VOL 45

CORADDI

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"But Luckies pay the price to get it!"
says Jim Hill, Jr., independent tobacco buyer

"Year after year I've seen Luckies buy the finer, the milder tobaccos and pay the price for 'em, too," says Jim Hill, Jr., of Winston-Salem, N. C. "That's why I've smoked Luckies 5 years and that's why most other independent tobacco men smoke them!"

When you buy tobacco, you get what you pay for. And Luckies pay higher prices for the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. If you're smoking more today, *real mildness* is important. So take a tip from the independent tobacco experts—the buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen. Smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke.

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

With men who know tobacco best – it's LUCKIES 2 to 1

CORADDI

Student Publication of the
Woman's College of the University of North Carolina
Greensboro, North Carolina

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CONTENTS

This issue of Coraddi is dedicated to a typical American institution, the Southern small town. It is the town of the Confederate statue, and the row of autos and wagons around court house square. It is the town that comes alive on Saturday afternoons, in the market place, in the shadows of the court house steps, or around the pop corn boxes of the movie theaters. It is the town that drowses in a summer sun, leaps into hot, quick violence, then sinks back into sleep again. Across the brown river is the mill and the weather-beaten row of company houses, and up the hill the voice of the revivalist preacher sounds from the windows of the tobacco warehouse on a summer afternoon. Walk down the main street of Reidsville, North Carolina, and see America.

The feature story, "Heart on a Tree" tells of a quiet little community suddenly whipped into violence. The terror of labor warfare, so ominous at this very moment, strikes in Ruth Heffner's "Earth Under Your Feet." Jean Bertram mixes love and moonshine at high noon in "To Market, To Market." "The Sun Isn't Shining Anymore" returns to the mood of last year's *Summer Saturday* as a little boy's ecstasy shatters into fragments about him.

Other contributions this issue include one of Doris Sharpe's satires, this time of a literary prodigy born too late and fated "to waste its sweetness upon the desert air." Gwendolyn Gay has written a unique horror poem, and Betty Perry analyzes as man and poet the great librarian of Congress, Archibald MacLeish.

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ARTICLE

Archibald MacLeish
by Betty Perry 12

ESSAY

Words, Words, Words!
by Doris Sharpe 6

FICTION

Heart On The Tree
by Betty Walker 3
To Market, To Market
by Jean Bertram 7
Earth Under Your Feet
by Ruth Heffner 20
The Sun Isn't Shining Anymore
by Margaret Coit 25

POETRY

Unfair To Grave-Diggers
by Gwendolyn Gay 5
Transition
by Margaret Coit 18

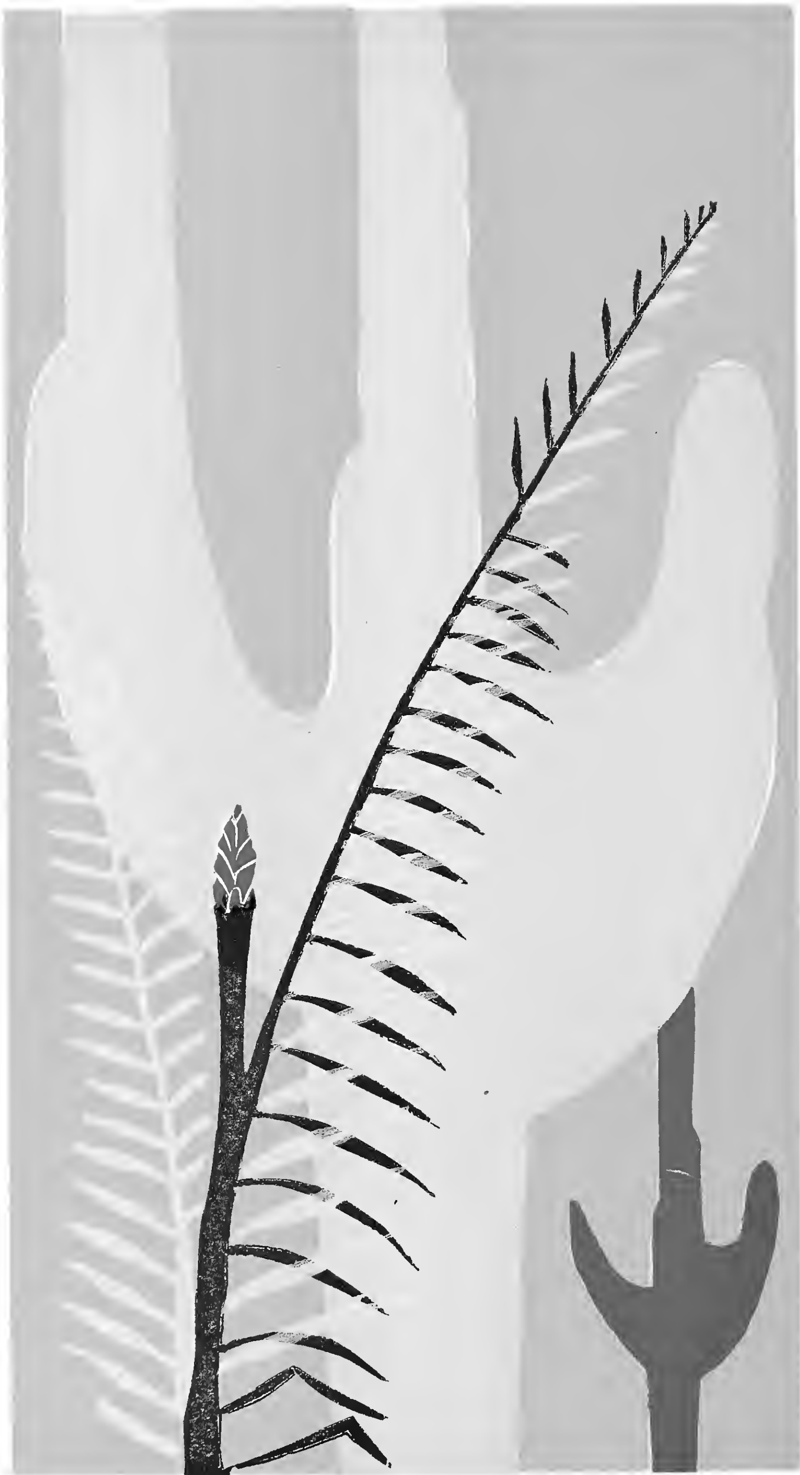
ART

Cover Design *by Myra Culpepper*

Frontispiece
by Sarah Gill 2
Illustration
by Nancy Stockard 9
Stencil
by Pat Patton 11
Tempera Panel
by Barbara Johnson 13
Lithograph
by Leslie Harvey 19
Panel
by Jean Hair 27

EDITORIAL

REVIEW
by Ruth Heffner 23



FRONTISPIECE
by Sarah Gill

Heart On The Tree

By Betty Walker

HARWOOD usually sat at the back of the schoolroom, slumped down in his desk, his hands folded together listlessly on the scarred desk-top. All of Harwood was listless, almost motionless — his slouching little body clothed in dingy grayish overalls and tattered blue shirt, his hands grimy and dirt-lined, and his face like old and yellowed parchment, wrinkled into lines of stupid dullness. His eyes were small and squinting, a sort of clouded black in color, and red around the rims, as though he had rubbed them too hard. We called him "Monkey" Palmer; and very like a little ape he looked as he sat there day after day, blinking his dull eyes and staring at his dirty paw-like hands.

Harwood had been in school with us since the terrifying weeks of first grade. How he had managed to be promoted from year to year might have puzzled us had we bothered to consider him, but we paid so little attention to him that, now in the sixth grade, we did not question his presence among us. He had no friends. No girl would ever have dreamed of slipping a note under the desk to "Monkey," and no boy would ever be seen swapping marbles at recess with the strange ugly creature. But once on a dare Mary Ann had written him a love note and slipped it into his desk. We had watched, our hands over our mouths to hold back the laughter, as he turned it over and over in his dirty paws. His squinting little eyes had shifted from side to side, reading the closely written words, and then he had carefully folded up the paper and slipped it tenderly into the pocket of his overalls. There had been something so pathetic about the way he folded the note, about the little half smile that wrinkled his yellow face into a grimace that our laughter had died away suddenly and we had turned back to our books, not meeting each other's eyes. There had been no more notes. At recess we decided to be more friendly with Monk. We were feeling our first sympathy, but the mood did not stay with us very long. "Monkey" was left alone, ignored and shunned, an utterly lonely and pitiful figure.

When we reached our sixth year in school, we found "Monkey" a target for our amusement. There is something a little primitive and sadistic in children, a love to torment those who cannot fight back. "Monkey's" ugly little figure brought forth cruelty in us, and we found hilarious enjoyment in the torturing of this strange boy, because he couldn't fight back against all of us. We thought up new ways of tormenting him, goaded him on and on until he fled from us, an awkward figure with shirt-tail loose and flapping about his bowed legs. The girls called taunts to him, mocking his queer shuffling walk and squealing in delight when one of the boys tripped him on the school ground. The boys made him join them in their games and then jumped on him, throwing him to the ground and leaving him, bloody-nosed and half-crying. Even the teacher seemed to feel a sort of hatred against him, and would send him to stand in the corner for fighting, when we came in from recess. "Monkey" would stand, face to the wall in the corner while we whispered teasing words and taunts. He would stand there patiently, dumbly; and, if his fists clinched suddenly into white knuckled paws, no one noticed.

