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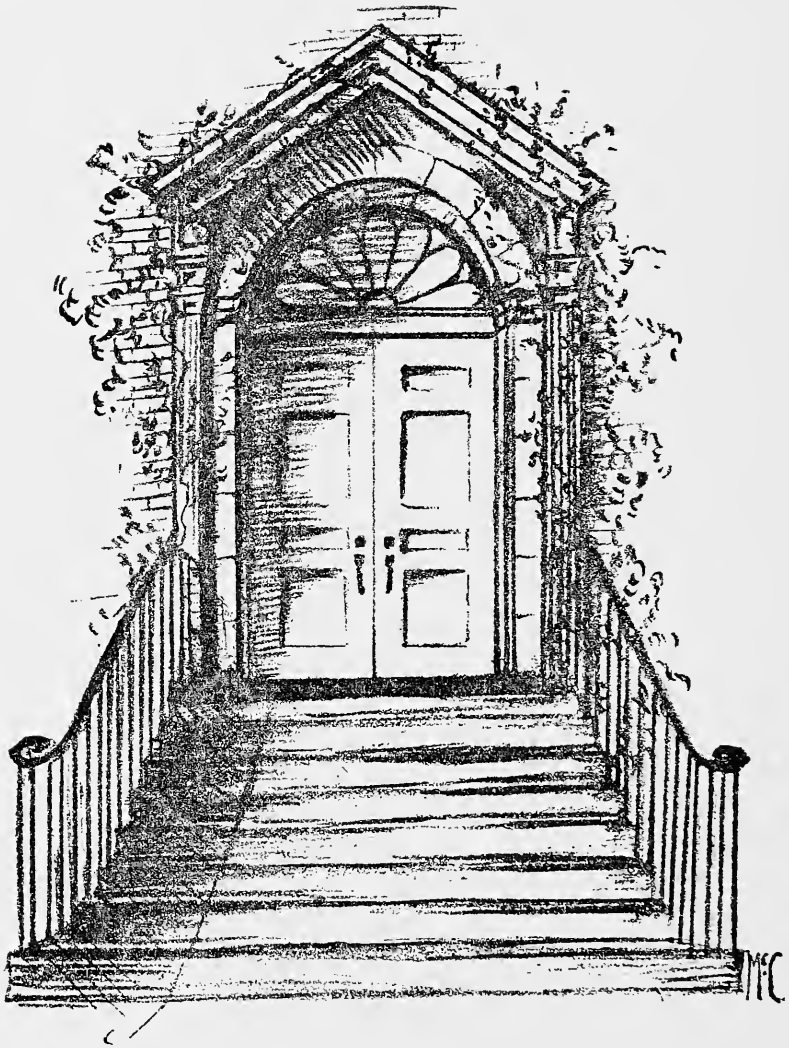
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Foreword

IN THIS issue of CORADDI an attempt has been made to secure unity of theme. Those contributions are used which seem to us to be of particular interest to the students at the North Carolina College.

THE EDITORS.

To the Founder of Our College

Day long, standing, watching as
Gay hearted girls of twenty-nine pass,
Do hints of a forgotten day
Come, pulling you far, far away
Into that time of ninety-two
With happy girls that you then knew?

Night long, the moon against the sky
Sifts through the trees a ghoulish glow,
While in the tower windows high
Reflects the moonlight down below.

Still when a softly crooning breeze
Tosses the moon aloft the trees,
Do girls of a forgotten day,
In muslin white, with ribbons gay,
Call you once more to follow them
From the Present-Future to the Past now dim?
Do you in reverie watch them pass
Light footsteps on the phantom grass?
Dreaming alone, do you recall
One here—one there—apart from all,
Who carried out your purpose true?

Is unprized service dear to you?
Are thoughts of one of twenty-eight
As dear as one of ninety—Wait!

The hares and squirrels that came out
Under the moon to frolic about
Have gone—the old days too with them.
The moon has set; the stars are dim.

ROBERTA CARSON JOHNSON, '32.

