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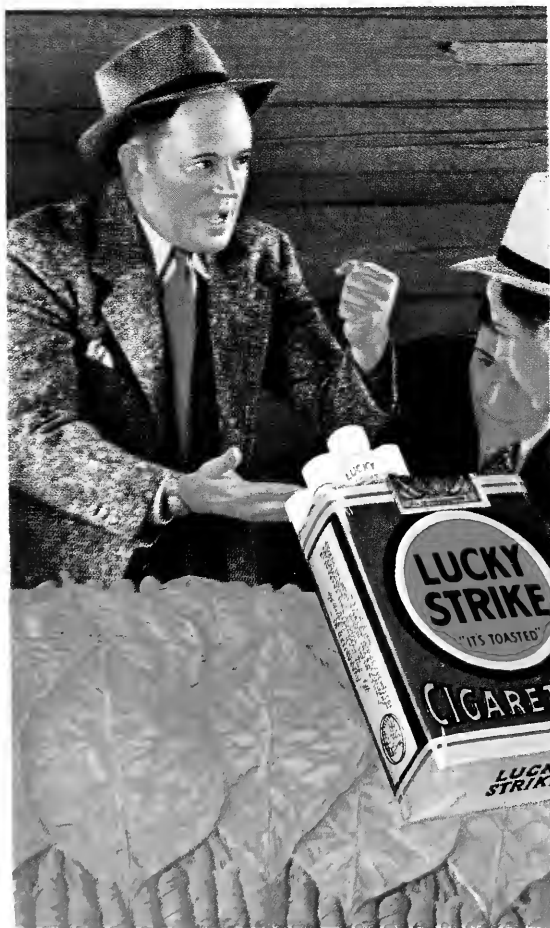
Corad di

Vol. 44
No. 4



"Working with Uncle Sam,

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... and Luckies always buy the A-1 grades," says Tom Smothers, 20 years a tobacco auctioneer

THREE SIMPLE FACTS tell *why* we ask: "Have you tried a Lucky lately?"

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Have you tried a Lucky lately?

CORADDI

Student Publication of the
WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
Greensboro, North Carolina

VOLUME 44

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"The Proof" is Joyce Chambliss' first story since "The Gold Box." It is distinctly regional in tone.

Ruth Heffner's "Lura" is also regional, a sombre, stoic tragedy of mill workers in a small Carolina town. The unemotional, direct style of the narration is in perfect tone with the lives and personalities of her characters. "Lura" is Ruth's first contribution to *Coraddi*.

Another new contributor is Virginia Sanford, a science major. She is one of the college's Youthful Liberals, and is interested in politics and playwrighting.

Doris Sharpe, author of last year's "Of Hawks and Handsaws" has written "The Angler's Odyssey," a parody on Homer and his translators. Doris is a Sophomore.

Peggy Dean, editor of *The Carolinian* has written a love story, "April Again."

Betty Perry is a freshman. Her poem is her first contribution to *Coraddi*.

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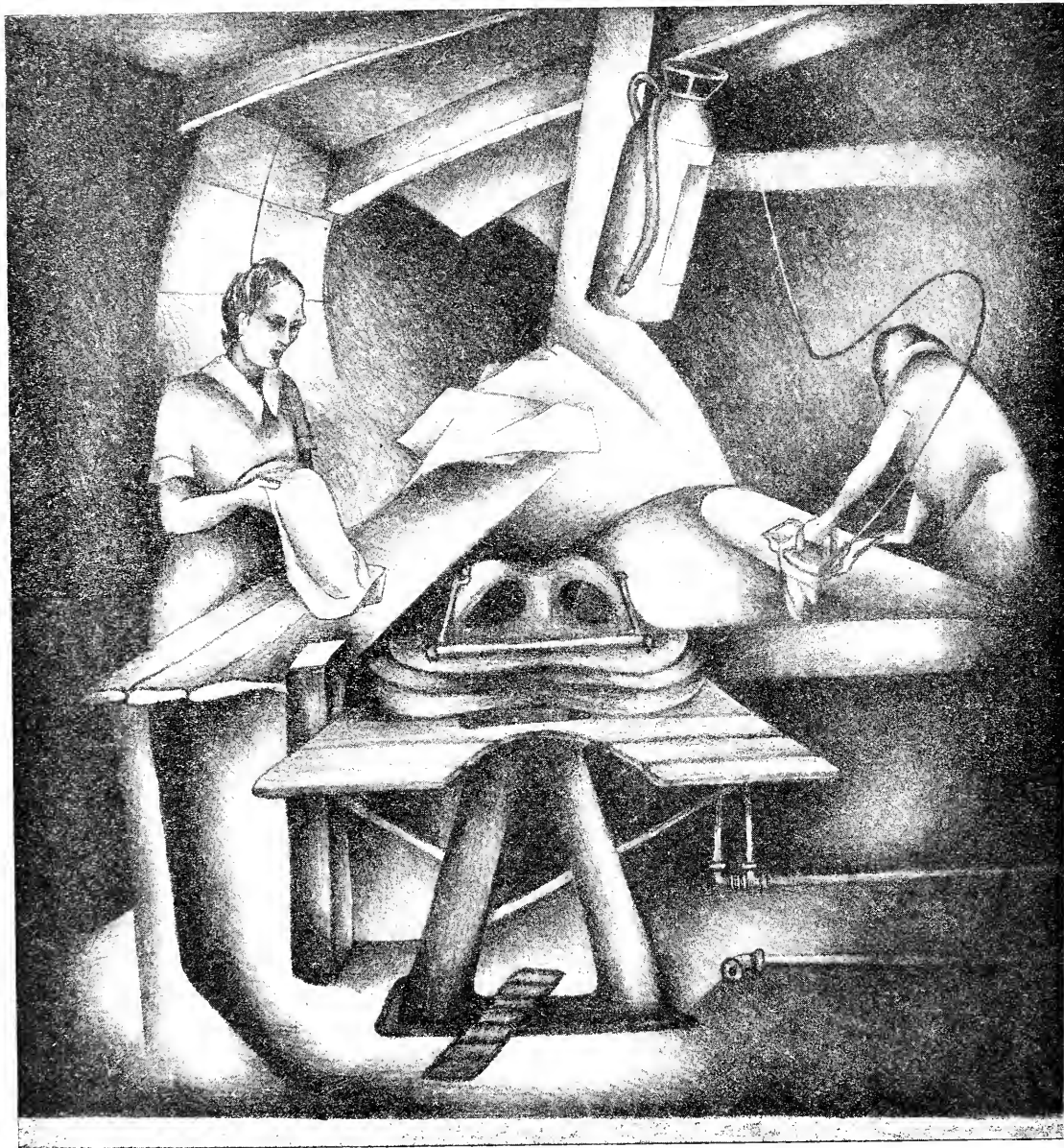
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All-American Honor Rating



FRONTISPIECE
by Jane Herrin

Lura

By Ruth Heffner

I USED to be right partial to little towns like Meadem, but I don't like 'em at all now. When it gets hot and dusty and the old man gets cranky, it just sort of gets everybody in the family turned up the wrong way. Lura don't like summertime much, so she takes it out on ma and me. Chub always got cranky, and I couldn't do nothing with him, especially if something didn't suit him just right at the mill.

I guess Chub mostly started off things that day. Matt Arndt asked me how it all happened, so I told it pretty near like it looked to me. I told her that I asked Chub to come over to the house before eight o'clock that night, so maybe Lura wouldn't have come home from the store yet. Lura was always upset about Chub's coming here because he works in the mill. "Mill hands oughten court a girl with intentions of marrying her," I heard her say to Ma one day. Ma told her that maybe the mill hand she picked wasn't like all the rest of them, and even if he was, most women know how to hold to their men. That made Lura hopping mad, because she knows that Ma thinks her tongue ran Chub off when he was courting her. Well, that's why Lura don't set a great store by Chub now.

Chub ain't in love with Lura, either, so when I asked him to come to the house a little early, he flew up and stormed out that he wasn't forever going to change his plans just because a cranky old meddler couldn't mind her own business and let his doings alone. I tried to calm him down a little, but he raved right on. I can handle Chub if I can get him off by himself, but if he gets around a bunch of people, his tongue works just as fast as Lura's.

Chub pouted all afternoon till the five o'clock whistle blew. I was packing away my sleeves when he walked up beside me and said he'd be over about seven-thirty and for me to be ready. I wouldn't have said yes if I'd of knowed what I know now, but I told him I would and kept right on packing. He began to scowl. I reckon he was mad because I didn't have anything to say; leastways he turned around and walked out. I let him go. I was too tired to fuss any more with him. I saw Mr. Ickard eyeing us, too, and I knew from his smirky look that he had

heard about our fuss that afternoon. I expected him to say something hateful to me because he comes to see Lura and sort of agrees with her ideas; but he didn't.

As I was walking up the hill toward our house after work, I caught sight of Chub's Ford turning into Matt Arndt's driveway. Matt Arndt is Chub's aunt, but he don't claim the kinship much. That made me wonder what Chub was doing. He never does go there unless he's after something his Paw won't give him. Matt Arndt has more money than Chub's folks, but she don't spend it on nobody but Chub. That makes his family so mad they can't stand themselves.

I didn't think Chub would stay long in the house, so I sat down on Gus Keener's steps and waited about fifteen minutes on him. He didn't come out, so I just sat there and picked the leaves off of Era Keener's spirea. If she'd been at home I don't guess I'd of done it, but Gus and Era both work in the Newsombe hosiery mill, and they don't get home till almost dark.

The sun was pretty hot on my face, and I was thinking of going on home when I heard the screen door slam up the street. I stepped up on the porch behind a column and watched Chub get in his Ford. He was grinning, so I know he must of got what he went for.

After he had driven off down the street, I got off the porch and went around through the back yard. Our house is just one street over, so I could take a short cut and get home quick. Ma would be wondering why I was so late.

