


1943

Concord

WOMAN'S COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

MAY





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DON'T HIDE YOUR DOLLARS ★ ENLIST THEM WITH UNCLE SAM ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

Symbolic, indeed, is the group pictured on old Curry steps. The children are Stephen Friedlaender and Margaret Pfaff. In the role of teacher is Martha Sawyer, Senior Education major. (Photograph by Margaret Grantham)



C O R A D I D I

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Anna Medford

BREAKING GROUND

This cover might never have been if Margaret Pfaff and Stephen Friedlaender hadn't been arrested in flight just as they were preparing to jump over the side of the "ruins". The object of their awe-inspired looks is Martha Sawyer, who is not only Phi Bete but beautiful.

As her parting contribution to *Coraddi* Margaret Jones gives us "Have You Paid the Premium on Your Insurance Policy?", which is a story with philosophical depth, whimsical humor, and an astounding amount of botanical information—the latter fact which may be explained by Jonesy's having been president of the Botany club. When questioned as to what she intends to do after graduation, she replied that she has two major worries—that being one of them and the other being comprehensives, and she's worrying about them in the order they come.

We are definitely nostalgic what with all the contributions which we know will be final ones. Among the seniors *Coraddi* is going to miss most is Lydia Taylor. In fact, so much of Lydia's material has been used in the magazine the past two years that someone has suggested the title be changed from *Coraddi* to *Taylor-Made*. We think *Bennie and the Passing Away of Life* is one of the finest things Lydia has turned in yet. A Play-liker of long standing, Lydia plans to continue her theatrical career in Cleveland after graduation.

From Camp to Campus continues. This time it was edited and compiled by Emily Crandall and Marjorie Robbins, sophomores. If you have any letters from your man in the service that you'd like to see in print, submit them in entirety or only the printable parts.

Betsy Saunders is an education major who writes lushly lyric poetry one minute and concrete, psychological studies the next. Because she writes poetry in the conventional form she classifies herself as old-fashioned—we don't think she is, but read "Plea" and then you decide. (And remember that "Lorelei" rhymes with "me"—in this instance, anyway.)

Our new poetry editor, Lea Bailey, is not new to the magazine's poetry page. In contrast to "Buz's" romantic and tender *Remember Winter* of the last issue and as a proof of her versatility, we publish her vigorous and masculine *Song to Energy*. "Buz" has been heard to comment in *Coraddi* office, "Is everybody around here a genius? Isn't anybody normal except me?"—yet in her poetry there seems to be the definite "genius-spark" she denies.

As promised in the last issue of *Coraddi*, we present a whole page of poetry by Mary Tuttle, a senior art major. Tuttle writes poetry, prose, and does illustrations. At present she is working on a mural in McIver basement. We wonder how she is going to find time from her creative pursuits to be married this summer, as planned.

One of the new features of this issue is *Footnotes: Mostly Faculty*, which aims at introducing a bit of humor. They were submitted by the entire *Coraddi* staff and compiled by Nancy Murphy. They give the students a chance at retaliation for the class-room "boners" our professors love to tell about. We'd be glad to have contributions from all of you, and if all goes well and our professors continue to give us their little gems of wit, *Footnotes* may be continued in the next issue.

Another new feature is the introduction of a criticism of something in the magazine. Our first criticism is one of Lydia Taylor's *Bennie and the Passing Away of Life*, by Carolyn Coker.

"Biz" Dilts is going to be managing editor of the magazine next year. In this issue she has a short story and a poem. *The War and People Like Heckamann* is a timely story of an experience with which many of us are probably familiar.

Nancy Kirby needs no introduction in the magazine, for she has "broken ground" many times before. Fortunately for us, Kirby still finds time from her duties of office to do creative writing. The three poems in this issue show a new trend in her poetry, and an original form. Our particular delight is "Chant of a Capitalist Daughter."

THE WAR AND PEOPLE LIKE HECKAMANN

By Elizabeth Dilts

When I joined Mother at the beach last summer I was surprised again. Twenty years of knowing Mother rather intimately have been like that. She was now a senior hostess twice a week at the U. S. O. in Morehead City. After she had left for her Saturday afternoon saga I went out on the beach to assimilate the idea. Three drowsy hours didn't stop my amusement at the picture of Mother listening with fond understanding to the private woes of the armed forces. I tried to consider that instead of anything else, such as my general dissatisfaction with higher education and its social implications. Prominent among these was Charles J. Stagg, whom I refer to as Chick.

Chick and I had been fighting again, which was harrowing. I had an idea that the real reason he hadn't come this weekend—he was supposed to—was that nasty letter I'd sent him a few days before. The issue was almost standing. I didn't want him to go into the Navy. "As well as unpatriotic, you sound positively maternal," he told me. The way he argued with me was maddening—patient and sarcastic.

"But, Chick, you'd be worth just as much as a civilian worker," I had stormed. "And you know you don't want to fight."

"None of us really wants to fight, does he?"

"Well, you'd be so much help afterward."

"My dear, you're right about one thing—I don't want to fight. Understanding me as you do—" he twisted a smile—"you know that I want to live to a ripe old age, for a number of reasons—"

"Well, then, there you are. You can take that job, and we can get married, and—"

"Gracious, aren't we being a little forward?"

And so it went. I didn't really stop considering it at all.

Finally I picked myself up and went for a swim. While I was in the water I saw Mother coming down from our cottage and I nearly let a wave knock me down. Following Mother, and not just passing by—was a huge, good-looking, suntanned man. I brushed the salt mist off my eyelashes. They were coming toward me, both of them, and Mother was waving. I walked up to kneedeep water to meet them.

"Hello," said Mother. "My daughter, Lil—Private Heckamann. I put out my hand to him and murmured something. Private Heckamann said, "Pleasetameetcha, ma'm." I noticed that his nose had been broken.

"Private Heckamann is a Marine," Mother said. There was still a vacuum of silence from me, so she added, "He's stationed down at the New River Base."

"Great place!" he commented with a grin.

We pushed beyond the breakers. "The water's good today," I stated brilliantly. "Some sea-weed, but good."

"Yeah, man!" replied Private Heckamann.

"Been in long?" asked Mother.

"Only about ten minutes. I went to sleep on the beach. Busy day at the U. S. O.?"

Mother smiled merrily. "Yes, Saturday afternoon's always busy," she said. "Let's all swim to the buoy."

Private Heckamann waited for us there. Mother caught the rope and rested. "We've been doing landings down at the base," he told us. "It don't make any difference how rough it is, we jump out and get up on the beach. Got to keep our guns dry. They'll let us drown, but we better not get those guns wet."

I stole a look at Mother. All this was obviously for my benefit. "Well—how deep is it where you get out?" I inquired.

"Oh, we can touch bottom when the swells are down."

"I guess you make out," I told him, laughing. "They'd have to be out pretty far for it to be over your head."

"Shucks, we can all make out. The little guys may not be able to touch bottom, but they can tread water like—I mean, they sure can tread water." He took a huge gulp of air and surfaced.

Mother and I laughed. "I trust," she said, "that you share my tender amusement." I nodded and watched Heckamann's big dark head emerge from the water, followed by shoulders that would have made our football coach howl with delight. Mother said, "Well, I think I'll go up and put supper on. It's too cold for me this time of day. You two stay in as long as you want to." She swam in and walked up toward the cottage while I absorbed the idea that she had invited this sample from the Marine Corps to stay for dinner.

"Gee, she sure is a *little* lady to be your mother," he observed. He blushed again. "I mean—"

"Yes," I laughed, "I'm always kidding her about being such a shrimp."

