge of the chair and tensed to feel it wet and cold to the touch. With the upward jerk, she grazed the steel brake that was pushed to safety.



A coward's way perhaps. But then, the God up there could not know the stark terror of being held down. Of being caught and pinned on His back. Four wheels beneath and white sheets above. There was nothing of that up there where were stars and four clean winds. And in the evening, every evening, when the clock strikes five, one is carried up twelve steps that creak under some one else's feet! To be put to bed like a sulky child.

With a strange half smile she released the brake. She smiled to feel it slip beneath her hands, smiled as though she were playing at death, meaning none of the things she thought, meaning least of all this thing she did so surely.

With a clumsy lurch, the chair rolled down the incline heading for the cliff above the mill stream. Well under way it was now, rushing smoothly on. The smile caught for a moment at the corner of her mouth and died. An uneven bit of ground broke her self-control, a

cry shattered upward only to break in her throat. Curling, white, her fingers caught at the air. With a jolt that sent blankets and pillows down inches toward the end of the chair, the back axle caught at something. A boulder or a tree stump. The chair shivered to a stop.

"Somebody stop it. Don't let it happen. Don't."

• • • •

A crumpled bit of a girl, in coveralls, screaming and crying for somebody to stop the blood that came, and kept coming from a cut in the Pale Small Boy's head. She had been dreadfully frightened. But four is easily frightened. And she was much beyond four now. Here was the same blind confidence in some one. The same need for some one of all the men who walk the earth to come to her. To keep things from growing too big for her to bear.

Deep within the house the clock struck four. One hour. Mother would come soon. And Peter would pull her from off the edge with that same ease he so many times wheeled her across uneven bits of the garden. Keep still, carefully still. One only had to keep still. So easy to do what one has been schooled months to do.

And in desperation her eyes sought for something on which to fasten. Something to keep back that tangible nothingness that crept and pushed under her wheels.

A clerical beetle with wings folded out behind like a frock coat, clung to the blanket. One foot thrust out, then the other, fumbling for a hold. He wavered and slipped, to lie in a small twisting heap, all legs and wings . . . just before her nose. Funny sort of fellow . . . so completely out of running . . . remembrance cut across and she closed her eyes. Herself she saw lying on her back on the wet mill stones. Hunched and strangely, finally silent. There would be no kicking about of arms and legs for her. God, in all His kindness and mercy, had seen to that. She'd die without the benefit of even that last protest.

There was a flurry of small feet. Tad scampered up to the chair, braced a wriggling body hard against it and pushed. "A walk on such a fine day. Surely now there might be a walk." Pained surprise spread across his whiskered face. He stumbled backward, scrambled in the dirt to keep his balance, as the chair dropped forward and fell heavily to the rocks many feet below.

A hand was all that moved in brittle splintering silence. It lifted . . . fell back to the wet mossy stones. Such a tired hand it was that slipped into the water at the stone's edge.

Tad squirmed forward on his stomach and looked cautiously over. His stubby tail jerked ecstatically as he listened for the accustomed: "Up, that's a stout fella!"

A car on the west road pulled into second and tore asthmatically up the Mile End Hill. The house door swung into the wind on three hinges, and closed with the muffled thud of all damp and weathered wooden doors.



Death

EDYTHE LATHAM

Two men lived and died and —
The country mourned one — a politician.
So a nation spent the day
Lowering flags and singing in heterogeneous voices,
"The Funeral Song of the Nation."

The other ground his last sack of corn
And died as the shadows fell across his mill wheel.
So twenty simple folk gathered in the white-washed church
And sang together,
"Now the Day is Over."

Three Saturdays

EDYTHE LATHAM

THREE SATURDAYS I walked along the sidewalks and watched life moving in instant flashes. Three Saturdays I walked among "just people," and spoke no words. What I saw, I have recorded below.

• • • •

Rain slithered in long shimmering webs down the window. Inside a lobster lay placidly on his couch of ice. He was anchored there by a pile of oyster shells banked on either side. The gold fish flashed and slapped their tails electrically about in the horse-shoe strip of tile pool. A sweating Greek waddled out to the front and wiped off the steam inside the window and polished off the white enameled letters, "Cafe Royale."

• • • •

The man stopped before the window display. A train and miniature car ran into each other, were drawn back to the start by electric current, and ran down the track and road to collide again. He muttered something about "fool traffic ads" and shambled off down the street.

• • • •

A yellow curtain blew out the open window and flopped grotesquely against the sill. Two black-eyed, full-figured women rounded the corner and swished up the steps of a cinder-laden house marked "Rooms and Board." One pressed the door bell. A thin child opened the door and peered at them in silence. Suddenly she blurted, "Maude ain't here, now. She went down town with Josie."

She shut the door. The bolt slid in place with a whirring slap. The two black-eyed women clip-clapped down the steps and rounded the corner. The one on the outside took out a mirror and lipstick and began smearing the red grease over her mouth.

• • • •

A whirl of cinders and coal dust blew across from the railroad tracks and settled on the sooty backs of the warehouses lining Gulfin

Street. A sweating nigger came out of the back door of Freeger's Wholesale Grocery and squalled at a group of blacks lolling under the shade of a discarded freight car.

"Hyah come on heah and hep me load this stuff onto this heah cah!"

A slender molasses-colored youth sat up, pushed his hat back on his head and grunted. He slapped at two flies and rolled his eyes around to look at his superior.

"Ah means you, Arcturus," the irritated bawler continued.