Spring came early that year. At recess we played about the schoolyard in joyful abandon. Notes began to pass more and more frequently under desks, and initials were carved together on desks and tree trunks. Hearts beat rapidly under starched dresses when a swaggering figure, with hair unusually slicked down, came toward them, and certain names brought fiery blushes to soft cheeks. Whispered feminine confidences held many a "he" and "him," and boys swung baseball bats with renewed prowess as the girls stood around to watch. "Monkey" was almost forgotten in newer emotions, but his very ugliness seemed even more of a blot in the wonder of newly discovered love and fun.

We had long ago forgotten the note that Mary Ann had passed on a dare to "Monkey" that day. Mary Ann Green—idol of all of us with her lovely soft hair and big blue eyes—Mary Ann who had chosen Martin as the one who should share her lunch at recess and to whom she wrote little notes in her prim handwriting. Martin was the tallest and handsomest boy in our grade, and all the girls had secret passions for him; but no one was jealous of the lovely little romance that linked Mary Ann with Martin, at least, no one of whom we were aware.

One warm day, when we were walking about, arm in arm, our skirts blown about by the wind and our heads close together, we caught a glimpse of "Monkey" standing in front of our favorite tree, busy with his rusty old pocket knife. "Monkey's" knife was his one pride and joy, old and rusted though it was. He often took it out and fondled it lovingly between his grimy fingers, but we had never seen him use it except to play "mumble peg" with the boys, when they would let him. But now he was carving something on our tree, and with excited curiosity we moved nearer to see what he was doing. When he caught sight of us coming toward him, he nervously fumbled his knife into his pocket and slid away, keeping his eyes toward the ground. As he moved from the tree, we stopped in amazement and horror, for there, hacked into the bark of the tree, was the rough outline of a heart, encircling the initials H. P. and M. G. We stared; then moved closer, scarcely believing our eyes. But it was true. Harwood had carved his initials with Mary Ann's and enclosed them within a heart.

Mary Ann's face was full of mixed emotions. "Look," she cried. "Look at what he's done." And in a burst of fury she sprang at the tree and began to beat at the hard carved wood with her tiny white-knuckled fists. We gathered around, and our excited chattering burst forth like a sudden clatter of frightened geese. Our indignation rose with our excitement, and Mary Ann's sudden tears spurred our thoughts to white-hot violence.

Suddenly Ruthie, who was the leader of our little gang, stepped up toward Mary Ann. "I'm going to tell Martin; that's what I'll do. I'll go get him right now, and he'll make Harwood take that back, every bit of it." Without another word and with the renewed sobs of Mary Ann in her ears, Ruthie ran off to find Martin, while we stood with heated faces and angered hearts trying to soothe Mary Ann.

Ruth came back at a run with a serious-faced Martin, who stalked through our parted line, up to the tree. He glanced at the still-crying Mary Ann and then at the horrible cut in the tree. His young face grew set and grim as we watched, silent and fascinated; and then he turned roughly about and started across the yard. Dragging Mary Ann, we straggled behind him, half giggling under our breath with excitement, and feeling our hearts pounding with the adventure of this experience.

Martin found "Monkey" standing at the water-fountain. He grabbed him by his dirty shirt collar, so roughly that his shirt ripped with a loud cracking sound. "Monkey" looked up at Martin, half-frightened, half insolently, somehow, with a strange little smile of impudence. "What do you mean, you li'l ole "Monkey" Palmer, writing your name with my girl's name?" Our hearts fluttered at this romantic scene. But "Monkey" jerked his little body around so that the collar ripped across and was left in Martin's grasp. He stood there gazing at the ground and breathing hard, his chest rising rapidly under the torn shirt.

Martin lunged at him then, but "Monkey" darted sideways, and we drew back with little screams. In fury, Martin grabbed at "Monkey's" overalls and pulled him back. "You answer me or I'll beat you up good. And you take it back or I'll make you." Martin shook "Monkey" with each word until his head bounced back and forth like some strange rubber doll. Then stuttered and incoherent came "Monkey's" words in a low, gutteral voice. "I-I w-won't t-take it b-b-back."

We stood utterly amazed, little chills of excitement all along our spines. "Monkey" had never dared say such a thing before. Indeed we had never heard "Monkey" ever say much of anything, and certainly he had never defied anyone. Martin was so surprised he stopped shaking "Monkey" and stood staring at him in puzzled bewilderment.

"Monkey" looked to left and right, and then at Mary Ann; and a shy suggestion of a smile crinkled up his ugly face. "I won't take nothin' back," he muttered slowly and very low, so that we had to lean forward to hear. "She wrote me this note, and she's gonna be my sweetheart." With these amazing words "Monkey" wilted. He flushed a deep ugly red and dropped his eyes back toward the ground. He fumbled nervously with the note he had brought from within the recesses of his pocket, trying to put it back.

Martin reached out and grabbed "Monkey's" arm. "Give me that note." Martin's voice was harsh and unsteady, his eyes like blue ice with hidden flames beneath.

Then Mary Ann broke from among our group and ran forward to Martin. "Make him give it you, Martin. Make him," she sobbed. "It's that old note I wrote on a dare long time ago. Oh, Martin, get it back."

At Mary Ann's words Martin grabbed for the note. The yellowed paper, that we now recognized, was suddenly crumpled in Martin's

fist, and backing away, he began to tear it viciously into bits. "Monkey's" face took on a strange grey hue; his eyes narrowed into dirty slits; and, with a terrible and swift movement, he jerked forward toward Martin. We saw the rusted blade of the knife, the quick thrust of the blue-sleeved arm, and a sudden spurt of bright red flow out from Martin's head. Then Mary Ann's scream broke out in chilling horror across the yard, and Martin fell heavily to the ground.

We stood there paralyzed in the warm sunlight. Martin lay still, frighteningly quiet and pale. Mary Ann was bent over him, her little fists beating impotently at his chest, her terrible screams echoing about our ears. The bright red clay was blotted with redder blood that stained the white fingers of Mary Ann. As someone bent over to lift Mary Ann up, we saw "Monkey" shuffling across the yard. Bits of yellowed paper that the wind was tossing about were stuck onto his bloody fingers, as he fumbled along the ground picking up the pieces of the note.

UNFAIR TO GRAVE DIGGERS

What's there to it?
Man's corked up in a bottle;
Orders are to dig him five foot eight,
And just as wide to give him turning ground.
The heavy shovel sneers at hell.
There they say he'll rest.
Dig smartly and the parson will pull his whiskers
And a sly smile with a papered pocket.
Then the nasty flower fever chokes me with a sneeze.
Unfair, I call it!

The clinkle of the undertaker's keys;
Ha, he's watching me. He's mad.
I'm mad. His corpses rot,
And they've been prayed on too.
I heard they're poets and suicide.
Give me a living and I'll dig
Clods of rusty dirt, start working late.
Throw out that smile. Catch with your cloth
The flow of mourners' tears.
I'm weary.

Picket plots are weighted down with marble.
Mow those weeds full-blown in rain.
Dust those foot paths filled with cinders.
The shrewish parson winks the uncut ground
And undertakers advertise their wares.
I'm hideous, a foul lump, and only spade
To them. No care of limb but digging,
Sweating for a coin. I can't compete
With suicide and poets.
I'll strike, they laugh, they're my graves!
Let them dig their own!

Gwendolyn Gay

Words, Words, Words!

By Doris Sharpe

LIKE Charles Lamb I sometimes think that I should like to write for antiquity. I dream of Homer smiling over my yellowed manuscripts, of Chaucer deciphering my archaic forms, of Shakespeare quoting me. How lenient I find the ancient critics! Aristotle sees in my works many virtues and few faults; and my faults he blames on my era, not on me.

In my humble opinion, and even in the consensus of opinion, it was I who first had the privilege of being the recipient of tumultuous applause from a vast multitude, a motley crowd, after I had filled a long-felt want with a goodly number of timely epithets, such as "mad as a March hare," "green as grass," "red as a rose," "a rosebud mouth," and "milk-white hands." For a time an undercurrent of excitement continued; but, although my intentions were good, the best laid plans of mice and men often go astray, and, doomed to final disappointment, I offered "rosy clouds," "azure skies," "silvery moon," and "golden sun," which fell on the audience with a dull, sickening thud. All that glitters is not gold. Aye, there's the rub, but that was the exception that proved the rule. Never in the history of my life has another such dismal failure come my way. The briny deep, erstwhile the bounding main, was a watery grave, the favorite dumping ground, for my first literary attempts in the midst of man's abode.

Eftsoons, sadder but wiser, and slowly but surely, a young hopeful thrown on the tender mercies of my reading audience, I wended my way, somewhat the worse for wear, yet still working fast and furious, making night hideous in spite of its mantle of snow—working, I say, with untiring efforts, into the wee, small hours, watched by the man in the moon of purest ray serene; but knowing that where there's a will there's a way, all's well that ends well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, better late than never, 'twas ever thus, variety is the spice of life, and easier said than done, I refused sweet sleep.

At the psychological moment, as the plot thickened, with bated breath I again presented to an audience expressions along this line, severely simple, which did justice to the occasion and received a royal reception in all their primal glory. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and nestled among other mental pictures as good as gold, "a blushing bride." Robbing the cradle, gloating over specimens of humanity, traversing each and every sun-kissed meadow, and doing other work, all as slow as molasses, I gathered heart-balm and rendered selections.