"She's a great little sport," he put in gallantly. I decided I liked him. He reminded me of a horse I used to ride—big and peppy and good-humored.

"Where do you live?" I asked. "I mean, where do you come from?"

"God's country," he sighed happily, thrusting out his big chin. "Ohio. Dayton, Ohio."

"That's a good enough place, I guess."

"None better."

"Homesick?"

"Naw," he replied, chortling at the idea. "I been in the M. C. for eighteen months—haven't been home since Easter."

"Any brothers?"

"Yeah, I got a brother and a sister. They're both married."

"And you're not?"

"Naw, that's not for me. We'll be shoving off soon, and I travel light."

"Mm," I replied. I thought of Chick for a moment. "See that sand bar out there where the waves are breaking?" I asked suddenly. "Let's swim out there." He swam handsomely for a midwesterner, I thought.

When I came down for supper Heckamann stopped talking to Mother and rose. I noticed again what a perfectly huge man he was. Chick would have had to look up at him. I smiled, partly at the idea of Chick's looking up at anyone, and partly for Heckamann. I have always admired men who look well in cotton clothes, and Heckamann, with his glorious shoulders and absence of hips, looked marvelous. "Sit down," I told him. He gave me a cigarette and lit it carefully. "Don't let me interrupt you," I told them.

"We was talking about you."

"Yes," Mother added. "I was just telling him you'll be a junior at the University this fall."

We had been arguing about whether I would go back, so I raised my eyebrows. "Perhaps," I was about to add with delicate venom, but Heckamann beat me to the draw.

"That must be a pretty good school," he said enthusiastically. "I saw them play Pitt couple of years back. They murdered 'em!"

Mother's lips twitched. "Do you play football?" she asked him.

"Yeah, I played a year for Ohio State, but I didn't go no further with it. College—that's not for me."

Heckamann insisted on helping us put supper on. "Geez, I'm afraid this is an awful lot of trouble for you," he said, carrying in a platter of baked fish and three glasses of iced tea. "I probably shouldn't of come."

Mother swept the thought away. "We were supposed to have a houseful of company this week-end," she explained. "And, anyhow, Lil and I just rattle around in this big house, especially at mealtime."

Heckamann ate heartily. "Gosh, is this ever good," he breathed contentedly. "At the base we got tin trays with dents in 'em, see what I mean? But the dents aren't deep enough, so no matter

what they give us we eat hash. And the cook's from Texas. He gets that stuff red-hot without ever using a match."

He offered to do the dishes. "Shucks, it won't be no trouble," he said, stacking them so rapidly we blinked. "Wait till you got to wash dishes for twenty-five or thirty people."

"Go on, Mother, we'll do it," I said, dashing into the kitchen to clear the way for Marine K. P.

We chatted with Mother for a while after dish-washing. She asked Heckamann how he liked North Carolina, which brought up a touchy subject.

"It's the slowest place I ever saw!" he exclaimed, speaking slowly to guard against profanity. "No baseball games, no crowds, no noise—just sand and pine trees. I sure will be glad to shove off . . . The people are swell, though, no kiddin'," he added quickly. "Friendly? They got hearts of gold! But there's not enough of 'em around here."

"Well, why don't you two go down to the Idle Hour for a while? I'm sure there'll be a big crowd tonight." This did not sound like Mother at all. She smiled. "I'm going over next door for a bridge game."

Heckamann and I sauntered down the board-walk. This would have been Chick, now, I thought. A minute ago when I'd dashed upstairs for lipstick his telegram had stared at me again. Chick always projected himself through his medium: "Restrain your tirade Can't come this week-end Explanations forthcoming Tenderly Charles." I wondered what the man at the telegraph office had thought. He probably had to use his dictionary.

Heckamann's big paw was under my elbow when we went down the steps. He stopped talking until he let go my arm. "'N'men we go some place and polish off a few more beers before we

(Continued on page 16)



A brilliant man,
 A witty man,
 A charming and well-rounded man.
 And each time I see him I have claustrophobia of
 the spirit.

Most of the chronically good people I have met,
 Think to themselves and often say, with
 gleam,
 "I'm so mean."

Most of the habitually bad people I know,
 Think frequently and on occasion say,
 "If understood, I could be good."
 Most of the mediums between extremes of good—
 bad,
 Moan, "How hopelessly mediocre I am all of the
 time."
 I expect most of the most are almost right.

My love is deep cool green
 A forest, heavy laid with trees
 That reach with all their rooted strength
 To gain the sky.

You come.
 My forest throbs with quick red squirrels,
 Scuttlers on dark brown bark,
 Cool green thoughts leave the sky
 To watch and wonder at the scarlet squirrels.

The process of identification
 Too often leads to rationalization,
 Man, poem, song, book, painting and story
 Lose potency in category.

Within my psyche—Id—subconscious,
 Psychologically speaking,
 Nurtured in my *a priori* soul and spirit
 Philosophically speaking,
 Nervous systematically, brainally, crainally,
 Physiologically speaking,
 I want you! Me speaking.



I laughed on the smugness of simple folk who
 thought such things as hearth, lamplit
 love, daily work to do, and four feet
 square gardens—fulfilment.

A greater purpose! This we need! We need a
 greater purpose, I said

I have a greater need.
 Lamplit love, garden four by four. Laugh at me
 Laugh at me.

How to say it?
 English says, "It's been said before."
 Greek says, "English is too young a language to
 express."

Psychology says, "Glands are important things
 in a discussion of this sort."

Art says, "You cannot say it. Look and you shall
 see it."

"Listen, and you shall hear it," says Music.

I say:
 I cannot say it
 Nor hear it
 Nor see it
 Nor feel it

Because it is me.

By MARY TUTTLE.

Have You Paid the Premium on Your Insurance Policy?

By MARGARET JONES

The chlorophyll was working poorly that morning—shortage of sunshine. Mr. Drudgit Grasshopper sat erect on his metatarsus and shook the dew out of his eyes.

"This is like married life—you begin to forget living and deal entirely in the working of the chlorophyll, the providing of food, and the condition of the furnace—dirt and ashes—dirt and ashes—what a life!"

He shrieked so hard at Mrs. Grasshopper that the movement of his hind legs wheezed the shriek to a high *C* and descended it to a low *D*.

After a hasty breakfast of sclerenchyma juice from the dorsal side of a piece of wire grass, he started for the east side of the field. At the east side, all the men had gathered for a drink of water at Piddler's Puddle. Mr. Drudgit saw with his lower right eye that Mr. Say-it just missed being engulfed by a crow that darted down from the pine tree at the time of Mr. Say-it's most enamored jump.

Mr. Say-it grumbled into a heap beside Piddler's Puddle. "I'm unhappy," he said. "I'm so unhappy."

Mr. Exact Grasshopper leaned against a pine burr and said nothing for some time. He was busy calculating the number of right angle stems of wire grass in a radius of one foot and one-fourth distance from Piddler's Puddle.

Mr. Thinkit wiggled the tender wings of his protoracic region. He wondered about the cause of this apathy in the Grasshopper Field. He even wondered about the nature of evil, and he thought about many things.

The sun shone bright now. The dew drops glistened on the succulent grass.

Suddenly Mr. Say-it spoke.

"There is no happiness here," he said.

"You said it," yelled Mr. Exact.

"You said it," yelled Mr. Drudgit.

"You said it," chorused all the other grasshoppers—except one.

"You don't know—" began Mr. Thinkit, but Mr. Exact carefully and artfully stuck his left antenna into the open mouth of Mr. Thinkit. All the other grasshoppers disliked Mr. Thinkit for his low reaction time.