Administration Building

A nucleus of all the dreams, a monarch of the past;
Today a figurehead it stands, afraid it will not last.
A curtain now of crimson gold is hung upon the wall;
A haven nest for birds that rest within the turrets tall.
Few are the ones who saw it first; they too are growing old—
They saw the slowly forming dreams; they cast them in the mold.
We hail thee, relic of the past, a workshop for new goals.
Your captains throw to us the ropes that pull us through the shoals.

ELOISE BANNING.



Night Sky

On the dark velvet carpet of the sky
Lie sparkling stones,
Priceless gems,
Jewels from a necklace
Broken by an angry goddess;

And over the jewels dancers sway,
Some even daring
To flaunt their misty draperies
Before the jovial moon.

R. HAYES.

It is to Laugh!

IF YOU would acquire a liberal education, put not your faith in classes; instead, apply for work in the Reserve Room. There you will obtain more actual knowledge than could be culled from years of paying close attention to the walking encyclopedias who for the interminable length of fifty minutes hold forth in their respective classrooms. The Reserve Room of the Library is a laboratory of human nature, a mine of wisdom, and a source of constant amusement to the girls who work there.

Psychologists would delight in the behavior, human or otherwise, which is manifested there daily by serious-minded young maidens whose sole purpose in coming to this institution of higher learning was to acquire knowledge. There are a few ardent pupils who would ask nothing more of life than to abide forever amid such an astounding array of knowledge as is amassed there. Others register delirious delight whenever the book they ask for is not to be had; still others vent their wrath on the poor, innocent creatures behind the desk. But the bane of all dispensers of books is the history student who insists that you read her syllabus upside down and bring her the book she wants.

Savior faire can be acquired more readily in the Reserve Room than in any other place on campus. And why not, considering the fact that the master minds of this and all preceding generations are ensconced upon the shelves? You learn to pronounce with facility such impossible names as Merejkowski, Seignobos, Rostovtzeff, Zoethout, Pestalozzi, and Nordenskiold. You think nothing of handling without care volumes of philosophy, sociology, and psychology. After several contacts with certain books you feel that you have at least a speaking acquaintance with them. Oh, yes, Rousseau's *Confessions* is a large red book, Preserved Smith is somewhat heavy, John Brown's Body lies a mouldering on the top shelf, and venturesome Knights have the habit of faring forth on perilous journeys to remote corners of the room.

Book knowledge is not the only benefit reaped by serving as hired hand in the Reserve Room. One learns incidentally that two *Pecks* make forty years of the republic instead of a half-bushel, that Dr.

Jackson wrote a *Homemade Epic* (all the time you had been under the impression that it was *An Epic in Homespun* by Gerald Johnson), and that Dr. Foust is also an author of note, having collaborated with Marlowe on a dramatic treatment of Mephistopheles.

One meticulous person asked for *Washing and Clean*. Upon explaining that she was a psychology fiend, she was given a copy of Warren and also one of Perrin and Klein. Her wants apparently were satisfied. A freshman asked for *Skillet's* history and was given Schevill. Another demand was for Henry Ford's autobiography of George Washington; it was said to be a true story. So is this! E. E. H.



The Inarticulate

I find no help in words,
Inadequate and vain;
They bind me like a chain,
While far, the speechless birds
Go chanting on the wing.
Oh, teach me to break free!
My soul must burst from out of me,
And learn to soar and sing.

JEAN LOUISE HEWITT.

Summer Noon

Blue! intense blue sky,
Filled with foaming,
Floating clouds
Billowing in shades
Of milky white
And threatening gray.

Green! deep green trees,
Breathless branches
Beseeching the sky;
And carpeting grass
Of dusty green
Mercilessly exposed.

White! bare white roads
Of thirsting dust
Swirled into angry
Impatient clouds
By transient cars
Disturbing the air.

And over all
A glowing light,
Gilding the sky
And earth's great quilt,
Suffusing the air
With molten gold.

R. HAYES.

Blue Roses
or
A Conversational and Psychological Masterpiece
In One Scene

By E. A. and K. R.

