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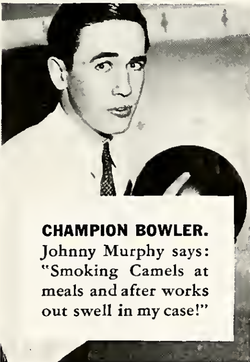

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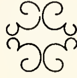

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY VIRGINIA JACKSON

IN MEMORIAM

By **MARIE C. SETTE**

On April 30, 1936, Alfred Edward Housman, after a long illness, was claimed by death. In a small churchyard in Shropshire—the same shire which he immortalized in his verse—a simple tablet bearing the words—

"Good night, Ensured release
Imperishable peace;
Have these for yours"—

designated the final resting place of the poet and scholar of two generations. Housman in autobiographical notes emphasized that he was born not in Shropshire, but in Worcestershire; yet, his poetic spirit sprang from the Shropshire hills, which formed the western horizon of his childhood landscape. Now, at the sunset of his life, it is his rich reward to find "imperishable peace" in the pastoral loveliness of his adopted countryside and to procure the "ensured release" his verses had courted.

Housman as a scholar and a poet is to be accounted for by both his training and his ancestry. His father and his mother were respectively Lancashire and Cornish; his uncles and grandparents had been graduated from St. John's College, and one had become Dean of that ancient institution. Alfred, one of seven, was born March 26, 1859, at Worcestershire. Here he learned to read. Here, at the age of eight he became acquainted with Lempriere's *Classical Dictionary* and thereby was laid the foundation for his early education first from a governess and later at the neighborhood dame-school. At the age of eleven he was awarded a Foundation Scholarship at Bromsgrove school. Here, too, in his Worcestershire home Alfred led his family to write poems and lyrics, ballads and sonnets, narrative poems and nonsense rhymes. But his own fancy turned irresistibly both in his work and in fact to the Shropshire hills. He placed his scenes in this setting; and, finally, for several years he fixed his residence at Highgate in Shropshire.

In the next chapter of his life the Housman who was sometimes termed eccentric, rude, and unapproachable, emerged. Having received a scholarship at St. John's College, Oxford, he enrolled there in the autumn of 1877. For two years he studied and succeeded, but in 1879 he failed, and his university career terminated in bitter disappointment and personal catastrophe. He left Oxford and found employment in a London Patent Office, and there he remained for ten years.

In 1892, however, Housman returned to Oxford where he was still enrolled as a student; passed the necessary examinations and took both his B.A. and M.A. He had, while in London, made classical contributions to the learned journals and had, as a result, established himself as a scholar in the eyes of the University College in London. His fondest ambition was soon realized; he was appointed professor of Latin to the college, and in 1911 was appointed to the same professorship at Cambridge.

During the stifled and bitter years, Housman's personality had changed. His failure at Oxford had paved the way for the reticent, impenetrable recluse—the typical Cambridge don of later years. He was no longer the carefree lad who invented games and produced plays. He was no longer the ingenious boy-editor who issued a family magazine. He was no longer the happy youth who made nonsense poetry from a half dozen nouns. Even his own family felt the stigma of his silence because he could never bring himself to speak of that bitter failure—a failure which really sprang from high moral principle and integrity.

He made few friends; there were but three who knew the other half of this paradox. One of these was a woman whom he had loved and admired in her lifetime—in her death he cherished a memory. An avowed misogynist, Housman never married. Perhaps he had

"heard a wiseman say
Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away."

and accepted the advice more literally than did the hero of his poem.

In his work Housman found some measure of relief. He became a master of the Latin lan-

guage and a follower of the Latin poets. The influence of the two enabled him to introduce into English poetry the precision, economy, and severity of a terse and lucid tongue; to introduce finished and pagan verses which stand outside the scope of either modern or romantic poetry, but which are reminiscent of the stateliness of the Roman poets. Housman's poetry is also poetry such as Milton demanded—not only simple and sensuous, but impassioned; poetry such as Arnold demanded—perfect in its criticism of life.

Inspired during afternoon walks by the countryside, Housman wrote in less than eighteen months the whole of the sixty-three poignantly beautiful lyrics contained in *A Shropshire Lad*. The collection was published in 1896, and many of the poems echo the sound of bugles and war. They fell in with the spirit of the last decade of the nineteenth century. The second collection, *Last Poems,* published in 1922, reflected the spirit of the twentieth century. Housman had consciously or unconsciously enraptured two generations of different tastes.

