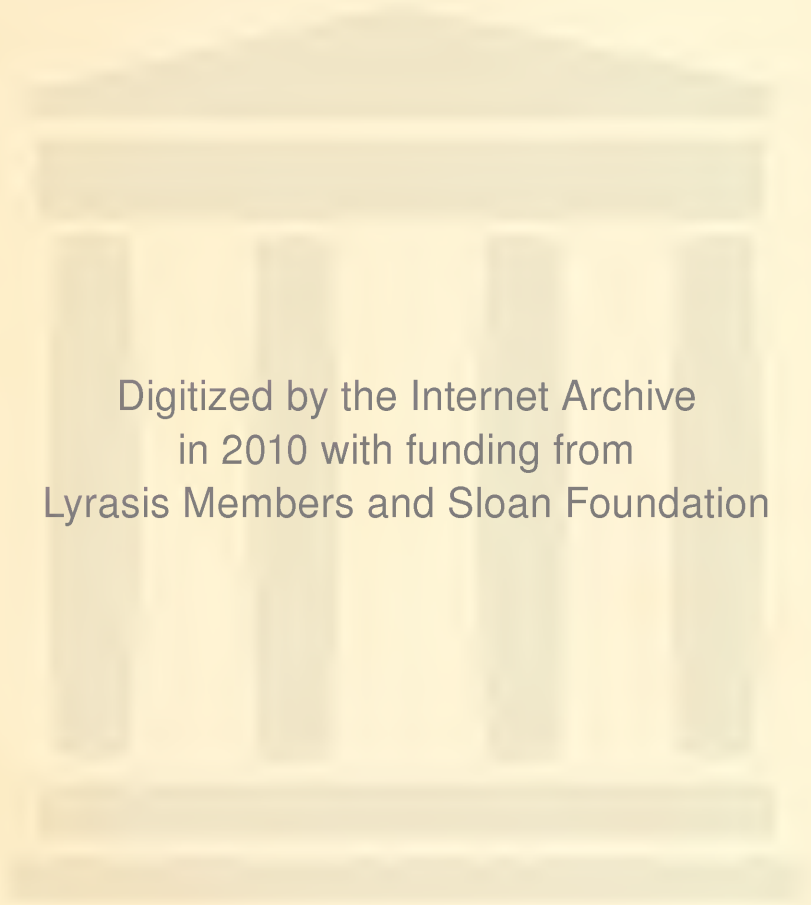


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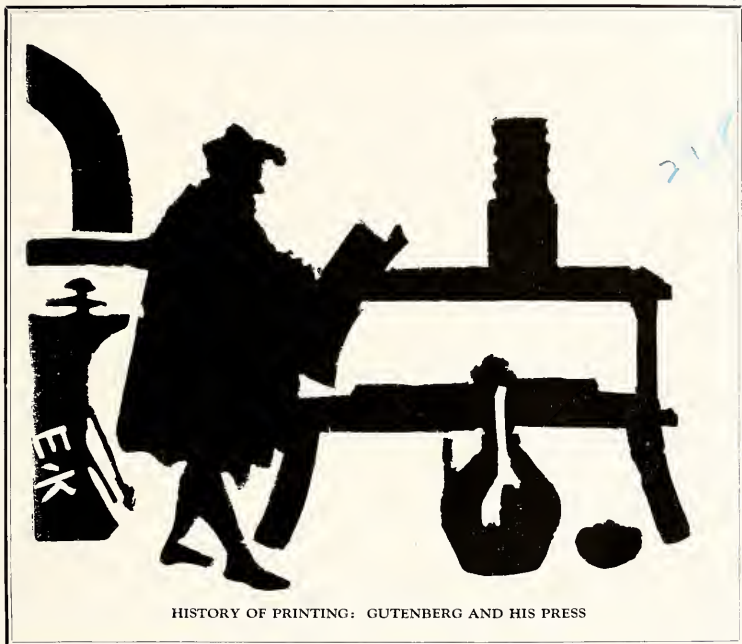
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THE CORADDI

MEMBER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

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EK

To Edwin Arlington Robinson

No trumpet blast for you when you were dead;
But rather sorrow walked in her still way
With those who knew you — poet and man.
They heard your voice in strength and pathos meet
To lie forever softly in their ears.
You have not gone. Bereaved, they have you still.
They speak your words — and you are there.

WIND

A WOMAN'S footsteps crushed the gravel. As she came, her forehead shone in the moonlight, and her throat was white. Duncan, sitting on a marble bench with his hands upon his knees, watched her coming. She sat down beside him. She was young and small there beside him; and, though it seemed strange to have her there in the graveyard that evening, Duncan knew she was not an apparition.

He stood up, the gray gravel rattling beneath his heavy shoes, and walked away.

"Please don't go," said the girl.

He looked over his shoulder, and she was standing up with her hands before her. Her forehead shone in the moonlight.

He walked back; together they sat down. Duncan gazed down the hill at the silver grass upon the graves. Crickets sang in the damp, along the slope.

"I didn't know it was your graveyard," he said without looking at her.