Arcturus groaned and hoisted himself up from the cool grass.

"Who th' hell he think ah is," he muttered belligerently and ambled off toward the waiting black.

• • • •

A wad of stiff hair stood straight up on the crown of his head. A sudden draft from the rear of the car waved the wad to and fro like a tough weed in the wind. He poked his head out the window and watched the caution light change to green. He stripped his gears and lurched off, trying to beat a beer truck to the next stop signal.



Satis Pulchritudinis

MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS

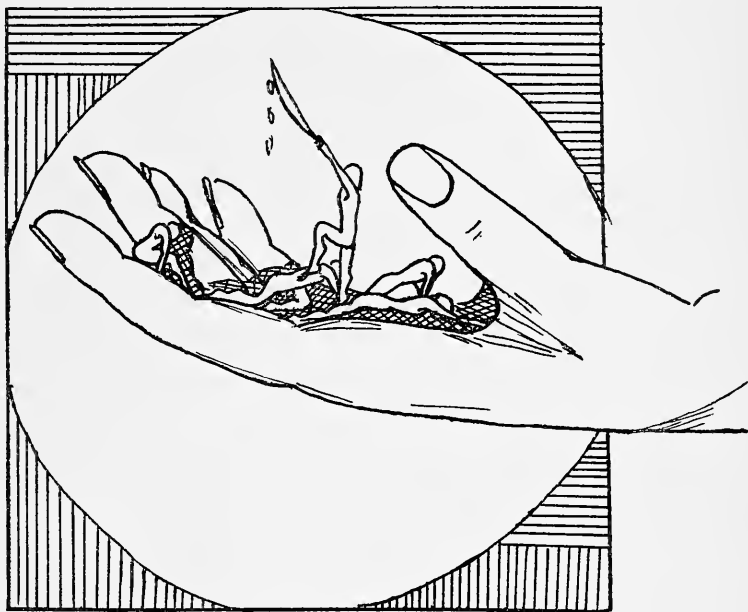
You are cool — like scattered petals on a patio of stone,
Scarlet petals, wet and scattered, after a summer wind has blown
Rain and petals there together till the floor is aglow
With the crimson and the scarlet on the shady patio.

You are laughter — like the starlings with the summer on their wings
When they flash across the morning through the frost and dewy things,
Dipping now to touch the velvet of a poppy in the grass,
You are laughter like the laughter of the starlings when they pass.

War Is Hell

SUSANNE KETCHUM

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC, or at least those who lived through the last war, are firmly convinced that they shall never go to war again. With their middle-aged placidity they say that it is not reasonable to believe that anyone who saw the last war could ever again



make himself a part of that terrifying, ruthless machine — WAR! Men went into the last war blindly, prodded by propoganda and saturated with a patriotism that included hatred for the “enemy.” But surely they would never actively cultivate hatred because governments disagree. Surely they would never again cheer each other on to organized destruction and wholesale murder.

Yet, perhaps beneath their placid exteriors, there lurk doubts and misgivings. Did not Sherman say “War is hell” long before the

World War? Young men of the Civil War days shot each other down, sacked towns, burned fields and homes and then came back and settled down to peace-time labor with a mind harassed with war-time memories and a firm belief that war was hell.

Are they to believe then that they are still savages — beasts — that they let hatred move them before reason? It is indeed a disquieting thought, and the American people prefer to go on believing that they will never go to war again.

But it is not hatred that makes men go to war and women cheer them on. It is rather "A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums." If today they heard the bugles and the drums, saw the flags flying, and men (thousands of men) marching in perfect order, would they not thrill again — those men who know that war is hell? There is something in human beings that responds to music — to the rollicking rhythm of drinking songs, to the awe-inspiring dignity of church music, and to the thrilling, compelling movement of war songs. There is something universal in them that loves order — loves the neatness of uniforms and the order of marching men. There is a feeling of security and power in exact cooperation. And there is still something of the hero-worshipper, even in the settled old man, that thrills to the orders of a great leader.

But war is vicious. War gathers its men to music — calls them together in the cause of loyalty, unselfishness, and bravery; then it teaches them to fight. War gathers its men in the name of all the nobler emotions; then it teaches them to hate. Thousands of men have marched to war, and hundreds returned to settle down to peace-time labors with minds harassed with war-time memories — a living proof that war is hell!

Forester Holt

LESLIE ASHBURN

AT exactly forty-five minutes after four o'clock Forester Holt stood on the steps just outside the officers' entrance of Holt and Holt, Brass Manufacturers.

He drew on his gloves, grasped his Malacca stick firmly and started on his leisurely walk to his home. Rain or shine, Forester Holt walked this mile. He said that he liked the opportunity to chat with one or another of his fellow citizens as he strolled along. His friends said that it showed the democracy of the man, but his wife knew that his waistline (which showed only a slight degree of convexity) was of more real importance to Forester Holt than any chance meeting with friends. What neither his wife nor his friends knew was that this daily walk became an established practice the day that the club reporter mentioned his "lean patrician face." That was the week he had had the bathroom scales installed.

This warm September afternoon, Mr. Holt was outwardly his most dignified, serene self, but inwardly he was fuming. It was unheard of that the Rotary Club should hold a banquet so early in the season, but even then the occasion might have been carried off if only his wife, Emily, were there. It was really all Elinor's fault. Elinor was his wife's niece and a very much indulged young person.