Through the hundred poems or more that Housman wrote shines the real man—the man who revealed a fiery dramatic imagination in the poem, "Hell-gate;" the man who probed the casuistry of human sorrow in the poem, "Eight O'Clock;" the man who used as his theme man's mortality, intensifying for him the beauty of nature and man's rebellion against his lot—

"Iniquity it is; but pass the can,
My lad, no pair of kings our mothers bore;
Our only portion is the estate of man;
We want the moon, but we shall get no more;"

the man whose sentiment is delicately flavored by the philosophy of Omar Khayyam without the mysticism of that philosophy; the man who takes over the pagan concept of death and oblivion as the natural end of life—

"With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
And many a lightfoot lad,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
"By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade;"

the man who attained the purest expression of the Grecian spirit in the lines—

"The Chestnut casts his flambeaux, and the flowers
Stream from the hawthorn in the windway" . . .

the man who epitomized both glamour and waste of war in the poem, "The Lancer;" the man who attained the atmosphere of mortal tragedy in—

"Farewell to barn and stack and tree". . .

To the literary critics Housman is a writer of deep reflection and scholarly attributes; to the reader he is a happy poet because he is strong enough to look sorrow in the face; to younger poets he is a cheerful pessimist, a noble Stoic, and a sad wiseman. His poems as a whole possess the stillness of depth and intensity; an English calm of reflecting balance and control of feeling; a sense of love which reaches near passion at the thought of English scenes. The poems have no trick of metre or manner, but merely fastidiously chosen sentiments and words which enhance the fine thought. Housman knew how and when to end a poem, albeit he once confessed that often he struggled weeks, even months, to find an effective last stanza. Often too, he sought despairingly for an adequate descriptive adjective. It was during one of these struggles that the famous phrase "colored county" was conceived—a phrase that was not spontaneous, as one would believe, but rather the outcome of a night's sleep and a vision. He saw "painted county" and coined "colored county." Housman was a master of condensation and suggestion. He knew how to carve his metaphors in one word so that they might have heightened appeal; he knew how to intermingle an unexpected worth with everyday speech so that the diction might be as simple and direct as prose, and he knew how to be startling and stinging. The lyrics leave an impression of strength and beauty whose quality is never strained, and, therefore, cannot collapse. Housman wrote not for a public; not for financial gain, but merely to give outlet to his poignant nostalgia for the passing of things.

And so the curtain falls upon the paradoxical Cambridge don and the Shropshire poet who at times outwardly manifested vehemence and rudeness, and inwardly seethed with frustrated emotions; who outwardly was reticent and shy, and inwardly was a living fountain of eloquence and boldness. "His works are few but roses," and they shall be his memorial and his legacy to posterity.

Preference For My Lot

The great have often hankered
For the footgear of the small,
The lion for a mouse's skin,
The wind, a bird's thin call.
They are not elemental.
Little coins they have not spent;
Their fingers ever twisting
The way their twig is bent.
Fair heaven have they basked in,
But a sweeter one is mine.
No Circe has enmeshed me
With a goblet of her wine.

Sheila Corley.

Youth, Health, Willingness to Work

By MARY ELLEN HARRISON

Slowly the little train wound around the mountainside. The engines, one in the front to pull and one in the back to push, strained and puffed with all their might. The wheels clicked and rumbled. Joyce looked out the sooty window and saw nothing but trees, trees of all kinds and sizes; a thick tangled underbrush; a pink maze of rhododendron; and far below in the valley, a tiny stream. For miles the scenery had been unchanged except that it seemed to grow wilder and more primitive.

Joyce leaned back on the seat and closed her eyes. She was tired, and she felt a little depressed by the utter loneliness of the country through which she was passing.

"I'm not afraid, am I?" she asked herself. "This is the opportunity I wanted; I knew it would be big and terrifying; I've come on a mission, and I mean to make a success of it. I don't want to be an ordinary teacher. I want to take education where it's needed most. This is what I've studied and worked for—I didn't let Mrs. Hendrix frighten me with her exaggerated tales. A fine settlement worker she is anyway! She's old and easily frightened; I'm young, and I'm not afraid."

The little train jerked to a stop. It was Baynesville, North Carolina, a small town of three thousand people, twelve miles from Shelton Laurel, her destination. She looked around for the person who was to meet her.