"It isn't," she replied passively; then laughed, "not yet it isn't."

"What do you do?" he growled.

She crossed her feet. Her feet was small — not longer than his hand, he thought.

"I type," she said quietly, and her voice was less young. "I sit and type all day. I earn my living." She hesitated, "Would you like to know my name?"

"No," he said, rebuking her, "it's Wind."

He remembered about earning a living. Earning a living in a white jacket . . . thick plates and trays of dirty dishes . . . a room full of scraping forks and wide, receiving mouths . . . the hot smell of food . . . the dirty cook in the steaming kitchen.

"Look, there's a silver moth heading for the moon," the girl cried.

He had forgotten her. He threw up his head and looked through the crystal wings of the creature near his face. It was lifting slowly. He looked beyond the moth into the sky. From far away, he remembered:

"I sent my soul through the Invisible."

Duncan moved restlessly, half contemptuous.

Frowning, the girl turned her face towards his, "You are strange."

He dug his fists in his pockets and stared at the ground. "I shouldn't have stayed."

Wind did not speak. She reached down and picked up a handful of pebbles and began tossing them at a white urn. The little rocks pattered against the urn and fell softly in the grass. The crickets became silent.

"What do you do?" the girl asked hesitantly.

Duncan looked down the hillside. Somewhere at the foot of it lay a railroad track. "I walk," he answered. "I walk down railroad tracks. Sometimes I ride trains. Usually, I just walk. Sometimes it's night when I walk."

"You've seen many graveyards." Her chin quivered.

"Yes," and his voice lifted, "they all have a — well — spirit." Together they laughed.

He reached down and picked up her hand. "It's spring," Duncan said.

"Yes," Wind said. And then, "I didn't think you had noticed."

"I've been smelling the lilacs."

"Would you like to see the bushes?" she asked.

She led him through a white flanked lane of tombstones. Then she pointed and ran ahead to the lilacs. He followed slowly. She broke off a bough and crushed the petals in her hand. Up she tossed them and watched them slowly fall about her. He felt queer seeing her thus. She twirled to him.

"I did that as a child. As they fall, I become a white bird. Do you understand?" She was smiling.

"No," he said.

"It's like walking down many railroad tracks. It's like . . ."

He threw back his head to the sky and stopped her. "I know," he said roughly.

T h e C O R A D D I

"It's being unbound. It's having yourself!"

They walked back to the bench and sat down.

"Have you ever run towards a wind in a storm?" he asked. Abruptly he paused. "Your name's Wind."

They were silent. The graveyard was silent. There was white marble on the hillside. And moonlight — moonlight gleaming on an angel's wing, polishing the white cheekbones of a young girl's head, silver on the shell in a stone baby's hand — damp new grass and lilacs blowing.

Wind gathered another hand full of pebbles and sent them towards the white urn.

"I love you," said Duncan.

And she, turning to him, answered, "I love you."

They were silent once more.

Suddenly, Duncan heard faintly the sounds of the city creeping through the quiet hedges. Outside, cars were passing. Far away, a train whistle echoed. Yes, it was all far away. Only the girl was near. Slowly he realized he had become a part of her. His mind had touched her, and they had merged. Duncan stood looking. He loved her; he had become a part of her — this woman at his side.

Wordless, he looked at her. Wordless, he arose and walked down the hill toward the railroad tracks.

There was only a silence behind him. He reached the potter's field that bordered the railroad track. A frog croaked in the weedy branch beside the rails. She would be watching him . . . silver rails . . . moving country . . . "like a white bird."

He jumped back across the branch and started running up the hill. His eyes were blinded. He was panting when he brushed by the lilac bushes and came to the bench.

The marble bench was brightly bare under the moon. The crickets were still in the grass.

On Becoming Statistic Conscious

By MARY WOODWARD

FIGURES cannot lie! There's nothing like a set of figures, a row of numbers with eight or ten zeroes extending like a lot of soap bubbles across the page, to convince me of a fact. Had some one told me that the United States spent an exorbitant sum every year for glue for postage stamps, I would have said very casually, "Is that so?" Then I should have gone right on with some careless remark of this or that, never realizing the significance of that statement. Had my friend, however, said with a sad note in his voice, "I see where the United States is spending 72 billion dollars a year for mucilage," I probably would have had no appetite for the rest of the day. Such is the power of figures.

Only recently have I become statistic conscious. I just began to grasp their significance when I saw in the *World Almanac*, above the signs of the zodiac, something that startled me: "The people of Boston alone consume every year 956,300,426,892,000,000 navy beans." And that is for an ordinary year only. The figures for a Leap Year, providing there were an extra Saturday, would run the total up a few billion more. The idea haunted me. Since then I've kept account of every bean I have eaten, and some day I hope to compile the figures for the South Atlantic states (just roughly, of course).