Mr. Arty eased the situation with an appropriate and distinguished quotation of poetry:

Life is real
Life is earnest
And the grave
Is not its goal—

All the other grasshoppers looked pleased at this bit of learning—all except one. Mr. Thinkit looked away and quietly erupted his breakfast into the grass beside him.

"We must search for happiness," said Mr. Solvit.

"We must," said Mr. Say-it.

"You said it," chorused all the other grasshoppers—all except one. Mr. Thinkit flew slowly away to the hills of the Say-Nothings.

"Tomorrow we must go away," said Mr. Solvit. "There is a bigger field over the trees. No crows go there to pounce on us at unsuspected intervals. There are many puddles and much good food. Pack up your children. Drag out your wives. We must away—"

"Away," said Mr. Say-it. And all the others chimed in with "Away," and the next morning they did. One little grasshopper behind all the rest sighed "Away" and fell to the ground because he did not have the faith.

The journey was accomplished in thirty-six and one-half hours—according to Mr. Exact. Total loss in life amounted to one-third of their original company. All these statistics were compiled and presented at a board meeting when the grasshoppers arrived at their new field. They looked around the field. There were no crows and much green grass.

"We are happy," said Mr. Say-it.

"You said it," said Mr. Solvit.

"You said it," chorused all the others.

The grasshoppers ate until their mesothorax stuck out fractions of an inch. There were many puddles from which to drink, and they did a lot of drinking.

Mr. Drudgit's digestive system became upset by the new diet. He lay flat on his back and shrieked through his mandibles. No one knew what to do. He died.

That night just before going to bed one grasshopper murmured softly to himself, "We are happy. We are happy—Aren't we—" There was a mournful sound to the last part of his sentence.

* * * *

The chlorophyll was working poorly the next morning—shortage of sunshine. Mr. Solvit sat erect on his metatarsus and shook the dew out of his eyes.

"This is like married life—you begin to forget living and deal entirely in the working of the chlorophyll, the providing of food, and the condition of the furnace—ashes and dirt—dirt and ashes—What a life!"

He flew slowly to number Five Puddle. He snapped at Mr. Exact, who was busily and sonorously counting the number of lenticels on an oak twig. "Oh, shut up."

Mr. Say-it was leaning on his wing and looking disconsolate. He spoke no words.

Mr. Arty tried to ease the difficult situation. "Well, we are happy. We have reached our goal. We are happy—"

There was a strange silence.

"—aren't we?" he finished in a half whisper.

Suddenly Mr. Thinkit rose to a rigid position and said in a vortal voice that stilled the elements of time and space, "Gentlemen, what is happiness?"

A great silence followed his words. Two grasshoppers died, and Mr. Exact hurried off to pay the premium on his insurance policy.

FROM CAMP TO CAMPUS



With spring, the countryside is becoming almost breathlessly attractive. One runs across beautiful country estates—lawns, gardens, statuary, etc. in the most out-of-way places. Even the most humble homes could adorn a calendar, what with thatched roofs, whitewashed walls, neat hedges, flower gardens, etc. To sum it all up—you've got to admit that the English have excellent taste. This is reflected even in the pubs, which usually have mellow old walls, shining copper adornments, beamed ceilings, and a general atmosphere of warmth and cordiality. Gawd, but I'm waxing lyrical. They could use more of our modern comforts—such as plumbing—and we could use more of their old-world discrimination.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.

Some of the fellas are really rugged. There's one from Pamlico county who said, "The stars at night may be big and bright deep in the heart of Texas, but they don't look no bigger nor no brighter to me than the ones in Pamlico County!"

We had two ceremonial parades today, the last a big one. Some of the boys blacked out in the sun, but it didn't bother me at all. We really looked *good*. The music, oh the music was grand and it sort of swelled me up inside and made me feel like a general.

CAMP BARKLEY, TEXAS.

I am crazy about flying now. It is a wonderful sensation to hang suspended 2000 feet above the ground (you feel as though you are still and the ground is moving) and feel the ship bark and climb at your slightest pressure on the controls. My plane is number 203 with a silver fuselage and bright yellow wings.

We fly in one of those heavy leather fur-lined suits. You should see me now. I look like the original "Man from Mars."

DECATUR, ALABAMA.

Last night somebody started the Civil War across from me and I couldn't stand out. So, like a jerk, I chimed in with what I thought

was a good point—Bless Patty! The whole barracks closed in on me. There I sat with a sore throat and weak constitution, and the only other rebel was out on guard duty. Whew!

SEYMOUR-JOHNSON FIELD, N. C.

I did something this week I've never done before—wrapped a "jeep up in a canvass off a truck and floated it across our lake. My platoon got quite a kick out of it—they didn't believe it could be done. They'd keep saying, "Lieutenant, you're kidding us!" They changed their minds though when they saw the "jeep" floating down the lake—the company commander and myself aboard, blowing the horn so that the other platoons would see us.

CAMP MAXEY, TEXAS.

We have just had barracks inspection. It only lasts about five minutes but it is a very nerve-racking ordeal. You have to have everything spic and span, all your buttons fastened, not a wrinkle in your bed, your clothes lined up in proper order and all your shoes shined. Since it has been raining for the past two days the mud is about three inches deep all over the post. You get cleaned up and if you go out of the barracks everything gets muddy again and you have to start all over. It's very exasperating. Don't ever let anyone tell you that Army life is glamorous. It may be in the movies, but unfortunately the real thing isn't styled along Hollywood lines.

ARMY AIR FORCES, NASHVILLE, TENN.



Things around here, things attached to all the life I am now living are so terrifically material and coarse. Nearly every thought and action has to do with the steel of machine guns or the grinding burr of swirling props. It's all power and force in this, all hard and cold. Maybe I'm not the right guy for it all, maybe I never will be. The only thing I do know is that, as each day goes on, I have a greater and greater yearning and thirst for the softer, sweeter things in life. Things like quiet sunsets, relaxing with the ducks beside Hamilton Lake, sitting with you on the wooden bridge in the park just as it was beginning to rain.

NAVAL AIR STATION, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

I had a very interesting experience this morning. Had my test in the oxygen chamber, which every cadet must take to see if he is physically fit for high altitude flying. After receiving a note telling me not to eat any breakfast and report at 8 a.m., I complied with the former and reported. First we had a lecture on how to let the doctors know when we were about to go into convulsions, have your ears blown out, get "bends," etc., while in the chamber. Then we went into a huge affair that looked like an overgrown water heater (it was as long as a large room and had twelve seats inside). They locked us in with an attendant and placed doctors at the different portholes in the tank. Then they started to draw the pressure out of the chamber, thus assimilating a steeply climbing aircraft. When we got to 18,000 feet, our finger nails, lips, and faces were either blue or pale green from the lack of oxygen. We also had a dizzy feeling and some of the boys perspired profusely. This physiological state is called Anoxia. While we were in this state of primary anoxia they took our temperatures and pulse and gave us radio code to copy to test our mental reactions. I felt as though I were drunk and didn't do too well by the code. Then they put oxygen masks on us and let us stay at this altitude (18,000 feet) until our anoxia disappeared (18,000 feet is the highest a man can temporarily live without oxygen). Then we climbed again, and climbed until we got to 39,000 feet, the highest a human can survive. This is the absolute ceiling one could live unless we had pressure suits on or something. Here at this altitude we had to breathe pure oxygen. Our stomachs, due to the reduced pressure, swelled up to about three times their size (a pretty sight). None in our group had convulsions or bends, which is amazing. I had a terrific stomach ache but not enough to make me tell them about it. We stayed at this altitude for an hour and then descended. One or two of the fellows nearly blew their eyes out coming down, but not quite. As for me—I am fit for high altitude flying, and that means bombers and fighters. Sure am glad I didn't get a downcheck this time. But, it was all quite an experience.