I made up my mind to find out what Chub had been doing, but I sort of thought Chub might tell me hisself. I didn't know, though. He had been acting mighty stubborn all day.

When I got home, the old man was already out of bed and finishing his supper. He works from seven till about four; so he sleeps most of the day. That's good for Ma, because he's out of her way that much longer.

Ma and I waited until he got all he wanted, and then we sat down to eat. I wasn't very hungry because I never do eat much when it gets hot. Ma ate a pork chop and put one back on the oil stove for Lura. I asked her what time Lura would be getting in, and she said she thought it might be late, 'cause she had to go upstreet to get her hat from the store. I told her not to say anything about me and Chub go-

ing over to Cherryville, and she promised that she wouldn't if I didn't stay out too late and wake Lura up when I came in. I told her that I didn't think it would be late unless the Ford had another flat tire like it did last night. Ma said all right, but Lura was still mighty mad because it was after twelve when I come home last night. I told her not to pay no attention to Lura.

Ma washed up the dishes while I went in the back room to dress. Lura had left her Sunday shoes in the middle of the floor, and I kicked one of them under the table as I went across the room to raise the windows. Ma don't fool around much in our room; so I always have to air it out—if there's any air stirring. There warn't much that night. It felt like a storm was coming on, the air was so heavy. I took my wash cloth and scrubbed my neck and ears and put on my blue and white silk. It's the coolest thing I've got to wear, but the seat of it is worn sort of thin. I have to wear it mostly at night because then it don't show so bad.

All the time I was dressing I kept thinking about Chub going to see Matt Arndt. I don't know why I couldn't get it off my mind, but I just couldn't think about anything else. Even after I got on my white pumps and got my hair combed I kept wondering what it meant. I finally gave it up though and decided to ask him. I hoped he'd tell me first.

I was picking up my clothes and putting them in the bureau drawer, and I happened to remember that I had to wash out a slip and some stockings to wear to work the next day. I got out my dirty things and went back in the kitchen to get the dish pan. Ma was wiping out the sink with a rag. After Ma threw her dish water out, I put my things in the pan.

About the time I was rinsing my stockings through the last water, I heard the front screen slam. Ma said it must be Lura getting off from the mill early. She whispered to me not to get in an argument with her, but I had a chokey feeling in the pit of my stomach; so I didn't promise not to.

I heard Lura bang her lunch pail down on the table. She opened the door and walked in the kitchen. I knew when she first came in that she was mad as hops about something. She didn't say nothing to Ma or me neither. She just walked over to the stove and got her plate offen it and began to eat her supper. Ma asked her if she was

tired, and she said yes. I hung my underclothes and went to get my things. It was about seven-twenty-five then, and I knew Chub wouldn't be much late because he never is.

Just when I had got my pocketbook out of the top drawer and put a clean handkerchief in the pocket of it, I heard the brakes on Chub's Ford squeak. I grabbed up my things and ran out in the yard. I didn't want Lura to get a chance to say nothing to him.

I climbed in the front seat beside of Chub. He started up the motor, and we went off down the road. I don't know why I did it, but I turned around and looked at the house as we started off. Lura was standing on the porch. She had both hands on her hips and it seemed to me that she was smiling as she watched us go. I shivered and turned around towards Chub.

He didn't seem to be paying much attention to me. I waited for him to speak, but he didn't say nothing until we got off on the Providence road. Then he turned his head a little bit and inquired if I was feeling good. I answered that I was, and thanked him. He didn't say anything else, not even about the late crops along the road. Chub usually talks all the time when he's sober; but he didn't say a word more, and I couldn't tell it if he was drunk. He was driving a little fast maybe, but he usually drives as fast as he can make his old Ford go.

We sat there, both of us looking straight ahead into the dark until we got through Midway. Right outside of the city limits a black cat ran across the road in front of the car. Chub swore and swung the Ford over to the right. My head hit the door frame and cracked as loud as a bullet, it seemed like to me. Chub handed me his handkerchief and told me to wipe the blood off the door, too. I did, and then dabbed at the side of my face. I couldn't see the handkerchief, but I know it was wet because I could feel the blood oozing out of my right temple. My head was hurting awfully bad; so I leaned my face over in the center of the seat on my left hand. Chub still hadn't said nothing.

I must have dozed off on account of my head hurting so bad, because the first thing I knew the car stopped, and Chub was pulling at my hand. I sat up and asked him what he wanted, and he said he had something to tell me. I told him to go ahead, that I was listening.

He told me that his aunt Matt had called him at the factory and asked him to come by to see

her as he went home from work. He went, he said. When he got there, his aunt told him that Lura had come to see her at dinner time, had got ugly and threatened him if his aunt Matt didn't do something about him and me. His aunt told Lura to get out of the house, he said, and Lura laughed and told her she'd be sorry. His aunt told him, he said, that if he wanted to marry me, we could come and live with her. He told her to be expecting us that night, because no doggone lowdown woman was going to make him out cheap.

I sat up and looked at him hard, but I couldn't see him plain because my head was acting funny. He reached over and took hold of the handkerchief that was stuck to my temple and pulled it off. It hurt awful bad but I got out my own handkerchief and stopped the new drops of blood with it. I didn't want Chub to fuss about his being messed up.

Chub had the license; so we got married in King's Mountain. The preacher was an oldish man with gray hair hanging in long, oily strands over his head. He didn't much like marrying two people at a quarter till twelve, but Chub give him five dollars, so he did it without grumbling. Chub didn't have no ring. He said it didn't matter since we could get one next week. It didn't make no difference to me, because my head hurt so bad I didn't know what he was talking about.

Chub didn't have much to say on the way back. Two or three times he mumbled something like he guessed he was smarter than she was. I felt funny; so I closed my eyes and lay against his shoulder. He put his arm around me and it was warm and firm. I went to sleep.

The next thing I knew, the car had stopped. I woke up when Chub started to get out. I got out with him, and we went into his Aunt Matt's house just up the next street from Ma's. His aunt must of waited up for us, 'cause she was there in the parlor when we come in. She had on a black silk dress with buttons down the front, and she was smiling. She said she was glad to see us and asked me what was the matter with my head. Chub told her I hurt it, so she got some bandage and fixed it up for me, but it didn't feel much better.

I didn't have my nightclothes with me; so she got one of her gowns for me, and I put it on. It was too big, but I didn't care. I was feeling kind of sick on my stomach and dizzy.

She told us which room was ours; so we said goodnight and went to bed.

The next morning I woke up with a headache. Chub and his aunt and me all eat breakfast together. His aunt said that we would have to get a ring for me, but until we did, she had a real pretty one I could wear. She gave it to me, and I put it on. It was a little bit too big, but I could wear it.

Me and Chub started off to work together. My feet hurt, and I wanted my low-heeled shoes, but I didn't want to go home till Lura got away. We had just turned the corner when I saw her leaving; so I told Chub to go on, and I would come as soon as I saw Ma and got my shoes. He said to hurry; so I ran across Mr. Turbefield's yard and went in the back door.

Ma was washing the breakfast dishes when I got in the kitchen. She seemed awful glad to see me, and said she had been mighty worried when I didn't come home. I told her I was married, and she looked funny and said Lura had told her already. I felt kind of blue and lonesome to be leaving Ma because she is mighty sweet to me.

I got my shoes and work dress on. Ma said there wasn't any use in ruining my Sunday dress in the mill even if I was married. I went back through the kitchen. It was twenty minutes after seven, and I was already about twenty minutes late. As I was going out the door, Ma put down her dish cloth, picked up the hand towel, and called me back. She told me not to say anything to Lura because she was bound to be mad. She came home late last night, Ma said, and Mr. Ickard came in with her. They both went in the kitchen to get some water, Ma said. Ma held out the towel to me. There were black splotches of machine grease all over it. I felt sort of queer, but I hurried out of the house and down the middle of the dusty, red sidewalk.

When I got almost to the mill, I noticed a bunch of men knotted up around the door. I knew something had happened, so I ran down the road and pushed my way through them. Mr. Setzer, the man that runs the machine next to mine, caught hold of my arm and pulled me back when I started in the door. I was almost afraid to ask him what was the matter, but finally I did. He looked at me for a minute and then told me that one of the machines came loose and caught a man's arm in its teeth. It cut his arm off above the elbow, he said. Doc Klutz

had just taken him up to the Newsombe hospital.

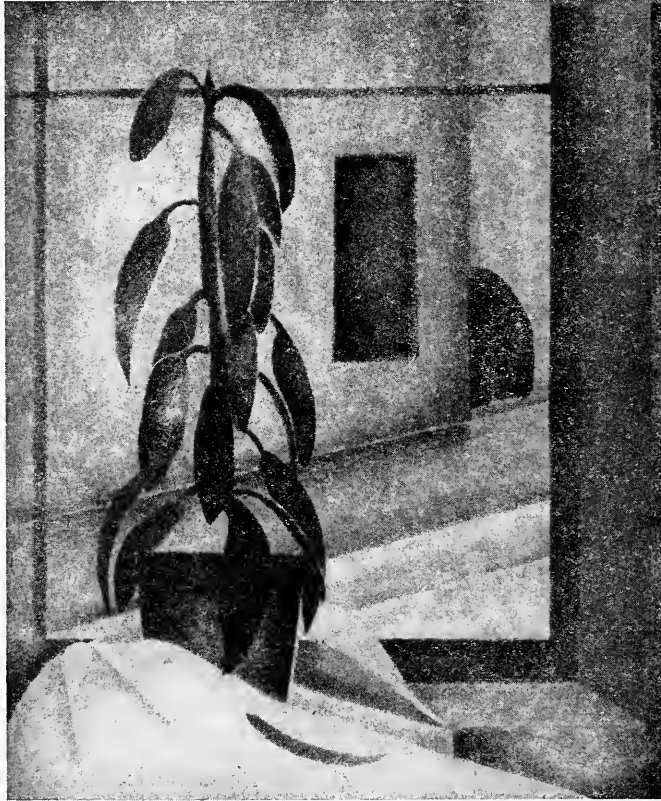
I caught tight hold of his hand and asked him what man it was. He told me it was Chub Kline.