A shabby, grizzled old mountaineer stepped up to her and mumbled, "Howdy," shifted his tobacco in his mouth, and without looking at her, explained, "I'm Jim Goldsmith, and they sent me to fetch ye. Hyer, I'll take yore suitcase. I reckon ye'll stay with me and my wife and the young'uns while we're hyar. We'uns air the only ones without crowded lodgin'."

With these words he put her baggage in the back of the battered old touring car, and the twelve-mile journey to Shelton Laurel, one of the last frontiers for aspiring settlement workers, began.

Several times Joyce made an attempt at friendly conversation with the old man, but it was like talking to a stone wall. Only once did he condescend to answer her, and then only with a hostile grunt. The silent journey was a blur of green trees and narrow rough roads, and Joyce was almost glad to see the little log cabin, the home of the Goldsmiths.

She entered the hut and was amazed at the crudeness of furniture, the crowded conditions, and the filth. Mrs. Goldsmith and the five children were barefooted and dirty; their clothes hung on them like sacks.

Her first exploration of the little mountain community impressed her deeply. Shelton Laurel could scarcely be called a town; there was no store, and only one road. Seven families, seven cabins, seven corn "patches," seven potato "patches," two cars, an apple orchard, and fifty ignorant backwoodsmen made up the community. Mrs. Hendrix had hinted that there were seven stills, too, but Joyce did not see them.

The days that followed were like a nightmare to Joyce. She could hardly believe that people really lived in such conditions, and that she had just come from a modern, civilized community. These people were of a different kind; they spoke a different language. But she had visions of the model community she would build up—oh, how sweet it was to picture those glowing accomplishments, *her* great success. She was young, healthy, willing to work—yes, she was bound to succeed.

She had laid aside her attractive print dresses for an old shirt and a pair of slacks. She slept on a dingy cot, and ate potatoes and cornbread for every meal. She had no personal privacy, for she shared her room with Mr. Jim Goldsmith's five children.

"But hardships don't matter. I've come on a great mission—"

Joyce tried to talk to the old men and women about sanitary conditions and education for the young people, but they would not listen. She talked to the parents, but they paid her no heed.

"There jes' ain't no use to talk to me. I been a-dippin' snuff since I could walk; I ain't never used a toothbrush; and if'n I got along all right, I'll let nary young'un of mine bresh his teeth. Hit ain't fittin' fer you to be a-messin' in our bizness noways. I'll let ye give 'em a little book larnin', but thet's all."

And so Joyce held class every afternoon on the Goldsmith's back porch. And what an assorted class it was! The ages ran from three to twenty-one, and not a single one could read or write. They were rude to her, hostile; her efforts to teach them seemed fruitless. At the end of two weeks, only one could write his name.

"Why don't you want to be helped?" she asked in desperation one day. "I'm here to make your life better for you. Can't you understand what I'm trying to do?"

A husky, coarse-looking girl, with stained teeth and tangled hair, answered sullenly, " 'Pears to me ye orter know why we don't want ye. We'uns air gittin' along all right; we don't want no change. Book larnin' ain't gonna help ye plant taters or raise young'uns."

At the begining of the third week Joyce had almost despaired of making any progress against the age-old prejudices of these illiterate people. Her self-assurance had been given a severe jolt. She began to doubt the power of "youth, health, and willingness to work."

But one day a new pupil entered her class. He was tall, lanky; and unlike the other mountain boys, he wore boots, his long red hair had been combed, and his clothes were clean. He was one of them, yet somehow he was very different. He had a gentle, serious air about him, and he learned quickly.

A quick friendship sprang up between him and Joyce. Here was someone who understood her, someone to talk with. His name was Hank Abernathy, and he lived alone in a cabin a few miles from Shelton Laurel. His father and mother had died when he was thirteen.

He took Joyce for long hikes into the mountains; he made her love the tall trees and the mountain flowers. Sometimes he would sing as they walked along:

> "Down in a lone, green valley,
> Whar the roses bloom and fade
> Thar lived a jealous lover,
> In love with a beautiful maid."

Joyce came to love the mournful old mountain ballads, and they made her understand a little more clearly the ways of the mountain people. Her new understanding of the people revived somewhat her belief in the ability of "youth, health, and willingness to work." She was determined to succeed in her mission.

"Hank, why don't you go away to the city and go to school?" she asked him one day.

Hank seemed surprised at the question. "Why, I reckon I'll jes' stay right hyar whar my pappy lived," he drawled. "I ain't got no reason to be a-roamin'. This is whar I belong. I jes' ain't cut out to be a city slicker, Miss Joyce."