There are so many things in the world to which no one ever pays any but the slightest of attention. A few statistics, I believe, printed here and there would arouse the public interest. For instance, in the protection of our wild life, which is rapidly disappearing, no one ever seems to consider the number of innocent young female *Leptinotarsa decemlineata* that every year are carelessly tread upon. Thus eventually the whole species will be wiped out altogether. Would it not, therefore, be a good idea to have on billboards throughout the country: "Last year 678,349,888,694,001,320 unsuspecting female *Leptinotarsa decemlineata* were killed by careless hikers. You may be the next!"

The CORADDI

I can see the great value in statistics for advertising. The possibilities scarcely have been touched. Opticians might increase their business easily by having a few signs at strategic points. The signs might be worded like this: "These are the 392,002,010,000,024th words you have read so far this year. How are your bifocals?" This is only a sample of the great things that can be done with figures in the way of arousing public interest.

If we want Americans to be truly intelligent, we must educate them through figures. We must emblazon figures from every telephone pole and billboard. Figures cannot lie, and the public must know the truth!



Pathfinder

By MARY ELIZABETH BITTING

A POET bent over his pen, the lamplight falling on his drawn brows and across the scrawled lines before him. He was writing poetry, lines exquisite in their very melancholy. The lamp burned low and late; and death came, walking in the silence by the side of melancholy. Death came, stood, watched, and with a wave of the hand put out the light, with sad, gentle fingers took away the pen.

This man was the pathfinder of the New Poetry. He was the forerunner of the brave young poets to come. He was writing out of time and in the light of the new Realism. This man was Edwin Arlington Robinson. A "temporal Colossus of Rhodes," Amy Lowell called him, straddling a period, the period between the Old and the New.

*"God, what a rain of ashes falls on him
Who sees the new but cannot leave the old."*

Detached, skeptical, every poem is the personified dual self of Edwin Arlington Robinson. What we make of his poetry is what we must make of him. Because his life seemed not any life current in this present today, he withdrew into himself, to make even himself an outsider. Robinson is the American Hardy, with all the bleak philosophy of a Hardy. J. Middleton Murray in the *London Nation*, called him "simply tired, not angry and embittered." His own *The Man Against the Sky* finds him asking—

"If after all that we have done and thought
All comes to Nought—
If there be nothing after Now,
And we be nothing anyhow
And we know that,—why live?
'Twere sure but weakling's vain distress
To suffer dungeons where so many doors
Will open on the cold external shores
That look sheer down
To the dark tideless floods of Nothingness
Where all who know may drown."

The CORADDI

But this same man could say—

“Give him the darkest inch your shelf allows,
Hide him in lonely garrets if you will,—
But his hard human pulse is throbbing still.”

Such was Edwin Arlington Robinson's faith in “that hard human pulse.” A dyed-in-the-wool New Englander, Robinson rose through Puritanism to such faith, and on its theme he built unconsciously the foundations of a new day in poetry.

In Robinson died what Amy Lowell “dared” to call “the most settled and finished poet alive in America at the time.”



Deception

By HELEN CRUTCHFIELD

You are wild and sweet—
A March and May together.
You hold the mood of one,
The freshness of the other.
The soft spring is your dream and
You bend in rhythm with the scented wind that passes.

Can it be that spring forgot the hidden threat
Of winter and of winter's sleeping?
Can it be that she has put into your eyes that silent speaking
Of a summer that will be?

Beckey Emsley

By MARY WOODWARD

THE purple and white morning glories had scarcely begun to untwist themselves when Beckey Emsley came out on the back entry steps of her shiny brown house. Beckey would have liked a white house with green shutters, but Auntie Emsley always said brown paint was much more economical, "it didn't show the dirt, and you didn't have to spend the best part of your life diggin' and scrubbin'." Auntie Emsley had been dead for fifteen years, but Beckey still looked past the white paint sample in the Sears-Roebuck catalogue, and sent off for ten gallons of "our best glossy brown."

This morning Beckey, after spreading out yesterday's paper, sat down and began pulling on her shiny new rubbers. She stood up and stamped her heels deeper into them; then folding the paper and putting on her pink-and-white-checked sunbonnet, she walked across the damp grass to her flower bed.

She smiled at the row of pansies; she always smiled at pansies—they seemed to expect it with their happy upturned faces. Behind them were the brittle-stemmed nasturtiums. Beckey bent over them to pull off a withered leaf. She made a little clucking noise, "Tuh, tut, bugs! Those nasty little black bugs! After my flowers, are you? I'll get 'em." She hurried across the lawn and down the gravel path to the tool house.

She came back with a spray and began pulling the handle in and out, covering the nasturtiums with a brown tobacco-smelling mist. The spray "squooshed-squooshed," and Beckey talked to the flowers as she worked. Auntie Emsley had always talked to the flowers. They seemed to appreciate her friendliness, and grew much better than Mrs. Barnum's or Mrs. Lawrence's.

Frank Smith, the grocer's order boy, bouncing along whistling "Dinah," stopped when he reached Beckey's, and leaning over the green picket fence, he asked, "The bugs after you, Miss Beckey?" He paused for a laugh.

Beckey slowly took off her sunbonnet and looked at him through

thick-lensed glasses. She wrinkled her nose, and then a broad smile did the same for the rest of her face. "Good mornin', Frank. Yes, these varmints are after everything. I s'pose they have to live, though, same's the rest of us. Seems a shame to kill the poor sarpints when they're so unsuspectin'."