Setting: A boudoir in a college dormitory immediately after light bell.

Characters:

Celia—who is dark and exotic; she feels.

Helena—who has brazen locks; her heart is gold, pure gold.

Genevieve—who tiptoes in and out.

Anna Belle—who is a tall senior with an intellectual pallor; she thinks.

Jane—who is a flapper (our heroine).

And others—who are attracted to the room by the intellectual atmosphere, and by the quaint sight of a *Busy* sign on the door.

CURTAIN

Anna Belle is languishing in a straight-backed chair under a bright, unshaded drop light.

Celia is hanging over the foot of the beautiful medieval wrought-iron bed. She passionately plucks the petals from a blue crepe paper rose.

Jane is reading Jack's last letter.

(The radiator sings like a gleeful July fly. A. B. evidently soars to intellectual heights. Her countenance glows like the light over her head.)

Jane breaks the inspiring silence: "For sewing buttons on bars of soap! Listen to this—'Sugar, you are the sweetest'—"

Anna Belle, interrupting: "Jane, that appellation is an aesthetic atrocity. Not even in a spirit of youthful jollity, when an exuberant youth gives his innocent confidence to a young lady, should he use such an adhesive term of endearment as 'Sugar'."

Jane, furiously: "But—"

Celia: "You are right, absolutely, Anna Bell. As someone says, 'A thing of sweetness—'"

Jane: "But I tell you, he won the game last Saturday! Such a touch-down—!"

(*Celia* and *A. B.* are overcome by such conclusive evidence of greatness.)

Genevieve—tiptoes in.

Celia, now sure of an appreciative audience:

"Why is it I always find fairies
When you come, you, yourself?
A dainty bit of porcelain—"

Genevieve—tiptoes out in sweet confusion. She bangs the door bashfully.

Anna Belle—with difficulty drags her thoughts to earth again after an ethereal flight back to the class room. She shivers in ecstasy with the memory of her English professor's apt and classic lecture on "The Value of Arsenic in the Diet."

"I fear," she says finally, "that poor dear *Genevieve* has an inferiority complex."

Celia:

"She should feel the tide
Over her surge
Something like
The cosmic urge."

Jane: "Hell!" (A sharp staccato note.)

Helena—enters hurriedly: "Oh, *Jane* darling, how can you say such things? I can't believe you would say that! I won't believe it!"

Jane—tactfully: "I only said 'well.'"

Helena—beams, gives *Jane* a contrite hug, takes a piece of candy from the box *Celia* half-heartedly proffers, and departs.

Jane: "What she needs is to go on a sure enough party or two."

Anna Belle: "*Jane*, my dear, you do not realize that parties are not everything." (She waxes eloquent and gesticulates with a long amber-handled nail file.) "In a successful marriage, the two people should be intellectually, aesthetically, and emotionally suited to each other."

To Mary's Brother

WHEN we were children, together, I idolized you. I remember the time I stood calmly and let the rabbit you had caught scratch a deep gash in my arm. You told me not to liberate the unfortunate captive. I hated the trap; and I hated you for not freeing the rabbit. Yet I obeyed orders. Then one day while we were riding to school, I tried to persuade you to stop using profanity. (I said "bad words" then.) You said that you should live as you pleased. When you died, you said, you could go one place or the other. You liked both hot and cool weather.

And so, my friend, *we* most likely shall have a warm welcome—
somewhere, someday!

ELIZABETH ALVIS.



To C. M. L.

Would you, I wonder, have gone on with me?
Or would you have stayed still nearby—
Valiant, helpless, unhappy—
Watching me cast aside the doctrines
In which you had drilled me?
Or would I have remained
Stationary, calm, self-blinded?
Is it better so? I wonder.
I am free.
I walk my way; I think my thoughts.
And my God smiles when I burn my fingers.
Would you smile?

BETTY GAUT.

Elizabeth

When I was a three-year old scrap of blue-aproned humanity, you took chocolate drops from your pocket and bribed me to dance. I waked, slept, smiled and lived for candy.

Do I still want candy?