When Elinor's letter came saying quite flippantly that she expected an heir sometime in September, he had told Emily to write and say that September was a very busy month in the brass business and that it would be much more convenient for her to get away later in the fall. It was like Elinor to ignore his well-meant suggestions; and now this situation had arisen and Emily, who should be in her own home right here in Springfield, was doubtless walking the floor with an unappreciative infant in Troy, New York.

He refused an invitation to ride up the hill with Ed Carlton, his next door neighbor, and then he wished he had accepted it. Ed was to be toastmaster at the banquet, and he might have tactfully drawn attention to the fact that he was coming down with a cold and was in very bad voice.

Emily had foreseen the possibility of such a contingency several years ago when he had first become known as an extemporaneous speaker of wit and charm. She had made a scrap book of stories of unusual incidents and clever bits to use, but of late years there had been no need of the scrap book, as Emily had positive genius for remembering choice and appropriate anecdotes.

He found himself walking rapidly and immediately curbed his pace. He must get control of himself. Of course there was a possibility that he might not be called upon, but that possibility was remote. For ten years he had either served as toastmaster or been a speaker at every important dinner of the Rotary Club. No one ever felt it necessary to call him up and tell him that a brief speech was expected of him. His reputation as an impromptu speaker was too well established.

He ought not to have accepted that morning, but it would look peculiar for a former president of the club to refuse when Ed Carlton knew he was in town and at business. There was nothing to do but go through with it, and in the two hours before dinner he would follow his usual plan of preparation and try to remember a few of the best of his old stories. How often he had told Emily, "The best extemporaneous speeches are those most carefully prepared."

He went slowly up the walk and noted with satisfaction that his barberry bush had more and redder berries than Ed Carlton's. He had told Emily to order the best plants. Inside the house everything was quiet, and he went directly to his room and removed his pearl-grey soft hat and his well-fitting coat. There in shirt sleeves he made a brief draft of his speech. It wasn't very satisfactory. Emily knew just how to introduce a story, but this was the best he could do. He rose and went to the dresser and began to rehearse, standing before the mirror. It was warm near the west window, and he took his notes and went across the hall into the guest room. "Had I but known I was to be called upon," he began in his smooth, deep voice; and then, warming up to his subject, he threw up the window and began again.

"Had I but known that I was to be called upon," rang out the sonorous tones, "I should have prepared a few remarks." Then followed the stories with the graceful closing Emily had written for him to use when he spoke at Woraster.

Not so bad, he decided hopefully. Now if only he could get the thing a part of him so that it sounded spontaneous and unforced. So, over and over, the smooth, deep voice repeated, "Had I but known that I was to be called upon, I would have prepared a few remarks."

A cool breeze reminded him that it was getting late; and as he turned to close the window, he noticed with dismay that Ed Carlton's guest room was being used. If there had been anyone there while he was rehearsing, the person must have heard him. How many times had Emily warned him against open windows. But then, it was probably one of Nancy Carlton's college friends. He tried to dismiss the incident from his mind, but he was vaguely troubled.

It was time to dress. He regretted that business suits were the order of the evening. There was nothing quite like tails and a white tie to set off a figure like his. He rehearsed mentally once more as he went down in his car, "Had I but known that I was to be called upon, I should have prepared a few remarks." It wasn't often that the Rotary Club had the chance to entertain three governors. Only the Eastern States Exposition made it possible.

He greeted another of his friends with dignity and then turned as Ed Carlton made a jovial entrance. Ed had, in tow, a distinguished-looking man whom he introduced with a breezy informality as "Governor Pritchard, an old colleague and the biggest wit in the state." But when he reached Forester Holt, he said in a low tone, "Drop in when you get home, Holt. We are in luck to have Governor Pritchard stopping with us."

With a tremendous effort, Holt froze the smile on his face. Was this the person who was occupying Carlton's guest room? If so, had he heard his carefully prepared speech? If Governor Pritchard had heard his speech, what ought he to do? Should he plead illness and go home? He had been ill twice before when Emily was away. Would it look strange? Dared he risk thinking on his feet. Dinner was announced as he stood undecided.

He found himself seated next to Bill Crossman. Bill was president of the Board of Aldermen and a good fellow. He ought to get Bill to say a good word for Holt brass fixtures for the new city hall. But what was the matter with him? He couldn't keep his mind on what Bill was saying. "Had I but known that I should be called upon,

I should have prepared a few remarks." How infernally hot the place was. Hotel dining rooms never were properly ventilated. He must speak to the head waiter. Oh, the food.

Evidently the club had outdone itself, for the *piece de resistance* was greeted with cheers. Holt leaned forward to see the huge silver platters which were waking so much enthusiasm.

Brook trout in September? That meant Mayor Merrill had sent them down from his private ponds. What was Bill saying? Something about the sport they had landing them. Brook trout were his special dish. Alphonse had done these properly, too. They were crispy brown, just a tap on the backbone and the sweet, white meat would lie on the plate free from bones. Alphonse would know enough to fry trout in salt pork, firm pink slices of just the right flavor. He always reminded Emily to use salt pork with trout — Emily — "Had I but known that I was to be called upon, I should have prepared a few remarks."

Probably there would be big bowls of green salad dressing at the table. Alphonse never made the mistake of thinking that lettuce was the only green for salad. There would be watercress, tiny onions, a bit of chicory, paper thin slices of pink radish, shredded green pepper — but somehow his appetite seemed to be gone. He felt a little nauseated. It was this heat. His collar was wilted already. How many times he had told Emily what he thought of a man who couldn't get through an evening without looking as if he had a bandage wrapped around him — Emily — how did that second story come in? It wasn't a very clever story, anyway. It didn't fit. "Had I but known I was to be called on, I should have prepared a few remarks."

