THE CORADDI

Woman's College *of* The University
of North Carolina

November • 1934

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Vol. XXXIX. No. 1

Price $1.50 per year

FROM LONG KEY TO NOVA SCOTIA, the famous sportsman and writer, REX BEACH, has matched his skill and vitality against the big game fish of the Atlantic! Below he tells how he lights a Camel after fighting it out with a heavy fish — and soon "feels as good as new."

REX BEACH EXPLAINS

ıow to get back vim and energy when "Played Ou

'Any sportsman who matches his ѕtamina against the fighting strength ɔf a big game fish," says Rex Beach, 'has to put out a tremendous ımount of energy before he lands his ish. When I've gotten a big fellow safely landed my next move is to ight a Camel, and I feel as good ıs new. A Camel quickly gives me a sense of well-being and renewed energy. As a steady smoker, I have also learned that Camels do not interfere with healthy nerves."

Thousands of smokers will recognize from their own experience what Mr. Beach means when he says that he lights a Camel when tired and "feels as good as new." And science adds confirmation this refreshing "energizing effec

That's why you hear people s so often: "Get a lift with a Came Camels aren't flat or "sweetis Their flavor never disappoin Smoke Camels steadily—their fin MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS not get on the nerves!

CAMEL'S Costlier Tobaccos never get on

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.

"Get a LIFT

THE CORADDI

MEMBER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

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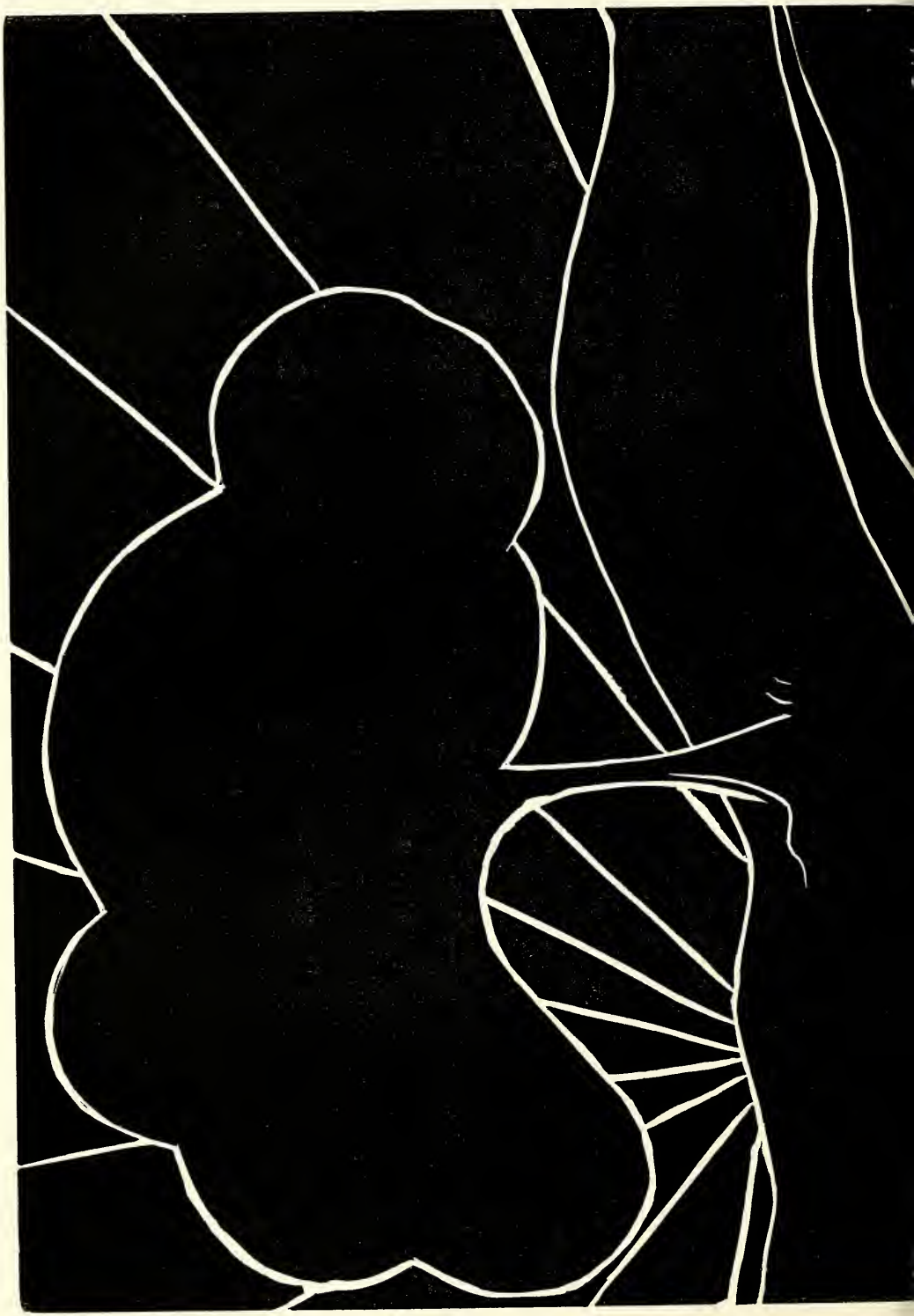

Alien

Edythe Latham

Neighbor,
I speak to you today,
And you hear the same flat dropping of words
Like wet pebbles falling; for that is my way.
I say to you as I have said every day,
"Do you think it is time yet
To spread muslin over my tulip bed?"
You lean upon your hoe and are silent.
Together we consult the sky
And agree that the clouds look glazed—
As make-believe snow.
Thus have we spoken day after day
Since I came to your country of flat green fields
And too-brilliant flowers.
Thus we shall go on speaking:
My words as pebbles — lifeless.
And I shall note each day
That your hair glints too whitely under sunlight;
Your lips curve too petulantly downward.