Somehow I got past all the men and walked up the red hill towards Ma's house. I couldn't think anything very straight because it seemed like everything was jumping up and down in front of my eyes. When I got to the top of the hill, I saw Ma standing in the sun on the back porch with her hand shading her eyes watching

me. I stopped and looked at her, and then I went on around the corner. Just as I got to the corner of the yard, Mr. Ickard's big Dodge car stopped in front of the house. Lura got out of it.

I looked up at Ma waiting for me on the porch, turned around, and walked back down the hill.

I came straight to Matt Arndt, and I ain't felt like doing nothing. Chub ain't asked for me yet that I've heard of.



STENCIL
by Hazel Olsen

It Can Happen Here

By Virginia Sanford

TODAY as in the era of 1914-18 Europe is engaged in a major war which threatens to draw in all the civilized nations of the world—if any nation so bloodthirsty as to engage in an armed struggle can be said to be civilized. Again the danger of American involvement is real and vivid. The soldiers who will be maimed or perhaps more mercifully killed on foreign battlefields are the youth of today. As representatives of the intellect of youth, students are vastly concerned and already realize that what happened in American universities and colleges during the World War *must not happen again*.

When one recalls the role of colleges during the last war——

The United States declared war on Germany in April, 1917. At the first roll of the drums and the blare of the trumpets the liberalism of the universities expired. In May, over 150 faculty representatives of the leading American colleges and universities assembled in Washington for a conference called by President Godfrey of Drexel Institute. The professors decided that it was a "nice, just war," worthy of sacrifices in courses of study, and due the services of united, solidified college youth. The khaki uniform supplanted the cap and gown; the rifle, the pen. School principals were urged to use high school commencements for "patriotic purposes."

At Chapel Hill in 1917, University Day was observed in exuberant style—military style. The University president declared of the Carolina men who had already volunteered, "The bitterness of having them taken is swiftly lost in the eager happiness of giving them and in the gallant fashion of their going." Governor Bickett of North Carolina said: "The United States went in because it could no longer afford to stay out and preserve its self respect . . . If the allies triumph, war will come no more upon this earth . . . The state of North Carolina expects you men to so order your power that when the call comes, you will say, 'Here am I, send me'."

Text book companies battled for government sanctions. Rumors that a rival's book was tainted with pro-Germanism were circulated. Such standard works of history as *Beard & Bagley*, and *Robinson and Beard* were viciously denounced. The war department itself drew up a list of 75 books banned from army camps. Such authors as Henri Barbusse, Frank Harris, and Ambrose Bierce were on the "index expurgatorius." A simple, easy, attractive primer, bearing a strange resemblance to the Nazi primer of today, was printed by the National Educational Association. The primer gave the "facts" of death in such a manner that these facts could be useful in actual classroom work from arithmetic problems to geograpy.

On May 18, 1917, Congress set up the Students Army Training Corps (S.A.T.C.), its purpose being to utilize the equipment and organization of the colleges for the selection and training of officers and technical experts for service. About 500 colleges became actual governmental institutions. And "all students who entered the American colleges in the autumn of 1918, either as freshmen or upper classmen, being 18 years of age and physically fit, became by their entrance, soldiers of the United States." Over 150,000 students lived and studied under a military regime—11 hours per week for drill, 14 hours of lectures and recitations on military subjects, and one basic course for everyone on the aims of the war.

The campus of the University of North Carolina became a governmental camp. Lieutenant C. W. S. Stevens of the United States Army Training Corps governed the school. Military headquarters were established in the Sigma Chi fraternity house. Dormitories became known as barracks; Memorial Hall was the armory, and Swain Hall became the mess hall. Each student's course was arranged to prepare him for some specific position in the army. Students were grouped by age instead of by academic standing. The French department added courses in military French. The Chapel Hill Y. M. C. A. gave up its inter-racial work and its social services. It became the Army and Navy Y, devoting its attention to war services and the welfare of student soldiers. Instead of "Beat Duke" rallies, Carolina had its "Beat Germany" rallies. The Carolina student soldiers dug trenches on the Raleigh road, complete with dug-outs and barbed wire. In them the boys practiced war-fare with bomb throwing and barrages of artillery. Mili-

tary maneuvers—mock street fighting and pitched battles occurred at Chapel Hill. The campus truly became the gateway to the field of war, with a college yell, "It's patriotic to go to war."

From 1917 to 1920 silence on the war was tantamount to pro-Germanism. Any teacher who protested against the hatred and hysteria of the war was relieved of his position. The Committee on Academic Freedom of the American Association of University Professors supported the suppression of academic freedom. The National Education Association cancelled all honorary memberships of persons living in Germany. The boards and commissioners of education ruled that teachers *must* support the war under penalty of instant dismissal. The University of Virginia discharged Leon Whipple for not subscribing to the liberty bonds. The University of Minnesota evicted Shapper for anti-war talk. Columbia University dismissed H. W. F. Dana and J. McKeen Cattell because they refused to be influenced by the demagogic hysteria. About one-half the German teachers

in colleges all over the country were fired. The enrollment in German courses fell to one-tenth of that before the war. In the Western states, public sentiment was more direct—the legislatures simply passed laws forbidding the instruction of German in schools and colleges. The faculty was a little more subtle at the City College of New York, where the credit value of each German course was merely reduced by one-half.

There are those who say that the time is closely approaching when the United States will be drawn into the second world war—a time for the youth of today to follow in the footsteps of their fathers and die in vain for ideals of freedom, of eternal peace, of economic justice. Today is the time for youth to keep those ideals of freedom, of eternal peace, of economic justice. And it is the time for youth to be awake, not credulous and gullible so that Vickers, Du Ponts, and Morgans can misuse and misdirect these ideals. The youth of America must say and believe it can happen here; for it has, *but it won't happen again.*



WATER COLOR
by Slavia Fousbee

Proof

By Joyce Chambliss

JED had almost reached the bridge when Mr. Somers's buggy passed. He knew Mr. Somers was going to the church. Mr. Somers always got there first. He liked to tie his horse under the old oak. It was the shadiest spot in the yard. Jed didn't walk any faster. Instead he stopped walking and closed his eyes. Dust had risen around him in a thick fog. When he opened them again, red grains of it were caught in the light hairs on his wrist.

He stopped a minute on the bridge, and put his hands on the wooden rail. It was worn into irregular grooves where many other hands had taken hold of it. The kids always stopped here and leaned over to see how far they could spit.

He was standing there when Lucy called him. She had just passed Gentry's orchard. As she ran along, spirals of dust rose around her ankles. Jed saw she had on her teaching dress, a dark skirt and a white shirt-waist. The skirt was long, and although she held it up as she ran, an orange-colored border had collected around the hem. She was breathing hard when she came up. Her blue eyes were paler than usual, washed out. Her eyelids were red and swollen.

"You've been crying." Jed turned back to the railing. Lucy came over and stood beside him. Her hair had come down. She took two hairpins out and held them between her lips, while she fixed her hair up in a ball. She didn't say anything, just stood there, looking at the water.

"Reckon we'd better go on. It starts at four, don't it?" Jed didn't look at Lucy. He didn't want to look at Lucy. He kept thinking how bright she always was, how her blue eyes sparkled at you.

He glanced over his shoulder. Lucy hadn't moved. She was looking up at the sky. She stood there a minute; then she said, "Oh Jed, why didn't it rain today?"

"Ground's mighty dry," Jed agreed. "My corn sure does need rain." They were going up Church Hill now. Jed began to walk more slowly. He saw a solitary wheat stalk hanging over a gully at the side of the road. He pulled it, stripped off the sheath. The tip was firm and white. When he chewed it, the juice was cool inside his mouth.

Lucy caught his arm. "I mean it should have rained on account of Steve," she said.

"He never did like it none. He liked the weather clear." Jed could see the church steeple now, rising up grey over the top of the old oak. He could hear the voices. They sounded like a couple of bees buzzing. It was different from Sunday. They sounded like a whole hive then.

"I see Mr. Somers beat Mr. Gentry to the tree today," he said to Lucy.

"Jed, how can you talk like that, when Steve's dead! I wish it *had* rained. It ought to be dripping from that tree right now like—like slow tears."

Jed looked at Lucy. Her hands were clasped in front of her. She sighed as she looked down at them. Jed swallowed painfully. Suddenly he had to get away from Lucy.

"You go on in," he told her; "I have to speak to Mr. Hardy a minute."

Lucy nodded. She didn't stop to speak to anybody. Jed heard Mrs. Gentry say in a loud whisper, "There goes Steve's girl."

Jed walked over to where the men stood talking. Mr. Somers had on a rusty black coat. He kept running his finger around inside his stiff collar as he talked. "Steve was the least one," he said, "the only one which favored his maw." He turned to watch Rachel Evans. She was going across the churchyard. She swayed as she walked. He watched until she had disappeared into the church, then went on talking. "He was a good, hard-working boy. Sure did love fishin' tho'. Lem, I'll bet he could ketch a mess of fish quicker'n you could."

Jed felt a sickening thud in his chest. Fishin'—he and Steve used to go every Saturday. He turned away, started over to the steps. The ground was red clay, packed hard. When he went up the steps, he noticed the top of the third one was loose. "Somebody had better mend it," he thought, "before one of the kids forgets and steps on the edge."

The church was dimly lighted, but Jed could see the women gathered up near the front. Lucy was sitting long about middle way. She was fanning and looking straight ahead. Her fan was cardboard, and the back of it was covered with advertisements of Pear's Ointment. The bench creaked when he sat down, but she didn't turn to look at him. The church was beginning to fill up now. The men had begun to come in one by one. They all eased themselves down on the back seats.