He really was ill. It must be the odor of the food. He saw the head waiter coming toward him. He would ask to have a window, two windows, all the windows opened. But the waiter was stopping at his chair and holding out a tray on which was a yellow envelope. Holt gazed at it fascinated. It couldn't be real. Those things happened only in plays. In plays, the hero was always being relieved in some ticklish situation by the delivery of a telegram. He made no move toward the envelope until he noticed Bill Crossman looking at him peculiarly; then he reached out and took the telegram in his nervous fingers. It was probably about some shipment of brass, but it would do. After a moment, he tore it open and stared at the words that leaped up at him.

MEET AUNT SOPHRONIA AT TRAIN STOP ARRIVING
ABOUT SEVEN THIRTY STOP LOVE

EMILY.

He read the message again, forming every word with his lips:

MEET AUNT SOPHRONIA AT TRAIN STOP ARRIVING
ABOUT SEVEN THIRTY STOP LOVE

EMILY.

But he had no Aunt Sophronia. Emily had no Aunt Sophronia. Emily had only two aunts, Martha Brace and Hettie Jenkins, and the only aunt he ever had would never leave her three cats just to go visiting. "Seven thirty." It must be nearly that now. He wiped the palms of his hands with his monogrammed handkerchief and decided the room really must be getting cooler. Too bad to have to leave now just when it was beginning to get comfortable.

"No bad news, I hope," ventured Bill Crossman.

"No," Holt answered, "only damnably annoying." He wrote below the message, "Sorry. Will see you later," and handed the telegram to a waiter to give to Ed Carlton. Then he excused himself to his table companion with just the proper expression of regret and went into the lobby.

There the clerk interrupted him. "You got your telegram, didn't you, Mr. Holt? We had orders to hold delivery until 7:15."

A great light dawned within him. "You mean the telegram didn't just come?"

"Oh, no, it arrived at 7:00 with orders not to deliver until 7:15."

"Quite right, quite right. Will you have the car sent around?"

Emily — She must have seen the item about the banquet in the *Morning Republican* which she always had sent to her even when she was away but for a few days. He smiled indulgently. Dear little Emily. Would she never cease attempting to direct him? She ought to know that he would be equal to any emergency which might arise. He was sorry the dining room had been so hot. Those trout were a treat in September. Too bad not to have given his little speech. The fellows would have appreciated that second story.

He entered the car, and quite without thought, he turned toward the station.

After-Song

ADELAIDE PORTER

“GOOD afternoon, Mrs. Mundel. Yes, I think it’s in. Just a minute — yes, if you’ll sign the card — Hello, George. Tom Swift? Did you look on the shelf? Too bad. You’re too old to read that kind anyway. Try Dickens — How-do-you-do, Mr. Perley.”

“Geetings, Karen. How’s the Girl-Among-The-Books this afternoon? And by the way — welcome home.”

Karen’s too-brilliant smile was suddenly blotted out. “Thank you.”

“Well — you *did* have a good time, didn’t you?”

“Of course.” The smile was forced back.

“How was Honolulu?”

“They still hula.”

“Hmn. To hear you talk one would think it was your tenth trip.”

“It was. But my first real one. Now go along, please. I’ve things to do.”

He went. Karen watched him as he strolled over to the stacks and began fingering the books. She dropped her head down on the desk. People had been so kind — they didn’t — *couldn’t* realize that every question hurt her all the way through.

Karen had lived in Green Hills for thirty-eight years. Twenty of these had been devoted to the cares and strugglings of the little library, which she had started with fifty books, laid out on her living-room table.

For thirty-seven years she had never been farther from Green Hills than Asheville — twenty-five miles away — so great is the hold of the hills, the love of their strength. And yet there was longing — the longing of the alien for just a glimpse outside — a glimpse to still forever that doubt that she would ever want to leave the mountains.

Karen’s mother had been a Canterell from New York. Many nights in their little home had been made shorter by her tales of the days when she, Marjorie Canterell, had been the toast of New York’s “upper crust” (this, term was Karen’s — Mrs. Anderson had said “elite”).

Then one day Karen had looked in her mirror and had seen tiny wisps of gray hair framing her face. She realized that she was growing old without ever having been beyond the mountains. She must go away, she thought, just for a few months. And it must be *far* away. She recalled the books she had read and the things her mother had said about places that were wonderfully far away — Samoa and Colombia, Samarkand and the Riviera. At first she hadn't known which to choose. Then Mr. Perley had suggested Honolulu. "You'll get a big enough slice of life down there to last you forever," he had said. She had hesitated no longer.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Simpson! Well, I don't know. Let's see. Have you read *Sanctuary*? No, not Galsworthy — William Faulkner. Oh, *you'll* like it, I'm sure. The Reverend Murray was quite shocked."

She had gone to Honolulu to stay six weeks. She had stayed four months. She had felt, when the *S. S. City of San Francisco* pulled into Pearl Harbor, as if she would like to stay there forever. She had hung breathlessly over the rail, watching the grinning divers with their sleek brown bodies. leis of orchids had been wrapped around her neck. Bands had screamed out their alohas. And then she had ridden in a rickshaw to the little hotel far down the beach.