Words cannot describe how, winning a double triumph and passing the acid test, how, not wisely but too well, I, brave as a lion and more forceful than polite, nipped in the bud at one fell swoop my rivals, hungry as wolves for fame and green with envy at my hair-raising tales, replete with interest, who agreed to disagree with me, and took occasion to criticize severely the sum and substance of my work. At long last they beat a hasty retreat.

Last but not least among those present "Whoever loved that loved not at first sight" met the eye, capping the climax. I, the proud possessor of acclaim, flung this toothsome viand on my audience, a sumptuous repast. The table groaned, and my readers partook of refreshment.

Although tempus fugit — I need not, of course, translate — let us follow to the bitter end and give the finishing touch. Words fail me. Tired but happy and too full for utterance, like the last rose of summer I took my departure with a sigh of relief and ended my checkered career. It goes without saying that silence reigned supreme in an aching void, and I was conspicuous by my absence. But that is another story.

Yes, if it were left to antiquity to judge my writings, I should be truly great. No shouts of "Trite!" or "Archaic!" would be given to my work. But, ay me, I fondly dream. Shakespeare had his advantages; he lived before me. And here am I in the Twentieth Century, overshadowed by years of applause — all for Shakespeare.

To Market, to Market

By Jean Bertram

I NEVER saw the market square so busy as it was that Saturday. I did not even have time to ask old customers like Mrs. Davy how her little Jimmie was getting along with scarlet fever. It was a wonder I did notice Sue. But I guess everybody looked twice at Sue that day: her eyes were too violet and too a-light for anybody to pass by. I was just handing Mrs. Bigley the carmel-frosted walnut cake and two dozen gladios like she had been buying the past three Saturdays when I saw those eyes. Suddenly I forgot all about the dust that kept seeping through the holes in my shoes, for right away I knew what the girl with the violet eyes would buy.

I walked over to her.

"A cake, if you please." Her voice was soft with a drawl. "The three layer one with the white frosting and the bell."

I always had one cake over which I arched a thin wire with a bell hanging from the center. Ma used to make cocoanut ones long time ago every Christmas. And when Lark and I began selling at the market, I decided to make one a week.

I drew the cake out of the glass case and set it before her. She bent over it. She had a thin pointed little face with full lips that quivered a second before she spoke. "It looks good," she said, running a finger lightly over the wire. "How much is it?"

"Well," I said, "I don't generally sell this kind of cake to everybody. It's only for special occasions like birthdays, anniversaries, and weddings. People are always . . ."

"But"—She crinkled a smile at me. "This *is* a special occasion." A blush tinted her ears. "How much is it?" she asked again.

"Dollar and a half," I said. Now what did I say that for? What was the matter with me? Last Saturday I sold a cake just like it for two dollars and a quarter.

She drew a little black purse from her pocket. The purse was old. The leather was creased, and on the right side it was beginning to peel. With nervous fingers the girl laid the money on the counter—a fifty cent piece, a quarter, four dimes, six nickels, and five pennies. I set the cake down in a cardboard box like I had been giving with my cakes since four Saturdays ago.

"Birthday for your little girl?" I asked.

Suddenly she leaned over the counter and whispered in my ear: "A wedding—mine." And she was slipping through the new crowd that had gathered around my stand. I wanted to call after her; but a dirty little hand eased across the counter and closed over the pennies the girl had left.

"Drop it!" I said as I slapped the hand so sharply that it stung me, too. The pennies rang dully on the wood. The urchin scampered away. I looked across dozens of heads, into dozens of eyes. The girl was gone into the Saturday crowd. Absently I swept the change into an empty tobacco can that I kept in the inside pocket of my apron.

All morning I sold my cakes and pies and flowers. Three women gave me five-dollar bills to change. Once I got to thinking about the girl with the violet eyes and gave a customer ten cents too much change. But the customer was honest. I stopped thinking about the girl after that. Around one o'clock the crowd thinned. And at one-thirty there were not more than ten people buying in the square.

I had just sat down on the stool that I kept behind the booth and had started swatting flies when Lark came up.

He pushed his hat back on his red head and leaned against the counter.

"Have a good day, honiest?"

I pulled out the tobacco can from my apron and shook it at him. He clapped his hands over his ears at the rattle. "There's three fives in here, too. Did you sell all the butterbeans?"

"Did I? Say. I could have sold oak leaves for beans today. What a crowd." And then a smile lighted his face. "Saw an old friend of ours today. Bet you can't guess who."

Lark sounded too glib. My feet hurt. I was hot and felt a little provoked. I swatted a fly and brushed it off the counter. "Who? Santa Claus in a bathing suit?"

Lark came around to the back of the stand and pulled an orange crate from under the counter. "Judge Tippett."

"Judge Tippett? Pfitt! You know that Mrs. Riggins said when Sarah Ball went up to Greensboro she heard the Judge died from trying to take the cure too quick."

Lark was shaking Bull Durham tobacco into a white square tissue. "The way he sees it . . ." Lark paused to slide his tongue along the edge

of the tissue and fold it over. "The way he sees it, he would of died if he hadn't run away." Lark lit his cigarette. "Says he's been operating a still up in the mountains. He thought he could make more money at that than marryin' folks."

"And what's he doing here? Trying to start a Southern Chain of Tippett Stills?" I swatted a fly on Lark's shoulder, but he laughed so hard I missed. And I laughed, too. We both liked the Judge lots. And then a loud round voice boomed across the counter at me.

"It's amazing—to have found you."

I jumped to my feet. "Judge Tippett!" I grabbed his hand and shook it joyously. "It's sure good to see you again."

"Thank you, my dear. Thank you. I return the compliment. You know, Mrs. Emily, I have trod wearily about this square three times in search of your booth."

"Well, Judge, I'm sure sorry you wasted so much shoe leather," I said. "If I had known you were around, I'd of run up a little flag. Come 'round to the back and have a seat."

The Judge ambled around to the back of the stand. I pushed open the little door with my toe and let him in; then I sat down on the orange crate with Lark. "Sit there on the stool, Judge."

"Ah. Thank you, my dear." The Judge was puffing. With a big red handkerchief he mopped away three little streams of perspiration from his forehead. His face was very red, and his blonde whiskers were very long. Hooking his heels on the last rung of the stool, he drew up his short legs so that they formed a rest for his big fat stomach.

"Well, my children," the Judge said. "It appears you have a flourishing business here." He surveyed my cases and pails. "Only a handful of posies left." Slowly, deeply he sighed. "Ah, if my monetary worries were as slight as yours." Pressing his lips together, he gave a silent hiccough. "Indigestion," he murmured.

"I shouldn't think your worries'd be so bad, Judge. Lark here tells me you're the proprietor of some stills up in the mountains."

"Sh-h-h." Judge Tippett placed a short fat finger across his lips and looked about him like a frightened rabbit. "I tell you, I was thrust into it. Yes, driven to it."

"How?"

"Why because church weddings are on the increase, Mrs. Emily, that's how. A Justice of the Peace can't make a counterfeit penny at marrying any more. Ministers, it appears, are replacing them rapidly." He shook his head. "Yes, Mr. Lark, I was forced into it."

"But don't you find the ABC Stores stiff competition?"

The Judge nodded. "Quite. Quite. Yes, I fear I shall be forced to cogitate upon entering a new trade."

Just then a husky voice asked, "How much are your glads?"

I stood up. It was a young boy and a girl—the girl with the violet eyes. "Why, hello," I said to the girl. "I'm sure glad you came back. You didn't give me a chance to wish you well." I thrust out my hand. "My name's Emily Jansen."

The girl smiled. "Thank you," she said warmly as we shook hands. "I'm Sue Tyson. And this," she looked up at the boy beside her, "is Jim Bossinger." Jim was tall with dark brown hair that fell across his forehead.

"I'm pleased to know you both. And I'd like you to meet my husband, Lark, and Judge Tippett. Lark, Judge Tippett, meet Sue and Jim."

We smiled and said "howdy" all around. And then we stood there smiling at nothing at all. Sue began smoothing her organdy dress as though she were embarrassed, so I asked Jim right quick if he wanted to buy my gladios. He did; but he asked how much they were, first. I let him have the dozen for fifteen cents.

Sue told me they would be her bridal bouquet.

"Now isn't that fate for you?" I said as I wrapped last Thursday's newspaper around the stems to wipe off the water. "It's the only bunch I had today of half white and half pink ones. I'm mighty glad they weren't sold early this morning."

"So am I."

"Going to have a quiet church wedding?" I asked. I hoped they wouldn't think I was too nosey.

"No," Jim said firmly. "We don't want any kind of show at all. We're going to a judge."

"Lark and I did, too." I smiled at them. They brought back memories. "The Judge here married us six years ago last May."

And then Sue and Jim took a new interest in the Judge. Their eyes widened, then narrowed.

Illustration
by Nancy Stockard

They were calculating. Sue looked up at Jim and nodded.

"Does he—I don't suppose—Could he marry us?"

"Judge, what about it?"

The Judge was talking to Lark. He turned his very red face to mine. "What about what, my dear?"

"Do you still have a license to marry folks?"

"That I do. But what good—" And he began again to moan over the increase in church weddings.

I tapped Judge Tippett on the shoulder. He paused, and I told him about Sue and Jim.

The Judge blinked. And then he scratched his ear. "That so?" was all he said.

Finally Judge Tippett cleared his throat. "Ugh-h-h. Ahem!" He squinted his eyes at Sue and Jim as he ran his fingers across his whiskers. Word-for-word I knew that he was going to say: "You two desire to be joined in holy matrimony?"

"Yes," Jim said.