But never shall my flat voice betray me.
Never shall it rise and break its even modulation.
Never shall I look into your china eyes,
As you lean upon your hoe, and say:
"I am sick of low green fields
And too-brilliant flowers.
My eyes see, in dreams,
The faded blue of old forgotten rivers.
They cannot forget the sight

Of water slipping and spreading itself over rocks.
My fingers reach into the dark and pull at dream strings,
My ears straining to catch the half-tones in sonatas
I play to myself sleeping.
They cannot forget the feel of the bow
And the prick of the pizzicata.
My nostrils fill again with the odor of paint and wet canvas
And the thin, cutting smell of the turpentine over it.
And suddenly, over it all,
Breaks the scent of ether, lingering on a white-coated man—
His lips pronouncing a sentence—
Each word standing separately.
'Nerves—strain—heart—country—rest.'
I twitch in my bed as a child frightened and feverish
And wake—hating this place;
For I am an alien here."

From a Soldier*

GLADYS MEYEROWITZ

November 13, 1917.

Dear Ken:

We boarded the ship today, and what a conglomeration of khaki, crying women, and confetti! For two days we are going to lie in New York harbor—probably to get a last good look at the country that we are going to defend; for whom we are laying down our lives so that American *Honor* may be proven better than German *Kultur*. Oh well, what good is cynicism? I might add, though as a parting shot, that the idea of two meals a day (that's all we get) doesn't make one any more patriotic.

• • •

November 15, 1917.

Dear Ken:

Bright and early this morning we steamed out of the harbor, and though I tried to be nonchalant, my throat became stopped up. Here's hoping we someday sail back to that same old pier. But to forget my sorrows and to turn to things nearer my heart—or perhaps I should say—my stomach! This two-meal day isn't what it's cracked to be! Breakfast from 7-10; dinner from 2-5, and so to bed! Feeding five thousand men is a pretty big job, but feeding them decently is a bigger one! The dining rooms are about 50 x 100 feet, containing long collapsible tables. We carry our own mess-kits and we are served cafeteria style. After we have received our portions, we eat it standing up; there are no chairs in the dining room. As a grand climax, we rinse our kits in a large tub of water in which 4,999 other kits have been rinsed. By the time fifty men have dropped their garbage in the tub, the water is as thick as gravy; and when the other 4,950 have finished it is as clear as mud. Anyway, we should be thankful to eat at all.

*The experiences of a member of the faculty.

November 16, 1917.

Dear Ken:

Drills, drills, and *more* drills! By this time, I even eat in "one-two" time! And the submarine drills! Oh well, I guess it's a case of drill or be drilled—by a torpedo. This morning at three o'clock we we jerked out of bed to report on deck. Each man has a number and when we assemble on deck, we call our numbers. At the first three or four drills (we have two every day) every man was present, but at these little informal mid-night get-togethers, about one-third of those on board appear. Tom Brown, who sleeps in the bunk across from me, called out as I was getting up, "Hey, report for me, willya? My number is 185". Accordingly, when someone yelled "183", then "184", I bellowed, "185"; and when my number, 210, was called, I asked for that. These drills are one mad scramble, especially when you fall out of bed to find the aisle crowded with a gang who fell out first! The aisles are just about a foot wide, and when two people meet, one of them has to crawl into a bunk so the other can pass. But what's a little thing like that?

• • •

November 21, 1917.

Dear Ken:

Was I sick yesterday! And were the other forty-nine boys in my outfit suffering! The canteen was opened for the first time yesterday and the officer in charge (a thrifty soul) decided to save the U. S. a few cents by opening only the chocolate counter. When all the chocolate was gone, he figured he would open the other divisions. Besides that, only the officers could buy things because of the confusion that would result if 5,000 men tried to buy chocolate at once. The fifty men in our section gave an officer two dollars each! We told him to buy us something to eat! The result was chocolate, one hundred dollars worth of chocolate. As I write the word, my stomach turns! I called the attack "sea-ache fever"; it was a combination of sea sickness and stomach-ache, with a sprinkling of chills and fevers thrown in. The cure for it has never been compounded. "Time will heal all things". The decks and bunks were streaked with digested (or rather undigested) chocolate, and men were trading six bars of chocolate for two pills. A fine time was had by all!

November 24, 1917.

Dear Ken:

Three more days and we will be in France, the war-torn and ruptured France of today. But, in the meantime we have drills. Today I was assigned a special order. During the drills I am supposed to assemble the men on deck and then be the last one to leave. As we were eating lunch, the horn blared out. I told the boys sitting near me to run up on deck. One fellow began arguing, "Shall I take my mess-kit? If I don't, someone will get it; if I do, I'll have to carry all this garbage in it." About that time the cannon was fired. He wasted no more time in foolish argument, but flew up the stairway. That was the first cannon we had heard fired, but I guess it will become an old familiar sound. The submarine was struck, I think, for we no longer saw the periscope.

This business of coming to the other fellow's land to slaughter human beings doesn't quite fit in with my idea of civilization. Perhaps I lack the stamina or necessary patriotism. To kill a man, to watch his blood bespatter the earth, his flesh blown to bits, his bones broken just because—because—. I don't even remember if there was a good reason. I have known lots of Germans and they always seemed to me to be pretty decent fellows.

I Fear the Stars

When I'm alone
Upon the cold and silent
Mountain side,
I fear the stars.
Their very gaze
Is chill and awful,
Glistening on the crusted field
In which I walk.
They send an unseen power
To thrust at me
Steel swords
And pluck at me
With unsuspected fingers.
When I'm alone
Upon the cold and silent
Mountain side,
I fear the stars.

FRANCHELLE SMITH.

Convert

Adelaide Porter

The shaggy old mountain seemed to drop right into the little pool and overpower it, leaving it undetermined and subdued. In fact it was almost not a pool at all—only a slight widening of the lazy little river. On the side of the water next to the road a huge rock jutted out from the bank and completed the oppression by ever shadowing the pool from the sun.

In summer one often saw small naked boys jumping from the rock into the clear, cold water. They would swim over to the green bushes which dangled from the mountain, then paddle back, and crawl up on the rock to get warm and dry. In a few minutes they would repeat their performance, and so on through the long dry days.

But it was October now. The mountains were burnt-orange and red. All the green had gone except that of the fir trees, towering straight and tall over their squatty neighbors.

Across the little dirt road a woman stood alone, watching the scene before her. Many times she had seen her boys swimming in the dark green water, and seen the young folks from the village picnic on the smooth surface of the rock. But she had never seen anything like what was before her now.