"Yes, I s'pose so, Miss Beckey." Then taking his pencil from behind his ear, and putting the carbon of his order book under a new sheet, he became very businesslike. "Would you be interested in any wax beans this mornin', Miss Beckey? Fine bunch just come in from Ulster County this mornin'. Man that brought 'em said that more than likely the price would be goin' up in the next two or three days beings as how the Japanese bug's begun eatin' 'em. They're three pounds for fifteen now."

"Now let me see," Beckey said slowly. "There were a lot of things I'd been aimin' to get this mornin'. I was tellin' George at breakfast 'fore he drove 'round the mountain to work this mornin'. I made a list of 'em, and if you'll just sit down a spell, I'll go in and get it."

Frank opened the gate and walked over and sat down on the steps as Beckey bustled away around the house to the back entry. She went through the back entry — her rubbers would track up the porch, and she always kept the front screen door locked in case of tramps. Frank pushed his hat on to the back of his head and sat whistling. He thought what a clever joke he had made about the bugs, and he wondered if he'd be able to think of another as clever to use on the Misses Wards. They probably wouldn't see the joke, though. They weren't like little Miss Beckey. Funny how she always stayed so cheery livin' there alone by herself for twelve years after Auntie Emsley died. George Martin sure had found himself a fine place to live. She was always mendin' and pressin' for him. Lots of times in the winter when he'd come in the kitchen on Tuesday mornings to get the order, there'd be Miss Beckey ironin' George's green-striped shirt like it was made of silk.

Beckey unhooked the screen door. "Here's a tart, Frank. Your breakfast ain't digested yet, but maybe you could get this crammed in somewhere." She handed him a flaky, brown tart oozing strawberry preserves.

Frank gobbled it down, leaving only a little trickle of strawberry

syrup on his chin. He whisked out his dingy pocket handkerchief, and spread the stickiness all over his face.

Beckey, smoothing out an imaginary wrinkle in her starched pink-and-white percale, watched him amusedly.

Frank licked his lips, and after his praises had risen from "Ummm, mmm" to a crescendo in "tray delish," he once more took out his pad and pencil and became the dependable representative of Cocks and Sons, Incorporated, Reliable Grocery Store.

"Today's George's birthday, Frank, and I'd like somethin' special. Now let me see," said Beckey, thoughtfully counting on her fingers. "He likes succotash, and if I had some limas with that corn left over from yesterday, we could have some. How are your limas today? The ones I bought of you last week wasn't filled out, and that makes 'em come pretty dear. And I mustn't forget those twenty-four candles for the cake, either. They look so purty lit. George'll be so surprised. You know he's forgot it's his birthday?" Beckey finished her order as usual with ten cents worth of hoarhound drops. "George likes them, and they're good for your throat."

"I see where old Mrs. Lardin's sick again, Miss Beckey," Frank admitted matter-of-factly, as one who knows it's part of his business to act as morning newspaper as well as order boy. "Maybe gall bladder stones, Doctor Shirk thinks. May have to call in the doctor from over at Sommers."

Beckey lowered her eyes modestly at the mention of old Mrs. Lardin's internal organs, and then said, "Well, ain't that too bad! Does seem like some people have all the trouble, and her just burying her husband last year, too. I'll get over that way this afternoon after the missionary meetin'."

Frank looked up from his writing. "There's been some landslides 'round the mountain road last night. Didn't hurt no one, but just missed Isaac Cronk's fender as he was comin' over the high point on Round Top. It ain't the first time that's happened, and, if you ask me, that's a pretty dangerous road. Usually there's rock slides just during the spring thaws, but this here one's sort of took us by surprise."

Beckey was silent; then she said very slowly, "It's a bad road and I wish you boys didn't have to drive over it. The road commissioner closed it there for awhile. I don't see why he didn't keep it closed."

Frank folded up his order book and started out the gate toward the Misses Wards'.

Becky slowly put on her sunbonnet and tied the strings in a neat bow. Next door she could hear the Vincent children just getting up. They were calling for their mother to buckle their sandals and find their sunsuits. From the kitchen window came a smell of coffee and frying bacon. The sun was well above Round Top, and the "hot bugs" were complaining about another hot day. Becky covered the newly-transplanted zinnias with a newspaper and after giving the bugs a final spray, she took off her rubbers and went inside.

After closing the upstairs blinds and the ones in the parlor to keep the geranium rug from fading, she began her Saturday baking. The Vincent children sneaked in quietly to surprise her with, "Boo, Auntie Becky!" and "We scared you," as Becky pretended to jump. "Could we make somethin'?"

They rolled little hunks of pie crust until it was quite gray. Then they put them into little muffin pans and baked them in the oven of the shiny, black coal stove.

Becky sang to them as she rolled the dough flat and filled it with little quarters of apple which were turning as brown as the cinnamon and sugar she sprinkled over them. The children watched fascinated as Becky decorated the edges of the pie with a fork and cut little peepholes for the apples with her scissors.