The Judge pounded his fist on the counter. "How do you know?" I smiled to myself. It was the same little act. I remembered the Judge had once said the very same thing to Lark and me; and later he had explained that if the girl blushed and the boy looked offended then that was true love.

Blushes tinted and re-tinted Sue's ears. Jim

set his hat determinedly on his head and opened his mouth to speak.

"Say no more." Judge Tippett raised his hand for silence. "Say no more." He turned to Lark and me and winked. A little boy in blue overalls jigged through the square whistling "Turkey in the Straw." We smiled after him. Judge Tippett chuckled softly.

Jim called us back to the business at hand. "Uh, Judge Tippett, Sir, your office. Where shall we go?"

"Office? Go? Why over the hill there, son. Over the hill."

I turned to Sue and whispered, "He'll take you to the crepe myrtles behind that old house up the street. He marries people under a crepe myrtle every time he gets a chance. Speak up if you don't want to go there."

"Why, I think it would be lovely," she whispered back, enthusiastically.

Judge Tippett led Sue and Jim over the hill. Lark stayed to help me carry the glass cases and pails and stool to the truck to lock them up. Then we hurried up the hill. They were already standing under the crepe myrtle.

"Now Mrs. Emily and Mr. Lark, if you will kindly place yourselves in the shade of that oak yonder, we shall proceed."

Suddenly everything was as still as sleeping June bugs. Here in the backyard of this deserted old house it was cool. The grass was high; but I did not mind because it helped to keep the sun off my feet. In a low vibrant voice Judge Tippett began the ceremony.

I tried to listen to what he said. But my mind kept wandering. I wondered if Sue and Jim were going to get along as well as Lark and me have so far. A bee zummed over my head and swung lazily into the crepe myrtles. I looked across the yard, down over the little hill, and into the market square. A boy was carrying a silver pail. He began to swing it, and the bucket flashed sunshine into my eyes.

I turned. Jim was kissing Sue, and Judge Tippett was beaming on them. It was all over. I started to cry; so I ran to Sue and hugged her. Lark was booming out congratulations. And the Judge got frightfully confused and shouted, "Many happy returns of the day."

And then Jim drew the Judge aside. Lark and I talked to Sue. But I could not help noticing that something was a little wrong. Judge Tippett was stroking his whiskers—a sign that all was not well. I watched him as he slowly scratched his head. He was frowning. Suddenly he looked up. He said something; Jim answered him. And then I saw him smile. Jim smiled back. The Judge patted Jim on the shoulder and led him to Sue.

Together we all left the yard.

On the walk, Sue turned to me. "Thank you, Mrs. Jansen. For everything."

"Why, my stars, Sue, I didn't do anything."

"Oh, but you did. My goodness, you baked my wedding cake, raised my bridal bouquet, and introduced us to the Judge."

"Yes ma'm. You introduced us to the Judge," Jim added.

Umn-mn. That look on his face—it meant something. I let it pass and asked, "Where are you going to stay now?"

"We have a new farm across the river. It's just a mile down the Brunswick road. Do come over to see us."

"We'd be mighty glad to have you," Jim said.

"Why, thank you. That's mighty neighborly of you. Lark and I have a place in Castle Hayne." I turned to Sue. "It's a little white bungalow with blue shutters. You can't miss it because we're the only ones that have blue shutters. Come over any time."

"We sure will, Mrs Jansen." Then they said good-bye and hurried down the hill. At the bottom they turned to wave. We waved back.

The Judge sighed. I sighed. And Lark said, "Guess we'd better be getting home, honiest."

I nodded. "Won't you come home with us for supper, Judge Tippett?"

"To supper, my dear? I do believe I shall stay with you for quite a while." Judge Tippett put a hand on each of our shoulders; and we began to walk down the hill. "That is if you two care to engage in the poultry business with me."

Lark and I waited.

"I just united those young loves in holy matrimony for a hen and one dozen eggs," the Judge said.

"A hen and one dozen eggs!" Lark and I gasped.

"The boy expended his last penny for the ring. So he proposed to bring me a hen in payment, Friday."

"I see. The hen is the poultry business?" I said.

The Judge nodded. "If you will remember, Mrs. Emily, I said I should like to enter a new trade since my stills are failing. Besides, chicks can be hatched in a week. Can't they?"

I could see the Judge was going to need a few pointers. But this was not the time to discourage him from abandoning his stills. "What of the dozen eggs?" I said.

"Dozen eggs? Oh, well, you see, my dear, the young loves told me of another couple near here who want to get married next Tuesday." Judge Tippett paused. "They can pay cash."

"Umn-hmn-n," I said.

"Therefore, I suggested that with the cash I would purchase a little—" The Judge's voice lowered as he looked at my face. "A little—ah —Four Roses at the renowned American Business College, which is — ah — bankrupting my stills."

"So?" Lark and I thought we knew what was coming.

"So, I invited the young loves to a post wedding reception and—a little egg-nog," Judge Tippett said.

"Humph!" I said.

"Well, it's agin' our principles," Lark said sternly to the Judge; "but—."

And then Lark and I gave Judge Tippett a wink.

"This once," I said. "And then it's strictly poultry business."

Judge Tippett nodded and chuckled softly.

Stencil
by Pat Patton

Archibald MacLeish

By Betty Perry

Something, one feels, is pushing up through the crust of custom. One does not know what—some new conception of humanity and its place on the earth. I believe that it is, in its essence, good; but because we are blind we cannot see it, and because we are slow to change it must force its way through the heavy crust violently—in eruption. Some of these eruptions take unrecognizable and terrible forms.

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh
—WAVE OF THE FUTURE

THE man stands tall, his sensitive hands clasped, his feet firm placed, and his long head held high. He stands free, stands as though searching from the shoulders of the chaotic past for sight of a strong-built, beautiful world of tomorrow. He is dark-haired, dark-eyed, and square-chinned. Quiet though he is this moment, one can yet see that which is dynamic in him. His hands are creative. Only now are they still, restlessly still, awkwardly still. This man is a poet. He molds the clay of words that, through the figures he fashions, what he sees may be seen. His name is Archibald MacLeish.

Archibald MacLeish is a poet who is living and writing today. He belongs to this era; his poetry belongs to this era, to the school of poetry of which T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound are patron saints. But he does not agree with them that poetry is an end in itself or that a poet must be of the Latin Quarter type. He is distinctly bourgeois. He was reared in a well-to-do family, the son of a Scotch merchant and a Conecticut clergyman's daughter. He married the woman he loved and has several unspectacular and legitimate children. He has an engaging sense of humor that endears him to all who know him. He has held a variety of jobs as, for example, the editorship of FORTUNE, which he handled well. He has not let an "artistic temperament" come between him and living; but rather, he is as efficient and energetic and exacting of himself as of his subordinates. Because of his methodicalness and dispatch, because of his vision and leadership, all that he has undertaken to do has been done. He works hard and thoroughly. He is demonstrating that a poet need not live an idyllic existence and write merely of beauty and love. Nor does he have an ivory tower from which to observe life. His present job as Librarian of Congress proves that clearly. "Art," by MacLeish's definition, "is an organization of experience in terms of experience, the purpose of which is experience." His poetry is part of that experience. In poetry he expresses his views on matters of social significance. His poetry is but a thread in the tapestry of life, useful for clarification of issues, a means of expressing those things that are in his heart regarding the world in which he lives, and enduring in so far as they express the common experience.

Though he is principally significant in his poetry, he is making history in the world of librarians too. When President Roosevelt appointed him as the Librarian of Congress in 1939, every librarian gasped. This was an unforgiveable affront! What was to become of their professional pride? What would be said of their required training when into the most important position of the most important library, at present, in the world, was put an utterly untrained man? They said: "It is a highly professional job. He must manage a large staff of men, some eight hundred and fifty. He alone will specify their training, judge their work, promote them, discharge them. He will guide the expenditure of three million dollars annually. He will supervise the aid rendered by the library to all people in this land: to scholars, to the blind, to universities, to ordinary citizens who want to use a book that is unobtainable in their own neighborhood. An untrained man!" The years they had spent training for their jobs! But he went into the position anyway. And the librarians did not like it. They did not like it at all.

At a meeting in Washington this man, this Archibald MacLeish, called them together and spoke to them, spoke from the dignity of the highest position, one untrained, to librarians from small libraries and librarians from large libraries, all of them trained. But he gave them a vision. He reached out to them and gave them a light that changed them from quiet people in quiet places, living drab lives, checking out and checking in books, charging for books overdue. They were keepers of a word! They were keepers of the knowledge that men have accumulated laboriously, with pain, through century after century. They were guardians of a word

Tempera Panel
by Barbara Johnson

that forces in Europe would extinguish. And today, in 1941, if you speak the name of Archibald MacLeish to a librarian who attended that meeting in Washington two years ago, you will see a light on that librarian's face and know that in Archibald MacLeish is more than a man. So is the power of this man's sincerity and vision that it can light the way for others to follow, though he did not speak of things to be had for nothing, but rather of hard work to be done.