On the rock was a tall man, coatless, with his shirt sleeves open at the cuffs and his tie flying in the wind. He was gesticulating wildly. and shouting, his voice raucous and high-pitched. At his feet people were kneeling, their foreheads on the rock, and their quivering hands stretched high in the air. Behind them others, fifty or more, stood and watched, some of them interrupting the man on the rock from time to time with loud amens. He was pleased with the interruptions.

The woman smiled, leaning against a tree now, glanced behind her. People from the village were sitting on the tops of their cars and were smiling their amused smiles.

The preacher's voice had grown louder. She could hear what he said.

"Com' on! Com' on! Don't be afraid to acknowledge the Lord

Jesus Christ that made you! God'll *never* love you if you don't shout it to the world that you love him! Com' on!"

The woman heard the words of one of the girls on the car just behind her. "How these country people do fall for that rot! 'Specially the first day of a revival. Look at them! They actually believe what he's saying! Ye Gods! There's our washwoman! Oh well—"

The woman stepped away from the car. She was on the edge of the crowd now. She was tall and could easily see over most of the heads. But she could still hear the girl.

"Gosh, I hope I didn't offend her. Look at her. Bet she's not a day over forty. She looks sixty. But no wonder—what with all the children these mountain women have, 'n everything. They get to look positively sour."

The woman did not move. She gave no sign that she had heard. But she could feel the girl's eyes on her thin, big-boned body and her flat feet.

The preacher was screaming. "Yes, they call us Holy Rollers! They call us Shouters! But *they* won't roll, and *they* won't shout for the Lord! Wait till they get to Hell, though! *Then* they'll shout—and burn too! Jus' mark my words! And folks—*we'll* be in God's Holy Kingdom.

The woman began to shoulder her way through the crowd, to see better, she said to herself.

"Com' on up, all you believers, com' on! Com' to the Holy Altar of Christ! Give yourselves to Him, and all his mystery will be revealed! Don't hold back! You won't be ashamed when you get to Heaven!"

The mob loudly resented her pushing through it. And she stopped once. But some compelling force made her keep on—on. Her heart was thumping and her jaws were set. She was in front of all the others now, and just behind the kneeling worshippers. They were making loud, strange sounds.

"Com' and tell the world you love the Lord! Com' and let God reveal His mysterious language unto you!" She knew what the devout were speaking now. "You will know all! You will be at peace with your souls forever and eternally."

The woman took a step forward. Something inside seemed to pull her with a terrific force. Her hands were clammy, and her head was

hot inside. Then she remembered the girl's words, and stepped back into the crowd.

"What do you care if the sinners laugh at you? *God* won't laugh! He loves you, and I love you, and I want you to be saved! Com' on up to God! Be baptised in this Holy Water and kneel at this Holy Altar, and be *saved*!

Something was pushing the woman forward. She looked behind her. No one had touched her. She felt her feet move toward the rock. She couldn't stop them. She clenched her fists. Sweat poured from her face.

"God needs you! Com' on!"

The preacher had seen her. He jumped over the kneeling converts and quickly led her into the water. She felt as if her body were floating to Heaven. She was full of hot, mad joy.

The water got deeper and deeper. It was up to her neck. It was—it was—*drowning* the joy—she mustn't lose it—she *mustn't*—why she had given herself to—*what*?

She felt the cold thick water close over her head.

• • • •

It is a grave responsibility
To have the possibility
Of making good.

The Last Whaler

Kay Morrell

"Ella," cried the Captain, "they've left the ship."

He said it with such wonder and sorrow that Ella ran to the window frantically, thinking the crew of the *New Hope* and her boy with it, must suddenly have been pitched into the sea.

"I can't see—anything. Where are the glasses?" cried Ella, trying to make herself heard above the roar of the sea and shrieks of the wind. The Captain handed her the glasses.

There they were—a small boat of straining men.

"I can't see Stan, father. Are you sure . . .?"

"He is bound to be there. It's the whole crew. I counted the men."

"The Captain counts his men," said Ella, though she felt that the statement was incongruous. Perhaps it was the relief that came in knowing that her boy was there where she could see him. But then she had always teased father about being a Captain without a ship. She had never known him to have a ship—until now. He had been hurt when she was a child. When he recovered, he found that whaling was no longer a profitable industry.

"Father, do you think . . .?"

He took the glasses from her and located his men. "Yes, they have got beyond that rim; they have a good chance of getting in now. You go fix something for them when they get in.

Ella went to the kitchen, put a few more sticks of wood in the stove, and then went outside to get more wood. It was quiet there in the lea of the house, but all about, things were blowing and banging. She filled her basket and came back into the house. She went into the living room to fix the fire there.

Her father was still standing where she had left him, watching his ship. He was muttering: "It's gone . . . gone. There isn't a chance of saving her."

Something in Ella snapped when she heard him. His voice was utterly without hope. She hurried to the window. But there were the men! They had landed and were making their way toward the house, straining against the wind—leaning on it.

"They have landed. They're safe. And you just said . . ."

Then she realized; it was his ship not the life boat he was thinking of! She had forgotten the ship. She looked at it now, rolling and tossing—sometimes out of sight. But it didn't hold her attention long. For her, it lost its importance when the men left it.

The men were almost to the house. She ran to let them in. When she unbarred the door, it flew open with such force that it almost knocked her over.

The men trooped in. As two of them were pushing the door shut, there came a far away crash—a grinding, splintering sound. Ella pressed her face against one of the long windows beside the door. It was the ship—the *New Hope*; it had crashed against the rocks and was sinking.

"Poor Captain," she thought. "How he had loved that ship. He had found it a year ago, rolling in the bay at Nantucket—the last of the whalers. He had bought her and fixed her for voyage. Tomorrow he would have sailed on the last whaling trip—perhaps in New England. Poor father."

She went back into the kitchen to fix drinks for the men. The Captain was still standing at the window as she had left him. Stan helped her, and they soon had the drinks ready.

"A toast," the Bo'sn said. "Here's to the *New Hope*, the last of whaling ships and to the Captain, the last of whaling men."

It was a tribute to the Captain, of course; and Ella raised her glass with the others. But when she saw her father's face, she choked.

He stood there — majestic, a king without a throne — the last whaler.