Joyce was disappointed. He had seemed so willing to learn; yet he lacked ambition. She had failed with Hank. She knew him well enough to know that nothing she could say would change his mind.

That afternoon she went wearily to teach her afternoon class, and Hank was the only one there.

"Miss Joyce, I hate to tell ye, but they ain't comin' fer book larnin' anymore. Hit's time for potato hoein' and corn hoein' and the old folks figger they've larned enuff anyways. I reckon there ain't no use fer ye to try to change 'em. They're mighty set in their ways, and—"

Joyce interrupted him. "Don't worry about me, Hank. I'm going back to the city. But you've made me love your mountains, and I hope you'll always be happy in them."

"I'll be mighty sorry to see ye leave, Miss Joyce. I reckon I won't hev much to look forward to after you've gone. Woods'll be kinda lonesome now. Usta' like to be by myself, but ye kinda changed my way a'thinkin'. I'll never fergit ye, Miss Joyce. We'uns ain't worthy of ye, and them city folks are. Maybe ye'll come back some day."

Slowly the little train wound around the mountainside. Joyce looked out the window and saw trees, trees of all kinds and sizes; a pink maze of rhododendron; tangled underbrush; and the steep sides of the mountains. It was a big, lonely country, but she loved it. She leaned back on the seat and closed her eyes.

In her mind's eye she saw Hank as she had last seen him, standing by the little cabin, with a hurt, puzzled look on his face, but trying to grin. She had waved to him until the winding road hid him from view. He was young, healthy —but he would lead a solitary, lonely life. Youth, health, *willingness to work*—yet she had not succeeded; she had only helped to make another dissatisfied, unhappy.

She had come to the mountains to change the people; she went away changed herself, leaving unconquered one of the last frontiers for aspiring settlement workers.

THE SYMBOL

By **BETTY WINSPEAR**

How could you put those little blue flowers into words? How could you set down on paper what you thought when you saw the jade plant in its little black jar, set out in the spring to recover from the indoorness of winter, and now overgrown with trailing, blue-starred vines? You knew very well why you had carried the jade plant to your room that day. It was because it reminded you of Peter—Peter lying there in the hospital, enjoying his convalescence, with his radio and a plant like that on the table beside his bed. And tucked behind the radio there had been a book of adventure stories; stories that created a life for Peter in which you held no place. You had known then that you could never pass the barrier of faraway dreams that lay in his eyes. You had known that he would never so much as glance at the magazines and books you had brought; books that you hoped would bring him back to your own gay, bright world. And somehow, the plant had become a symbol that day, a symbol of everything that separated you from Peter.

You had known that when you left that stark, white room Peter would take up his book again; that he would be gone far, far away from you, across tropical seas, up inland jungle rivers, to the very ends of the earth. You had known then, as you know now, and would know forever, that Peter's dreams were something that would separate him from you always. And yet you kept that green torture near you—because its very name symbolized the farawayness that you could not penetrate.

And then you thought of John, with his funny, upsidedown mustache. You were sure of John. You remembered how he had said one night when you were with him: "This is where I met you this afternoon." You had not been able to say anything. You had just looked the other way, pretending that the words meant nothing. After evenings like that, when the telephone rang, you knew it was John, not Peter; and you just let it ring. There would be five or six long rings, and the last one would break off in the middle, with a sharp jangle. You would say to yourself: "That must have been John." And then one night he would call at nine, when you would be used to hearing those five-and-a-half or six-and-a-half rings around seven-thirty or eight. You would never answer the telephone then, knowing in your heart that it couldn't be, yet praying that it would be, Peter. "It can't be John at this hour," you would keep telling yourself.

But it would always be John, happy that he had finally caught you in, not knowing that you had been in all those other times, too. He would always say, "When can I see you?" Not, "What are you doing, say, on Tuesday?"—so you had to tell him something. Then he would say, "What would you like to do?" You invariably chose a movie, thinking that in the darkness you wouldn't have to look at that funny mustache.

And all the time that you were with John, you were unhappy, thinking of Peter. Yet you knew that John was worth three of Peter, any day. Worth three of him, that is, if you thought of how much John liked you; how much he wanted to make you happy; how much more practical and reliable he was than Peter. You thought: "John is here and now; Peter is far away."