But it is his poetry that matters. He was born in Glencoe, Illinois, forty-nine years ago. After attending the public grammar school there, he attended the Hotchkiss School in Connecticut, previous to going to Yale, from which he graduated in 1915 with his A.B. degree. There he was a good athlete, edited the LITERARY MAGAZINE, and made Phi Beta Kappa. After the First World War, from which he was discharged with the rank of captain, he went to Harvard and received his LL.B. and began to practice law. He had fair practice; he could have continued in law. But it was poetry that called him. In 1923 he did what many men have wished they had the courage to do; he abandoned his practice and went abroad, with his wife and two children, to wander around the Mediterranean, to spend five months in Persia, and finally to settle down to winters in Paris, alternated with summers at their home in Farmington, Connecticut. Paris was what he needed then. Eliot and Pound were there. And he was reading their poetry, devouring it, while he also steeped himself in the French poets, particularly Valéry and Rimbaud. There was in Paris a stimulus to the writer's imagination. There was reality in this dream city that so emphasized color and that was so vividly and eternally and passionately alive. In Connecticut he spent the summers close to the soil, haying summer afternoons with the bright sun hot on his back and the sweat glistening. And he wrote poetry.

If a man is a poet, he is nothing except as he is in his poetry. Or, if he is a man with vision and conviction, he is nothing except as he is convinced, or except as he convinces others. And if he is a poet and a man of vision and conviction, as Archibald MacLeish is, he is nothing except as his vision and conviction are in his poetry. And his personality is significant only as it has affected the timbre of his poetry and the tenor of his own conviction.

MacLeish's mother was of a people that was deeply attuned to human emotion, even though that sensitivity did border on insanity. His father was of a people that believed in action when there was need. So MacLeish has sympathy for men's necessity and a drive to assuage it. He grew up without having to struggle for a living, grew up easily, but he grew up sensitively, and life was through him like white light. He is of our times. He has health and the gladness that comes of it. He likes the feel of his own strength, whether he is working in a field or whether he is diving with the water dividing and rushing up the length of him. MacLeish is of this age with its sensual love of life, its fascination with life's colors and life's vigor. And all this is in his poetry. But these sensitivities are not the only things which have affected his view of life and his personality. There is something else in his poetry.

There was a World War. It turned the white light that had been beauty beyond expression in the souls of sensitive men to a searching cold light from which nothing was hidden. Life was ugly, ugly, ugly. Poets laughed, from the depths of the raw, gaping wounds that were such pain in their souls, that anyone should ever again see beauty in life. They laughed with hurt. They laughed derisively that men should be such puny little things, slave to the metallic machine and its maddening monotony. They told of men who had neither bread nor a roof nor a shirt. They told of an age that no longer knew from whence it had come or where it stood or where it wanted to go. They wrote discordantly and disconnectedly to express what was in their hearts. This was the age that tried free love and communism. This was the age that bred totalitarianism and a World War number two. MacLeish sang of these times. For instance, in the "End of the World", which is a sonnet in which the world is depicted as a circus in full swing when:

> "Quite unexpectedly the top blew off:
> And there, there overhead, there, there, hung over
> Those thousands of white faces, those dazed eyes,
> There in the starless dark, the poise, the hover,
> There with vast wings across the canceled skies,
> There in the sudden blackness, the black pall
> Of nothing, nothing—nothing at all."

OUR OWN PATSY GARRETT
out in front with Chesterfields
and Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians

Sure an' the Big Parade's to Chesterfield

... for Chesterfields are made for smokers like yourself, with the three important things you want in a cigarette... *MILDNESS, BETTER TASTE* and *COOLER SMOKING.* Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos has so many things a smoker likes... *that Chesterfield is just naturally called the smoker's cigarette.*

They Satisfy

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In this poem he has caught that sterility of spirit that comes when a man has been through such a tremendous emotional experience that he can no longer react to it; he has caught that terrible barrenness in a man that must stifle any creative urge and any desire for accomplishment in work. Besides this negativism that MacLeish had expressed so well as a result of his experience in the war, MacLeish had been preoccupied, as a result of that same war, with the question of death. He has questioned death, questioned it as to whether in it there will be the answering of questions that are unvoiced in men's hearts concerning the meaning of this brief life on earth and the possibility of an eternal life:

> "Do you think
> Death is an answer then?
> Ah, to the How, the When,
> Ah, to the hardest word."

Again:

> "O, I have the sense of infinity—
> But the world, sailors, is round.
> They say there is no end to it."

Take the first and last verses of "L'An Tentiesme de Mon Eage":

> "And I have come upon this place
> By lost ways, by a nod, by words,
> By faces, by an old man's face
> At Morlaix, lifted to the birds,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> By words, by voices, a lost way—
> And here above the chimney stack
> The unknown constellations sway—
> And by what way shall I go back?"

Another of the themes MacLeish is concerned with is the flux of existence, as exemplified in "You, Andrew Marvel":

> "And here face down beneath the sun
> And here upon earth's noonward
> height
> To feel the always coming on
> The always rising of the night.
> To feel creep up the curving east
> The earthy chill of dusk and slow
> Upon those underlands the vast
> And ever-climbing shadow grow . . ."

The examples that have been given thus far are all from short poems. But MacLeish has written many long poems and he has written radio-dramas. The radio-dramas have been of interest chiefly in view of the fact that they are more or less experimental and concerned with a theory. He seems to feel a particular fitness in poetry to drama for the radio:

> "The first fact which every one knows is that radio is a mechanism which carries to an audience sounds and nothing but sounds. A radio play consists of words and word equivalents and nothing else. There is no visible actor disguised to assume a part. There is no stage-set contrived to resemble a place. There is only the spoken word—an implement which poets have always claimed to use with a special authority. There is only the word excited imagination—a theatre in which poets have always claimed peculiar rights to play. Nothing exists save as the word creates it. The word dresses the stage. The word brings on the the actors. The word supplies their look, their clothes, their gestures.

One is reminded of Shakespeare's picturesque poetry that set the stage and the times so vividly that his tragedies and comedies are even now unadapted to the motion picture medium with its elaborate scenery.

The most important of Archibald MacLeish's long poems, and the one for which he won the Pulitzer Prize in 1932, is CONQUISTADOR. CONQUISTADOR is an epic poem on the conquest of Mexico by Cortez. In his own language he makes the march of Cortez and his men live again. He should make it live; for, in order to get the proper sympathy with his subject, he made the trip himself by that outmoded beast-of-burden, a pack-mule. But the story is not the remarkable part of the poem. It is the language that is outstanding. For a long time the verse form, a terza-rima, has been viewed skeptically by poets who were writing in English. Yet Archibald MacLeish used it in this poem. Terza-rima has a three-line stanza in which the first and last lines rhyme and the second one cues the rhyme for the first and last of the next stanza. It can be understood, then, how unified an effect could thus be gained. With this unusual rhyme scheme, he has combined his unusual diction. T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, Archibald MacLeish's intellectual forbears, have a remarkable erudition, particularly in mythological subjects, which lends obscurity to their poetry. Archibald MacLeish is an imagist too; but he refrains, on the whole, from referring to things of the far-away and long ago. His language is essentially simple and direct with a love for the common man, a love for the earth under him, a sympathy with the reality of soil rubbing in a man's palm, and a feeling for the basic

necessities of life: food, shelter, clothing, and the perpetuation of the race. With this simplicity there is a sensuousness towards life, a feeling for the seeing and hearing and touching of objects. He has concrete diction, a sense of detail, and an unusual way of saying things. Take this verse from the preface of CONQUISTADOR:

> "Graves in the wild earth: in the Godless sand:
> None know the place of their bones: as for mine
>
> "Strangers will dig my grave in a stony land:"

"The wild Earth," "Godless sand," — certainly these are examples of unusual diction. There is a firmness in his use of words such as "earth", "place," and "land". An example of his sense of detail might be taken also from "Tourist Death," a poem in the collection titled NEW FOUND LAND:

> "Do you ask to descend
> At dawning in a new world with wet on the pavements
> And a yawning cat and the fresh odor of dew
> And red geraniums under station windows
> And doors wide and brooms and sheets on the railing
> And a whistling boy and the sun like shellac on the street."

Also in CONQUISTADOR he makes use of his gift for alliteration and repetition.

More recently he has written other long poems. They are not as perfect in their execution as is CONQUISTADOR but they are inflamed with a sincerity of belief that makes them inspiring to read. In LAND OF THE FREE we have a poem that is unique in that its illustrations are an integral part of the poem. It is concerned with the enigma in this country:

> "We don't know
> We aren't sure
> For a hundred and fifty years we've been telling ourselves
> We cut our bark in the back of the big tree—
> 'We hold these truths to be self-evident:
> that all men are created equal;
> that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights;
> that among them are life, liberty . . . '
> We told ourselves we had liberty
> We told ourselves
> The proposition was self-evident
> . . . .
> Now we don't know."

The lines of the poem are simple, like the people whose pictures illustrate the book. These people are share-croppers, tenant farmers, Okies. They are not doing anything, most of them, just looking. They have old clothes, what clothes they have. There are pictures of men, sitting, not doing anything but sitting, the sort of men one sees often on street corners or general store steps. There are pictures of women with babies. And there are pictures of the lands of our country. They are vast and there is a smell of freedom about them even in the pictures. There are pictures of high mountains and wide lakes and tall trees and deep grass, and mean, soil-eroded land. There are pictures of men, men with wives and children, and no place to go. There are pictures of fires and floods, and pictures of graveyards. But mostly the pictures are just about men, men with wives and children, men with no place to go, no worlds to conquer, nothing to do. MacLeish was questioning our freedom when there exists an economic insecurity, and we are not all free.

But in AMERICA WAS PROMISES he has found that there is something here.

> "Listen! Brothers! Generations!
> Companions of leaves: of the sun: of the slow evenings:
> Companions of the many days: of all of them:
> Listen: Believe the speaking dead! Believe
> The journey is our journey. O believe
> The signals were to us: the signs: the birds by.
> Night: the breaking surf
> Believe
> America is promises to
> Take!
> America is promises to
> Us
> To take them
> Brutally
> With love but
> Take them.
>
> O believe this!"