In the Trade

ADRIENNE WORMSER

IT is rather appalling to realize how many girls have been graduated from the Woman's College prepared to teach. Of course, some of them get married and do not teach at all. But the others? Are there enough children in all the world for all those who do not get married to teach?

The answer is, they do not all teach. They do a variety of things. Some of them, for instance, do department store work both in Greensboro and in more distant cities; and, according to their own comments, they have found the work both interesting and amusing.

Many now working in department stores taught before they started their work in the cities, and therefore know all the advantages and disadvantages in both lines of work. They had set out to teach and had specialized in various subjects in order to teach them; but they discovered that, when they actually did get down to it, most of the time, teaching meant living in small towns far from modern conveniences, giving instruction in all and every sort of work outside their own line, and being narrowed down to small town life. And they preferred working in department stores.

They like it. They are glad to be finished with their work when they leave the store; they appreciate the greater chances for cultural entertainment in the city; they like the wider variety of contacts that they make in their work. These varying contacts and an ever occurring series of amusing incidents adds to this work color which is entirely lacking in rural teaching. One of the workers in the Shopper's Department at Macy's tells an amusing incident.

It is the duty of the shoppers to help any customers who desire aid, or to make suggestions that will satisfy requests made. One day a rather large, well-dressed, and obviously wealthy lady entered the department and demanded that her old dress which she had brought with her, be remodelled. The salesgirl racked their brains, suggesting everything from pearl buttons to bustles. Nothing satisfied the lady; she must have something unusual. Finally, one of the girls studied her for a moment; then she had an astounding thought—furs, just

the thing. The customer was delighted; she went straight on to the fur department and purchased, to redecorate an old, half-worn garment, $150 worth of furs!

The girl thanked her college-acquired poise and knowledge of the psychology of human nature for that sale. She remembered the different types of people she had met at college and how she had learned to understand them, foresee their desires, and handle them skilfully. There are other moments when poise is needed to refrain from seeing the humorous side of whether the red or the green collar best suits the colouring of Fifi (five year old pekingese) or if that yellow sweater really shows her up to her best advantage.

However the wider variety of conveniences and culture, the greater number of people who can be met, the greater scopes open to all, make work in the city very popular. Added to which, the salaries are as good and the chances for advancement greater than in the teaching line. Those who have not yet taught would like to do so, for the experience and those who have would not mind going back to their first love if they were enabled to teach only the subjects in which they have been trained, and if they could teach in cities under the same salaries they are now getting. Some are so strongly drawn to pedagogy that they would not even mind going to small towns, all other factors being equal.

But the temptation of selling blanching or blackhead creams to dark-skinned Negro mammies, or more vital still, trying to tactfully persuade a size 44 that she cannot wear an 18 dress, are lures of the department store that may not be denied. Who can disown that the excitement of city life, the rustle and bustle of the crowded store, is not infinitely more tempting than the attempt to cram unwanted knowledge into the heads of youngsters, who care little for learning, and less for the teacher?

The First Lesson

THE trees, dressed in holiday attire, had been to a ball. Perhaps it was because the autumn wine had gone to their heads, perhaps it was only their new dresses or the music or the swaying rhythm of the dance that made them reluctant in retiring—made them long to do something new, exciting—something rash.

"I know," exclaimed the maple! "I know something truly *daring* that we can do. We can go swimming."

At this suggestion all the trees gasped. "But Mother has forbidden us ever to go; we wouldn't dare do that!"

But the trees were in a daring mood that night; so it was not long after the suggestion had been made that the trees took off their party dresses and ventured a little nearer the water's edge. The water was cold and clear and was like some magic balm to the trees, who were hot and tired from too much dancing.

But, while the trees were bathing their slender limbs, a stranger approached. Jack Frost had found their clothes; and while they swam, he busied himself cutting buttons and ties and snaps off the party dresses of the trees.

The trees swam until dawn — almost, and then they ran, still laughing with joy to get their clothes. For after the sunrise they dared not move from their places. But, alas, when they found their clothes, they cried with dismay: Buttons were cut off; pockets were split; and handkerchiefs fluttered to the ground. The trees dressed the best they could and hurried to their places; for it was almost dawn.

With the sun came the wind. When he saw the plight of the trees, he laughed and blew off the clothes that they were vainly trying to hold on.

"Oh, Mother," cried the trees, "look what the wind has done to us!"

But their mother, the earth, was asleep, and they could not waken her. When she did awaken, she made each one a new dress; but, by that time, they had learned their first lesson in obedience.

Spring Planting

Adelaide Porter

Kate took the green wool sweater from its nail on the inside of the pantry door, and pulled it around her thin bent shoulders. She slid her feet from their cheap, flat bedroom shoes into heavy black ones and pushed open the back door.

The gay March sun was relentless as it bade her its gay good-morning. She felt the searching brightness, and turned to look at herself in the pane of the door. For a long moment she stood there. The reflection was not pleasant. It showed too clearly the thin, flat body, the straggly hair, the bitter face of the mountain woman. It showed forty years of drudgery—poverty-stricken drudgery.

She turned slowly. Reaching down behind the tiny icebox, her groping hands found a little pasteboard container, carefully hid from snooping eyes. As she lifted it to the light her face softened, just a trifle. She began to untie the string, slowly, so as not to break it. She twisted it around her finger into a little ball, and put it into her pocket; she might need it some time. She lifted the lid and looked into the box. They were all there—the three packages of seeds, and the two bulbs.

Holding her treasure tightly against her, she pushed open the screen door with her elbow, and went down the steps carefully, because of the broken boards. She stood still and listened for a moment; Hiram must not see her.

Her knees felt stiff as she walked down the steeply sloping path. Last March it hadn't been so hard to walk downhill. She reached the barbed-wire fence and knelt down on the cold earth. It felt so good; it smelled so good; it had been a year since—

Kate lifted a packet of seeds from the box, and tore it open. The seeds were so tiny and brown; it seemed incredible that in June they would be golden and orange nasturtiums. She dug into the soft ground with her hand, and sifted it through her fingers. Yesterday she herself had made the hard, crusty soil thus. She could still smell the winter snows in it.