PENSACOLA, FLA.



We left Pre-flight (long may it live) on Sunday, and covered 200 miles of Texan desert by bus, arriving at this thriving little oasis in the midst

of a beeyoutiful Texan sunset—end of travelogue. Honestly, Em, we're miles from civilization! The nearest city of any size is San Angelo, about 75 miles away, and from what I hear there isn't much excitement there either. Coleman is a typical Texan town which I would judge to be about the size of Granville, but with even less allure. It is so "dry" that they actually don't even know what a chocolate soda tastes like! And the principle diversion is attending church. The local folks go so far as to drive out to the school on Sundays just to take cadets to church—guess I'll get a little Bible larin' along with my flying.

COLEMAN, TEXAS.

Impressions of a new and very young officer: It seems ridiculous to have an old "chief" about fifty-four call me "sir"—it is tiring as the devil to go along the streets saluting continually—it is embarrassing as hell to have enlisted men fall over backwards when you enter a door to open it for you, etc. There are a lot of things like that that I never could like. But they are interesting.

FORT BRAGG, N. C.



Right now I'm so damn cold that I can hardly write. For ten days we are out in God's country, miles from anywhere, boon docking. It's a miserable place, just hills and grass, with a few trees that look out of place. The wind blows like the devil continuously and it rains a lot. The temperature stays around 40 degrees but with that wind it feels like 40 below. Anyway, we get a short five-day leave when we get back to our regular camp. In other words, we get ten days to get in condition, and five days to get out of it.

P. S.—I keep that envelope with the "Shocking" under my pillow and it takes me right back to Faneuil Place.

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA.

Do you get that lonesome feeling too? When you mentioned it in your last letter it reminded me of my own feelings so often. Days and the sunlight are never quite so bad, but at night it seems that I miss you so much more. Guess I'll have to see about having nights discontinued while we are apart.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.



AS SHOWN ABOVE

Dear Sirs:
 Please send me
 A white satin dress
 And a long white veil,
 Air mail.
 Enclosed please find
 A check for fifty,
 Little buttons would be nifty,
 And if you see a man that's free,
 Send him to me C. O. D.
 Yours truly,
 Mabel Cooley.

P. S.
 If you can't fill the last request,
 Make it a size eighteen black dress.

—NANCY KIRBY.

CHANT OF A CAPITALIST DAUGHTER

I, Katherine O'Donald in a blue pajama suit,
 With a lamp by my bed,
 With clean hair on my head,
 With white curtains at the window blowing,
 With my body's pink skin glowing,
 With blue-satin slippers on the floor
 And a blanket at the bed-foot should I grow cold,
 I, Katherine, who have done nothing but live,
 Who am not even a queen,
 Or a governor's wife,
 But an income tax exemption,
 I, Katherine, dwell among these riches,
 And wonder every Tuesday night
 If the lover returns to the scene of the crime.

—NANCY KIRBY.

AT THIS TIME

How can you sit there
 Talking of the weather
 And whether
 The cook will come tomorrow?
 How can you rock
 Before the fire
 And laugh so loudly
 At the laced-up jokes
 Of comedians in tuxedos?
 How can you walk placidly
 Across the yard
 To see if the paper has come?
 How continue to bend and stretch
 In the unswerving regularity of your lives?
 I do not know how.
 But I am glad
 You do it now
 And do not dream
 That I am dead
 Until the undertaker comes.

—NANCY KIRBY.

SONG TO ENERGY

O, restless matter,
 writing, stumbling bodies,
 reaching arms,
 grasping hands,
 be calmed; be sure.
 You energies of space
 you are full of the answer.
 You are full of a man's sweat,
 the passion of his despair,
 and of his dreams.
 You know the groan of hunger,
 the whisper of thirst.
 You have felt the squirming of a babe.
 You know the cold of water,
 the heat of sunshine.
 You have kissed a woman's lips.
 Drop your hands,
 O, sacred bodies;
 close your eyes
 and find yourselves.
 O, look beyond, within, about you.
 There is an answer in yourselves . . .
 infinitude.

—LEA BAILEY.

HASTE THEE, TWERP

*One million of our men now have marched
to the battles
in their sturdy uniforms
with their brave guns
and their regulation shoes.*

*You wait,
impatient, mad with desire
to march with the million,
somewhere,
anywhere,
to flash and kill
twenty or more
with your own ability.*

*Quite willingly,
I give you my lips
to bid you godspeed
to the glory of the fray;
now go away
and take your civilian shoes
off the crushed little bits
of my civilian heart.*

—NANCY KIRBY.

AMAVI

*You said, My darling, oh my darling, I love you.
You said, How've you been? Good to see you
again.
You said, The rest of them shall die, but we
will live forever.
You said, Well, be good to yourself.

It doesn't matter what you said.
I can't hear you.*

—ELIZABETH DILTS.

ONCE

*From the black gutted belly
Of a sun bleached land,
We stumbled from ashes
To rock and sand.*

*Together, we climbed the mountain side
From off the weary plain,
We scaled the walls of paradise
To alyssum and spring rain.*

*Skyward on the mountain steep,
High on a begonian lawn,
Love met love in intercourse
And an infant world was born.*

—BETSY SAUNDERS.

PLEA

*Lorelei, Lorelei
Please let him be.
His time has been so very short
And already I can see
That he has heard your singing
And has no heart for me.*

*Lorelei, Lorelei,
I beg on bended knee,
Soon cease your tempting song
And let him stay with me.
The tide is long and mellow
By your exotic sea.*

*Lorelei, Lorelei,
Cease your strumming,
He is coming.*

—BETSY SAUNDERS.

BENNY AND THE PASSING AWAY OF LIFE

By Lydia Taylor

Up until then Benny had felt pretty good. He had forgotten how things were back in the flat and the way the parlor had a funny smell when they stacked up the lilies. He had sat on the bulkhead and watched the harbor and picked the scab off his knee. He knew the flags and he could tell which country each ship belonged to. There was a man on the deck of a Greek freighter sewing buttons on his pants.

Every once in a while Benny would remember that Grossmutter was dead and lying out in the front room in a coffin. He went through elaborate stretchings to see the flag on an oil tanker, but his brain floated back against his will to that morning when he had seen Grossmutter's forehead from the doorway. He hadn't wanted to look but the curtains were open and Tante Elsa was crying in there. She had tried to take him in, but Poppa had sent him off to school. He hadn't told anyone in school about the death in his house. He was rather ashamed of the whole thing.

The cook on the tug was frying potatoes, so Benny got up. Then it happened. The loose sole on his sneaker caught between the boards of the dock and he pitched forward with a jerk. His face scraped against a cable and his stomach knotted suddenly. He had looked funny when he fell. The boy down on the scow who had been fishing crabs out of the oily scum was laughing at him as he dug into his nose and heaved little bits of stuff over on Benny. Two ladies who were painting pictures rushed over to him and put their hands all over him. He was mortified. Tears started and the lump in his throat made his ears ache. They said was he all right and he said yes, thank you, and climbed up the bluff trying to look all right.

The row of wooden tenements at the top of the hill seemed to lean down over Benny as he got nearer. The sun was setting and all the air was grey like the time of a bad dream. He supposed he should go in.