"Who's gonna eat that big one, Auntie Becky? Is George gonna get some? I'm gonna give my mamma my pie, aren't you, Eleanor?"

"Oh, I think we'll give George some of this pie. Apple pie's his favorite, and he eats almost as much as the giant in 'Jack and the Beanstalk.'"

"Oh, I don't like that ole giant, Auntie Becky. Giants aren't really, are they? 'They're just make believe,' mamma says. Fairies are real, though. I saw one once. It was sittin' on a pink rose on your rosebush, too."

They chattered on, and Becky went on with her cooking, mixing up yellow butter and sugar in her big crockery bowl. The children walked around on tiptoe for fear the pie would sink. Becky explained to them that only cakes were so touchy about noise and jars, but the children insisted that George must have the "best" pie.

"I'll tell you a secret if you won't tell," whispered Beckey, also tiptoeing around and looking carefully behind the doors to see that no one was hiding to hear. "Today is George's birthday, and I'm makin' him a birthday cake with pink candles and white icin'."

"Can we come over and surprise him?" fairly screamed Betty, forgetting the pie and jumping up and down in glee with both hands spread over her mouth. "I won't tell; will you, Eleanor?"

"I already have a present for him," whispered Beckey. "Guess what 'tis? A brand new blue shirt to match his eyes and a pair of real gold cuff links with G. M. on 'em."

"O-oh, let me see 'em," cried both children. Just then, however, Mrs. Vincent called them, and they hurried out, slamming the entry door behind them.

Beckey went on with her baking. She took the steaming pie from the oven with a blue flannel holder and put it in the window to cool. After carefully folding frothy, beaten egg white into the yellow batter, she poured out a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and gave the cake a last vigorous beating. She greased the brown cake tins with a stiff little brush, and then poured the cake into the pans. After she had scraped the edges of the bowl with a spatula, she carefully slid the cake tins into the oven and closed the door.

She stood by the sink humming softly to herself, carefully washing the bowls in hot suds and then rinsing them in a pan of scalding water. She was just washing the last bowl when the knocker sounded twice.

"Oh, pshaw!" she said half-aloud. "Wait a minute." She dried her hands carefully on the blue-bordered huck towel on the nail by the stove. She pulled her apron straight and glanced at herself in the mirror above the sink, and then hurried down the hall toward the front door. With her apron she whisked a bit of dust from the hall table and straightened the carpet before the door. She fixed her mouth in a smile as she turned the key in the lock.

When the door opened, there were two men standing on the porch, hat in hand. "Well, Mr. Gallant, do come in. George will be home for dinner presently," Beckey began. And then looking at him more closely, she half said to herself, "What's wrong? Has something

It's a bonnie
cigarette Laddie

—aye Lassie, one
that's Milder and
Tastes Better



The CORADDI

happened?" There was a too-still silence. Then she said quietly, "It's George."

Mr. Gallant came toward her awkwardly. "Yes, Miss Beckey." He twisted his hat around and around in his hands. He looked at her face, opened his mouth to speak, dropped his eyes, and finally worried out, "There was a landslide 'long the mountain road. George . . . he got killed."

Beckey slowly sank down on the porch rocker. Her dry eyes had a far-away look in them as though she could see through Round Top. She twisted the corner of her apron, and breathed in long gasps.

With their backs to her the men shifted from foot to foot, turned their hats around in their hands, and cleared their throats noisily.

After a few minutes Beckey arose slowly and still not seeing them, walked toward the door. "Excuse me, please," she said. "I have a cake in the oven, and I smell it burning."

After Silence

By EDYTHE LATHAM

There has been silence between us;
And I remember your voice—
Mellow and weary as the color of old coral.
There has been hurt between us;
And you have forgotten your words—
Soft and faint as warm summer rain.

But that is long ago.
Today? Why today your voice
Is the sound of old coins falling

Hanging On a Hydrant

By BETTY WINSPEAR

IN the four years that the New York State Bureau of Motor Vehicles has considered me capable of driving a car, I have achieved an all-time record for "freak" accidents. I could tell you a story that would bring tears to your eyes, about the time I collided with a garbage wagon, and lay awake for thirty long nights, fearing that the Department of Public Works would be forced to shoot the horse, and that I would have to reimburse the city; but I will tell you instead of the night I hung the car up on a hydrant. The details are less harrowing, and the repair bill was much less.

In Buffalo the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment sponsors, each summer, a series of outdoor "pop" concerts, held at the Bennett Stadium. The parking facilities are not of the best, especially for late comers; and on the night in question I was forced to park on a side street. As we locked the car, we could hear the strains of Siegfried's "Rhine Journey" pouring forth into the night, and we realized that we were arriving for the latter half of the third selection.

It was a glorious concert, filled with Wagner and Richard Strauss and crickets chirping in the grass; little did we dream of the tragic event the evening was to bring. As the last strains of "Ein Heldenleben" drifted skyward, we started for the exit. Outside the street was dark, and we had all we could do to find the car.