But when you stopped to think, you always got back to Peter, and you got that funny, weak-in-the-knees feeling again. And then, if you happened to look at the jade plant, and remembered Peter's face that day in the hospital, and thought about how he had said: "Aren't you going to kiss me good-bye?" and how you had kissed him, trying not to think that it was going to be for always, you wondered just what it all meant, and what the end would be.

Tapestry on Four Walls

White is the mist of the wild plum,
Azure the veil on the face of the hills.
Even as rank rice, the chiming of frogs
Grows up from the swamp,
Is cut down by the sickle moon.
Strong and young is the green sprout
That sucks at a dead-leaf loam.
Lo, it is strong and unfolds green leaves,
At noon it pulses up aspiring the sun,
At night it breathes dewed breath of the
  moon.
Lo, an embryo hope is conceived in my heart,
And it swells to rally the sprout.

The mellow bell in the throat of the dove
Is heard in the ripe meadow land.
Tall is the plant that whispers
In the wind-looped haze of the sun.
Tall and full-flowered it yields
To the pollen kiss,
Is ravished by bees and the wind.
My heart is a golden stream
Swelling to join the sea.

Brown is the bed of bracken,
Bronzed is the cheek of the hill.
Full voiced are the hounds of autumnal wind
On the spoor of the white fox winter.
Now is the plant in fruit,
Heavy, delivering seed,
And the tide of my heart is full.

The sky is a grey-white dragon
Crouched over the turtle-backed earth.
Scales sluffed from his cold old belly
Melt on the cheeks of men,
And cannot be known from tears.
Earth nurtures the seed in the frozen loam,
But the plant that was green
Is frosted to death,
And is rattled by wind into dust.
The voice of my tears is mute
In the frozen well-pit of my heart.

Sybil Gurley

SENTENCED

By MARIE SETTE

"Ah's got a white man waitin' fer me.
Ah's got a white man waitin' fer me."

Slowly I opened my eyes to the weird droning which had penetrated an unusually heavy sleep. The voice came loud and clear above the din of the chattering and noisy clamor of what seemed to be a cageful of monkeys. It was still dark, but through the window I caught a glimmer of light in the east. I looked about me, and except for Jane's bed drawn close to mine this portion of the room looked oddly unfamiliar. Closer observation revealed the beds, low and white and iron. Even the clock which ticked stoically from its place on a funny round table had an air of unreality and fatal portent. Bewildered and a little frightened I lay there hypnotized into a veritable paralysis by the tuneless chant, "Ah's got a white man waitin' fer me."

Surely it was a nightmare. Partially reassured, I buried myself in a characteristic fashion deeply into the covers so that except for a slight aperture to allow for air, I felt more secure against the unknown. I began to count sheep. My watch had given me reason to believe that I had two more hours to sleep. To no avail, for the echo of that low moaning ditty coming through the gray darkness of dawn rang in my ears, hammered in my brain. "Ah's got a white man waitin' fer me." Terror gripped me. I clutched the covers. I grew hot. I grew cold. Beads of perspiration gathered on my forehead. A paroxysm of nervous trembling shook me so that the bed-clothes began to slip down gradually, and my head was once more exposed.

"Jane, Jane!" But the name was choked by the thunder of my own heart. I made an effort to get up. A sudden burst of maniacal laughter seemingly issuing from a thousand throats glued me to the bed. Louder and louder, nearer and nearer, the very gates of hell had flung open, and pandemonium reigned. Gibbering voices—mocking, inane voices—and above them all soared that heart-breaking cry, "Ah's got a white man waitin' fer me." Every word was heavy with brooding and suppression; the very quality of their tone held me spellbound and the realization of their significance reduced me to a mere puppet.

My lips moved, and unconsciously I prayed; and as I prayed, new life sent vague currents of warmth through my numbed body. With a bravery I was far from feeling, I sat up in bed and scrutinized the entire room. It was singularly bare and large. The furniture looked old, nondescript. The floor was bare and the door, dark and heavy, opened to I know not where. My glance wandered to the wall opposite the window, and there I saw a spectacle which left me breathless and all eyes. A shadow, grotesque, almost apish, was playing hide-and-seek with flickering bars. I rubbed my eyes once, twice, three times, and each time the figure came and went. It resembled some caged animal going around and around and around, seeking a channel of escape. It stopped once in its fruitless search, and I was able to recognize the figure of a naked human being. It turned and I glimpsed a negroid profile. It leaped upward and clung to the bars. Thwarted, it sprang down and resumed its ceaseless circular pacing. Although my fear was great, I found myself fascinated by the rhythm, the grace, the primitive restlessness of the panther-like creature in its dizzying movements within the barred enclosure. Again the chanting refrain accompanied by discordant notes struck by derisive cackles resounding through the stillness of early dawn. "Ah's got a white man waitin' fer me." A pitiful cry emanating from the human heart of a black body.