He stood in front of the wall for a while and threw tin cans down the hill. When the cans were all down he turned and climbed the stairway to the second story. He opened the door and went into the kitchen. Poppa and Uncle Ernest were drinking beer at the table. They weren't talking. Every now and then they would clear their throats and not look at each other. Mamma was cooking. She was singing "Du, du, liegst mir . . .". Every now and then she'd cry a little, and wipe her eyes with a dish cloth.

Benny hoped they wouldn't stop him, but Poppa suddenly wiped off his mustache and stood up and said Benny better go in and see Grossmutter now. Mamma nodded so Benny followed Poppa out into the hall. Tante Hilda and Tante Elsa were standing by the front door talking to the minister of the Lutheran church. Tante Elsa was still crying and the minister kept saying that Grossmutter was with Jesus now and was happy. Benny cried too, and Poppa took his hand. Tante Hilda came over and went into the parlor with them.

The shades were down and it was dim and quiet. They went over and stood in front of Grossmutter. Her hands were folded on her breast and Tante Hilda put a flower in them. They all looked down at her. She was bluish and her hair was fluffed out and waved instead of pulled back tight. Benny could see her teeth under her mouth.

He started to feel sick so Poppa took him into the bathroom and he threw up in the toilet. Then they went back to the kitchen. Momma gave him some sauerkraut juice and the rest of them began to eat. The minister stayed and they talked. The minister asked Benny how school was and Benny said it was fine, thank you.

* * * *

The next morning a lot of old people came and Miss Goldblatz from the delicatessen. They sat in the parlor on folding chairs. Momma and Poppa, Uncle Ernest, Tante Hilda and Tante Elsa and Benny went into the bedroom and left the door open. They could hear the minister, and Adelaide Schwartz sang "Abide With Me." Benny could see Jesus coming down through the sky while Grossmutter sat by the window and her eyes faded.

He cried a little. His eyes and his nose got mixed up but he thought it might be impolite to get up and find a handkerchief. So Uncle Ernest gave him one.

They went out into the hall and the old people came out and hugged Momma and cried and went out the door. Then the men came and started to move the lilies away from Grossmutter. Momma took Benny into the bedroom. He could hear the men say that they would have to turn it on end to get it down stairs. He rubbed the buttons on his jacket and tried to hear the bell-buoy in the channel.

They all went downstairs and got into a black car. Benny sat with Poppa in the front, and they drove slowly down the street. He tried not to look at the hearse when it came to the hole at the corner, but out of the corner of his eye he saw it bounce.

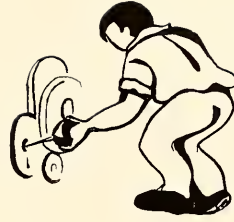
They went past his school and Momma said to Uncle Ernest that Benny made the picture in the window on the first floor. They all looked up and said he was very smart. He saw Joey Hogan on the corner and got back so that Joey couldn't see him.

They got to the cemetery and stood around the grave and the minister said I Am The Resurrection And The Life And Whosoever Believeth In Me Shall Never Die. And Poppa began to cry. He dropped Benny's hand and put his hand over his mouth and sobbed outloud. Nobody paid any attention to him. Benny was embarrassed and was glad the minister didn't stop. Momma stopped listening and looked off down the hill.

And suddenly an intense love for them all began to swell up inside of Benny. He loved them so much that he didn't want to touch anybody.

*See criticism on page 15.

OIL FOR THE WHEELS



THE new editor of CORADDI said to the old editor of CORADDI, "Please write us an editorial for the March issue."

"No," the old editor said, "I will not. That is the thing that we have fought against all year—people writing when they don't have anything to say."

"You ought to have something to say," she said.

This was a new angle to the old editor. And the new editor was right. So the old editor set out to look for something to say.

She found it when she walked into the CORADDI office early in April.

Early this year the janitor, or some unidentified person, took the two big desks in the CORADDI office and pushed them together in the center of the room. It may have been done for facility in cleaning or any number of things. But all year the desks stayed like that. We walked around them; we stumbled over them; we sat around them and worked on the magazine. New president of student government, Nancy Kirby, sat at the two desks and read and discussed student poetry. Mary Frances Bell, now Mrs. Herbert Hazelman, helped select material and probably thought secretly about a certain Mr. Hazelman. Sophomore Nancy Murphy nurtured six cents in open display on the desks as a symbol of the honor policy. Phi Beta Kappas, Joan Flanagan and Constance Sweeney, sat there around the table. Other staff members and many students came in and talked. We worked hard, and we liked it. But the tables stayed where they had been shoved, pushed, or thrown.

A new editor of CORADDI was elected. A new staff was appointed.

Then, one day we walked into the CORADDI office. It took our eyes a while to get adjusted to the new thing that we saw. There the tables were—in separate corners and at a new, interesting angle. The room looked bigger and more alive. And it looked more interesting. That is what we believe that the new editor and her staff will do for the magazine.—M. J.

THERE are at least two alternatives in editing a magazine: one is to conform to the norm and continue along the lines of what has gone before; the other, to break away from the old order and create a new impression along with new policies, layout, and trend in stories. This year the editor was challenged by the need for a new outlook, and took the outward swing that was necessary to put new life in CORADDI. The changes the new staff brought about altered the public opinion on the magazine CORADDI. People who had sniffed, "Arty!" and "Why can't they ever print anything but poetry you can't understand?" joined in the general chorus who proclaimed it more than readable. Some of them thought it was good. The alumnae and the faculty voiced their approval. No longer was the floor of the post office covered with the discarded magazines. People came by the office asking for additional copies to send to friends. People talked about the new magazine among themselves. CORADDI lifted its head in pride.

Next year the magazine will be put out by a new staff which has chosen to continue along the route begun this year. Out of the many stories, articles, poems, and illustrations, one strain has been persistently present. Two conflicting ideas have been wedded with success. CORADDI has upheld the literary standards of her predecessors, and pleased the campus at large too. That aim is the one toward which the new staff aspires. Far from the work of the pseudo-literati of the few, next year we want CORADDI to represent the varied writing achievements of the entire student body, from the shyest freshman essay to the most erudite senior dissertation. We want to print more critical work, good book reviews, and we hope to inject a bit of humor. Most of all we want to please you. It is only with your help and criticism that we can hope to achieve our aim. The management is going to do all it can to make it your magazine. Anyone interested in working on the magazine, on the business or the editorial phase, is welcome to tryouts which will be announced early in the fall to determine the permanent staff.—C. C.

FOOTNOTES: MOSTLY FACULTY

Proverbs: (I) Ye shall not leave the country and go hiking away to the city, for as sure as ye do, ye shall experience an empty stummick.

(II) When a woman receiveth a letter she readeth it many times and tucketh it into her shirtwaist by day and under her pillow by night. When a man receiveth a letter he readeth it with haste and sticketh it into his pocket and, when he sendeth his pants to the cleaner, placeth it in the back of a drawer. Years later he findeth it and readeth it. Then he sayeth to himself, "Who the hell is Mabel?"

The psychology class was searching for sensations that appeal to all people, regardless of their culture. Someone mentioned the urge to gather in crowds. "Yes," said the professor. "And why?"

"Well—" the student groped, "it's just that men and women are drawn together."

Dr. Lacey dismissed the idea at once. "Oh, no, that doesn't work in crowds," he said.

Cafeteria scene:

Miss Gould: "Jimmie, why are you late for lunch?"

Jimmie Painter: "Oh, I've been sporting with Amaryllys in the shade."