I started the engine, released the brake, and stepped on the accelerator. We moved forward an inch and then stopped. I could hear a crunching, grating noise. Again, and foolishly, I stepped on the gas. This time nothing happened. I was panic-stricken. I jumped out of the car, almost forgetting to open the door in my haste, and made a tour of inspection. The awful truth was brought home to me. Somehow or other, in parking, I had caught the rear fender on a hydrant. Knowing of no precedent in a case like that, I didn't know what to do first, and my companion merely shrugged and added her husky contralto to my wailing. As for the hydrant, it sat there with

its arms folded and said nothing, but I could detect a ghost of a smile on its rosy face.

Finally the occupant of the car ahead came to our rescue, and soon the man in the car ahead of him came to his rescue. In five minutes we were the center of attention in a quickly growing crowd. All were ready to offer suggestions, but there was not a man of action in the lot of them.

Inasmuch as the fender seemed to be caught on the cap of the hydrant, it seemed logical that removing the cap would free the car, but there was always the danger of releasing a stream of water that would make matters worse. Not one of our advisors knew the proper technique for dealing with a hydrant.

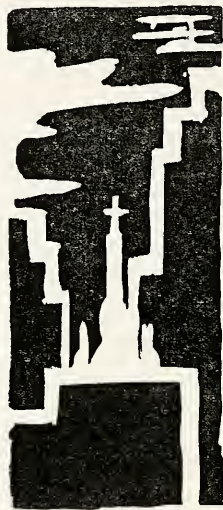
At last, when we were almost ready to call a wrecking-crew, someone conceived the idea of jacking the car up and bouncing it off the jack. This proved to be our salvation.

The picture of those ten men, seven of whom were attired in white flannels, will always live in my memory as one of the most touching sights I have ever seen. I was too embarrassed to thank them properly, and even to this day I sometimes have an uncomfortable feeling that someone is pointing a finger at me and saying, "There she is — THE GIRL WHO HUNG HER CAR UP ON A HYDRANT!" Here in the South, where I am not well known, I feel reasonably safe; but when I am in my native bailiwick I go about with a hang-dog look on my face, feeling just about like "the man who lost the game to Yale."

To E. F.

You have gone away—
And who is there to speak of a returning?
It is but the passing of the wind between us—
So close is life to your eternal sleeping.

E. L.



Medieval Castle

By GLADYS MEYEROWITZ

I crossed the drawbridge over the moat and approached the narrow doorway. What kind of a reception would I receive? Seeing a long, heavy rope, I pulled it, and could hear the bell clanging within. An old, bent man came and looked at me through the porticullis, grunting painfully as he looked out, and then disappeared. A few minutes later he returned, and the porticullis rose slowly on its creaking pulleys, the heavy wooden doors swung open, and I found myself in the courtyard. A great central tower, or keep, overlooked the courtyard. At the top of the keep rose a platform, and a sentinel on duty surveyed the country far and wide.

I entered the keep. A large, haughty man greeted me, all the while looking anxiously beyond me. He conducted me to a huge, damp room, and told me in ancient Gallic that this was where I was to sleep. Somehow I understood, (my knowledge of Gallic was rather slight) and managed to thank him.

I washed my hands and face in foul-smelling water, opened the door, and strolled out. In the hall was an armored figure, boldly thrusting forward its bronzed chest and malevolently holding out a threatening spear. I found myself sidling away from this menace, as if fearful that the owner of the eyes, that I imagined I saw gleaming through the helmet, would suddenly spring upon me. At this moment my host came out of another room and conducted me to the dining hall, a massive room, with no ventilation at all. We dined on bread, meat, and wine.

On completing the meal he conducted me to the kitchens. With great pride he showed me his utensils, pointed out the water that was brought in from the moat, and explained the need of the great open fires. At the sight of the tanks of greenish-looking water, I understood why the nobility drank so much wine. I visited the armory, a great, dark room, lined with massive iron shelves. Rocks, lead, and strange-looking bombarding machines were all piled in the room. Barrels of pitch stood nearby.

The CORADDI

In the afternoon we hunted with hounds and trained falcons. Returning, we played chess, the only game known. At twilight we went into the chapel and confessed our sins, sitting rigorously still while the priest chanted in Latin. When we were once again in the banqueting hall it was crowded with guests. A truce had been declared and many of the lords from the surrounding countryside were present. I met the lord's son, a youthful lad who was to be knighted in two weeks. His daughter had left the week before, and her dowry had cost him so much that he was forced to mortgage the castle and sell the hall furniture, which accounted for the bare look. We sat down to a banquet, consisting of the deer we had caught, and many other strange, odorous dishes. The wine flowed so freely that I asked his lordship if he weren't afraid that the prohibition agents would get after him. He gave me a sly wink and drawled, "Oh, they know me!"

When I had retired to my room that night and was preparing for bed I heard someone knocking at my door. I opened it a few inches. The lord was standing there.

"I forgot to show you the dungeon," he said hoarsely.