She looked up and down the hills. The strange and far-away ones were blue and misty, blending with the sky; but the nearer ones were familiar—she could call them by name—and she could see the dogwoods that speckled them. At the foot of the hill—her and Hiram's—the tiny town lived its shiftless existence. Little black specks of people crossed and recrossed its one street. Today was just one more day to them, as she thought. But to her—it was the day she lived for, the day in March that, each year, she planted her seeds.

She dug a little trench in the earth with her wooden spoon, and dropped some of the seeds into it. As she was covering them up, she stopped suddenly, her bony hand flat on the brown dirt. A voice! It couldn't be Hiram, so soon! She listened a moment; she breathed easily again. He was only singing at his work up on the hill—singing in his loud brutal voice. She dug another trench. Hiram must not come. This was her one secret from him. For twenty years she had done this, and for twenty years, each June, she had lied to him when the flowers bloomed. She wondered what she would tell him this June.

It was impossible for him to know the truth. If he found out that she had saved each week some of the few cents he had given her for bare necessities, to buy flower seeds, he would beat her black and blue. The beating she would not mind, but there could never be any more flowers. She shuddered at the thought of twenty, thirty more years on the lonely mountain without the few bits of color that made her life. It took a whole year to save enough money to buy these seeds in the spring.

She slid across the earth to a new position, to dig holes—deep holes—for the gladioli bulbs. These were a true extravagance; Kate knew that. But they were so beautiful.

She looked up at the sun. She must hurry; it was Saturday—Hiram would want soup and crackling bread. She hurriedly put the sweet pea seeds along the fence. Would the plants twine? She would pray for them. But no, she couldn't. While Hiram was not looking the Sunday before at church, she had put the dime he had given her for collection into her pocket. It was with this dime that she had bought the precious sweet-pea seeds. Would God, *could* He, not let them grow because of her sin? He might let rains wash them down the hill; He might let a drought parch the soil over them. Perhaps if she—

She jumped up. She had heard the sound of Hiram's plow, being dragged down the hill. She snatched up the box and the torn packets and thrust them under her sweater. The few seeds left in her hand she threw up to the sky. "These are for you, God. Please let mine grow."

She hurried toward the house and, in the kitchen, stuffed the box into the stove. She was putting water into the big black pot on the stove, when Hiram came blustering in.

"Well, where's the soup?"

"It will be ready in a few minutes, Hiram. I lost track of the time."

• • • •

Resurrection

Rose, will you bloom again
When spring has come again,
Flaunting your colors then
As you do now?

Man, will you rise again
When Christ has come again,
Living and loving then
As you do now?

BOOK REVIEWS

THE FORGE. By T. S. Stribling. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Co., 1931.

The Forge is the first book in a trilogy by T. S. Stribling depicting life in the South for the past seventy years. Mr. Stribling makes the section of Alabama around Florence a microsm of the entire South and traces through the lives of a typical family, the Vaidens, thereby showing the horrors of the Civil War and reconstruction and the emergence of the New South with the negro problem. Mr. Stribling has made a thorough study of his subject and, being a southerner, he knows from experience much of which he writes.

The series is one long novel in three volumes, but each volume is so completely a new phase in history that the distinction comes easily. This first unit of the trilogy is excellent as a cross-section of southern life. The different classes that made up the peculiar social system existing in the old South are pictured as such: the aristocracy shown in the Lacefield family; the yeomanry depicted in our central family, the Vaidens; and the "poor whites" and slaves (both black and mulatto). Mr. Stribling adequately shows the horrors of reconstruction with emancipation, the brutal ruthlessness of the northern invaders, and the workings of the Ku Klux Klan. This is no "moonlight and roses" picture of the South; even southern chivalry does not prevent but licenses cruelty.

But this novel failed to arouse the interest in the particular members of the family that the later two did. The author is more interested in the history. His characters lack personality. They are rather victims of the story than that the story is an outgrowth of the characters. The reader feels strongly that Mr. Stribling has created puppets that he may manipulate at will. He becomes analytical about the people who move through his story, amused at times. His attitude towards them and his treatment of them reminds one of Sinclair Lewis—the objective character study. This attitude of detachment of author from character worked better in his treatment of the "blacks" than the "whites". The girl, Gracie, a mulatto, links the lives of the white people to the "blacks" by being a child of "Pap

Vaiden" and a negro slave woman. She is representative of that very interesting but pitiable race, the near white negro. For this reason the author's analysis and portrayal of her character is the most vivid of all.

Even though our author may have failed to put a spark of fire into his characters, even though he may not have the fineness of plot; this is a vivid picture, lacking all sentimentality, of that deplorable era of Southern history by one who is thoroughly capable of handling the subject. *The Forge* forms the basis of the other two books and to understand from them the growth and social changes of our South after the war, the reader must have followed through this study by Mr. Stribling.

THE STORE. By T. S. Stribling. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Co., 1932.

The interest in the story decidedly heightens in this second volume of the trilogy by T. S. Stribling. The history of the Vaiden family is continued, but the central interest is around Miltiades Vaiden who comes back from the Civil War to find himself ruined but who rebuilds his fortune by theft. The fight that Miltiades puts up in regaining his fortune is illustrative of the South's fight to reconstruct her social and economic systems. Our present Southland is the result of just such methods as Miltiades used.

In this social novel, Mr. Stribling shows the post-war South solid in only one conviction, that against the northern invaders. But, within itself, there are divisions: the old aristocracy and the rising merchant trying to reconcile their social and economic conditions, the slaves torn between allegiance to their old masters and the independence of their present status. To show the rise of the merchant class in the Southland is the chief mission of *The Store* whereas, in *The Forge*, the first book of the trilogy, it was to show the tearing down of all social and economic classes. We find even this progressive new class—these that steal and cheat their fellows to gain materially, these on whom the hope of the South rested since the wealth is centered in their hands —we find them looking back to pre-war days, wanting that rest.

Mr. Stribling's treatment of this book is also objective. His characters have developed to a small degree, but the reflective reader has the impression of a panorama of "blacks" and "whites", young and

old, rich and poor moving through the pages of the book; and even their description lacks all distinction of style. But the author's growth in plot development is very noticeable. While in *The Forge* we had no intricacies but merely an historical pagent, in *The Store* the story becomes so enmeshed in the particular situation that a new interest is revived. It is all still historically true, but the author acquires that master touch of giving the general a particular habitation and making it seem a particular thing.