Libby Kellerman, otherwise known as "that darling chemistry lab assistant," keeps a picture of a cow in her unborn calf-skin wallet so the little thing won't get lonesome for its mamma.

A few Sundays ago Dr. C. C. Jernigan stood solemnly before the rostrum of the First Presbyterian church in front of rows of cooing female admirers of Jernigan, Senior and Jernigan, Junior, one hand cradling gently and apprehensively the dorsal sides and the other hovering delicately over the infant's throat. The christening went off without sound or fury. "If it hadn't," quoth Dr. Jernigan, "I know I'd have fainted."

Dr. W. H. Rogers, model parent, has become a problematic disappointment to his two little boys because he can't "do" a Gatling gun as well as Mr. Painter. Dr. Rogers liberally admits Mr. Painter's superiority and has recommended that his students and future model parents observe one of his colleague's exhibitions. Perhaps Mr. Painter is so adept because he practices in class.

Carolyn Coker went whistling merrily down the labyrinthian passages of McIver basement one day when an equally merry whistle greeted her. Finding herself face-to-face with Dr. Pfaff, she exclaimed, "Oh, excuse me, sir; I wasn't whistling at you." "I wasn't whistling at you, either," replied that gallant gentleman.

Psychology professors are often fond of illustrating their profound lectures with practical applications. For instance, Dr. Barkley told his class a story about a woman who lavished more affection upon her pet dog than she did upon her husband. Deciding that this could go on no longer, hubby finally ordered her to choose either husband or dog. "And what," chorused the class, "did the woman do?" "Why," said Dr. Barkley, "she went to the dogs."

Mr. Hall, famous for his graveyard humor, aptly described one member of the faculty (name withheld by request) as "a funeral procession of one."

"And then," said Dr. Kendrick, in one of his little stories about historical characters, "There was a certain Governor Hogg of Texas who named his two daughters Ima and Ura."

Enlisted men are Miss Abbott's preference. Once she spent a pleasant evening with a very official gentleman who insisted upon reminding her of his rank. For the fortieth-odd time he explained, "And I am a lieutenant colonel." "And I," she retorted, "am an *assistant professor*."

Dr. Arnett rushed in at precisely 8:10½ a.m. Annoyed with himself for being late, he swished down the hall to McIver basement, Dagwood Bumstead style, catapulted into a classroom and barked out the names on his roll. When he was about seven-eighths of the way through the list, he suddenly looked up, blinking with bewilderment. The class looked fairly well peopled, but no one had answered.

"This is Miss Mossman's class," someone told him helpfully. "Yours meets in the next classroom, I think."

Then there's the one about Miss Mossman. She was outlining a semester's work for a class of sociology students. "First we'll take up poverty," she said, "and then morbidity and mortality, and race problems; and then, just before the holidays, we'll take up drinking."

Perhaps you were there when the psychology professor discussed the Freudian theories. "According to Freud we never forget things," he explained. "Our subconscious minds dismiss them on purpose. For instance, when you can't think of a person's name, subconsciously you didn't want to remember it in the first place." He paused. "So, when I give a girl a lift and she leaves her compact in my car—" he grinned. "I'm getting to a susceptible age. It makes me feel good."

ON "BENNY AND THE PASSING AWAY OF LIFE"

By CAROLYN COKER

There are those among the literati who make a fetish of that elusive quality known as "point of view." I am not one of them; but to those people who term it a necessary attribute, I present without reserve or comment, "Benny and the Passing Away of Life."

From the opening paragraph this story clearly strikes the notes of the song it promises to sing, and remains true throughout to the tune and the mood, allowing the minor always to dominate, with one exception—the last paragraph. These two sentences seem abortive, bringing in false notes which change the implied meaning of the story with their surge of sentimentality washing away the consistent restraint employed in the earlier portion of the story.

It is difficult to ascertain what the author meant by the ending; there are two or more possible explanations. One, that she wanted to show growth by the rapid change, or that she may have meant something too subtle for this reader to comprehend, or that she may have slipped up. We prefer to think that it was the last, for, whatever happened, the effectiveness of the first part of the story is lost in the transition. The final note struck seems unnecessary, and incongruous, resulting in disharmony for six of the seven people to whom the story was read to test the reaction. If the author would but slice it off cleanly at "Mama stopped listening and looked off down the hill," then the bells would sound.

The style of this story is very clean, exoteric. It is not impeded by adjectives or heavy imagery, yet the descriptions lack no color, and the

pictures presented are full and rich. Simple, graphic, the touch is so true (until the unfortunate ending) that the reader succumbs to the word magic, rereading to discover the secret of the simplicity that flows smoothly, in short sentences that are never jerky. The detail is excellent, with even the tiny incidents emerging vividly, but always true to the characters. Sentences like: "He sat on the bulkhead and watched the harbor and picked the scab off his knee," and while waiting for the coffin to be turned on end to get down the stairs, "He rubbed the buttons on his jacket and tried to hear the bell buoy in the channel." The little incidents of the mortification of falling on the dock, and the lady artists who put their hands on him, the sauerkraut juice his mother gave him, watching, but not wanting to see whether the hearse bumped when it came to the corner, and hiding with embarrassment so that Joey Hogan would not see him evoke nothing that does not seem perfectly natural for Benny. Benny lives. He is a real person and you live with him in this world which emerges as a queer potpourri of bitter reality and haunting dreams. The ache which is peculiar to his age is felt acutely, and never does the technique of the author protrude. The short sentences are not spoiled, but live one over the other in a perfect structural composite of the thoughts of Benny.

If that ending were sliced, we'll wager a spring bonnet that the *New Yorker* would accept it for publication gladly. We can see the illustrations already. To Benny's mother we make a deep and laudatory bow over some good German brew.

*See story on page 12.

Have you read

BY NATURE FREE?

We have . . . we like it.

The Staff

The War and People Like Heckamann

(Continued from page 5)

turn in," he prattled happily. "Geez, those was the days."

"What kind of work did you do?"

"I drove a grocery truck. It was a good ol' job."

"I believe you are homesick."

"Ah, naw, I wouldn't go back for money now. All those guys are gone. Most of 'em are in the Army, some workin' in the steel mills and around. I was the only one that got in the Marines. Forty-two guys from around Dayton applied, but just two of us got in. Oh, the Army's okay, but that's not for me. No, sir!"

"What's wrong with the Army?"

A patrol of four soldiers had passed down the beach. Heckamann pointed to them. "See that? They'll never do nothing." He tossed his head. "The Marines don't do no guard duty." He gave the thought a shove. "They get a fight for their money. I'd get bored stiff walking up and down a beach."

I thought of saying, "Well, somebody has to," but dismissed it as unworthy. I felt as though Chick were there, suddenly. You keep out of this, I told the Chick in my mind. You couldn't come this week-end, so you aren't here.

The Idle Hour is the grandfather of Eastern Carolina nightspots. It features bowling—twenty-eight thundering alleys—but it also houses a pool parlor, a soda and lunch counter and booths, two jukeboxes, the local telegraph station, and an arcade. The neon sign covering the imposing entrance was darkened for the duration, but its skeleton was visible. It used the name of the estab-

lishment and numerous activities, along with names like Schlitz and Coca-Cola.

Heckamann looked surprised when I told him I'd like a beer, but he took it in his stride. We smoked a couple of cigarettes with it and then went over to the arcade. "Geez, this is the place for me," Heckamann said. "This is my meat." He had to shout at me across the little table.

We threw baseballs at Hitler and Hirohito; my escort laid one between the Emperor's slanting eyes. "Hey, you're good!" I told him.