MacLeish belongs to our times; his poetry belongs to our times. And out of our times is coming something. We do not know what. It

is coming in every phase in our lives, with political upheaval and by a road of pain; it is coming too in a poetry that strives to break all the rules. As the new forms of poetry have been evolved they have been scorned for their obscurity. And the modern music has been thought a jumble of noise. But in them there has been this something. In this poetry there is a strength. It is the strength of life renewed. It is a strength of returning to the fundamental things. It is coming in a flood of mud, this thing, but the gold is there. For life is eternal. Life knows no end. Life regenerates itself. We are fumbling, poet and common men together, making many mistakes. The poet, even as others, as he throws out his rules has made the mistake of throwing away some of the good with the bad. But we shall go back for the good. We shall find the way to follow. Because it is born with travail this new way of life shall not have the less of hope and beauty and vitality. And the way shall not be the less clean and shining. In MacLeish are some of the essences of this thing that is to come. In him is a feeling for this new way of life and a feeling for this undefinable thing that is to come. It is in the concrete beauty of his poetry, in its strength and in its vitality.

TRANSITION

And you, too, John Donne, watched that whirring wheel
Grind out sparks that burned away
The last remnants of dark Helen's robe,
And flashed too bright around the cross,
That receded, shaking, from your searching eyes.

And you, too, saw Elizabeth lying dead.
Dark the Mermaid Tavern, and you alone,
The shifting age concentrate in one grinding wheel.

Was the body separate from the soul in love?
Was the body separate from the soul in death?
Was there a body and a soul—in life?

You pondered you; love, death, the receding cross.
And alone you stood while the flying sparks
Set fire your world, leaving you
Standing in the wastelands . . . . . . alone.

MARGARET COIT

LITHOGRAPH
by Leslie Harvey

Earth Unde

By Rut

THE sun had risen when I awoke. It was shining in my eyes. For a moment I could not remember just where I was. The sun never used to shine in my eyes in the mornings. The big patch of pink roses in the middle of the carpet was not familiar, but the white porcelain pitcher on the wash stand was the same one I had used for fifteen years. And then I remembered. A dull, familiar ache spread from my chest up to my throat. Vance was gone.

I stretched out my leg and felt along the foot of the bed. My toes touched the cool rubber bottle. The water in it gurgled when I punched in on the side.

I lay still for a moment. The pulse in my throat throbbed like a heart beat. Vance was gone. Just six weeks ago today I had seen him last. He had stopped to pinch a dead leaf off of my geranium plant in the kitchen window. "Trying to strut its stuff this year, ain't it?" he had remarked to me, touching the red flower with his finger. I'd said yes, it was. He'd gone on out to the truck and shouted back to me that he was bringing home some new peach and plum trees to set out in the pasture. I had gone to the door to answer him. Vance just couldn't get enough of the farm. He acted right silly over it sometimes—that is before he started going with the Newtons.

I'd been making the bed that same morning when two of the men from the store brought me the news.

"They broke through the factory gates?" I'd questioned; "Twenty workers killed? But I don't understand." I caught hold of the sofa.

"Yes," Johnson answered, "Old Newton's a tricky cuss, planning his break and letting Vance take the blame for the dirty work. He just couldn't stand to see men work in peace. He made Vance think he was God Almighty, I guess." He spat at the stove.

The other man, a short fellow with red stubby hair, had looked at me then. "I don't guess Vance knowed what he was gettin' into, listening to Newton and his kind." His face turned brick red. "Damn dirty trouble makers," he'd added, twisting his greasy cap around in his fingers. "They even threatened to burn us out at the store if we didn't join up with 'em. I guess we handed them a dose of their own medicine, but Vance was took in."

I'd looked up at him then. "Vance ain't never been no trouble-maker. He done his work at the store and then came home. He didn't know nothing about no labor troubles in town."

"You mean he didn't before he got mixed up with Newton," Johnson answered. They had left me then.

I turned my head on the pillow. I didn't see Vance after that, not even after the trial. I didn't want to see him. Fifteen years his sentence was, and six weeks of it behind him.

I sat up. The sun was high over the barn. I could hear the biddies cheeping. I got on my shoes and went out to the other bedroom to dress. Since Vance was gone I'd slept in the company room. Seemed like I couldn't stand to see his things around me all the time. I decided to get them all together and stack them away in the attic until Vance could use them again—if he ever could. They say you go to skin and bones shut up like that. No earth under your feet, no stars over your head. That wasn't Vance's life. Vance belonged to the farm—to me and the farm. I wished suddenly that I'd gone to see him. "Maybe I'll go some day," I said to myself, "before he changes too much." "But maybe he doesn't want to see me," I thought as I finished dressing. I stood still. I won't think that," I promised myself. "I'm his wife; of course he wants to see me."

I went out to the back porch and unhooked the screen door. The sun was up full. It was red and looked like it might be warm. I mixed up some corn meal with water, got my sack of chicken feed from the pantry, and went out toward the barn. Old Shep started barking when he heard me coming. I let him out of the pen. He jumped all around me 'till we got to the barn. The chickens were hungry. Even the old short-tailed rooster lost his dignity and poked his head under a white pullet's wing to get to the trough. I carried them water, and went on up to the house. I sat down on the door steps to rest a minute. Carrying heavy buckets always tired me out. Vance used to do that for me.

When the sun got hot on my back I got up and fixed my breakfast. But I didn't eat all I fixed. I called to Shep. He came bouncing up the steps, and I threw the cold egg down on his dish. He gobbled it up at one gulp. Collies ain't particular.

'our Feet

effner

I stood at the sink and looked out across. The grass had grown up high during the last six weeks. I decided to mow it. That would keep me busy for awhile. When I was doing something I didn't get so lonesome and I couldn't think so clear. I went to the closet and got down my old brown bonnet. Vance's gray suit was hanging there next to my black broadcloth coat. I shut the door and walked out to the yard.

For more than two hours I mowed in the yard. My back was wet with sweat and my hair was sticking to my head when I got around to pulling the crab grass out of the side borders. I had almost finished when I heard a sound behind me. I turned around. Mrs. Keener, my nearest neighbor, was coming around the house. She was the first person that had come to see me. I stood up.

"Good morning," she said. "I see you're busy."

"Yes," I replied, "I'm weeding out my borders."

"Good job," she answered, and held out some plants to me. "Right time to put out scarlet sage." She smiled. "I brought you a few. Mrs. Newton gave them to me just before—" She bit her lip, looked at me, and stopped.

I dropped the plants at her feet, turned, and stumbled into the kitchen. My face was burning. She dared to bring me plants from Mrs. Newton! I buried my face in my skirt. Low-down dirty drunkard, I thought. She dared to bring me flowers from her yard. I choked.

I went to the window and looked out. Mrs. Keener was walking down the middle of the road. The red dust rose up in waves about her legs. I picked up my bonnet and went back to the yard.

It was almost dark that afternoon when I finished my milking and feeding. The air was cooler when I shut up Shep and went up toward the porch. I shivered. One star was shining over my head. I stood still and watched it. It floated around a little and stopped. And suddenly I remembered another star like that. That night Vance had asked me to marry him. We had been riding out on the old Providence road. Vance had stopped the car, and we got out. We sat on an old crooked limb. It was just about dark, but I could see Vance smile a little. "I ain't got nothing but an old farm, Lillie," he'd said to me, "but I'd shore be proud if you'd half it with me."

I had laughed then. "Well, seeing as how I don't have even an old farm," I had replied, "I guess I'll take you up on that offer."

Vance had grinned and kissed me then. Ever since that night he always told folks I married him because I couldn't get his farm any other way. But he knew better. What I never told him—or anyone—was how I really felt when I said yes to him.

I sighed and started in the door. Vance and me used to sit on the front steps and watch the stars. He always said they looked like little balls of gold tinsel. I wondered if he could see them now.

I was just about to get down a glass for some warm milk when I heard a car stop at the front gate. I went through the house, cut on the light in the front room, and unhooked the screen. Old Doc Klutz jumped out of his Ford and came to the porch. He was talking fast. "Can you help me some?" he'd asked me. "Woman down the road fell on a crock. Bad cut—Got to take arm off. Nobody else to help me." He was panting for breath.

I turned and got my coat. "Who is it?" I asked, coming down the steps to meet him.

He looked up at me. "Mrs. Newton," he said.

I turned around and went back up the steps. I felt myself go cold.

"Sorry," I said.

Old Doc came to the screen door. "Please," he'd begged, "You shouldn't feel like this. She couldn't help what her husband did. I've got to operate!"

"Sorry," I said, and closed the door.

I sat down on the couch. My left leg began to ache. "Rheumatism's coming back," I thought. I rubbed the leg. Suddenly I remembered the milk on the kitchen table. I went into the kitchen and began to strain it. Foam splashed on my face. I pulled up my skirt and wiped it off.

It was late when I went to bed that night. I rubbed my leg with liniment and sat down to knit, but I couldn't keep my mind on my wool. Besides, Vance didn't need a new sweater now. "No use feeding the moths for fifteen years," I thought, and was immediately horrified at the thought. I got up and walked around from room to room. Loneliness settled around me like a mist. I kept seeing Vance and hearing him say, "Trying to strut its stuff this year."