Jed heard the sound of cars coming. Then

the brakes squeaked and a door slammed. Everything got quiet inside. Mrs. Gentry and Mrs. Davis turned around and looked back. Jed heard the top of the third step flop. Harold and Pete, the undertaker's sons, were bringing in the flowers. They were pretty, Jed thought. There was a big basket of pink and white dahlias, and some of Mrs. Somer's "glads." Jed saw Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Gentry whisper behind their fans.

Mr. Swain walked in first. His face was solemn. He carried his testament flat in his two hands. Jed heard the slow pound of the pallbearers' feet. There were only four of them. They were Steve's brothers. The gray coffin had six handles. He looked at the middle handle on his side. It shone as they passed a window. Next the family filed past. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes went first, then the two girls. Jed turned his head quickly and looked out the window. He heard Mrs. Gentry whisper, "They say she taken it real hard." He saw Mrs. Davis lean forward in her seat.

The church was hushed. The four brothers sat down. Sam was mopping his forehead. Mr. Swain got up and said that the choir would sing "Blest Be the Tie." Jed thought it was like four solos being sung all at once. The rhythm was slow, like a hammock rocking.

Jed heard the door squeak, then a series of quick footsteps. He didn't turn; he knew it was Aunt Sally. Just like always she went straight up to the front and pushed in beside the family. Jed wondered vaguely whose aunt she really was.

It was hot in the church. The front door was closed to keep out the dust. Jed looked out the window. A fly was buzzing against the pane. It flew aimlessly around for a while, then swooped out the window. Outside not a leaf was stirring.

Mr. Swain droned on, "The deceased, Stephen Archibald——" Steve never did like his middle name. Jed remembered the boys at school used to call him that sometimes. It always made him fightin' mad. He could beat any boy in the class. Jed tried to remember how Steve looked; he could recall only a jumble of features—light hair, corn-yellow when the sun touched it, brown, slicked back with water when he was going to see Lucy; blue eyes, sleepy, half covered by thick straight lashes; brown hands—brown hands curved around a fishing pole.

Jed felt the bench shaking. He knew Lucy was crying. Mr. Swain closed his Bible. Jed saw Pete lean over and whisper to Mrs. Somers. She

rose eagerly. Jed felt sick inside. He slid quickly along the bench. No one saw him when he left.

Once outside, he began to run. He ran all the way down Church Hill to the creek. He took the path to the left. The woods were cool and quiet. Jed knew exactly where he was going. He arrived at the tree, breathless. When they were little boys, he and Steve used to call it their tree. The trunk of it was curved in at the bottom like a chair. He sat down, leaned back, and felt the trunk cool against him. He moved his hand over the rough bark. His fingers felt around a curved groove, a heart-shaped groove, cut smooth in the wood. He closed his eyes and felt along the letters inside, L. B. and S. H.—Lucy and Steve. He remembered the day he carved them there. He and Steve were in the fifth grade. He'd got to the tree first. He could hear Steve's scornful voice now. "I don't either like old Lucy Brent!"

"Yah, Yah, you do too. I seen you give her a stick of gum at recess. Yah, Yah, Steve likes Lucy!"

He could feel the impact of Steve's lowered head against his chest, and his own quick anger.

Steve liked to creep up and hide behind the tree. Then when Jed came along the path, he'd jump out and grab his shoulder. Jed laughed aloud, then heard the stillness return.

"In a minute," Jed thought, "I'll hear Steve creeping up again."

"No, you won't."

Jed started, turned. The woods were still; even the birds were silent.

"What a fool I am," Jed thought, "Scared of my own voice. It's quiet here. It was a good game, me and Steve used to play, being two fellows." He picked up a rock, threw it into the creek. The circles were small first, then large. The last one lapped over the bank. "I was myself and Gordon King. I wish I'd been named that. Steve said he was Ebenezer Jones. He always spoke high and squeaky for Eb. Gordon was the argufying kind. Never believed anything you told him. Funny, they seemed real as we were. If I was playin' today, I'd say, 'Gordon, Steve's dead.' He'd say, 'I know it.' Gordon was back again, just like when we were kids. I spoke again.

"Yes, Gordon, he's dead, but not really, you know. He's really 'live as we are.'

"No he's not, he's dead,' Gordon was stubborn.

"No, Gordon,' I explained to him, 'his body may be dead, but his spirit's settin' right here

beside me now. Mr. Swain says your spirit never does die.'

" 'What good's his spirit gonna do you? He's dead, I tell you, dead and gone.' "

Dead. The word was like the slamming of a door. It was the deep heavy sound a rock makes, sinking to the bottom of the well. I began again.

" 'I believe Steve's somewhere. He may not be here, but he's somewhere. And alive.' "

" 'You mean heaven?' Gordon's voice was scornful. "How you know he's alive? What's your proof?'"

Jed thought a minute. He saw a little weed with a white flower growing beside the tree. He pulled it carefully. Bits of moist earth clung to the roots.

" 'Here's my proof,' he said. 'This flower dies at the end of summer, but every spring it's up again.' "

" 'That's no proof. It may come up for a while, but not forever. Even trees die. You'll see. Next summer it won't even be here.' Gordon was triumphant." "

Jed said nothing. He leaned his head back against the tree trunk. He closed his eyes and felt an emptiness moving through his body. "I

ain't whole," he thought. "I feel like part of me is gone."

Twilight had come when Jed rose. He went back over the path again, slowly now. The green leaves were duller, and his way was dim in front of him. Jed felt if he could reach out and touch the stillness, it would be soft and thick like cotton. The drowsy bird sounds only made the stillness deeper.

When Jed came out on the main road, he stood there a minute. It was quiet out here too, but the stillness was warm and friendly. No one was in sight but old Aunt Sade. She was taking her cow home. There was a bell tied about the cow's neck, and it clanked as she walked. Jed remembered how just yesterday, he and Pa were sitting on the porch, and Pa said, "You can set your clock by Aunt Sade." They could always hear the cowbell just at six. Aunt Sade had on a pink sunbonnet, and when she spoke to him her face broke into little wrinkles. Jed stopped a minute on the bridge. He leaned over and felt the sun warm on his back. Then he walked on past Gentry's orchard. The sun was only half a circle now over behind the hill, and the shadows were long across the road.

POLITICAL REGIME

Heart, let it be two against five,
 We will loose their corrupt possession;
 Cheat passions of the symptoms
 Lest they require flesh at last confession;
 Impeach the distinguished eyes that thus
 Discriminate against reality,
 Bribed by the reliable experience
 Of yellow fingers' tough finality;
 And the soft syllables of old beliefs
 We will prise between our own teeth that our
 jaws
 Turn them wrong side out, lies,
 While the very altarblood declare itself wine
 Rendering that love we labored after
 A bitter offering better dead than burnt.

ELEANOR ROSS

The Angler's Odyssey

By Doris Sharpe

TELL ME, muse, of the wanderings of the great and wily fishes, the little fishes that eat the worms from a fisher's hook and are not caught, whether led by the counsel of the great goddess Athene or protected as it was spun by the Fates on the day of their birth; for so it must be to all fishes as it is willed by Zeus, the aegis-bearing.

Now when Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, I was sleeping. But Day, the white-fingered, came, waking me of the loud war-cry; and I went forth to fish. I approached the wine-dark creek and spake to Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, saying, "Vouchsafe to me, O Zeus, mighty among the immortals, that I shall catch of the little fishes that swim in the creek." I threw my hook into the waters.

Apollo, the far-darter, shone forth between the trees, darting rays of light into the wine-dark waters; but my dark heart within me devised evil for the fishes, as I bethought me of the meed of honor which I should carry home. I said unto myself, "Verily, it is a sorry matter if I betake myself home, as heretofore, empty-handed; for no honor is it to fish without catching fishes."

So spake I and peered into the wine-dark waters. No son of fish moved; the waters were still. Yet I of the loud war cry, hoping to catch a fish against the will of fate, waited. A bubble appeared on the wine-dark waters about my cork. The cork moved and was pulled under the waters. I exulted and my eyes flashed. Now with shrill shout, I pulled my hook from the waters. On the end of my line was a leviathan which I first thought was a catfish, but which was a veritable Hercules of a minnow. The sun shone gold on its wide flanks as it flashed in the air. It beat against the line, shining like the bronze of the well-greaved Achaians, flashing like the shields of the host and like their war-chariots, and fell back into the waters.

And then could I imagine that I heard the mighty gods that dwell on Mount Olympus in