"Ah, it was easy. I used to pitch on a semi-pro team at home," he said. The man at the stand game him a box of candy. "Here, you can have this," Heckamann offered gallantly.

We plugged all the machines and danced a few numbers before I confessed my need for beauty sleep. The East Coast blackout was quite effective, it seemed. On the way home I looked at the darkness beside me where Heckamann walked. "Was there enough noise for you?" I asked. "And crowds?"

"Yeah, that was plenty good. I had a lot of fun."

"Fine," I said. "Hadn't you been down here before?"

"Oh, yeah, but I didn't never go there. We always stayed over at the U. S. O. and went to some of those places in Morehead City."

I thought of asking him how he struck up such a beautiful friendship with Mother, but decided to save that to ask her. We reached the door, and I started to go in. "Hey, look—will you—I mean, don'tcha want a cigarette before you go in?"

My Little Voice shrieked, "No, no, no! Remember what the housemother says!" However, I surprised myself by acquiescing. There was a strong southwest wind blowing, the way it does down there in August, but Heckamann lit both our cigarettes with one match. I complimented him on it. "Nothing to it," he avowed modestly. We smoked in silence, watching phosphorus make luminous ruffles of the waves. Finally he said, "Do you—well, I mean—are you gonna be here next week-end?"

"Surely."

"Well, in case maybe I come down, do you s'pose you could go to the Idle Hour again? I gotta meet a guy in New Bern tomorrow, or I'd stay over this weekend, but I'd kind of like to try it next week, if it's okay with you."

"Do come," I heard my voice saying. "I'd like to see you next week-end."

His cigarette brightened as he took a deep drag. "Geez, that's swell!"

"By the way," I asked, "don't you have a first name?"

"Yeah. They call me Shorty."

"Shorty!" I gasped, beginning to laugh. "But how—"

"My name is Roland." His tone indicated that it was a sore point with him. I said, "Oh . . . Well, is it all right for me to call you—Shorty? And my name's Lil."

"Okay. Lil, it's a deal." He wrung my hand. "Well, say, I'll be over at about—well—4:30 Saturday?"

"Fine," I said. I threw my cigarette into the sand and turned toward the door. "I'll see you then. I had fun tonight."

"Geez, didja? Boy, I did, too. Say, tell your Mom

SILLS
IS *the* WORD FOR
SHOES
IN GREENSBORO

M A K E

HALL - PUTNAM

Your Gift Headquarters

for

- BOYS IN THE SERVICE
- BOYS GRADUATING FROM SCHOOL

thanks for everything . . .” His foot scuffed the broadwalk. “Guess I’ll be shoving off.”

I locked the door. Mother called me, so I went into her room after I’d turned out the light. “Did you have a good time with Private Heckamann?” she asked.

“Very nice,” I replied. “Here, have a piece of candy. Your protegé won it throwing baseballs.” She took some and made a face over it. She was laughing. “Look, Mother,” I asked her, “what was the idea?”

Mother finished laughing. “Well, he caught my fancy,” she said. “I thought he’d be just the thing, since Chick couldn’t come.” She laughed again. “Oh, go to sleep!” I told her. “Good-night.”

Chick’s explanations came Monday. The letter was most unsatisfactory: something about “business that cannot be procrastinated . . . I am seriously considering going into the Navy,” he added.

I took a long walk that afternoon. The beach is a wonderful place to be in a mood, because you can walk as far as you want to. I picked up a touchy sunburn. While I was writing to Chick in the evening it occurred to me that he affected me like sunburn; he made me hot and tingling, but easily hurt. I wondered whether it would develop into a suntan or peel off.

I didn’t want him to have to fight. We had argued about it so much that I wasn’t even sure of the reason any more. I wanted him to accept a job he’d been offered. “If you take that,” I wrote, “you’ll be doing something you like. You’ll be helping the war more than you would as just another machine in uniform . . . I hope I never see you in a uniform.”

His answer came quickly, though it didn’t seem so, because I thought of him all the time. We get our mail down at the little post office behind the Casino, and I opened his letter as I walked back. It began beautifully, like one of the old arty jobs we used to kid each other about. When I read the second page I had to sit on the steps—my knees had dissolved.

“I’m going into the Navy, if they’ll have me. I will know in a couple of weeks . . . It would be nice to know that there’s a girl waiting for me at home, one who knows I’m doing the right thing for all that I believe. If there is, she may communicate with me during the next few days at the usual address. If I don’t hear from you I’ll know what you decided.”

Heckamann came late Saturday afternoon. I watched from the window upstairs as he walked down the boardwalk, swinging his arms. The Marine insignia on his cap glimmered faintly as he turned onto our walk. I went downstairs. “Hi,” I greeted him, opening the door.

He doffed his overseas cap and crushed it in his hands. “Hello,” he said. “I didn’t know if you thought you’d ever see me again.”

“Well, I certainly didn’t think you’d stand me up.”

His eyebrows rose. “What I mean, I thought maybe you’d have company or something—oh! Hello!” Mother had come in. “Was you at the U. S. O. today?” he asked her.

Mother shook hands with him. “Yes,” she answered, “I’m just getting back. The Marines really

had the situation in hand today—I thing all New River must have come over.”

“Yeah, my whole outfit got till midnight tomorrow, so they all took off. This is our last shore leave in the States, I guess.” Shorty grinned proudly.

I felt my heart tighten, for some reason or other. “You mean—they’re taking you out?”

“Yep. We got to get back to the base by midnight tomorrow, then we can’t leave no more. We go out on sea maneuvers in a week or ten days. That last a month, and then we get in the fight.”

I’d heard fellows at school talk the same way about getting in a big game. But they were grim about military service.

“You’re glad, aren’t you?” Mother was saying. “Boy, I sure am!” Shorty’s eyes gleamed. “I been waiting for this eighteen munts now!”

After supper we set out for the Idle Hour. The people next door were just coming in from a walk, and their bull terrier gambolled up to us. Shorty stooped and rumped his ear. The people greeted us and passed, the dog trotting along after them.

“Dogs is okay,” Shorty observed heartily. “They got an old bulldog down at the base. He looks

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K and W Restaurant

mean as everything, but he wouldn't hurt a fly. He's the mascot of the—the Marines—about the only one of 'em left, too."

"Have they gone away?"

"They was on Wake Island." His tone was devoid of whatever emotion I would have expected. And here you go now, I thought, ready for a good fight, even if the other team doesn't play fair. The higher the odds, the better you like it.

At the entrance of the Idle Hour a Shore Patrolman, an Army M. P., and a Marine M. P. glowered at each other. The noise inside was stupendous. Everybody was having, or trying to have, a bang-up time. Service men and shrill-voiced girls crowded all the facilities of the big noisy place. I smiled to myself; if there were a college around, this would not be an approved place for the co-eds.

"Shorty!" someone yelled. A chorus of voices floated over the noise. "Hey, there's Shorty!—C'mon over, Shorty!—Hey Shorty, where'd you get the dame?"

Private Heckamann looked pleased. "Hi, fellas! Be right with you!" He ordered our beers, while

I looked at the crowded booth. One of the Marines was sitting on each side, and girls were packed around them. They were mostly rouged, ropey-haired creatures with plucked eyebrows. More Marines were gathered behind the benches. Their table was already a sea of beer bottles.

The boy behind the counter shoved the beers, glasses on top, at Shorty. He took them and looked at me with sudden uncertainty. "Do you—uh—well—we could get a booth alone," he suggested, his eyebrows high with concern.

I said, "No, let's join your friends," and walked toward the booth. If the dean could see me now, I thought recklessly.