In spite of its short comings, it is a novel of much social and historical significance. It was considered of such merit as to be awarded the Pulitzer prize in 1932.

In *The Store,* Mr. Stribling looks up to the crisis he attains in *The Unfinished Cathedral,* the last volume of the novel; but at the same time the reader feels the satisfaction of having read a really good book.

THE UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL. By T. S. Stribling. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Co., 1934.

The volume, published just a few months ago, brings to an end the great novel by T. S. Stribling. In these novels he has shown just how a great social history can be written in novel form without any bias to mar the merit of the work. His one largest fault, counting out the style and character portrayal, was in trying to envelope themes too large to be included in one work such as the racial problems, the aristocracy's falling before the rise of the industrial class, and the change of the whole social and economic order.

Mr. Stribling in his concluding novel shows his inability as a novelist to handle both theme and mechanics. While his characters become more vivid—we think of them as personalities rather than symbols—he gets so entangled in his theme that it reads journalistically: that is recording events. The theme is too large to meet his abilities. Instead of working in events to present a picture of the new South, he takes leading news stories of the entire South and narrows them down to fit one small group of characters, and the result is melodrama. The real estate boom, the fall of the Ku Klux Klan, the Scottsboro case, the bank holiday, the Muscle Shoals development are some of the major events and added to them are such things as lynchings and near shot gun weddings. In this novel he misses giving

us a true cross-section of our Southland as he did in the first two books. Instead he expects us to take from his sensational stories an idea of the South. No more is it logical than kidnapping, political feuds, murders, and broadway shows truthfully picture life in America today. Mr. Stribling proved in his first two novels that he knows the South intimately and thoroughly, but he falls short in portraying it in his last novel.

The character study foes improve in this novel and such ones as Jerry and Miltiades become loved for themselves. The story centers around Jerry Cutlin, nephew of Miltiades, who has come to be assistant to the pastor of the new cathedral that is being reared largely through Miltiades' donations. Another plot is that Miltiades' high school daughter, aged seventeen, who is going to have a child by a fellow high school lad but who is saved from disgrace by one of the teachers marrying her. This teacher is really very well written, representing the free-thinking, intelligent young teacher of today that is so well equipped to be a leader, but is held back because of lack of money. Miltiades in contrast represents the type of industrial lion that has little intelligence and less honesty, but gets into positions of respect and power through his money. The characters are definitely typed, but the reader has such sympathy and interest for them that they occupy more thought than does the social interest of the book.

While *The Unfinished Cathedral* is a disappointing conclusion to the series as far as the theme of the book goes it shows such an improvement in Mr. Stribling's ability as a novelist that the reading world looks with interest to his next story.

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Trapped

I did not search for love;
For love is such a binding thing,
And I had wanted to be free.
My life excluded love,
Because I would avoid its sting.
But love had not excluded me.

WHAT WE THINK

We have become complacent and self-satisfied of late. Everything that other generations of college students have striven for, we have. They are a part of the school and we think nothing of them. But there was a time when this college, quite obviously, had much to wish for and much to work for, especially in the way of physical properties. It needed a library, a gymnasium, and an auditorium. And it was in this obvious need that the college students found a uniting force—something for which they could work and work together.

Now we have all these things. We have more buildings than we can use. We have neither the people to fill them, nor the knowledge as to how to best use them. We have, we feel, everything that we need now or will need in the near future. Thus we all go our independent ways with an air of complacency. We have *arrived,* we feel, and there is nothing left for us to work toward — nothing left to strive for.

But, in this feeling that we already have everything we shall need or want, we have shown that we are short sighted. We have everything we could ask for in the way of physical equipment, but we forget that buildings never made a university. Our buildings must be filled with life. They need a spirit of cooperation and endeavor to vitalize them. We need to learn how to appreciate all the advantages that those who came before us worked so hard to secure for us. We need to learn how to use our buildings and equipment to best advantage. We must work to show those who worked that we might have these fine buildings and campus that we are worth their trouble.

It is not an easy task. To work for something abstract has always been harder than to work for something physical and concrete. But it is well worth our effort, and we are capable of its achievement.

PEN FEATHERS

FRUSTRATION

BETTY WINSPEAR

EVER since I have been in college, I have had a horrible feeling of not getting any place, which may best be described as frustration. Some days I am more frustrated than usual. Take Tuesday, for example. My first waking thought is, "What day is today?" The answer is something like this: "Today is Tuesday. On Tuesday we have Chapel, a long line at luncheon, and ice cream for dinner. We don't get any mail—not even a newspaper—because Fridays and Saturdays papers came on Monday, and Monday's won't come until Wednesday." A deep sense of frustration engulfs me, and I set the alarm ahead fifteen minutes and go back to sleep. If I didn't pull myself together, this would go on indefinitely; I would awaken every time with the same baffled feeling. When I do get up, I find that I have kicked the sheets out at the bottom. This is very discouraging, because it takes twice as long to make the bed when this happens. And it seems to occur regularly these days. I am no more than out of bed before I find that the clothes I washed the night before are still a little wet around the elastic. At this point, the breaking of a shoe string is the only thing I need to complete my demoralization.

During the course of any day, not necessarily Tuesday, I run up at least ten blind alleys and decide at least ten times that I want to go home. If I were to be pinned right down to saying what makes me homesick, I am certain that "Parallel Reading" would be as truthful a reply as any. There is nothing quite like it when it comes to getting a person deterried.* Personally, I have always done my reading faithfully, even taking notes from time to time; but I believe that when a professor says, "100 pages," he means one hundred pages. Never let it be said, however, that I have been known to do more than was asked for. Unfortunately, there are some people who try

*This seems to be a Yankee expression meaning "discouraged."—Ed.

to see how many pages they can read in a week's time; and the professor gets to thinking, "Mmm—, what an exceptional student. I'll give those other sloths a lower grade." This parallel reading situation is getting to be rather annoying, and I have to worry so much about "pages" that, even when I take a brief respite of a Sunday to read a novel or the *Red Book,* I find myself automatically looking up in the corner of the page to see how I am getting along. Some day, when I have a little time, I'm going around and organize a Society for the Prevention of Excessive Parallel Reading.