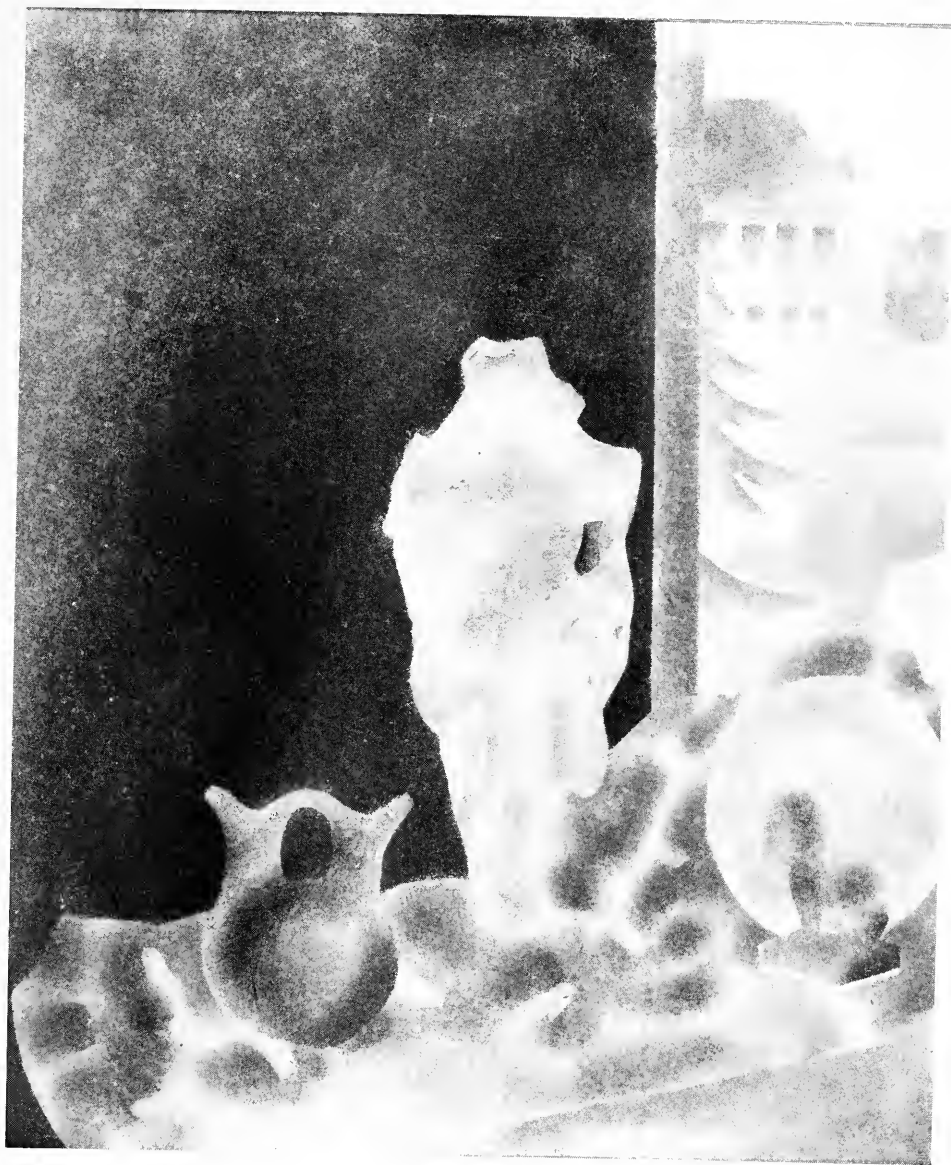
deep council. Among them the father of gods and men began to speak, for he bethought him in his heart of mighty Pollus who was dead. Thinking upon him he spoke out among the Immortals:

"Lo you now, how vainly mortal men do blame the gods! For of us they say comes evil, whereas they even of themselves, through the blindness of their own hearts, have sorrows beyond that which is ordained. Even as of late Pollus did kill three men and commit suicide with sheer doom before his eyes, after that we had warned him by the embassy of Hermes, the keen-sighted, that he should kill neither the men nor himself."

But grey-eyed Athene answered, saying, "O Father, our father Cronides, that man assuredly lies in a death that is his due; so perish likewise all who work such deeds! But my heart is rent for the Angler of the loud war-cry, the hapless one, who far from his friends suffereth affliction. The Angler, yearning to see if it were but a minnow in the days of its youth leap upward to his hook, hath a desire to die. As for thee, thine heart regardeth it not at all, Olympian. Wherefore art thou then so wroth with him, O Zeus?"

And Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered her, and said, "My child, what word hath escaped the door of thy lips? Yea, how should I forget the Angler who by his requests doth keep me in everlasting remembrance? Nay, but Poseidon, the girdler of the earth, and the tutelary god of this creek are wroth with quenchless anger when we permit an angler to catch a fish. And Poseidon hath made me nod my head that this day no angler shall take away a shining fish from the wine-dark creek."

My empty hook rattled like a war-chariot with no driver. Then was I desirous to remain until I had scores of flashing fish. Yet is it shameful to wait long and to depart empty; and I, the ill-starred, perceiving that no fishes were to be mine, stalked away. Neither did Zeus, nor did any other of the gods that dwell on the Mount Olympus heed my cries. It needs must be to all fishers as cut by the Fates from their loom, and I am a luckless mortal who dies.



STENCIL
by Myra Culpepper



TEMPERA
by Rhea Sykes

For the Merry Month of May
MISS ELAINE SHEPARD
New York and Hollywood's celebrated
model in Chesterfield's Sundial dress

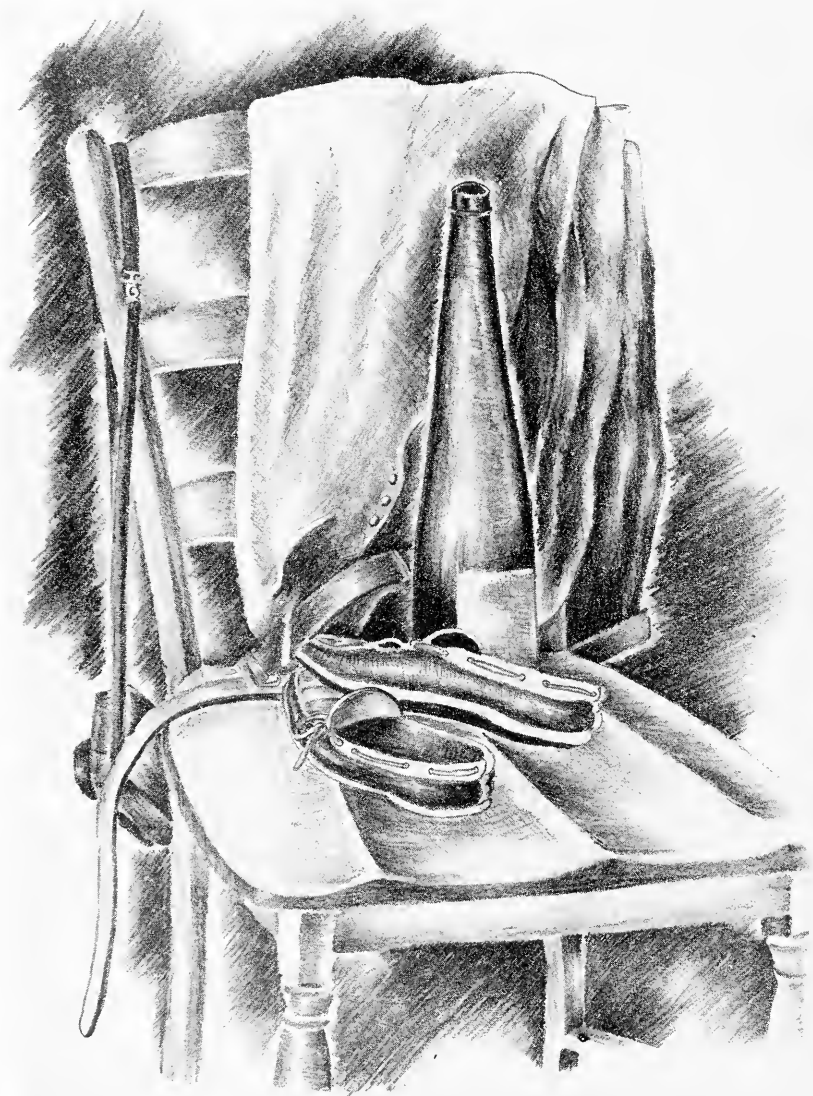


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You can't buy a better cigarette



LITHOGRAPH
by Jean Church

The South And The War

THE European war may do for the South what the War Between the States failed in doing, abolish the plantation system which for two centuries has held both the black and white races in bondage. Plantations have only been profitable for their owners when there was money to be made from cash crops. And what now is the fate of cash crops?

For over a year American sales of cotton to Japan and China have decreased. Japan is now raising some of her own cotton in China. As the cotton that we do send Japan is used for armaments, it is probable that the United States Government will sacrifice the American tenant farmer to the Chinese peasant, and place an embargo upon cotton. England, too, has been buying less and less cotton during the last fifteen years.

Because of the war and the British blockade we have lost all of our scant trade with Germany. England now buys her tobacco from Turkey. She has ceased to purchase American whiskey, and thus dealt a heavy blow to the Southern corn crop. Of course the Southern farmers will continue to raise their usual amounts of corn, cotton, and tobacco, as Congress will be too interested in the war to impose crop restrictions, but there will be little market value in these staples.

Many landlords, as Mr. Herbert Agar has revealed, are Northern financiers, absentee owners. The native Southern landowners often barely make livings for themselves, even with a share in the crop of ten or twelve tenants. Thus with the market value of money crops ebbing away, a large proportion of landlords will through necessity and indifference abandon their plantations to foreclosure. The tenants will have the open road—and the Texas and Florida migratory camps. Few persons, except

the actual victims, will care. This nation is so eager to save the world for Democracy that it will endure at home the same conditions of oppression that made Hitler in Germany. We may save Democracy in Europe while it is evaporating in the United States.

The Southern tenant farmer will revolt. Mr. Erskine Caldwell has been expecting the explosion for several years. He will band with his fellows and forcibly seize the plantations, splitting them into one-man farms. Then may prosperity come to the South. In Dutch Pennsylvania the farmers for two centuries have worked land which agricultural scientists assert is subject to erosion, and no richer than the average farmland in the South. The Pennsylvania farmers have become wealthy raising food crops for themselves and the small towns about them, planting limited amounts of money crops, and breeding dairy cattle. The Pennsylvanians keep their land fertile by obeying the Bible rules of crop rotation. Perhaps when more negro and poor white Southern tenants are able to read they will follow the practical advice of their Bibles, rather than the spiritual advice of their revivalist preachers.

Never can the small farmer of the South prosper under the tenant system. As long as the big plantations exist he will be obliged to plant cotton up to his front door: for every acre of food that he plants there is less profit for his landlord. The European war may save the South. It may even help keep America safe for Democracy, because the local uprisings, that through neglect and disinterest may break out in the South in a few years, will force America to focus her attention at home. Perhaps the European war may complete the purpose of our own War Between the States and bring men from economic bondage into freedom; but it will be American freedom, not European.



TWO springs ago I fell in love. It's spring again, but I'm not in love. It was about this time in April that I fell in love. Dogwood spattered the city parks with white blossoms. The mornings were washed and cool from night rains. Every morning I walked the six blocks to work in twenty minutes. But by mid-day I was sweltering up in the office. I hated the office—it was narrow and noisy, full of people with cramped minds and white city bodies.