Once more I tried to shut out the fantastic spectacle. It was an illusion, a trick of badly over-wrought nerves. I tried to close my ears. The voices were hallucinations. But no sooner did I resume my role of spectator and auditor than the scene became as intensely real and as intensely alive as before. Hysterical and panicky, I flung off the covers and determined to solve the mystery of the strange room, of the pantomime, and of the voices. Heedless of the

cold, bare feet, and thin pajamas, I approached the other bed and fairly screamed, "Jane, Jane. Wake up. Please wake up, Jane." I shouted again.

The brown head stirred and raised from the pillow. Two sleepy black eyes peered blankly at me. With a frenzy born of desperation and terror, I shook her—shook her long and hard until the eyes took on a semblance of angry surprise and indignation.

"What the—— stop it, stop it. Do you hear? Are you mad?"

"Do you hear it, Jane, that mob out there shouting, laughing, mocking? Mad, did you say —mad? I don't know. Where am I? God! what is happening to me! Voices out of nowhere, figures on the wall, and that wild unkept naked shadow going around and around and around. Mad? Yes, yes, I must surely be mad. There, Jane, don't you see it in the wall behind the bars? Don't you hear the noise? Don't you hear that sobbing voice? Oh Jane, Jane, do something, say something for God's sake!" All the pent-up emotion and the horror of the past few minutes were released, and I stood there crying convulsively and trembling like a leaf.

Poor Jane, awakened from a sound sleep, listened to the incoherent rambling monologue with astonishment. With the last word a look of understanding flashed in her eyes, and with a gentleness which I always considered so foreign to her impetuous temperament, she took my hand and said very simply:

"Come."

I followed her to the window and I knew. Yes, I knew now. I had reported for duty at the Sanitorium only last night. Could I, I wondered, as I scanned the scene before me, stay three months and still retain my own sanity? I shivered. I wanted Mother, but Mother was miles away. I wanted to cry out against the tragedy of human life, but I remembered too late that I was a senior nurse trained to be a perfect automat of control and poise. How was I to develop stoicism when overwhelming pity for these maladjusted souls lost in a world of chaos and fantasy crowded every inch of my heart? I turned to Jane and found that she, too, was lost in reverie. Instinctively we drew closer, and then in silence we went back to bed. Sleep I could not. My eyes were drawn to the shadowy figure growing dimmer on the wall, and I knew somehow that I had been sentenced to the plaintive obsession of that distorted mind. Sentenced! Yes, from that time on I was sentenced to be forever conscious of the existence of that group of unfortunates and my duty toward them; and they, poor souls, were sentenced to a life miserably unfinished, worthless to them and a burden to others.

"Ah's got a white man waitin' fer me.
Ah's got a white man waitin' fer me."

MARKET BY ELIZABETH REEVES

A Student Looks at Peace

By PHYLLIS MORRAH

It would seem that from the general student point of view there has always been something decidedly unpleasant about such deliberative enterprises as the forming of student unions, preparing of student symposiums on national affairs, and the conducting of a peace program. I had occasionally thought in a fleeting way that such activity was in a certain measure ridiculous and not to be taken with any degree of seriousness. I had had some small part in the peace demonstration that was held at my college last spring; I had joined desultorily in discussions of international relations; I had taken quite a few courses in history and made it a habit to keep up fairly well with domestic problems. I rather fancied myself as a sort of minor theorist with a fairly good general background upon which to draw for illustrations. There was nothing farther from my mind than the idea of doing something concrete about the cause of peace or any other cause as ephemeral. Peace in particular had been talked of so much; such stupid gestures had been made by many of the so-called peace leaders in this country and in parts of Europe. The cause had been satirized in a good many college publications, and I had developed a sort of antithesis for all that the idea stood for. Yet my instructors had shown wisdom by suggesting problems and subjects for study that permitted peace as an alternative, peace as an element to be considered, or peace as a part of an hypothesis for conjecture. I had been interested in the attempts made by English-speaking people to form federations to function in pacific capacities. The question had been raised in my mind as to just why the cause for peace was limited to English-speaking people. Aside from the fact that I found this belief erroneous, I was brought to the realization that these people are so placed geographically that there is not ever present the threat of war and the tension of strained relations between nations too closely situated. I saw that to the states where the dominating emotion is one of fear and hate an abstract consideration of peace is a mockery. The more I thought it over the more interested I became in a problem that is increasingly complex. Its very complexity drew me to it and soon I was concerned personally with what I have come to believe is the most important thing in the mind of modern man: the dilemma of man in the machine age, the opposing factors of nationalism vs. internationalism and the probable solution of peace.