I had a hazy notion that he was crazy. Imagine being awakened in the middle of the night to have someone show you a dungeon! However, I agreed, and we descended. His lordship carried a candle, and we walked in single file. Two stories underground lay the prison, a dark, damp, moldy old place. Around the corners the wind moaned, giving now and then an eerie whistle, and my host began muttering and looking around with a half crazy, half fearful expression on his face. Every time we turned a corner I shivered. Once a bat brushed against the candle, almost extinguishing the light.

When we finally reached the great iron doors my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth in a desperate anticipation. Inserting a key in the old-fashioned lock, he opened the door. In one cell was a wizened, underfed man, with great staring eyes. At the last cell he asked me to step inside and examine it. I did. Simultaneously the door slammed and I stepped forward into darkness. The little man screamed, his lordship laughed weirdly

"Of such stuff dreams are made."

WHAT WE THINK

"The tumult and the shouting dies . . . "

WE shout to glory the man whose spectacular action has compelled the public admiration. We garland his brow with laurel; but we forget that laurel also withers. A veritable contagion of enthusiasm spreads over the country for "Today's First Citizen" or "Public Hero Number 1"; but we never think that the man for whom the praises are loudly, and oftentimes emptily sung, is, with a sorrowful heaviness in his heart, envying that small group of men who go their quiet ways of toil and give to the race of man its right to use the word *progress*.

They are not confined to one people and one nation. They speak to each other in a universal silent tongue — across continents and throughout ages! They live aside from the tumult and the shouting. They are never disillusioned; for they do not live for glory.

They know that it is the imperishable dignity of toil which lifts man above and beyond the commonplace. Where there is striving there is no disillusion; for work in itself is the expression of looking forward, and there is no stopping to cry for what once has been!

Full Fathom Five . . .

By ADRIENNE WORMSER

LOUISE sat up in her berth and looked out of the porthole. All she could see was a thick, dull fog. The thin strip of water visible between the ship and fog was a gloomy olive-green. It was strangely calm.

At eleven that morning Louise was in the drawing-room trying to prove to three very correct Englishmen that even a flighty American can play contract bridge. She laid her ace of hearts quietly over the opponent's queen, and triumphantly drew in the trick.

"There," she said, "that should prove decisively . . ."

There was a sudden jar. All four players stood up simultaneously and stared at each other wildly.

"What was that? The boat's stopped. The engine's off."

"I smell oil."

"Quick, let's go on deck."

"Don't use those stairs. Hurry! These are less crowded."

"Everyone is running up. Let's go on top."

"Here's a place. What's that? It looks like a side of a boat?"

"It's an oil-tanker."

"It smells like one."

"See the red board in the water. Wait. I can make out a name — 'Nantucket.'"

"Nantucket. Nantucket. We're only a few miles out from there. What is it? Find out."

"It's the Nantucket Lightship."

"Louise, they are lowering the lifeboats. Let's go out in front."

"Hurry, or we'll never see anything."

"My God, look at those men in the water. I can see six of them."

"Jim, look over there. Do you see him? He's waving his hands. Oh! Jim, he'll never reach that life-belt they threw to him. Oh! His mouth is open. Jim, he's going down."

"Don't look."

"I can't turn away. I can't. That lifeboat may get there. The fog is so thick. It's like a velvet curtain. Do you think they'll find him?"

"There's one who caught the belt."

"And there's another. See? His head is just barely visible."

"They've got three in that lifeboat. Hope those waves don't get any choppiest or they'll capsize."

"They've got one in the other lifeboat. He looks bad."

"Listen to that foghorn, will you? I can scarcely hear it, and I'm right under it."

"There goes the motor-launch. They're looking for those men out beyond our sight."

"Jim, look at that kid. He doesn't look a day over fifteen. He doesn't seem to have any strength. He's lying there so lifeless. The water's coming up over him. Jim, he's dead!"

"Let's go."

"No. I want to see the end."

"Let's go around to the promenade where they'll be bringing them in."

"All right."

"Come this way."

"Go down here; they'll hoist the lifeboats in on this side."

"Here they come."

"That's the first one. They've got three men."

"Yes; but they're carrying one. I'm afraid it will be too late."

"They're going to try artificial respiration on him."

"Pray for him, Jim."

"Here comes the second load. The kid—he's dead all right! The man with him's O. K."

"There are two more out."

"Let's wait for them."

"Here comes the third. They've got one man. His legs are smashed. I think he'll pull through, though."

"There's the last one, Louise. He's gone."

"That's all; we'd better leave — they won't want a crowd around."

Like Unto Each Other

By SHEILA CORLEY

I had not found a kindred chord
To strike my pain to utterance—
 Until you sang of white hawthorne,
 Of fields alive with wind-bent corn,
 Of ivy wandering up a fence,
 The wayward child
 Of weathered board.

BOOK REVIEWS

OF TIME AND THE RIVER. By Thomas Wolfe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, March 1935.