Vince was such a relief. The morning he walked into the office I thought I could breathe again without crimping up my lungs, as I usually did in the close air. He walked in grinning, with his hat pushed back off his face, and his pink scrubbed cheeks glowing and his eyes smiling. A dandelion in his buttonhole made a bright splash of color against his dark business suit. I remember what he said.

"Good morning . . . lovely morning, isn't it? Do you like April?" And without stopping, "I do. May I see your boss?"

"Certainly . . . won't you sit down? Your name, please?"

He grabbed his hat off his head, and I saw a close-cropped, slicked-down top-knot of curls.

"Vincent Shipley. Tell him I won't take long. I just want to ask him a question."

"Just a moment, Mr. Shipley," I said. And I tried hard to be cool and impersonal, but he stood there so boyishly with his feet wide apart, two huge hands on his hips, and a fugitive curl stuck damply on his forehead—I smiled. And I looked at him as any girl would look at him. He smiled. I turned to the boss' door.

"Mr. Turner will see you now, Mr. Shipley."

"Thank you," he said, and he crinkled a grin my way.

Vince left the office door ajar. My desk was near the door. I heard the conversation.

"Good morning, Mr. Turner. My name is Vincent Shipley."

"Howdy, Mr. Shipley," said the boss.

"I'll only take a moment of your time. I've a question to ask. Mr. Turner, did you know that I'm the man you've been looking for to boost your spring sales?"

"Why, no, Mr. Shipley. I didn't know that. My spring sales don't need boosting. You see, Mr. Shipley, everyone buys white shoe polish in the spring."

"But, Mr. Turner, do they buy Turner's All-white? Do they buy their shoe polish from you? Now, here I have an idea . . ."

The telephone jangled, and a militant messenger boy stuck a telegram under my nose, and Mr. Ferguson rang for dictation. I heard no more of the conversation, but when I looked up from my typewriter twenty minutes later, there was Mr. Shipley leaning over me with a cigarette jiggling precariously from the corner of his mouth.

"Hello," he grinned. "Got the job. See you in the morning."

And he clapped his hat on his head, pushed open the door with the toe of his thick-soled brogan, and was gone in a whistle and a smoke screen.

I guess I didn't sleep well that night. The next morning I couldn't eat my boarding house quota of two-extra-thin-slices, two-extra-black-pieces-toast, one-jelly-dab, and one-cup-hot-water-coffee. "Good heavens, what's the matter with me?" I thought. I questioned myself, but came to no diagnosis, and walked to work feeling queasy and water-kneed.

At my usual eight o'clock I was in the office sitting open the mail and piling it in neat stacks on Mr. Turner's desk. The door into the outer office opened, and a gay morning voice bellowed, "Anybody here? Swell morning again. Makes a man want to walk in the woods and breathe deep and . . ."

Vince stood in the door puffing on his after-breakfast cigarette.

"Oh, hello," he said. "Didn't know whether anyone was here yet or not. Thought I'd come in and get the lay of the land. You could help me. Will you?" He walked over to my desk and leaned on two big hands.

"My name's Vince. What's yours?"

"My name's Jane," I said.

"Oh, Jane? Jane. I like that. It has such a healthy sound. You are healthy, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes. Very. I weigh 125, and I'm five feet, seven inches tall, and I have four fillings and don't wear spectacles, and I drink milk exclusively. My motto: healthy babies are happy babies," I said all in breath, wondering how I

gain

an

managed to be so witty when my heart was pounding like Ravel's *Bolero* against my ribs.

He laughed with his head thrown back and his white teeth gleaming.

"Oh, golly, what a gal!" he said and whipped a pocketed initialed handkerchief from his breast pocket and wiped the laughter from his eyes.

I warned to him.

"Here," I said. "Let's survey the field of battle."

I explained the files and bells and desks and telephones and how Miss Dixon acted the crab, but was really a love, and how Mr. Ferguson liked to have the upper right-hand hook on the clothes rack reserved for his battered felt, and how Mr. Turner sneezed all the time, and, well . . . I showed him how the land lay at Turner's All-white Shoe Polish, Inc.

"Do you come every morning at eight?" Vince asked.

"Yes. Every morning."

"I'll come then, too, he said.

When Mr. Turner announced himself with a sneeze promptly at nine, Vince and I were friends. Miss Dixon, Mr. Ferguson, and the rest had arrived one by one from eight-thirty on.

"Well, young man, what has Jane taught you? I'll warrant you've learned something." And Mr. Turner winked at me.

"Jane's a good teacher. She's healthy, too." Vince roared at himself.

"Mr. Shipley, I want you to meet your co-workers here at Turner's All-white Shoe Polish, Inc. This is Miss Dixon . . . Mr. Ferguson . . ." Mr Turner introduced pompously around the office.

I looked at Miss Dixon. A faint smile flitted across her thin mouth, and her eyes glowed quickly behind her spectacles. I knew Vince had scored.

"Now come with me, Mr. Shipley," Mr. Turner said brusquely in his best boss' manner. "Ah . . . ach . . . achoo . . . we!" he sneezed.

The rest of the day Mr Turner kept Vince nodding and yessing at his heels.

"Whew!" said Vince to me at five o'clock. "The boss is really a lively ole fella. I'm whupped. I've been trotting after him all day."

Vince stalked toward the door and stopped to light a cigarette. He inhaled and blew out the smoke and, "G'night, Jane. See you in the morning."

For a week the days were the same—warm, balmy, moist with April rains. Vince met me each morning at eight o'clock. We prepared the office for the day's work, and we talked too. We talked of home and school and movies and dogs and babies and religion and Roosevelt. Vince talked well. We talked, but mostly we talked of spring. I don't know why, but we talked of spring.

On a Friday afternoon after I had banged my typewriter into its cupboard and stacked my pencils and notebooks in my desk drawer, Vince stood looking down at me.

"Jane."

"Yes, Vince?"

"Jane, I . . . Jane, will you go to a movie with me tomorrow night?"

"Why, Vince, I'd love to go. What time shall we go? Do you know where I live?" I hurried to conceal my confusion.

"Yep. I know where you live."

"How did you know?" I asked.

"Oh, I know. I'm a super snooper. I'm an ole Sherlock from way back. Shall I call for you at eight-thirty?"

"That's fine, Vince," I said. He must have seen the light in my face. It was there, I know.

"Swell," he said.

At eight-thirty Saturday night I heard his voice in the hallway below.

"Be down in just a minute," I called down. I looked hastily in the mirror, straightened my white toque, dashed a speck of powder on my nose, picked up my bag and gloves, and clattered downstairs.

Vince was sitting on the couch thumbing through a magazine. He jumped to his feet when he heard my footsteps at the door.

"Hello, Jane," he said, "It's a beautiful night."

"Is it? I'm glad. Let's walk."

He looked at me then, full in the face. His face was serious.

"I could call a cab, you know."

"But I like to walk, Vince. I walk to work every morning," I said gravely.

"Then we'll walk." And he was gay again.

In the movie I was closer to Vince than I had ever been before. His shoulder and arm, hard

and tight with muscles, pressed against mine. I held his hat in my lap. Sometimes his big hand brushed mine. Once I saw him looking at me, and I turned my head quickly and smiled. I looked into his eyes—deep in the gloom of the theatre. I knew they were hazel and thick-lashed, for I had seen them in the light. He didn't know that I was looking into his eyes. I wondered what he thought about when he looked at me that once. And then for a long while we turned our heads to the movie. Then he whispered a little joke into my ear. I whispered back.

"I'll bet those people behind us could wring our necks," he said.

"Yes, Vince."

He chuckled low in his throat, and his shoulder trembled against mine. When the movie was over, he helped me on with my coat in the lobby, and we stood there blinking in the brilliant lights. He jammed his soft felt on his head with one hand and steered me strongly to the door with the other. We chattered and laughed.

"Here, take this," he said gruffly. And I took his arm.

"May I have it for keeps?"

He boomed a laugh down at me. And we walked along Fourth street to the Corner Drug.

That was the beginning of a lovely spring with Vince. I saw him each day at work. Soon we began lunching together. We always spent our Saturday afternoons and evenings together, and all day Sundays. I often wondered how he spent his week-day evenings. We bowled and went to movies and talked late on benches in the park. We explored the city's sore spots and talked of slums and the poor humans who lived in them. We danced and ate at a little fragrant hamburger joint that we chanced upon on one of our Saturday night rambles. One Sunday in mid-May Vince borrowed a car from one of the boys he knew at the "Y," and we rode into the country. The new leaf green of the oaks hazed the dark winter green of the pines, and the fields were freshly plowed. We laughed at a country baby playing with its toes in a sunny doorway. We ate a picnic lunch in a pasture beside a cool branch, and we took off our shoes and waded and built a clay dam. We laughed a lot, but then we were serious too, and a strange new strength stole into me from Vince. Sometimes he kissed me. The days grew hotter. And soon it was June.

One June Sunday we were walking on a

dusty road at the edge of town. We often hiked on Sundays. Vince was bare-headed. He wore a blue open-throated sports shirt and some old tweed slacks. I had on my low, scuffed oxfords and a last summer's chambray dress.

"You're getting tan," I said, after a long silence.

"Yes, and so are you, my pretty miss." He lifted my chin with one of his broad fingers and swept my face appraisingly.

"Summer's almost here. Feel the heat."

"Yes," said Vince. "Summer's almost here."

"What are you thinking about? Why did you say 'Summer's almost here' like that?"

"Like what?" Vince asked.

"You said it so sort of . . . of final, as if after spring you . . . you . . ."

"What?"

"Oh, I don't know I don't know, Vince."

He walked along beside me in silence. The woods were silent, listening. No air stirred. Thunder muttered low in the east. I saw Vince frown at the thick black cloud.

"It's going to rain. Listen, Jane, the wind's coming."

Vince stopped in the middle of the road. He swung his body around to the east and sniffed the storm. Suddenly he turned back to me, and his face was soft, and he smiled.

"Jane . . . Jane . . ."