"Here's your mail, Miss Karen. Just one today — a package. Maybe it's a new book — looks like one. I kinda need somethin' to read, too —"

"Thank you, Harry. But even if it is a new book I'll have to enter it, you know. I'll tell you tomorrow if I think you'll like it," firmly.

Harry turned away, disappointed, and sauntered out. She opened the package. It was a book — *Belle-Mere*. On the flyleaf was written: "I am glad to autograph a copy of my new book for your library. Sincerely, Kathleen Norris." She sighed, and put it in the glass case with its green sign saying, "autographed books — not to be taken out."

She had met him quite accidentally. She had been walking along the beach, proud of her new white bathing suit, when she stumbled over a mound of sand (she hadn't got used to the Japanese sandals yet). To her surprise, it growled, "Ouch!" and heaved up.

"What the devil," he had begun. "Oh, I say — hello!" He sat up. She saw that he was young — not over twenty-five. He looked her over, from head to toes. "It just takes three guesses."

“What?”

“Three guesses. You’re staying at the Royal Hawaiian, you’re in Honolulu because you just can’t keep way, and your name’s — Ellen!”

“I’m staying at Oahu Inn, I’ve never been to Honolulu before in my life, and my name is Karen.”

He grinned. “Foiled again. Well, I’m no great shakes at guessing, anyway. My name’s Kent. And isn’t it a coincidence? I was thinking of moving over to the Oahu myself. The mob at the Royal — you know —”

She felt severe. But his brown eyes were so gay. “Silly,” she said.

He had walked to the hotel with her, chattering to hide her apprehensiveness. But soon, in spite of herself, she was laughing at him; a little later she was chattering too. After that, the beach was their rendezvous.

“Maisie, you’ve sat in the window long enough, now. I don’t think Bill’s coming up today.” Maisie and Paula chose the library as the most desirable spot in town for the meeting with Bill and Steve. It looked out on the street, and they had time to powder their noses while the boys were coming upstairs. Then, for an hour, the girls would “look for a book to read tonight.” (“What’s a good book, Bill? You always know just the kind of book I like. Oh, Bill, you *beast*. You *know* I can’t *bear* Tarzan!”) For three weeks now, three times a week, Bill had suggested that Maisie read Tarzan. And Maisie had called Bill a beast nine times. (She had been reading English novels.)

Karen looked at Bill now and suddenly felt a little kindly toward him. He had Kent’s yellow curly hair, and his chin was almost as square. But his white skin was rough and fuzzy; Kent’s was smooth and brown. And Bill’s body was too short and heavy.

“How’d they happen to name you Karen?” Kent had asked her one day. They were exploring the tiny shops in Old Honolulu, weaving their way among the jostling Japanese and Filipinos.

“Oh, I don’t know — Mother had been reading German History, I think. There was a queen, or something —” His merry laugh rang out. Suddenly she felt old —

That was the morning they had gone to the little Chinese silk shop and bought the blue coolie coat. To Karen it was a wondrous

thing — with its flowers and its dragon. Kent smiled and told her of one he had seen in Hongkong once —

He had been even gayer than usual that morning. They had browsed among all the little antique shops, wondering about the histories of hideous images, and marveling over bits of oriental tapestry.

Several times, under the cover of his gayer, she had felt his eyes searching her face. But she was afraid to look into them — afraid of what she would find there. She knew then that she loved him — and with all the hard passion of the mountain woman. And she knew that he must never find out. For he loved her too. Her woman's intuition told her that. Suddenly, she saw again the deep greens and purples of the peaks rearing upwards to the sun. She knew then that she must erect a barrier between them, and that it must never be let down. This would be hard; for he was irresistible (and she was human).

They had left their rickshaws at the University Gates, and walked back toward the beach. She looked up at him as he strode beside her. He was so carefree and poised, she thought, so secure. His easy gestures and chatter spoke louder than actual words of his background — universities, travel, culture.

For a fleeting second she wondered if — maybe — but even as she wondered she faced herself with the fact that Kent was meant for the world. He would never be happy among her mountains. He would feel preyed upon, shut in, by them.

And she could never live anywhere else. She loved all this — the laziness, the sunshine, the new emotions. But back there the hills were holding her by slender threads that were beginning to pull.

As she watched people leaving the library one by one, all these things came back to her with that peculiar vividness with which one recalls things that hurt. She gave herself up completely to remembering. She must not let herself do it again — but just this once —

The days after that had been charged with something too intangible to classify. When Kent would brush against her, her whole body would tingle. And many times, in her new impulsiveness, when she would lean over and rest her hand on his for a moment, she saw smouldering fire spring to sudden flames in his eyes.

But Kent recognized her barrier. He never spoke to her of love. Perhaps he knew why the barrier had been put there. She was glad

it was this way. She knew what she would have to say if he did speak, and she felt as if she couldn't bear to send the light from his eyes.

She had been in Honolulu almost four months. Then one day she had to face herself squarely with the fact that she must not stay much longer. For Hawaii was weaving its fragile gold net about her — a net woven of threads stronger than those of the mountains.

They were on the beach the morning she told him. She was sitting on a rock, and he was lying on the sand at her feet. They were munching shiny black alligator pears and talking. She was telling him about the mountains, the people there —

“— and the women are all tall and straight, like the pines, and they have mouse-colored hair and green-brown eyes,” she said.

He looked up quickly at her black hair and blue eyes, and laughed. “What happened to you?”

“Oh — my father's grandmother was Irish, I think.”

“She must have been a handsome woman.” Quickly the banter left his voice. He sat up. “Karen, I've wanted to tell you—”

She interrupted him feverishly.