A Senior

I am unhappy when I think that I shall live on the campus only once more when the spirea drifts in snowy banks against the building and near the sidewalks.

B. G.



My Secret

My love is like a hungry flame
That stifles daily in ashes gray.
I watch there sparks so bright and light
Lest you, not knowing my quiet love,
Should see these hidden fireflies burn
And hate me for the stolen right.

MABEL HOLLAND.

Happiness! What is it? Where?

“Happiness! What is it? Where?” cried I
To the whispering wind as it rustled by,
But a smothered laugh was the sole reply.

“Happiness! Tell me, O fertile ground!”
I implored a bit of the earth I found,
But there came no answer. There came no sound.

“Bits of the sunset that dance and play,
Leaves—where is Happiness? Tell me, I pray!”
But if there were answers, they fluttered away.

“Where is Happiness, beast?” I cried,
And the dog frisked toward me as though to confide,
And he wagged his tail. But the answer died.

“Come to me, child, for child you are.
I am searching for Happiness. Is it far?”
But the baby whispered, “I want a star.”

“Sire,” and I bowed to his whitened hair,
“I am looking for Happiness. What is it? Where?”
But he shook his head and would only stare.

“Happiness! What is it? Where?” ’Tis true
That they would not tell me. But then they knew
That I should find it when I found you.

CECILE LINDAU.

Bobbie*

I don't know why I didn't promise to marry Jim
That night we were riding in the rain
On our way to the picture show.
I saw my mother, a widowed mother,
With three girls and a little boy
To send to school,
And then a mother broken in health.
This is not a picture for youthful eyes.
I first said "yes," then three quick "nos"
Because I am a little better than my other self.
I got three weeks of campus for it
And was glad to get off with that.

C. HARRIS.

**Editor's note:* We apologize abjectly to Edgar Lee Masters.



Jean

It took me two years after I read Wordsworth
To learn what beauty was,
To learn to like a rocky or a red-mud bank
Better than one with grass on it,
That a green bowl in a lady's pink hand
Is nearly as good as a sunset.
I wrote two lines of poetry
As good as any Shelley ever wrote,
Exactly ten iambs hidden away in a sonnet,
And here I lie.

C. HARRIS.

Mary

Good auntie said alternately
The change was due to the times,
To the generation, and to that school I attended.
Why, I used to want to be a foreign missionary;
And I hadn't been away a year
When I laughed at all church creeds.
I said:
"Such reaction is not good for one.
If I ever have children,—
Ah, they must be pretty children, curly hair,
And I will dress them always in white, little white shoes and all—
I will bring them up in a truthful manner;
What is fiction I'll let be fiction.
This is the only way to make true men."

That sacrum joint I wrenched in the wreck
Made me gasp that night the baby came.
I caught my breath just once and died.
Mother is a saintly soul
To take in her old age her daughter's child.
And little Annie—of all names Annie—
Goes to Sunday school every Sunday morning
And wears union suits in the winter time.

C. HARRIS.



Normandy Horses

I can remember
Normandy horses,
Wearily plodding
Over the cobbled
Streets of a city:
 Clicky-clack.

Born to the harness,
Bent to the burden,
Often I've seen them,
Patiently plodding
Whither they know not—
 Horses and men.

What of brute blindness,
Dull, irresponsible,
Stirred by no motive,
Staring at nothing,
Ceaselessly plodding?
 Brothers, awake!

JEAN LOUISE HEWITT.



Dora

YOUR will was stronger than mine. Gradually, you said, I would cease to be provincial. I would be sophisticated—though sweet. You took me to walk in the April sunsets. You tried to awaken my mind to the paradise of nature around me. Most of all, you showed me the charm and unconventionality of your own ideas.

Gradually I learned to smoke a melachrino without choking. I saw “cerise,” not “red,” in the sunset. I bought lipstick to match my dresses; I learned to read poetry. Later I wrote poetry—when first inspired. I did not wish to spend any moments in a stupor, or in a world of jagged lightning made hazy by synthetic gin, so I remained sober.