"Yes, Vince," I said.

"You've got a moustache," he said, and he flicked off the tiny beads of perspiration that clustered under my nose. I laughed.

"Jane, I . . ." Vince slid his fingers under my hair and locked his hands there. He turned my head towards his.

"Jane, you know, I think you're pretty fine, and you've been so good and real and . . . and . . . well, just one of the sweetest persons I've ever known. I guess . . . I guess I love you, Jane."

He bent his head and laid his cheek against mine. He brushed his lashes against my cheek.

"I love you too, Vince," I whispered. "I've loved you for a long time."

His lips were warm and hard against mine. Thunder rolled in the east, and the wind rushed through the trees, and the cloud in the east loomed close. Little whirlwinds of dust scampered down the road. A fat rain drop splashed on my forehead and ran down beside my nose. I twisted one of Vince's curls round and round

MAY, 1940

my finger. And he looked softly at me and held me tight in his arms.

"I . . . Jane, I'm not going to be at work tomorrow."

"Why, Vince?"

"I'm going away . . . for the summer . . . I've got to go to New York."

My hand fell away from Vince's curl. I felt all torn and sick inside.

"But, Vince . . . Vince, New York is so far away. And all summer long . . . Oh, Vince, you can't go now. I won't let you go."

"I've got to go, Jane. That's all. I can't tell you why."

"But, Vince, when are you coming back? You'll write me, won't you, Vince? Oh, please don't go."

"I'll be coming back in the fall, darling. And I'll write. Here, don't cry like that. I've never seen you cry."

Thick rain globes dug tiny craters in the dust of the road, and a gray rain wall marched across the fields from the woods.

"Here, darling," Vince said. "We've got to get back. It's going to pour."

I don't know how we got back to town. All I remember is rain and his wet stern face looking down at me.

We said good-bye on the boarding house porch. I cried, and he kissed me again.

"Oh, Jane, don't," he said. "Don't cry. I'll be back in the fall. And I'll write. Remember, darling, I love you."

I remembered. Summer passed. He did not write. Fall came . . . without Vince. Winter passed and spring came. Surely he'll come in April, I thought. He did not come.

This is another spring, another April. I'm not in love. The dogwoods spatter the city parks with white blossoms, and the mornings are washed and cool from night rains.

HOLIDAY

The air holds the drifting sunshine like a trench
Disintegrating with the rub of rains;
The water, grown a red folding, disdains
Bottoms and sides, rides sonambulently
In erect fullness, sucking a green switch
Of willow down. At our feet, black grass veins
The forever mud, and the light remains
Of the wind-broken raincloud nimbly blow
Out of reach above. And the monuments,
Established to outwear the elements,
May crumble remembering Shakespeare,
But nobody will find our kisses there,
And as for our neighbors' curious grandchildren
The less they know of them the better.

ELEANOR ROSS

The policy of the *Coraddi* for this next year is to build upon the foundations which has been laid down by the past editors, to expand, rather than to change. Our desire is for more humor, more short stories than the magazine has printed in the past. We wish to retain, both in fiction and in prose, the literary styles which the magazine has evolved, particularly during the last few years. Occasional photographs will supplement the art work. The college public has criticized, and with justification, the policy of having too many contributions by the same people. This fault will be repeated in later issues, however, unless response continues to be as enthusiastic and heavy as it was for this number of the magazine. We want contributors who are interested in style as much as in story, in order that the standards which the former editors set may be maintained.

CORADDI

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Editor: MARGARET COIT

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Typist: MARGARET ANDERSON

Art Staff: NANCY STOCKARD, MARY ELIZABETH GOFORTH, RHEA SYKES,
AILEEN ROSE

MAY, 1940

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Reviews

The Southern Poor-White from Lubberland to Tobacco Road. By Shields McIlwaine. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma. \$2.50.

South of what Erskine Caldwell calls "the hot biscuit and sweet potato line" struggle a mass of people whom the writers of the past two centuries have, in general, slighted. I speak of the southern poor-white. For a long time America has needed one work which would trace out the social story of the southern poor-white and his treatment in the literature of the various periods. Mr. McIlwaine has given us such a work in *The Southern Poor-White from Lubberland to Tobacco Road*.

During the past two centuries, the southern poor-white has been given various treatments. William Byrd set the pace for a humorous portrayal in the Colonial era when he wrote *History of the Dividing Line*. The southern poor-white was portrayed as an amusing frontier lubber along the Virginia-North Carolina border. By 1861, the lubber emerged in literature definitely as a poor-white. Neither North nor South, however, was he accorded more than a minor role. During the "Local Color Age" (1870-1900),

sentimental writers gave to the southern poor-white major roles in a number of short stories. Since 1900, the mind, degeneration, and tragedy of the southern poor-white has been portrayed by two schools of writers: the school of sensibility, headed by Ellen Glasgow, and the school of naturalism, headed by William Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell.

The book can be read as enthusiastically by the layman as by the man of letters. Written in the narrative form, not in the usual school-room fashion of the pro and con argument, the study is refreshing as well as thoughtful and complete. The form has facilitated rather than hampered the author in giving reviews of an enormous number of books, citations, and critical evaluations of the literature in the light of actual conditions of the southern poor-white in different periods. Aside from the social and literary treatment, Mr. McIlwaine has given definitions, of the "poor-white," the "white trash," the "tenant farmer," and the "share-cropper". The definitions, declares Erskine Caldwell, can be accepted as "final and authentic".

The value of *The Southern Poor-White from Lubberland to Tobacco Road* cannot be exaggerated. It is to be hoped that more writers will assume their responsibility and give us more studies of the southern poor-white.

JEAN BERTRAM

THE END

Drab scene—

Brown land and a grey sky,
A buzzard flying.

Desolation—

Bare trees and dry grass,
A world dying.

BETTY PERRY

Charles Boyer

By Margaret Coit

“I’LL be back—in a little while,” Charles Boyer said to Irene Dunne in the final scene of “When Tomorrow Comes.”

Film audiences all over the United States and in France wondered if his words were prophetic and feared they were not; for Charles Boyer, wearing the baggy blue uniform of the artillery private, was in training at a military camp somewhere in France for service on the Western Front.

“When Tomorrow Comes.” Even the title of the last American Boyer film was ominous—or prophetic. Drama lovers all over the world, in Germany, where Boyer had won his first triumph as the star of *Barcarole*, in France, where he had been the favorite stage actor of the nineteen-twenties, and in America, where for a decade he had slowly ascended the wall of critical and public favor, were united in the hope that this great and versatile actor’s peculiar talents would be returned to the theaters of the world.

Charles Boyer has come back to the United States. He was released from service with the other married men of his age-class, and placed on reserve, on call—for future service in the second world war. At present Boyer is in Hollywood, as an unofficial good will ambassador from France to the United States. His greatest service in this pleasant duty will be performed when he plays the beloved French-American hero, the Marquis de Lafayette.

Charles Boyer holds a unique position in American films. He is not one of the ten best box office draws, but his pictures dependably make money. He receives no such feminine adulation as was bestowed upon Valentino or even Robert Taylor, but his position is more secure than that of his flashing rivals. During his ten years in Hollywood Boyer has become famous in the safe way—slowly. The public, not the producers, have made him a star. He belongs to a small group which includes Ronald Colman, Greta Garbo, and Gary Cooper. All these stars rose slowly into fame, becoming public favorites but not public idols. They have all been on the screen fifteen years. Boyer is five years behind them.

Charles Boyer has this secure position in Hollywood films for the same reason that Gary Cooper holds his stardom. Both Cooper and Boyer are actors who fit easily into the public’s imagination. Cooper is remembered for his portrayals of the sleepy, philosophical *Virginian*, the grim Yankee skipper in *Souls At Sea*, the hardboiled, yet sensitive Hemmingway hero of *Farewell To Arms*, and the heroic MacGregor of *Bengal Lancers*. Charles Boyer has demonstrated his ability in such diverse roles as the great lover and hard-drinking musician of *Break of Hearts*, the sensitive, embittered Eurasian of *Sbangbat*, Napoleon Bonaparte in *Conquest*, and the gayly indifferent headwaiter of *History is Made at Night*. Equally adept in comedy and tragedy, with somber eyes and a mouth upon which the most subtle and lashing emotions reveal themselves, he has won his fame because of his inimitable versatility.

This versatility has made him able to play the quiet roles of a Leslie Howard, the light trifles of a Melvyn Douglas, and the bombastic uproarings of a John Barrymore with equal facility. In no American film has Boyer been allowed to reveal more than one facet of his ability. In *Private Worlds* he was an intellectual physician; in *Garden of Allah*, a neurotic, introspective renegade monk; in *Love Affair*, a light lover; in *When Tomorrow Comes*, a romantic lover; and a passionate violent criminal in *Algiers*. Only in the European film *Mayerling* did Boyer have a role in which he could portray gentle romanticism, bitterness, frustration, and powerful surges of passion. As the tragic Prince Rudolph, Boyer flashed all the facets of his versatility. He won the European equivalent to our Academy Award, and become known the world over as one of the serious dramatic artists of modern times.

Boyer does not confine his versatility to his acting alone. In France he won distinction as a short story writer. He is a talented violin player with Chopin as his favorite composer, an expert swimmer and tennis player, and Hollywood’s best tango dancer. But his greatest virtue, according to his young English wife Pat Patterson, is his ability to be a perfect husband.

Perfect? Well, perhaps not quite. Yet he not only pays all the bills, but he keeps account of them, figures out the expenses, hires and dismisses the servants, arranges the menus and wine lists for his wife’s dinner parties, and like the Duke of Windsor, selects Mrs. Boyer’s clothes.

Since her marriage, Mrs. Boyer has won the acclaim of Hollywood fashion experts. Yet it is quite probable that most American women would forego the distinction of being the fashion queens of their towns, for the pleasure of startling their husbands with their own choices in extraordinary and startling attire. To return to Charles Boyer: he enjoys food and is a confirmed ice box raider, but his love for this sport results in periods of enforced dieting which he endures, according to his wife, "with the resignation of a very early, very Christian martyr."