“Kent, I'm sailing Saturday.”

“*Karen!* But you mustn't — you can't.”

“I must — and I can.”

“Karen — *why?*”

“Because — because —”

“There's someone —” quietly.

She breathed a sigh. “Yes, there's someone — yes.”

He sat there a moment, silent. “Well, that is what is commonly known as that,” said his hard voice.

He took her hands and pulled her up, and they walked toward the hotel.

Karen felt as if the last night in Honolulu had been made for her. It was so beautiful that she wanted to cry. The moon was yellow and low, and the water was black, tipped with gold. The white beach was a ribbon dividing the water and the tropical foliage.

Karen and Kent walked along the edge of the sea for miles, slowly. She had on her new, white gandy dress, with its huge ruffles that

brushed the sand. The blue coolie coat was wrapped around her shoulders, bulging where the big sleeves were.

For a long time they didn't speak. Then he said, "Karen — are you sure you're right?"

She smiled, as a mother to a son. "Yes, Kent, I'm right."

Nothing else. They stopped so near to the sea that the little waves almost lapped over their toes. They stood there, looking out into the black and gold.

Then they turned and walked toward the hotel, their steps lagging. They began to talk commonplaces, as people do in moments too poignant to speak otherwise.

"Karen, do you climb mountains?"

"Oh, yes. It's fun, but you get to the top so soon. They're not very high."

"I went up the Matterhorn once —"

They walked even slower, but the hotel began to distinguish itself from the palms. The veranda was deserted. She stepped up on the porch, and he stood on the ground, looking up at her. He took her hands.

"Karen, don't forget us — Honolulu and me —"

He lifted her hands swiftly to his lips, turned on his heel and walked into the night.

Someone was calling. "Miss Karen, Miss Karen!" It was Tom, the janitor. "Miss Karen, it's six o'clock. You'd better go home — the building's gettin' cold."

Karen sent a smile past her aching heart to dazzle him. "Yes, Tom, I'm going right now. Lock up for me — do you mind?" She slipped on her coat and walked out into the cold. Little particles of snow, blown off the mountains, were slashed by the wind against her face. They seemed somehow to soothe her and cool her burning head. They braced her so that she could smile at her mother when she got home.

She was suddenly swept with a delicious gladness that she lived where the clean, white snow would always blow and where the mountains would always shelter her.

Walt Whitman Crossing Brooklyn Ferry

WHAT a soul must have been his — this man who could stand shoulders and splendid body above the white-faced, poor, little men and pale, indoor complexioned women who crowded the ferry and crossed the slushing waters blind to the “scalped-edged waves in the twilight”; for he had a mystic kinship with them, these hurrying, work-maddened people, and found in them a resemblance to himself, so that they became a part of him and he a part of them. Does he not say he feels this bond with all men, himself? Listen —

“It avails not, neither time nor place —
distance avails not,
I am with you, you men and women
of a generation, or ever so many generations
hence;
I project myself — also I return — I
am with you and know
how it is.”

He sees and lives the beauty of reality and the moment. He visions in it the eternal beauty and gives it to man. He feels that they, too, see the glory of the sunset and hear the deep-throats of the barges sounding over the water; but is it possible as he did? They had not his capacity for enjoying, his exquisite delight in his own sensitivity, for Walt Whitman not only heard America singing — he *was* America singing! He embraced all — he spoke for all! He was the universal man! He identifies himself with the present man and speaks to the future man —

“A hundred years hence, or ever so many
hundred years hence, others will see them
Will enjoy the sunset, the pouring in
of the flood-tide
The falling back to the sea of the
ebb-tide.”

Could they then, or will they ever, these masses of people he loved, look over the water at a gull and speak as he did —

“I saw how the glistening yellow
lit up part of their wings and
left the rest in strong shadow,

The CORADDI

I saw the slow wheeling circles,
and the gradual edging toward
the south."

Did they catch the suggestiveness of that "gradual edging toward the South"? Did they ever know that birds fly southward? Ah, did the tired little man pressing against you have your eyes and your love of truth in real beauty? He was probably worrying over a two dollar raise, an angry woman sweating over a cheap stove burning thin at the back, five kids wearing thin-soled shoes running over at the heels. He was blind to —

"The scalloped-edged waves in
the twilight, the ladled cups,
the frolicsome crests and glistening
That stretched afar, growing dimmer and
dimmer, the gray walls of
the granite storehouses by
the docks."

If he read you, he probably did not feel the freshness, the virility, the sweep of your description of his daily ride on the ferry home.

And that other group of men whose hands were never soiled and grimy with earth, who never knew that grass has leaves, would they see —

"On the neighboring shore, the fires
from the foundry chimneys burning
high and glaringly into the night,
Casting their flicker of black, and
yellow light over the tops of
houses, and down into the
clefts of streets—"?

Let me then speak to Walt Whitman and say that through his great egotism he harbors unselfishness and thus is a paradox. Let me say that even in his profession of fraternity and equality with men's frailness and his confession of like weakness he concludes with a question which admits his vanity.

"It is not you alone the dark patches fall,
The dark threw patches down upon me also;
The best I had done seem'd to me
Blank and suspicious;

The CORADDI

My great thoughts, as I supposed
them, were they not in reality meager?
Would not people laugh at me?"

Why should Walt Whitman think of people laughing at him?
Why should he notice laughter that is scornful, he who saw the great
plan of life —

"It is not you alone, nor I
alone."