I have never considered myself particularly adventurous, yet this summer I was one of the students in this country who were "in" on the biggest adventure under foot. I was one of the student volunteers who did peace work for the Emergency Peace Campaign. In the early spring some of the leaders of peace organizations in this country met and concluded that war in Europe was inevitable and that it called for emergency action on the part of this country if it were to keep us out of the next war. They organized what came to be known as the Emergency Peace Campaign. There are four parts to the program and it is to cover a period of two years. The campaign was started off with nation-wide radio addresses by Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt, Mr. George Lansbury, the Labor Leader from England, and Mr. Kirby Page. The four parts of the program were a series of mass meetings held in 200 key cities in the country; addresses by leaders in education, religion, the volunteer youth group, and mass meetings to be held in the fall in all the states. In June 225 students met at three Institutes of International Relations held at Duke University, Durham, N. C.; Grinell College, Iowa; and Whittier College, California. Following a training period of two weeks 45 units, six interracial, went into the field where they worked for eight weeks in 25 states and over 50 congressional districts. Three Peacemobile units, one marionette show, one negro debating unit and ten conference units moved rapidly from one engagement to another during the summer. Two volunteers were assigned to boys' camps. In addition an experimental project was carried out in New York City with volunteers participating in street meetings, settlement house projects, and

church gatherings of young people. Addresses, personal interviews, radio skits, peace polls, political canvasses, plays, parades, displays and many other projects were used. The volunteers themselves came from 36 states, representing 21 religious groups and six nationalities. The units lived, traveled, and worked on five dollars a week, and as a whole have raised approximately twelve thousand dollars. It was estimated that the expenses of each volunteer would be $150 for the entire summer including the two weeks at the institute. Half of this amount was contributed by each student, the other half being supplied by the campaign. The program started with a capital of $150,000. Ninety thousand dollars of this was contributed by Mrs. Roosevelt, the proceeds from her radio broadcasts. A Quaker woman in Philadelphia gave $40,000 and the rest was from smaller donations.

The summer began for me when I went to Duke University on June 8 to start my period of training. I had only a hazy idea of what would be expected of me and a rather fearful apprehension as to my adequacy to live up to that expectation. As I look back on it I see that while there I became lulled into a feeling of false security. I do not mean that it was a conscious attempt to misinterpret on the part of the advisors. On the contrary, we were told in no uncertain terms what would be our work and in what measure we would have to depend on our own resources. There we were with people who had the same common interest. We discussed our theories with students and leaders who had spent a lifetime in this sort of work. They made solutions and answers to difficult questions seem logical and reasonable. Then there were certain elements of civilization. One is unable to appreciate hot water, privacy, cleanliness and plenty until one has bathed week on end in cold water, lived four in a room, slept three in a bed and lived on five dollars a week.

Our days at Duke were filled with lectures and conferences, pleasant associations and the dominating interest of peace and a changing world social order. Religion figured in our endless discussions and quite often formed the basis for a heated argument. Those days now seem to me to have been an epilogue to all that I have ever known. Doubts and fears began to identify themselves to me and a social consciousness began to figure in my awareness.

Our group, which worked in Augusta, Georgia, was made up of four girls. Our situation was peculiar in that we were the only group in the country working in a city and the only group without a permanent adult advisor. We entered Augusta without a single acquaintance there and without a very clear idea as to just why we were there. Quite suddenly my mission, myself, and what little knowledge I had of international relations seemed pathetic. I could see no chance for four girls to make any impression on the lazy, sprawling, indifferent city of Augusta. We seemed completely shut out of its consciousness and consideration. Nothing could have seemed more impossible than that in a month Augusta was going to be split in two by an American Legion attack on peace workers, charges of communism, anonymous letters, threats to Augusta citizens, and sermons from pulpits both for and against the "peace girls." Yet this is what happened.