I put my hand down on the table for support. My fingers touched felt. I looked down. Vance's hat was lying there. My throat began to throb again. I picked up the hat, went into the bedroom, and began to gather his clothes into one pile. Everything that belonged to him I bundled up together. I stuck them in the closet behind an old suitcase. Then I turned the key in the lock. "Fifteen years! Oh my God," I cried to the bedroom window. Only a cricket answered me.

I cut out the light and got into bed. For awhile I lay there thinking. I tried to figure out why it all happened, but things got muddled up in my mind. I could remember Vance and me eating dinner one day. He told me then to build a fire in the sitting room before night. "Newton's coming over to talk business with me," he'd said, not meeting my eyes.

"Newton!" I'd exclaimed. "Why Vance, he ain't nothing but a trouble-maker. Vance, don't —" He had stopped me with a look. I'd built the fire as he said. Newton came that night and him and Vance had sat up late talking, the door to the sitting room closed. I had pretended to be asleep when Vance came to bed. He didn't mention it the next morning, but he had been cross and moody from then on. I was afraid of him. I couldn't talk to him; I just trusted him. It wasn't Vance's nature to get messed up with a gang like Newton's. Vance belonged to me and the farm—or so I thought. But Vance must of decided different. I didn't have the heart to ask him.

My leg was paining awful bad. I drew it up under me, and after awhile I went to sleep.

It was not until the next morning that I heard about Mrs. Newton. Abe Lineberger stopped by to leave my grocery order and told me about it. "She's took bad, they say," he volunteered to me. "Shame if she died; she's just a kid." Abe was the sympathetic kind.

"A shame," I answered, my voice thick. "It would serve *him* right. Lowdown drunkard, trouble-maker." My hands began to tremble.

Abe looked at me, and began to take the groceries out of his basket.

I sat down on the kitchen stool and picked up a corner of the table cloth. "Serve him right." I thought of Vance and how he couldn't see the stars.

I looked up at Abe. He grinned. "Them Robinson boys got out today," he said. "Got off five years early — good behavior, Judge Parsons ruled."

My heart almost stopped beating.

Abe was poking at the red geranium plant in the window. "Shore has growed," he said. "Been feeding it Vitamin B water?"

I smiled at him. "No," I answered, "but I think I will."

"Good," he said. "I'll bring you up some tablets. One makes four gallons of water. By the way, want some nice fresh berries tomorrow? I'll bring you up some if you do."

"Why yes, thank you," I replied. "I'd like to have some."

He stepped up to the running board, opened the door to the truck, and got in. "Well, goodbye." He waved and backed out the drive.

"Goodbye." I waved back to him. His teeth were white in the sun.

The red dust settled again in thick layers on the road. I stood still a moment, thinking. Maybe Vance could use that sweater I was knitting.

The clock on the table struck ten. I turned quickly. I was late getting my beans on. Vance had always liked green beans. I washed them through three waters and dropped them in on the hot meat. Steam hissed up into my eyes. "Beans fills your stomach and flowers fills your heart," Vance had remarked to me when I teased him about stuffing himself and going right out in the hot sun to hoe the tulips. But Vance was like that.

I went over to the kitchen window and touched a fresh green leaf on my geranium plant. "You are making quite a show of yourself," I thought to myself, and smiled. My knitting needles were lying on the window sill. I picked them up and went into the living room.

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Reviews

THE CITY ON THE HILL, BY MIRIAM SIMS

Miriam Sims, a Georgian by birth and a North Carolinian by adoption, has written in the *City on the Hill* the story that had been for many years foremost in her mind. She writes: "I once talked to a twelve year old boy in a mill village who could tell me more about the candidates and their platforms in a coming election than could any doctor or lawyer of my acquaintance. . . I believe firmly in the good intentions of most educated people but hell is paved with good intentions. Apathy is our curse . . . and . . . is far more dangerous than dishonesty and treachery . . . The things that apply to the average American city, of which I have written, apply equally and far more vitally to America as a nation."

Apathy is the spoke around which *The City On The Hill* revolves. The city is any Southern city—Charlotte, Raleigh, High Point. The central figure is Steve Chandler, irrational young liberal, who meets his stubborn equal in his stodgy, conservative father. Steve and his Father, never on the best of terms, quarrel openly. Steve, as a result, leaves home to fight for his beliefs. As city solicitor and later as judge, he is brought into violent contact with all the evil, all the violence of both the higher officials and the city itself. He becomes acquainted with the merciless greed and the lust for power which is masked under official protection. In spite of public denunciation by his father, Steve carries on his fight against the corruption that he finds on all sides of him. His private life is a constant struggle to appeal to the only members of his family whom he cares about, to evade the designs of a spoiled young heiress, and to remain true to the girl he loves. It is this girl, his secretary, who restores his faith in life, and who, through her devotion to all that he stands for, keeps him calm in his world of strife.

In the end Steve reaches a semi-solution to his problems, and effects a reconciliation with his father. He evolves a philosophy which embraces all political problems of today. The discovery of this philosophy alone would make the novel worth reading.

The City On The Hill is not a masterful production; the writing in some spots could not be called good. It is, however, a gripping story and a timely example of the depths to which politicians have sunk in some of our most democratic Southern cities.

RUTH HEFFNER

Needed, A Magazine!

THE United States needs a new magazine, a magazine to print good fiction. There is, of course, much good fiction being published today. But the magazines in which it appears have limited circulations. The late Edward O'Brien, who published annually an anthology of the best fiction of the year, chose most of his stories from four magazines: *The Southern Review, Esquire, Harper's Bazaar,* and *Story.*

Probably the best fiction in America today appears in the cultural *Southern Review.* But this magazine, published only for literary, not financial, reward, has a circulation, among private citizens, of less than a hundred people south of the Mason-Dixon line.

The circulation of *Esquire* is limited chiefly to men, *Harper's Bazaar* to women. The prices of both magazines make them available to only the highest income groups. The stories in *Esquire* are varied; but the majority of fiction in *Harper's Bazaar,* good as it is, would be interesting only to sophisticated city residents.

Story Magazine is doing an unique and important work in bringing out the serious writing of new authors. The fiction in *Story* is artistic, written not to entertain, but to reveal new aspects of life and new techniques in writing. Unfortunately, *Story* cannot purchase well known writers whose prices are high. *Story* introduced Saroyan, but he seldom publishes there now.

The *Yale* and *Virginia Quarterly Reviews,* with larger circulations than the *Southern Review,* suffer from the same handicap. The traditional old *North American Review* expired six months ago. *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Harpers* print one or two excellent stories a month, written in the old techniques. *The American Mercury* and *The New Republic* occasionally print new and radical pieces of fiction, and although big names are bought, they are not absolutely necessary.

The popular "slicks," with all their hundreds of chain store stories, occasionally print good fiction, in their eagerness for the big names which they want to buy. But a story, written with all the brilliance and originality of Faulkner's work, would find no place in the "slicks" if the name was unknown.

America needs a revival or rebirth of the old *Scribner's* Magazine that in its best days printed great fiction, and circulated it to a broad audience. *Scribner's* succeeded because of the variety of its material. It contained stories for the New Yorker, the Southerner, Westerner or New Englander alike—for anyone who appreciated good fiction.

A typical issue of *Scribner's* would sometimes contain Ernest Hemingway, Erskine Caldwell, William Saroyan, and Caroline Gordon, all in one month; and the next copy might include Sherwood Anderson, Allen Tate, John Steinbeck, Jesse Stuart, and Mary Ellen Chase. *Scribner's* never turned down good fiction, even if the author was utterly unknown. In 1929 it printed the first published work of a young Southern college professor in the North. The name of the story was "The Angel on the Porch," and the name of the new author was Thomas Wolfe.

The writers today who are producing the serious novels and short story collections, who do not belong to the group of "slick" writers like Kenneth Roberts, Clifford Dowdey and Booth Tarkington, are, in short fiction at least, finding it difficult to make a living. When Ernest Hemingway publishes a story in *Cosmopolitan* he must tone down his style, and if Robert Penn Warren or Andrew Lytle wish to do something really good, the results linger in the beautiful and unread pages of *The Southern Review.*

The old *Scribner's* filled a need. That need is present today more than ever. Why did a good magazine die? Why does it not rise again?

It could not possibly be that the American public does not appreciate good fiction.

The Sun Isn't Shining Anymore

By Margaret Coit

IN the dark I woke up, and heard the rain ringing against the tin roof. I rooted my face deep in the pillow and held tight and cried, and knew that we couldn't go to Spartanville in the morning. Then it was dark again and I heard the scrape of the barn door, and Pa shouting to Old Moll and moved my hand and felt a warm ribbon fall across my fingers. I looked up and it was morning and the sun was streaked across the bed.

We got started at seven. I had my shoes on and my clean overalls. Pa was wearing his coat and trousers and his black hat. The back of the wagon was empty except for the big straw basket the Cherokee woman had made for Ma. On the top it humped up to the handle and was covered with a bleached piece of flour sacking. Our dinner was inside.

Everything was wet and bright and clean. The roof of the house looked like the ice down to the lake last winter with the sun shining across it. The corn blades glittered like Pa's rifle that he rubs off at night and polishes and holds still against the firelight. Up the center of each blade was a red streak, like blood. The road was red too, redder than it is before a rain, and wet. We drove slowly. Pa didn't look at me. He rested his head on his chest and chewed tobacco. Once he hit a fly off Moll's ear.

It was all just the same as it had been before, the same bright kind of day, the same road, the same black-green pine over across the cornfield, standing alone up on the hill, reaching up into the sky. I wondered if the preacher would be the same.