Then came the day when you told me that I had at last achieved a sense of the aesthetic. You gave me six poetry books, a hand-painted sunset—in oils, and a notebook in which to write poetry. You welcomed me into the fold of culture; then you departed on a trip which left almost a continent between us. You left me weeping.

Yes, weeping. To be able to eat chocolate cigarettes! To be able to ignore a bloody sunset! To be able to read College Humor unashamed! And most of all to eat onion sandwiches!

ENVOY

Dora, you are the crudest
Of girls I ever knew,
Throw away that Camel
Or I'll never speak to you!

DORA HERSELF.

Poem

They say a bride should wear white—
White to symbolize her purity,
Her virgin untouchedness.

But I—I come to you
On our wedding day—your bride—
Dressed in white, it is true—
But more—
This flush upon my cheeks, my lips,
Red as my fast-beating heart?
That is the symbol of my courage,
Fearlessness of life—and love, with you.

And the blue of my eyes?
That shows my truth,
My fidelity to the sacred trust of love.

But look once more
My eyes are not all blue—
There is a touch of green,
And green means—
Jealousy!

DALICE HOWARD.



Death

Last night I held you, today you are gone;
Yet strangely you seem to be near.
You could not have flown away with the dawn,
For then you smiled on me here.

I've always been fearful lest you should go;
That unspeakably cruel fate, never!
Today when they told me you had died,
I knew you were mine forever.

REBECCA M. TAYLOR, '31.

It Happens to Even the Best of Us

By F. V. P.

CLEMENTINA BEAUCHAMP-JONES sat at the desk in her room in one of those long, not exactly beautiful buildings called "dorms" at N.C.C.W. It was a relatively plain room, Clementina thought, visualizing the high-ceilinged, oak paneled rooms of her ancestral home. A slight frown perched itself upon her patrician brow, and she delicately bit the tip of her pen she held in her hand. She was writing to her mother.

For two months Clementina had been an inmate at this institution of learning. Two months is scarcely time enough for an aristocratic southern belle to become accustomed to the rigors of college life. Being diplomatic, however, Clementina chose her words with such care that none would have guessed the tragedy that had entered into her life. The letter ran:

Dearest Mother:

Your letter was like a breath of the air at "Beauchamp Hall" on a moonlit night when the lilacs are in bloom.

The latest fashions here all feature the princess lines, and they are so becoming! I hardly think my coat will last the winter out.

At times when memories of home fill my mind I long so to return home, but——

Clementina could write no more. She had no desire to be at home. Even now they might know of the tragedy; even now Mrs. Beauchamp-Jones might be devising means to counteract the scandal. Clementina thought of her mother, and for the first time in her life began to realize the motives which actuated her mother's behavior. Clementina's whole life had been a series of pretenses and poses. Her mother's aristocratic nose and supercilious eyebrows were simply armor with which to defend longstanding family traditions.

Strange, is it not, how astute a few months of college can make a fair maiden? Previous to coming to college Clementina would never have thought of dissecting her mother.

Mrs. Beauchamp-Jones was a real aristocrat. She had formed a mesalliance with the owner of a gold mine, for the Beauchamp fortune

was not what it once had been. When the gold mine mysteriously disappeared from the face of the earth, Mrs. Jones made the best of a bad bargain and set herself up in the old ancestral home as Mrs. Beauchamp-Jones. She was the acknowledged social dictator of the little village which makes a mere dot on the Carolina coastal plain.

Clementina was her mother's daughter. In her veins ran the same strain of Huguenot blood that had enabled her mother's family to distinguish itself in two wars. She bore herself in the same regal manner that had caused Napoleon to remark the stately carriage of great-great-great-aunt Clementina at one of his *grande bals*. Since then, there had always been a Clementina in the Beauchamp family. The original possessor of that name, done in oils, smiled benignly down upon the shelves of musty books which formed the library of "Beauchamp Hall."

Clementina's train of thought was broken by a knock at the door. Before she could answer, a tousled head was poked in at the door and the girl who roomed across the hall yelled, "Come on, Clem, let's go to the drug for some dopes."