"It is that each came, or
comes, or shall come
from its due emission,
From the general center of all; and
forming a part of all."

Walt Whitman knew —

"A necessary film envelop all,
and envelops the
Soul for a proper time."
and

"(The time will come, though
I stop here today and tonight)"

What a soul he must have had, this man, Walt Whitman!

EDYTHE LATHAM.

WHAT WE THINK

WE have grown up. We are older than the college students of four or five years ago — perhaps not in years, but in experience and in our attitude toward our work and toward life in general. We have been deprived of our sense of security by the economic collapse through which we are living and going to school; and we have become money-minded and time-conscious.

We have seen our friends go home because they were needed to look after their brothers and sisters or because they did not have the

money to stay at school. We have been shocked, when we went home for a vacation, to find how our fathers had aged. We are not sure whether or not we shall be able to come back next year; and if we do, and are graduated, there seems to be little chance of our getting a job.

It is the conditions under which we live that makes us different — older than the student of a few years ago. To the casual observer, the results, however, are admirable. We have become more independent. We have learned that what we must do, we can do. Through CWA and the college, many of us have found work — in the dining rooms, library, book store, and as assistants to professors. Yet, in spite of the hours we spend at this work, we are taking the same number of hours of academic work and are making the same grades we made before. We are paying a high price for our education, and we are anxious to get the most possible out of it. We have learned to count our hours and price them, and we resent having to sit in a class when we feel that we are getting nothing out of it. We have grown up, not through our own volition, but rather, forced by circumstances over which we had no control, and we resent being treated as children.

There is something, however, which the onlooker does not seem to see — something which, in part at least, counterbalances the advances we have made in independence and self-sufficiency. We have lost something of the carefree joy of college days. We are working too hard — wearing ourselves out. We work well into every night and then get up in time for eight o'clock classes. We are tired all the time, but we are compelled by a nervous energy which keeps us going even when we might be sleeping.

We have learned that the world is not a wonderful place after all. We are distrustful of leaders — critical of governments, and we have learned that we can do for ourselves many things which we have depended upon others to do for us. Perhaps we do them better than others.

BOOK REVIEW

HILDA LESAWAYS. *By Arnold Bennett.* London, Methaen and Co., Ltd. 1911.

Arnold Bennett does not reach the standard of his *Old Wives Tale* in this biography of a "five towns" girl. She is dull and uninteresting, save for occasional glimpses of her child-adult personality which is too weak to be called dual, but strong enough to make one suspicious of Mr. Bennett's sincerity of analysis.

The theme is the well worn one of the girl who lacks a goal but is furnished one by a young man's indifference. Hilda wins him, leaves him, bears his child. A second man offers a second aim. The story ends with Hilda's martyred refusal of him. Her history goes on in *These Twain*, but one feels that she will slip into irrevocable apathy.

BETH NORVELL.

HATTER'S CASTLE. *By A. J. Cronin.* Boston, Little, Brown, and Co. 1931.

One who engages feelings of morbidity, of intense anger, of futility, will read *Hatter's Castle* a second time. To one who is frightened by the subject of insanity, the analysis of James Brodie will leave a trail of horror. He drives his wife to her death by his disregard for her cancer-eaten body. He thrusts his elder daughter into a homeless, storm-filled night as her illegitimate child is being born. He sends his son first to India, then to America with instructions never to return. Finally he loses the one thing he loves: his youngest daughter, who hangs herself when she finds that she has not won the scholarship she has struggled for all her school years. There remains only his age-demented mother, sucking her withered lips by the fire-side, muttering to herself of her one interest: food.

The depths of despair are touched rather too often for the novel to merit avid reading of it unless one is attracted by gloom. James Brodie's manic-depressive insanity is, at its highest phases, terrifying. The strain of returning to normality on the part of the reader overbalances the pleasur e to be gained by reading *Hatter's Castle*.

BETH NORVELL.

PEN FEATHERS

UNSATISFACTORY

“E”

My paper stretches wide and white.
My pencil, poised above it, waits
To write
What's right,
And hates
The hand that holds it there so tight.
But what am I to know of dates
And fates
And traits—
The plight
Of men? My paper stretches white;
My pencil, poised above it, waits.

TYPES IN COMPOSITION

MOST teachers are troubled with “misty” complexes. A thing is “sweet and delightful,” or it isn't. The higher things of life are mentioned or they aren't. A poem is a “dear little thing,” an essay is a “perfectly delightful piece of composition.”

They are women teachers, almost always. I do not know why, unless it is that the average woman has the thread-a-needle mind and cannot help it. This teacher goes in for “delightful bits” of detail. She writes poetry herself and digs a little in her flower garden. She comes in late to her afternoon classes, carrying pansies in an orange bowl. “O Wind, if winter comes can spring be far behind?” and she plants her bowl of pansies firmly upon the desk. She looks around the room to see who is absent, and then she looks out the window at the man who is cutting the grass.

“Oh, dear! such a terrific noise! Miss Smith, won't you go down and ask the building superintendent to have that man moved around to the other side of the building?”

And the superintendent, upon hearing the request, grumbles that "any body would think that the school was run for nothing but classes." Nevertheless, the grass-cutter is moved and the classes go on, such as they are. You *think* you are learning something, and that helps a lot. At any rate you are not too stupid to catch on to your teacher's type. You've got her branded; so you start writing essays on dogs. The triter they are the better she likes them. If the dogs chew slippers and go to sleep in the very best living-room chair, your teacher gives you an "A." If you name the puppy "Spot" because he has a spot over his left eye, you get an "A plus" for your originality. If you go a step further and let little "Spot" tear up the Sunday funnies, your essay is read aloud in the classroom.