I got saved last year. I got saved for God. The preacher, he saved me. His name's Reverend Ben Blease and he's from down South Carolina. He's got black eyes, sharp as the teeth of Pa's hound-dawg, and hair so light yellow it's almost white. It looked white up on that platform with the sun shining down from the little window over his head. It looked white against the dark walls of the old warehouse. He shook it and it fell over his forehead, almost to his eyes. He had stretched forward his hand and pointed his finger out at me, out at all of us.

"Brethren and Sisters," he said, "Come back to Jesus. Victory is writ for Jesus. The day of Jesus is at hand." He stretched his arms out wide. "The victory of Jesus is writ in the stars," he said. "Hallelujah!"

"Yay-men," we said.

Then he took up a collection for the missionaries.

He got back on the platform. He crossed his arms on his chest and doubled his fists under his chin.

"It's never too late for the sinner to return to the arms of God. The door is open for the lost sheep. Believe on the Lord Jesus——"

"Yaymen."

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and ye shall be saved." He held his arms straight out in front of him. "Believe in the Lord Jesus; have faith in faith. If ye have faith in Him, through Him shall ye be saved."

The preacher said we should believe and have faith and that was funny because before I'd gotten saved the science teacher back in school had said you must never believe anything till it's been proved. You must always question what folks tell you; you mustn't have faith. The preacher said you should have faith, and I must have had it, because I got saved.

"I got saved," the preacher said. "I got saved on a lady's front lawn." He had lifted his head and the sunlight had struck his eyes like fire against coal.

A lady's front lawn. Front lawns were like green carpets in front of your house, and some of the houses in Spartanville had them. There was a lawn all framed round with flowers running up to the porch of the big yellow house with the tower on Lee Street in Spartanville. I reckon that was a lady's front lawn.

The tobacco grew right up to our door. We had no front lawn. It grew close now to the side of the road and I could smell it hot and wet in the sun. The revival had been in the tobacco warehouse. I'd gone in with Pa through the wide doors that slid like the doors on our barn. The long, narrow room was lined with benches in straight rows like the furrows in the cornfield. Behind the benches in the corner was a pile of tobacco rollers, and on top of them a whole heap of big, flat baskets with the ends all curled up. There was a platform up front, and the folks singing in a horseshoe around it, and a piano to one side. But it was still a tobacco

warehouse. The walls and floor and benches were brown as leaves in November, and the air was warm and bitter and alive and tingled in your nose.

Pa and I sat down in the middle. An old man, with the ends of his moustache dipped in yellow wiggled along the bench. He pulled his eyes into tight bunches of lines and whispered: "You been saved, brothers?"

I shook my head.

"You must go up to the mourner's bench, brothers. You must go up to the mourner's bench."

So I'd gone up front to the mourner's bench, and sat down on the end. There was a little girl sitting next to me with long yellow hair hanging down her back. She had high-laced shoes on. There was an old woman wearing a blue sun bonnet next to her, and the skin on her neck shook like jelly when she lifted and bowed her head. Beside her was a young man, green suspenders crossed on his back, black hair hanging in straight, short pieces down his forehead. The roof was covered with skylights and there was one in front of us. The sunlight fell to the floor like a great tunnel. The light was pale and slow and bits of dust floated through it. I had put my hand in front of me and pushed into the tunnel, but when I drew it back the dust was still there.

It was not dusty outdoors. It was clear and clean and fresh-washed like today. I looked up now and around. I saw a log cabin without any windows, but two rows of geraniums in tin cans led up to the door. Smoke was lifting from the chimney, but I didn't smell it. I smelled the smoke from the yard. There was a fire there with a black pot on it, and a negro woman bending over the pot stirring with a long spoon. She had on a bright red dress and it was way up in back showing her bare fat legs.

There were no corn fields on the other side of the road. There were two green hills fading into each other, and a stream running between them, a stream so clear it was almost blue. A row of willows threw long purple shadows over the water. I wondered how the devil could live in a world like this.

But there was a devil. The preacher had said so. I could hear him now: "The devil is fightin' us hard, Brethren. We must overcome him." He shouted: "We must all become overcomers and make the old devil run like a rabbit."

I had folded my arms around my knees and held tight. The little girl with the long hair began to shake. She began to roll from side to side. She rolled forward, almost to the floor, and backwards, nearly off the bench. The old woman's neck was shaking. The young man leaned forward, his hands resting on his knees. He was quiet like me.

The choir got up and sang a hymn. I didn't look at them. I watched the preacher. He stood still, his face lifted into the sunlight.

He had stepped off the platform and walked forward. "Come up and be saved, brethren and sisters," he shouted. "Confess your sins unto the Almighty. Confess unto the Lord Jesus Christ, and he will make this fair land another Garden of Eden."

The little girl was sobbing and tearing at the preacher's hand. The old woman was whimpering and pulling his hand onto her chest. There was a rush around me like wind blowing through the corn rows. Then I felt the preacher's hand, hard as the seat of the wagon, hot like he had fever.

"The right hand of fellowship in Christ," he had said.

I was standing there, shaking in my legs, heavy in my chest, when I saw the young man in green suspenders. He walked up to the platform. He walked slowly. He held his head high. He looked into the preacher's eyes, and his own were the same, black coals touched with fire . . . He held out his arm.

It was over. We were saved.

"Gettin' into town, son," Pa said.

We were going between two rows of grey shacks. I could see the lines of green mold on the walls inside and an iron headboard near an open door. Two negro children ran across the street. The little girl slipped and fell into the ditch. She fell on her face in the yellow mud with her arms stretched out in front of her like she was swimming. I could hear her crying as we drove up the street, and I could hear the creak of a swing from one of the porches.

Ahead was the Confederate statue. It stood in the center of the square, the soldier leaning on his gun. He looked tired. Pa said he got tired out whipping the Yankees. Way back of him, a little brown triangle against the sky, was the roof of the tobacco house, and I wondered if the preacher had come yet and how soon I'd see him.

We drew up in front of the Court House. Pa

turned to me. "Take Moll down to the stable, son. I'll be with you in a few minutes."

He went slowly up four steps and along the walk. He stopped at the steps of the Court House and spoke to a man in overalls who was sitting at the bottom with his knees drawn up to his chin. The courthouse was shady. Court wasn't in session, and only one man was on the porch. I could see that his hair was long, and so was his coat. He put his hand on Pa's shoulder as Pa came up the steps and handed him a cigar. Pa and he stood together between the two middle pillars, talking.

I unharnessed Moll and led her down the street. I walked carefully, trying to keep the clay off my shoes. Moll smelled warm and heavy and damp like a fresh plowed field. In front of the drug-store was a glass case full of pop-corn. I could smell the dry salty warmth of it.

The public stable was beside the newspaper office. It was a row of stalls, roofed over and open all along the front. The floor slanted down. It was just bare clay, and in each stall were four rough holes where the horses and mules' feet had kicked the dirt up. The rain had flooded the floor of the stable and the holes were full of water.

I hated for Moll to get so wet. I unfastened her harness and stood beside her, patting her side for a moment. The presses in the newspaper office were roaring and I could smell something hot and raw. It came from the next stall.

I walked in. A man was lying on the floor, his eyes shut, his hand sunk into one of the pools. His head was on his arm and his hair was hanging into the water. His face was lying against the brown water of the pool and he was blowing little bubbles as he breathed. The suspenders crossed on his back were bright green.

The sun wasn't shining anymore. It was like someone had thrown a blanket over the day outside.

I stood there smelling the corn whiskey, hearing the roar of the presses next door, looking down at the man who had faith, who had eyes like the preacher, and had been saved for God. I'd been saved for God, too.

There wasn't any God anymore. The sun was gone and the preacher was a liar. I turned around. There up the street was the brown wall and metal door to the tobacco warehouse where the preacher was. I wasn't going there. I would never go there again.

I started to run up the road. I ran and ran and felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked up. There was Pa.

"I want to go home, Pa," I said.

He shifted the lump in his cheek.

"But son, you want to go to the meetin', don't you?"

"I'm not going; I'm not going," I said. "There ain't no God, Pa. I'm not saved. I don't want to be saved."

Pa shook his head. He folded his lips together. He took my hand in his and led me up the street. The sun was gone, and a wind was beginning to blow.

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by Jean Hair

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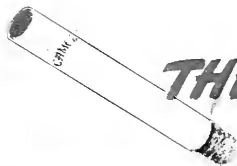

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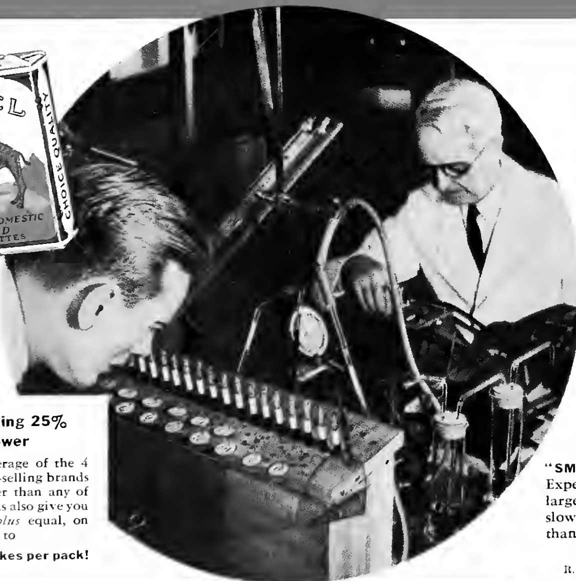

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