The invitation annoyed Clementina. She answered that she did not feel so inclined. How could anyone consider drug stores and dopes in the face of the impending family disgrace.

"I should have gone to an older school where there are historical traditions," mused Clementina. "There I would have been appreciated; here I am wasted."

She finished the letter lamely, added the inevitable postscript, and wept bitterly.

—I shall have to console myself by admiring your picture until we are reunited at Christmas.

Your loving daughter,

Clementina.

P.S. The teachers here are not as highly educated as they might be. My history teacher gave me an "unsatisfactory" because he is ignorant of the fact that great-great-great-grandfather Beauchamp was the most important general who fought in the American Revolution.

C.

Bettina

YOUR daughter, you said, should be first of all a lady. Your daughter should be intriguingly feminine. She should wear deep blues to match her truthful eyes. Your daughter should go to a select young ladies' boarding school. She should cook even as her mother did. Your daughter should never ride astride.

Your daughter wears reds and oranges. Even now her unmaidenly locks struggle in the unbecoming throes of a boyish bob. One time in the haymow she tried to smoke one of your cigars. (She won't again.) And when there is a full moon——

Is your daughter a lady?

B. G.



To a Very New Kinsman——

They have not told me, baby dear,
Even the color of your hair,
I know not if your eyes are blue or softly brown,
Or if your nose be straight or button round.
I have not seen your rosy lips,
Nor kissed your tiny fingertips.

They have not sent me word, you see,
Whether you are named for me,
For many months and many miles
Lie between me and your smiles;
And though I cannot see your charms
Nor hold you close within my arms,
You're bound to me by ties of love,
Of kinship, fate and stars above.

NANCY TAYLOR.

Reproach to J. P.

You never think of those inane times
We roved in the old country road
Where the rail fence, wanton with its vines,
Sent sweetness from a honeysuckle load.

You have forgotten the old stone bridge—
The “wishing bridge” we called it then—
Where, leaning over, we’d whisper a wish,
Then wordlessly walk on again.

And you don’t remember “Lovers’ Leap”
Where bloomed snapdragons, wild and blue.
Now I long to jump over it—down deep—
Since someone else has gotten you!

FRANCES GAUT, '32.



Response

No lasting love? Say you not so.
Second Cassandra, how do you know?
Have you not seen
Love in the spring,
Young hearts in love?
Beautiful thing.

No lasting love? That is not true.
True love will last long ages through.
Have you not seen
Old loves that cling,
Lovers in winter?
Wonderful thing.

ARLINE FONVILLE, '33.

This Way to Successful Failure or A Scientific Study of Superlativity

By ELIZABETH ALVIS, MARGARET MCJOHNSON, AND OTHERS

FOR those who would climb from blessed obscurity to doubtful fame, this section of the CORADDI is compiled. As a word of encouragement to any one who may aspire, several testimonials are included which prove—with certainty—that Superlatives are made as well as born.

In the following pages, panacea for all cases of popularity, also, will be found. To avoid the distressful state of superlativity, read carefully; and shake any budding trait that threatens to cast you into the clear cold limelight.

This study has been made with utmost care. Every small detail has been tabulated with scientific exactness. It is generally admitted, by all experts in the field, to be the newest and most exhaustive treatise upon this subject of universal interest.



MISS N. C. C. W.

The maid told me that Miss N. C. C. W. would see me at once. Dear Public, imagine my trepidation when I stood waiting in the anteroom of my idol's five-room suite! At last I was admitted to the inner sanctum. Venus, herself, awaited me. Venus, clad in a cerise tea-gown of clinging chiffon velvet, daintily plucked her roommate's eyebrows. (I tell you, dear Public, the most intimate details.)

"My ambition," she said quite kindly, recognizing my hesitance, "is soon to be fulfilled. Soon I shall paint yellow butterflies on the green window shades; with the blue curtains, the color scheme will be complete."

"My hobbies," she charmingly continued, "are practicing the third roll in rhythemics, and wearing spike-heeled shoes."