When the dog theme is exhausted, you decide that it would be a wise thing to turn to alarm clocks. You let yourself wake up in the morning with the sound of the alarm clock ringing in your ears, and you straightway throw it out the window. (I have never known an alarm clock to be actually thrown out of a window.) Your teacher is convulsed with joy. She simpers for days. She suggests that you send the composition in to the *Coraddi*. You tell her "all right," and then you tear the alarm clock theme to shreds when you get to your room with it. You wonder what your teacher will think when she see the poem that you sent to the *Coraddi* five days ago. You hope she will escape seeing it when it comes out in print. You have heard that professors do not read the *Coraddi*. You hope this one doesn't.

Your next assignment is to write a "description." The word can cover a multitude of subjects. When there is a lapse in the teacher's resourcefulness, she always makes such an assignment. She puts the following list of subjects on the blackboard as a suggestion for those students who, in spite of the world's being full of things to describe, must always have help from the teacher before they can take a step for themselves:

Aunt Gertrude's Garden.

A Kitchen on a Rainy Afternoon.

The Front Campus in Spring.

Where I Spent My Summer Vacation.

You look down the list of subjects twice and feel like a person sentenced to serve a long term in jail. You select topic two, deciding

that your teacher will be enthralled over the hot, spicy smell of gingerbread that you will let emulate from your kitchen on a rainy afternoon. To make the picture even more tritely complete, you decide to let a tabby cat be in your kitchen, and a red geranium in a box under the window. Of course the cloth on the kitchen table will be checkered, and the curtains at the window will be criss-cross. There! You have a theme without any trouble at all — without any thought even!

It is this sort of thing that puts the blinders on the “misty” teacher. But I want to talk about the only other type of composition teacher that exists, the “realistic” type — the man teacher.

He despises any phase of what he calls “sentiment, my dear” — this term means anything in writing which emphasizes the beautiful. Anything that is not of the lowest is “Eddie Guestish, my dear Miss So-and-So. Your theme sounds Eddie Guestish. Put some realism into it.” You think you know what he means; so you go to your room and write a theme on the crudest subject you can think of — fly paper or starvation or mill workers. You write of lameness and blindness and poverty. You start crying and wondering if life is really worth living. Then you remember that it is and that you are writing about such things only to please your instructor.

The “realistic” teacher isn’t as easy to please as the “misty” one. Trite expressions he will not tolerate! He wants to be shocked. He wants you to coin words and phrases that will stun his esthetic ear, and as that ear grows more callous each semester, it becomes harder and harder to stun.

He is facetious. Nothing delights him as much as making you wince at his remarks. When he makes out a set of test questions, he asks you to “answer (if you can) the following.” It is ultra-modern and smart.

MAN WANTED

BETTY WINSPEAR

THIS morning when I turned off the alarm clock and lit a cigarette, I suddenly realized that it may prove to be difficult for me to find a husband who will put up with my many idiosyncracies. Possibly if toleration were the only necessary quality my quest might not be so

futile; but inasmuch as I, too, require that certain specifications be fulfilled, I might just as well give up now and buy a "Five-Foot Book Shelf" to occupy my evenings.

In the first place, I could never be happy with a man who is not good looking, preferably in a Princeton or Cambridge manner. I could not face the prospect of living with a man for the remainder of my life if his features were not fairly regular, and his physique somewhat similar to that of an All-American tackle. The unfortunate part of it all is that, in addition to this, I expect him to exhibit a modicum of intelligence. I want him to like good books, to have a taste for Rupert Brooke's poems, and to read the *New Yorker* every week. He must have an inherent sense of fitness, and above all, his table manners must be beyond reproach. To one who enjoys his meals as much as I, a husband with bad table manners would be a major calamity. A flair for being silent on occasion would be a great asset for this husband of mine. There are times when I can not bear the sound of a human voice. His silence must be most profound when

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we are listening to good music. He shall not hum or whistle, or keep time by drumming on the table or the arm of his chair. (Keeping time with the feet will be permitted but not encouraged.)

But to return to my own foibles, mentioned, I believe, earlier in what has turned out to be a tirade against the shortcomings of an average man. The account might as well be chronological. I like to smoke before breakfast. I don't care if I have a cigarette at any other time or not, but I do like to reach for one upon awaking, and lie in bed until it is finished. Furthermore, I am always full of good spirits in the morning, and I like to sing in the shower. (Heaven knows I have no voice, but under the shower "Steamboats like dreamboats" has a most enchanting sound.) Breakfast, to me, is the most delightful meal in the day, and I detest people who read at the breakfast table. It is a cheerful meal, and bacon and eggs should be accompanied by much good coffee and pleasant conversation.

What I do during the day need not concern my husband, so we won't dwell upon that. Dinner-time will bring enough dissension, I

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fear, to counteract the comparative peace of the day. I should like to dress for dinner and have my husband do likewise. I shall want him to carve the roast, whereas he shall, no doubt, insist on its being carved in the kitchen. I like to have the *demi-tasse* in the library; he will probably be afraid to drink coffee at all, for fear of being kept awake. And these are only a few of my likes and dislikes. Probably, when all is said and done, I had better retain my *status quo* and, as someone has aptly phrased it, "walk the path of life alone."

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