Meetings are another source of frustration. There are House Meetings, Class Meetings, Society Meetings, Staff Meetings, Club Meetings, Conferences, and various and sundry Committee Meetings. It is just like someone dying every time the clock ticks. Every hour, on the hour, somebody is having a meeting. And to me meetings are the most flagrant time-wasters in the world. Maybe I'm nothing but a longbearded introvert, but somehow, I just don't go in for meetings. My only suggestion, since they seem to be an indispensable part of the curriculum, is that refreshments be served at every meeting. I have developed a great liking for popsicles and might even go to a meeting to get one.

Among the odds and ends which set me to wondering if the game really is worth the candle, I might also mention field trips, which are not only frustrating, but extremely fatiguing as well. However, they don't occur very often, and there really isn't much point in going into the subject too deeply. Nor would it profit me to rant at length about such minor irritations as girl-break dances, the oversize postage stamps (have you ever tried to send a special delivery, using four "threes" and a "one"?); or getting Camels, a dope, and a cream cheese-and-nut sandwich when you ordered Chesterfields, a barbecue, and a silver nip. Maybe we'd better just skip it.

Raggedy Smiled

Mary Elizabeth Bitting

Brother was gone. Betsy knew he was gone, although Mother said he was only spending the day with Jimmy Peterson and would be here tomorrow. His brown canvas tennis shoes were not on the floor under the bed. His bean shooter, the awful bean shooter with the big piece of wood shaped like a Y and the thick piece of rubber that could be pulled way back and then let go to send a small rock hurtling through the air (Betsy didn't know just how it was done, but she had seen Brother do it countless times); the big bean shooter was not hanging from the pocket of the khaki pants in the closet.

So far, he was gone. There was but one other place to look. Betsy hesitated a long time. Then she went downstairs in the basement and approached slowly a box in the dark space behind the coal bin. For some time she stood on one foot and twisted one leg around the other to keep them both still. Finally she fell suddenly to her knees and peered for a very brief fraction of an instant through a small window in the box, and then sprang up twice as fast and tore out into the daylight as fast as her long, thin legs would carry her. A hard lump throbbed up and down in her throat, and she dug her wet hands feverishly into her pink linen pockets that had on them the Little Boy Blues sleeping under the haystack. The horrid, slimy, blinking, spotted toads were gone! All three of them—as horrid, as slimy, as blinking, and as spotted as ever—he had taken them with him.

He was gone. Betsy went out in the back yard and climbed under the rose bush between the trellis and the porch to think. A small noise slid in beside her and sat down on his haunches. Zip missed Brother, too. There was a big fear in his soft brown yes that told all the anxiety in his German police heart. Betsy wound her arms around his neck and wept into his leather collar. She wished she were as unselfish as Zip. She had never done anything for Brother, and now Brother was gone. It was true. She remembered with a pang that she had refused to pull Brother's wish bone with him on Sunday just

because she hadn't received the wish bone herself. Brother wouldn't have any more wish bones now. He was gone.

"Betsy!"

Daddy was home. There was some comfort in that. She would tell Daddy that Brother was gone, and perhaps he would do something about it. Daddy usually *did* do something about things. Betsy wiped her eyes on the hem of her dress. Then she and Zip went to tell Daddy that Brother was gone.

Daddy didn't seem very much impressed. He, too, said that Brother was over at Jimmy Peterson's and was going to spend the night. Well — if he were going to spend the night, that accounted for the bean shooter, Betsy conceded to herself. But the toads — she couldn't explain to Daddy about the toads. Already, at the mere thought of them, her hands were getting damp again, and she became first hot and then cold all over.

No one understood. They did not realize that he was gone.

In her bed that night, Betsy stared a long, long time at the big shadows that came and went around the walls. She looked over at Raggedy Ann sleeping beside her. Mother had just gone out and closed the door that shut out the big path of light coming in from the hall.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"And oh, God," Betsy choked out loud, "don't let anything happen to Brother, please, while he is gone."

She rolled over with a convulsive sob and pressed her hot face into Raggedy's wool hair.

The morning sun blazed in with a shocking brightness. Betsy's gaze travelled sleepily up the mile of dark blue trousers and vest that was Daddy and stopped at last on his face.

"Go to the hospital?" she repeated. "What for?"

"Oh, to see all the nurses and doctors and the long, white hall with the green ferns and palms that you like to play in," answered Daddy.

With her new straw hat on her head and her black patent leather slippers on her feet, Betsy held Raggedy in her lap and sped up the street in the front seat by Daddy. She would have been so happy if only—she remembered with a pang that Brother was gone. Betsy wiped her eyes on Raggedy's gingham dress and looked bravely out at the squirrels hopping around in the hospital grounds. There was the big one Brother had named Moses. They had stopped one Sunday morning between Sunday school and church for Daddy to make his rounds. The teacher that morning had told them about Moses, the father and leader of his people. The biggest squirrel, Brother had promptly pointed out, was the head of the squirrel family. Betsy wondered if he really was the father and leader of *all* the squirrels. She did not question the name, especially since the squirrel seemed perfectly ready to answer to the name Moses.

She and Daddy were getting out now. She pulled her straw hat down on her head, made sure that the blue ribbon streamers were hanging straight down her back, clutched Raggedy a little tighter, and hung on to Daddy's hand. She had taken Raggedy to the circus

with her once. And Brother had teased her about hanging on to Daddy as though she were afraid. He had bet her that she was afraid, and then she and Raggedy had laughed so when they passed the wild animal cage; Brother had held on to Daddy's other hand. She was sorry that she had laughed at Brother. She had done it so often, and it always made him so mad. Perhaps that was why he had gone. She mopped her eyes again with Raggedy's dress. They were going in now.

Inside the hospital, Daddy introduced her to a lot of pretty nurses in blue and white dresses, with funny little white caps.