One of the emboothed Marines rose. Somebody must have kicked the other one, because he stood so suddenly he nearly upset the table. Shorty said lots of names and I smiled at everyone, hating myself for thinking, Well! here's how the other half lives. Someone else introduced the girls. We're all alike, I shouted at myself silently. The only difference between this and one of those orgies at the University is that we used better grammar.

There was an upheaval in one side of the booth as a Marine got out so I could sit down. A thin, extremely blond girl smoothed her short full skirt close to her to make room. Shorty leaned on the corner of the booth beside me.

"We were gonna sing," a short, swarthy boy said in Brooklynes. "Let's sing 'Sweet Adeline'." We sang that, and "Shantytown," and the "Beer-barrel Polka." "Hey, you guys!" one of them shouted. "Let's sing the Marine Hymn."

A girl on the other side sang shrilly with them during the first few lines. The rest of us listened to the Marines. "That's great, ain't it?" whispered the little blond. "It sure is," I answered. I could feel myself smiling from far inside because of the Marine Hymn.

"Cut that out, you guys! We can't hear the jukebox!" It was a red-faced soldier.

"Says who?" yelled one of the Marines. The rest were still singing. Another soldier walked up. "Lay off the lullaby!" he bellowed. The jukebox music stopped. The Marines swung into the third verse. A big, lantern-jawed soldier strode up to our booth. "Shuddup!" he yelled, pounding the table. I jumped. Ha, I thought foolishly, diversion from cabin-party routine.

The Marines' song dissolved into anger. "Does he get away wid dat?" one of them asked. Our contingent surrounded the soldiers. More soldiers dashed over. The military custodians of law and order were suddenly in the center of things. Somehow they put the glowering gentlemen of the armed forces into momentary order. The other customers of the Idle Hour were gathering around the potential center of action.

"Okay, you guys!" the Marine M. P. bawled. The jukebox on the far side of the room dimly proclaimed, "This is worth fighting fo-er!" "If you guys gotta have this out, take it outside!"

A soldier cried, "Yeah! take it outside!"

"Hey, wait a minute!" the Army M. P. shouted. "Somebody might get in Dutch! We each gotta pick a man!" The crowd moved toward the doors. They went to the side of the Idle Hour away from the ocean, and a light went on. A marine bawled, "Shorty's our man!"

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"Hey, Dunnegan, it's up to you!" The lantern-jawed soldier stepped forward. The people were in a circle around them. The M. P.'s stood with their billies poised.

"Gee, he's your date, too," the little blond was saying. I stared at her. "You mean—" I stammered—"you mean they're going to let them fight?"

"Heck, yes! It's the Marines and the Army! If it was just one, they wouldn't fool with it!"

The champions handed their hats to their seconds and glowered at each other. College, I chuckled to myself, was never like this. Men in the crowd were grunting advice to their favorites, and my Marine did not seem to be the darling of the populace.

Heckamann punched Dunnegan in the diaphragm and dodged a swing. I looked at the other Marines' dates. "Give it to 'em, Shorty," one of them shrieked. The soldier's fist smashed into the side of Shorty's face. He returned with a blow in the eye.

The boy beside me had Shorty's hat. "Do you mind if I hold that?" I asked him.

"Wh—oh, sure. You're his dame—you oughtta. Hey, Shorty! He's wide open—"

Heckamann won. That is, the soldier eventually went down. He shook his head and looked up at Heckamann. "Okay, Marine," he muttered. "Okay, okay." Blood ran down one side of his face and dropped onto his shirt.

"Well," said Shorty grimly, straightening up. "Do we sing the Marine Hymn, or don't we?"

Everyone cheered. "We was on de toid voice," somebody shouted. We marched back into the Idle Hour to the third verse, and somebody set the Marine party up to a round of beers. The fourth verse got under way. All the Marines gathered around Heckamann—and, incidentally, me. "If the Army and the Navy—ever look on heaven's scenes," they sang lustily, "They will find the angels slee-eeping with United States Marines!"

Heckamann looked at me, and a blush spread around the bruise gathering on his cheek.

Sunday night Heckamann had to leave early. We walked home slowly. "Is there a girl back home?" I asked him.

"Naw. It's better that way. Some of the guys are all messed up about wives and sweethearts and stuff, but me—nobody has to worry about me."

"Do you have any idea where you'll go?"

"Our C. O. don't even know. They get their sealed orders the day we leave and they can't open 'em till we're a good ways off shore."

We were at the house. The canvas on the porch chairs moved in the wind. Even without the front lights showing, it all looked sheltered and safe. I dropped onto the bench outside the porch, and Shorty sat beside me. "One last cigarette?" I asked.

"Geez, yeah." I watched the match-light throw his features into relief and silhouette his big hands. One of his cheeks was a little fuller than the other, still. I felt that he wasn't really there with me at all. He was nearer a big fight, and his starched khaki shirt was really torn off one big shoulder.

"What are you fighting for?" I asked him. "I mean, when you get over there somewhere and maybe you don't have enough to eat and they're

picking your men off—the Japs or somebody—what'll be worth that?"

He sounded surprised. "I dunno. We all gotta do some things, and I wanted to get a good fight out of it, myself. When we first got in the Corps a guy told us we was the ones that'd take those boys on first and it wasn't no way to die of old age, so we could still get out—but, hell, what'd they think we joined up for?"

"No," I said, "I mean, what's it for? What are you going to do afterward?"

"I guess I'll go back to Dayton. I got a good set-up there. The boss said I could walk back in whenever I want."

The wind was making the end of my cigarette lacy and uneven. I threw it away. "Mm," I mumbled reflectively.

"Hey, there's something I wanted to ast you. Could you—that is, do you have a pitcher of yourself around anywhere?"

"Sure," I said, "I'll get it. Excuse me a minute."

Upstairs in my room I paused over some snapshots in a letter from Chick. The girl on the glossy paper looked like a stranger. I chose one in which I was standing in front of the University Chapel, hat in my hand, looking up toward the tower.

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As I walked down it occurred to me that I hadn't been able to imagine a cynical quip on the situation, even from Chick.

I handed the picture to Shorty. "Look at it after you're gone," I told him. "It's not bad, considering the subject."

"Gee, thanks," he said, slipping it into his shirt-pocket. "It sure was swell of you to put up with me. I thought college girls was all the same, but—"

"They are," I told him. "All girls are just about the same."

"Well, it was swell. I sure didn't think my last shore leave in the States 'd be like this . . . I guess I'd better shove off now." We stood up.

"Good luck," I said, shaking hands with him. "I know you'll do a good job."

"Tell your Mother I said G'bye," Shorty said. He still gripped my hand. "Don't take no wooden nickels," he added. "Thanks again for the pitcher." He backed off. "So long!" He touched his cap and clumped off down the boardwalk. The firm, hard feel of his hand was still in mine.

I talked a lot to Chick about Private Heckamann, and the funny thing was that he understood. We had supper together the night the Marines' attack on the Solomons was announced. "Your boy's probably there, isn't he?" Chick remarked.

"Yeah," I murmured.

"You aren't sad about it, are you? Think how much better he's doing there than he would delivering groceries in Dayton, Ohio." Chick's smile was almost gentle. "Honestly, can you imagine anything worse for him than to die of old age, figuratively speaking?"

Suddenly I thought that I had never felt quite so good with Chick. "I'm glad you said that," I told him, looking at him. "And I'm sorry you have to wear that uniform, but I guess I'm glad you do."

"Thanks," he answered quietly. "So am I."



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