Of Time and the River is an autobiographical novel by Thomas Wolfe and is a continuation of his *Look Homeward, Angel*. It is the story of a pilgrim searching constantly and finding never. The bitterness, the satire, the moving pathos that marked his first book is found in this later novel, but it is intensified by Eugene's more mature years. The key to the book is found in his early years at Harvard. Here he wrote down all the books he had never read, all the women he had not slept with, all the places he had not been, and all the things he had not done. His resolve to accomplish these things is the motive of his life. His life is spent studying, teaching, and traveling. He moves from extreme passion to lethargy, but he never finds the peace of soul that he desires. His is a thirst that drinks in all and is satisfied by nothing.

While only five years actual time pass in this novel, the reader feels that generations have flown through its pages. This is due in part to the tremendous growth of character in Eugene and partly because there is so very much material included. There are a great number of new characters introduced—perhaps none so well portrayed as the blustering Uncle Bascom, the Pentland whom Eugene comes to know in Boston. Out of all the characters met in the novel,

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few are remembered as distinct. At Harvard we come to know Professor Hatcher, the professor of the playwriting class and his eccentric assistant, Starwick. The characters held over from *Look Homeward, Angel* are welcomed by us—we know them! The novel is autobiographical in tone in that the reader feels that Eugene knows so much better the characters than we do. The immensity of the whole novel is startling. Wolfe seems to be trying to embrace all life in a brief space of time. He tries to sum up all thought, all action, and all philosophy. We feel his love for life and love of putting that feeling down in writing.

The parts of the book that deal with North Carolina are far better than the other sections. There is a background for this built up in his first book, and there is an understanding of the characters. Some of these scenes he draws with almost meticulous care, such as the gripping account of the death of Mr. Gant. The other parts of the book are slighted as far as description is concerned. His year at Harvard and his trip to Europe are both disappointingly shadowy. Wolfe gives us a glimpse into a place we would like to study and then leaves it forever. He introduces us to a character we would like to know and then we see him no more.

No other author can surpass Wolfe in his possession of a sweep and an intensity and at the same time an ability to record details with a realistic accuracy. The novel is a strange blending of romanticism and realism. Wolfe doesn't record a meal—he tells of all the conversations at near-by tables and of all the thoughts that pass through his mind. He doesn't allow Eugene to merely go home on the train, but each detail of the trip is drawn expansively. Burton

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BIG CONES

The CORADDI

Roscoe said, "Thomas Wolfe has a magnificent malady; it may be called giganticism of the soul." It is a gigantic soul that expresses itself in a novel of awful realism and of lyric beauty. The book ends with his return to America. The last note, when he sees the girl he is to love, best illustrates the spirit of the novel. It says, "He turned and saw her then, and so finding her, was lost, and so losing self, was found, and so seeing her, saw for a fading moment only the pleasant image of the woman that perhaps she was, and that life saw. He never knew. He only knew that from that moment his life was impaled upon the knife of love."

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On Our Cover

CONSIDER this man, Gutenberg. For what did he work? Was it that he wished to make a legacy to man? One cannot quite believe that. There must have been some vision, a greater dream than one bound in by monetary gain, that kept him working by his dim candle in the still hours of the night when all Mainz was sleeping. It must have been a love for things well-said which kept his inked fingers working so steadily, that they might fashion the letters which would make a running type.

And what did it net him once his years of thought and patience and toil had materialized into the first printing press? He was even denied the sweetest of all pleasures—the joy of using that which was made by his own hands! His printing shop was taken from him by the courts; there had been money borrowed which he could not pay. And so his press became the property of “Fust and Schoffer—Printers.”

But today, it is not the names “Fust and Schoffer” which the schoolboys memorize each year. It is the name of the little man in the velvet cap whose silhouette is on our cover:

“Gutenberg—inventor of movable type. Died 1468.”

THE EDITOR.

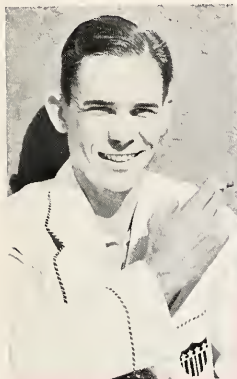
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FLAVOR!

"A Camel tastes like a million dollars!" Ellsworth Vines, Jr., tennis champion, told us. "That rich, mellow flavor appeals to my taste," he continued, "and I actually feel a 'lift' from a Camel!"



SO MILD!

Frank Copeland, billiard champion: "I enjoy smoking all I want. Camels are so mild that they never upset my nerves. When the subject of cigarettes comes up, I say 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

ENERGY!

Helen Hicks, famous woman golf champion, says: "I'm exhausted at the finish of a tournament, but I never mind. I know I can always quickly restore my energy with a Camel—it's a 'lift' I enjoy often!"

VALUE!

An answer from Bill Miller, 4 times National Single Sculls Champion: "It's easy to understand why Camels have such mildness and flavor. Camel spends millions more for finer tobaccos. That's value!"



HEALTHY NERVES!

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—"Any one who spends much time in water sports can't afford to trifle with jumpy nerves," says Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, Olympic swimmer and water polo star. Above, you see "Stubby" in Hollywood—snapped recently by the color camera. "I smoke a great deal, and Camels don't ever ruffle my nerves," he says.