Determination has always been a characteristic of Charles Boyer. Born in the small town of Figeac, France, the son of a plow and farm implements manufacturer, Boyer was acting as soon as he could read. As a child of seven or eight he would powder his hair, put on satin breeches and play Cyrano de Bégerac, or some Shakespearian hero. His father died when Charles was nine, leaving no successor to keep the factory for his son. Charles Boyer frankly admitted to himself that he would never become a manufacturer but an actor. He concealed this ambition from his mother. He feared that her memory of his feats as a two year old child, of having memorized all the names of the machines and workers in his father's factory, had inspired Mrs. Boyer to dream of a successful business career for him. But Mrs. Boyer was and is, a shrewd woman. Her son was not brilliant in school, for he could only study the subjects that he liked, but in those he was excellent. Mrs. Boyer decided that he would become a professor.

Charles finally told her that he had a conviction that he was to be an actor. He compromised with his mother on his education. He attended the Sorbonne, and received the license of Philosophy. Then, after being once refused, he entered the Conservatoire de Drame, where he was the favorite pupil of the great Jacques Copeau. As a student there, Charles Boyer continued the same habits of living that characterized him at the Sorbonne. In his free hours he paced the side-walks of Paris, studying the faces of shoppers, workers, funeral-goers, the rich and the fashionable. Nights he attended the theater. He was not afraid to study other actors then. His two favorite actors were Sacha and Lucien Guitry. He attended their plays over and over again, studying their tricks of technique. The greatest piece of acting that Charles Boyer saw during those years was performed by Lucien

Guitry. Guitry sat at a telephone, hearing the details of a plot. "Oui," he replied thirty times, each time with a different inflection of his voice. At the end of the conversation the audience understood the plot.

While a student at the Conservatoire, Charles Boyer received the chance for which every young actor dreams. The leading man in the play *Les Jardins de Murci* became ill. Charles Boyer knew the role. He starred in the play.

At the end of the run, Boyer returned to the Conservatoire for another year's study, but the loyal Parisian audiences did not forget him. Upon graduation, a prize pupil, he immediately received a role in *La Dolores*.

He received his second great opportunity when Sacha Guitry broke his partnership with Henri Bernstein, a playwright whose reputation in France is comparable to that of Maxwell Anderson in the United States. Bernstein induced Charles Boyer to sign a contract with him. Boyer was not yet twenty-two years old.

In those eight years, Boyer, associated with the greatest contemporary French playwright, became the leading young actor of the Paris stage. For this success he paid a heavy toll. A serious artist, he vowed that he would never marry, that he owed his whole life to his career. When he did, despite his resolutions, become interested in a young woman, Bernstein destroyed the romance in order that Boyer, who was playing a neurotic, madly jealous lover in *The Poison* might not become happy. If Boyer made intimate revelations to his employer, Bernstein would write them into the next play. He would telephone Boyer at three in the morning to discuss the wording of one line. Introspective, increasingly morose, Charles Boyer took to roulette playing, chain cigarette smoking. He barely avoided a breakdown at the end of his last play for Bernstein, and at the age of thirty severed his connection with his employer to tour the Near East in repertoire.

He came to Hollywood in 1930 and played a few bit roles. Back in France he starred with increasing success in films and plays, but he won no recognition in the American film capital until *Private Worlds* in 1935.

Even then Boyer's success was slow. His English was not yet clear. In *The Garden of Allah*, his remarkable pantomime attracted critical admiration, but it was not until the gay *History is*

Made at Night that he became a box office success. In his role of Napoleon, he was the first man to steal a movie from Greta Garbo. He was the most powerful personality as well as the most gifted actor ever to co-star with the great Swedish actress.

It was in 1936 that he broke his vow of bachelorhood. Obeying Kit Marlowe's famous suggestion, "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" he married Pat Patterson, pretty English actress, three months after he met her. Young, gay, and charming, she has been an excellent counter-balance for Boyer's own over-intense and intellectual disposition.

For Boyer is one serious artist who has not let Hollywood change him. His radio broadcasts were an attempt to improve his English. He cannot bear to have anyone watch him act. He is not a boulevard pacer now but a set pacer. It is only by walking up and down that he can learn his lines. He is no longer able to walk unnoticed through a city in order to study life from personal observation. He now learns character from his reading. Before he played the Eurasian in *Shanghai* he spent weeks studying Asiatic philosophy, so that he might think and feel as a Chinese would think. He rehearses his work over and over, and spends his spare moments worrying about past scenes, and how he can improve his characterizations.

Charles Boyer has few friends among the actors in Hollywood or in Paris. He fears that he may copy their dramatic mannerisms. Most of his acquaintances are among the business and professional people of Los Angeles. He considers their way of life typical, the actor's unnatural, "or he would not be an actor." It is the average man whom Charles Boyer wishes to understand and to portray.

He is clever enough not to appear in many films, or to often give interviews. When he

does speak for publication he is unfailingly polite and often self-revealing. He once had an appointment with a newspaper woman who did not appear at the designated time. When Boyer learned that she had been injured in an automobile accident, he gave up his free afternoon the next day to take her flowers and call on her in the hospital.

He is not flattered or confused at the adulation women spray over him. "I have been on the Paris stage, you know," he said to an interviewer, after a particularly arduous evening, when over a hundred women had jumped upon the running boards of his car to look at him. He answers much of his fan mail, is always willing to sign autographs. "The public put me where I am," he says, simply.

It is one of the ironies of his financially successful career that his most popular roles have been in comedy or light romance. His features, classic when viewed singly, combine into a face interesting and strong, rather than handsome, but a face that can give the illusion of handsomeness or ugliness. Boyer, himself, feels that he is emotionally and physically suited to play sad and powerful roles. The critics agree with him; the public does not. He was the original choice for Emily Bronte's daemonic Heathcliffe, but his musical Parisian accent would not conform to the rugged cadences of the Yorkshire moors.

Perhaps in future pictures Charles Boyer may again have a *Mayerling* given him, in which he can fully expose his versatile artistry. He is now playing in *All This And Heaven Too* with Bette Davis, and soon will portray Lafayette. A popular favorite now, Charles Boyer longs for a role that will be critically, popularly, and personally successful. But as he works in Hollywood today, he waits for a greater and more tragic role than he has ever played—Soldier of France, on the Western Front.

Saying good-bye to an old friend is always hard to do. We of the outgoing staff have spent so much time thinking about and working on *Coraddi* that it seems almost like a part of us, and it is indeed hard to realize that our work is done. We have worked hard, and now, as we look back over the year, our feeling is one of pride and regret. Pride, because we have accomplished so many of the things we set out to do last spring. Regret, because even now we think of new plans we would like to try. But we realize that the real moulding influence comes from new staffs with new ideas and ambitions. So, in spite of our nostalgia, we give our work over to the new staff with the anticipation of an evergrowing and expanding magazine.

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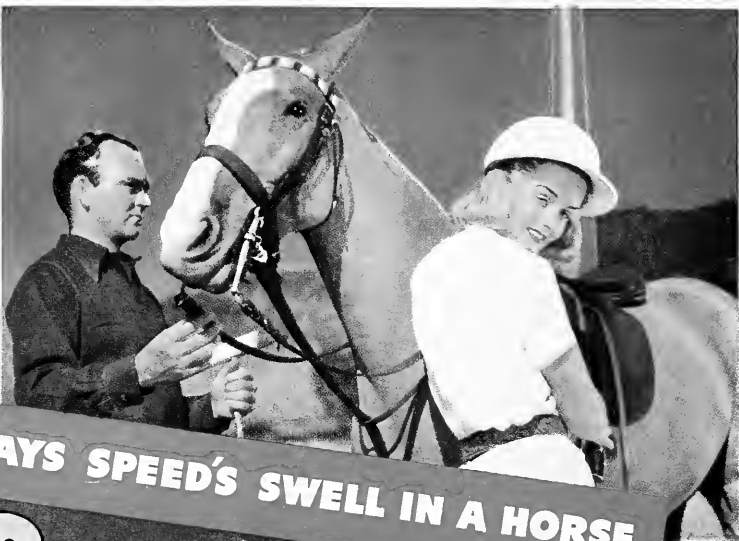
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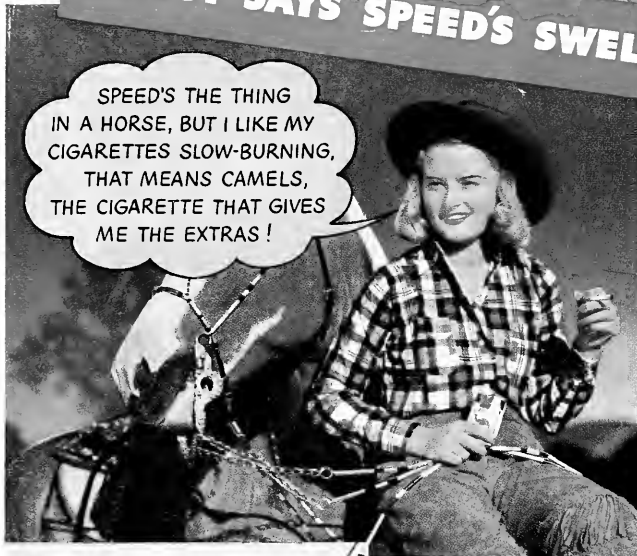
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OUT IN SANTA BARBARA, West Coast girls play a lot of polo. Peggy McManus, shown about to mount one of her ponies, is a daring horsewoman... often breaks and trains her own horses. She has carried off many cups and ribbons at various horse shows and rodeos.



PEGGY SAYS SPEED'S SWELL IN A HORSE

SPEED'S THE THING IN A HORSE, BUT I LIKE MY CIGARETTES SLOW-BURNING, THAT MEANS CAMELS, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES ME THE EXTRAS!



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