"This is Miss Bean, Betsy," he said. And later on they met Miss Corn and Miss Spinach and Doctor Cabbage and Doctor Lettuce. They were all very nice, Betsy decided. She even liked Miss Spinach because she had such fluffy yellow hair. Finally they went into a little dark room with a lot of shiny cabinets all around. Daddy lifted Betsy up on a high, high table and then went out. Miss Spinach started to undress Betsy and when Betsy asked what for, Miss Spinach said they were going to let her take a little nap and rest. Betsy replied crossly that she had just waked up, and started to put back on her shoes. But Miss Spinach, whom Betsy had now decided that she did not like, went right on taking off Betsy's clothes. She put on her a queer nightgown that went on like a coat, hind part before, and fastened up the back. Then she brought out two huge pillow cases shaped like stockings and started to put them on Betsy's legs. But Betsy began to kick like a mule and to lam Miss Spinach in the face with no less weapon than Raggedy. *Where* was Brother? He would pull the fluffy old yellow hair, and let out all his spotted toads and scare away all the silly nurses that talked about taking naps in the morning as soon as you had waked up.

"Brother!" She screamed at the top of her lungs. All the nurses came in and bore Betsy out into a huge white room with the ceiling so far above that she could hardly see it.

"Brother!" They were taking her somewhere, and she would not go anywhere without Brother. They laid her on a big table and held her arms and legs. But Betsy kept on kicking and screaming. Two white forms appeared, one on either side of her. *Where* was Brother? One was tall and thin, the other short and fat. Neither one was Brother. Then the tall thin one said in Daddy's voice, "We aren't going to hurt you, Betsy."

"Where *is* he?" Betsy screamed at them again. The short fat form put something cold over her nose and eyes, and the high ceiling came down to met her.

* * * * *

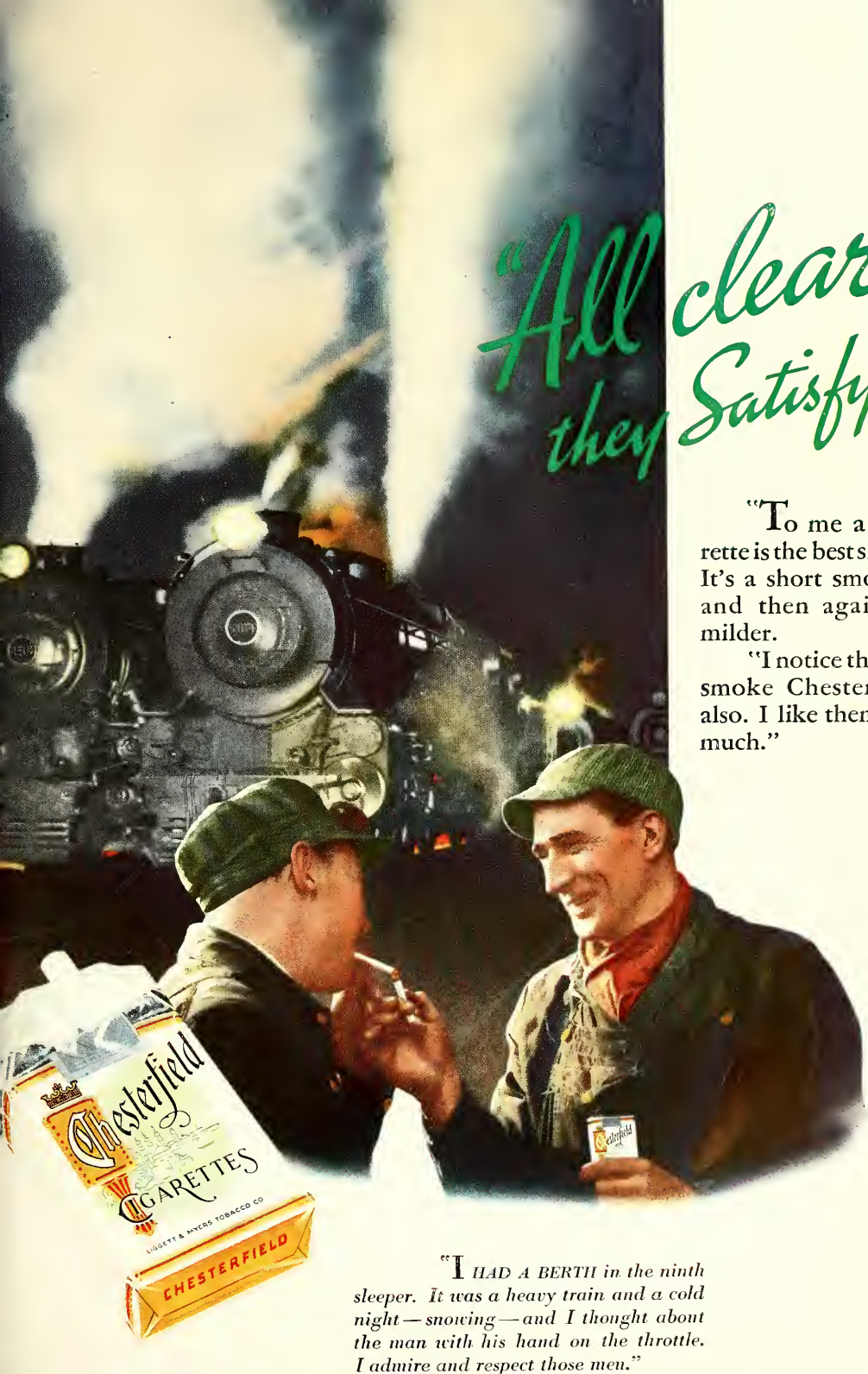
"And so Chuckie and Coonie moved into their new hollow tree and lived happily ever after." Mother closed the book and looked expectantly at one white bed and then at the other.

"Aw, that's sissy!" Brother croaked hoarsely from his pillow. He turned his attention again to the toads hopping around in their new home—Mother's sewing basket. Betsy opened her mouth to speak, a knife sliced inside her throat, and no sound came out. She beat her heels hard into the bed under the covers in a fit of impatience.

"I bet *you* can't talk," Brother croaked again. Betsy beat her heels a little harder this time. "They brought me first," said the croaking. Betsy's heels came down again, hardest of all this time.

"They knew you'd be a sissy and cry, so they waited a day after they brought me to bring you." The croaking was louder.

Betsy opened her mouth again, desperately. Still no sound came out. Raggedy smiled sympathetically from the foot of the bed. It was all right for Raggedy to smile—she still had her tonsils.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and then again it'
milder.
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also. I like them very
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