“For week-end trips, I prefer to go to Carolina, Davidson, State, Duke, and Wake Forest.”

“As to my diet, I prefer my sugar and cream without coffee.”

“My bed,” she confided, “measures six by four.”

Then as I turned to go, the interview complete, with tears of grateful admiration in my eyes, she added, “And I most heartily endorse my roommate’s soap. I don’t know what kind it is.”



Antelopa

Walking in the park at sunset,
(I assure you it’s no dream)
I found lithesome Antelopa
Leaping lightly o’er the stream.

And she counted rhythmic numbers,
(Thirteen, six, four, eight—);
I asked, “Why the mathematics?”
“So I’ll know I’m leaping straight.”

Still giving kindly information,
(Knowing well I longed for more),
This graceful, rhythmic person
Led me to her study door.

On the wall I saw a schedule,
(It’s contents I’ll now relate),
“Breathe deeply while you sleep,
Be sure to fall down straight.”

I know, now, the magic secret
(Of grace like flying gulls)—
It’s noting your mathematics,
Throw *straight* your peanut hulls!

Solomonía

Immediately upon entering Solomonía's room to interview her upon her breath-taking rise to fame in being elected Wisdom by the 1800 young women of North Carolina College, I understood in part just why she was chosen. The atmosphere fairly shouted of study and quiet meditation. Everywhere were signs that a great student had created the room. Restful red and orange draperies of a heavy cretonne were hung over the windows with a delightful irregularity. Facing the window was a chair, part green and part black, upholstered in handsome material like that of the hangings. Another evidence of Solomonía's quiet good taste was her bureau covers. These were of delicate yellow oilcloth, lightly sprinkled with white and red powder. Just as I was passing over to the desk to dip into the *Buccanneer* lying open there, Solomonía came in. Although I had never before had the opportunity of meeting this wonderful young person, I immediately realized that it must be she. Such a dreamy manner! Such a broad, thoughtful face! Yes, surely, she was Wisdom. I found the celebrity quite friendly, but a little retiring when I mentioned her newly-won title. At first, she only blushed and looked at the floor. The next time I mentioned it she began wiggling her foot nervously. A little later I said pleadingly, "Come now, please, tell me all about how you worked up from the state of blissful ignorance to the unsurpassable heights you have now attained." She suddenly threw herself at my feet, and with tears in her eyes and rings on her hands, told me the story. She begged that I promise to keep it secret forever that, on the night of the mass meeting, the president's lisping voice had led all to believe that they were voting for some one else. I promised.



Cleopatra

Cleopatra, recently elected the most charming of all the perfect girls at North Carolina College, justly deserves that distinction. For years she has dreamed of it. For years she has spent every waking moment with that honor in view.

Like many other youthful geniuses, she was inspired, when but a child, by the leader in the field and determined then to become as great. It happened one day that Cleopatra's parents were going to have company to dinner. They liked to entertain, and would have been happy but for the fear that Cleopatra would chatter throughout the meal and annoy the staid guest. The little girl solved the problem for them, however, by promising to remain absolutely silent for the sum of fifteen cents. The bargain was made; and she was paid next day. Immediately after lunch she bought some peanuts and went to the movies. There, on the front row, she saw Wallace Reid play in *The Charm School*. At nine-thirty she wandered home, dreamy-eyed and hungry. She was put to bed without any supper and left to dream undisturbed. By morning she had imagined herself in every stage of developing charm from the rough state in which she was then to the crowning point of being chosen most charming in college.

Her ideal was not reached so easily as her rosy dreams had led her to believe. There were so many things to be done! She developed a graceful manner of getting in and out of cars, a low laugh, a sweet manner, a slightly mysterious smile. Each acquisition meant hours before the mirror, hours of tiring drill. She also read many books, in order that she might discuss any topic, and think deep thoughts in a charming way. When her playmates read *Pollyanna*, she was deep in *Berta Ruck*.

The road she traveled was indeed long and hard, but she has been rewarded. Her ideal has been reached. The peanut-eating, wide-eyed girl has been transformed into an entrancing creature. The girls at N. C. C., being infallible, have acclaimed her the most charming of them all. She is the girl for the place.



Jill (of All Trades)

I was born successfully in a log cabin, set in the mountains of western North Carolina, not so many years ago. I was one of those typical illiterates, immoral, undernourished mountain whites that we hear college professors refer to so frequently. One of the happiest memories of my childhood was that of being jarred to sleep in a

straight chair to the tunes of *Eliza Jane* and *Sourwood Mountain*. Some of the smaller tasks, however, were soon delegated to my young hands; I held the cow's tail at milking time; and I took the weekly supply of butter and eggs to town.

You may wonder how in such an environment anyone could develop such a versatile nature as mine. Oh, if you only knew farm life you would never ask such a question! For instance, my musical ability, which probably is the most outstanding, was first noticed in the clear thrilling tones of "Sook Cow" ringing out over the hills at dusk. The finishing touches were added by "histing" the tune in the old church choir. This same little choir was the core of the singing at all camp meetings; here it was that I received a lifelong supply of spirituality. My first inclination toward art was stimulated at these meetings also. I tried to figure out how each hat that arrived must have looked last year; and I wondered what the prospects for next year's creations were. Of course the heartfelt appreciation of such pictures as "God Bless Our Home," and "What is a Home Without Mother" had been instilled in me since infancy. My worldliness was developed, in fact, by a study of other pictures through a stereoscope. My cast-iron constitution was acquired through a constant fight for existence, and was moistened by fatback, cornbread, and mountain dew. Dealing with people, however, has always been my long suit; I was called upon to take a hand in all corn shuckings and bean stringings. This is where I learned that enough is enough, and that nothing comes to him who waits.



Lady Chesterfield

And now we find Lady Chesterfield.

"How do you do, folks? Won't you come into the library? It has been a gloomy and rainy day—so please remove your coats and overshoes before you wander, for a while, over my treasured old books." She continued this cultured monologue in a delightfully well modulated tone. "There are days when a mood fastens me here, and I love the thoughts that play in such inspiring surroundings. The old library

has been mine for some nineteen years—an angel mother left it to me. Here are rows and rows of books, books that she fingered so carefully with me—years and years ago. There is the old primer; there the other school books; and always there was the lesson of manners to be learned. Later came these leatherbound volumes; with them came appreciation of literature and the arts, the love of the opera of old Mephistopheles and his magic, and the attraction of Oscar Wilde and his extremes. Time has brought it all to me—a flower that is mine, a part of me.

“DeWit, we will have tea at five.”



Miss Herculea

At last the greatest aspiration of my career had become an ecstatic reality. I was actually sitting in the presence of the most athletic girl at N. C. C. W. From her vantage point on the head of the bed, where she hung by her toes with astonishing dexterity, this paragon of physical activity waved a welcome.

I was struck at once with her healthy smile and simple, robust manner. Upon my asking her what her greatest ambition was, she smiled shyly and said that she had always wanted to lift a Ford. (Of course, she did not mean that she wished to *lift* a car without permission from the owner; but that by sheer physical force she ardently desired to elevate an automobile.) When asked how she intended to achieve this ambition, our collegiate sportswoman replied that she would begin by lifting a wheelbarrow and that in a short time she was confident she could easily lift, not only a Ford, but a Cadillac if she willed.

After my interview with this fair Herculea she kindly accompanied me down the hall, lightly turning handsprings when walking became monotonous. Smiling at my wonder-filled countenance, she said, “My success in athletics is due to these four reasons:

I have eaten by breakfast;
I have removed my coat;
I have slept eight hours; and
This dormitory is properly ventilated.”

Freakina

A trained nurse, clad in snowy linen, met us at the door. "I am sorry," she said, "that I cannot allow you to see dear quaint little Freakina. She heard yesterday that you were coming to interview her. Her unceasing effort to think up something original to say to the representatives of the press has caused a most distressing case of brain fever. Close the door softly, please."

We did; we wept.