About two weeks after we had reached Augusta and found it a hot-bed of militarism, two of our girls went to the commander of the Batty Post of the American Legion, told him of our program and asked if the post would co-operate with our activity. The commander asked the girls to appear before the executive committee that afternoon and go into more detail. It was with a foreboding of approaching trouble that they went. The committee questioned the girls closely, attempting to confuse them. After some time the girls made the distinction between their own opinions and the opinions of the leaders of the campaign, trying to show that everyone who had any convictions on peace had a place in the campaign and that to work for it was not a declaration of extreme pacifism. One of the girls said that within the group were those who believed in no defense at all, some who believed in adequate defense, and some who wanted the strongest army and navy in the world but wanted to do as much for peace as they could to prevent war. Somewhere along the line the members closed their minds on the distinction and the climax came when one legionnaire rose and said, "I think you girls are communists."

Within the next few days all four posts of the veterans passed resolutions against us. The newspapers took up the fight, the mayor wrote an article, as did the commander-elect of the Richmond Post. A past state chaplain of the

American Legion resigned from the legion, a minister inaugurated a series of Sunday night services to preach against the threat of communism in this country. An instructor in the Academy was afraid to express his own opinions without the consent of the Legion Post. Peace became the topic of conversation wherever people met. Civic clubs allowed us to address them, we spoke to church groups of all sorts, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, discussion groups, made hundreds of personal calls, and talked peace at all times.

The night that stands out most vividly in my memory is the one when the conflict with the American Legion was at its height. The newspapers called one night about eleven o'clock and asked one of us to come down to the office at once. The paper anticipated some trouble and suggested that we wire to some of our national sponsors for support. The commander had had some words with one of the legion members and the insulted had threatened to sue the insulter. The word was out that our rooms would be searched for communist literature. All in all we felt it time to call in outside aid. We told the paper to wire Mr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Bishop Paul Kern, General Smedly Butler and Editor William Allen White. By morning there was an answer or two and in a few days wires had been received from all condoning us and our work. Mr. White did not wire but wrote a letter. On the same morning the newspaper carried the retraction of the insult and an article by the mayor. The events gave us the recognition necessary to do some real peace work.

I have gone over many times the question that has been asked us by almost everyone: did the publicity antagonize more people than we were able to bring to our cause through an international and social approach? I have come to the conclusion that the benefits outweighed the drawbacks in view of the fact that many were drawn to our side because of their dislike for the legion, thus opening many lines of contact. We became more or less public characters and were able to approach people with the knowledge that they were familiar with our program and with what we stood for.

The only meeting we held under our own name was the conference on international relations held at the Richmond Hotel on August 12. Mr. Claude Nelson, of Decatur, Georgia, was the dinner speaker. For several days before the conference anonymous letters had been sent to the thirty or forty people whose names had appeared in the paper as planning to take active part in the discussions. These letters threatened the popularity and business of the receivers if they had anything else to do with the E. P. C. They were accompanied by circulars signed by the Post of the Spanish War Veterans. The Post later denied sending the letters and the circulars, and we have every reason to believe them. The agenda of the conference included American foreign policy, diplomatic and economic; armaments, and military training.

After dinner when the conference adjourned to a private room, the heckling began. The telephone would ring every few minutes for a person who was not at the meeting. After a while this and the heat drove us to the ballroom where the round table started. Several young men in Augusta had come with the intention of heckling, but an inebriated newspaper reporter did the work for them. Several times it looked as if the meeting would end in disorder, but the chairman successfully averted the disturbance. The people who attended were in the main civic and social leaders whose presence quieted active objection. The judge of the city court came from Atlanta to be at the conference. He arrived late and interrupted everything to deliver a bromidic oration that had nothing to do with the subject under discussion.

The only important thing that remains to be considered is: What did we accomplish this summer? A fair judgment can only be derived from a comparison with the aims of the campaign to create an articulate peace sentiment; to strengthen the pacific alternatives to armed conflict and to bring about such social and economic changes necessary to weaken the causes of war. Our part in this work was almost negligible. We came into a community famous for its military tradition; we found opposition with an agency far more experienced in this sort of thing than we; we interested a few and aroused the curiosity of many.

To most people it would seem that our cause of peace is hopeless. We have been called idealists imbued with the enthusiasm of youth, and all the other bromides associated with a program actively supported by youth. The answer, if there is an answer, is that if we have been able

to cause some people to think about an international society, if we have influenced some people to think through to their own conclusions, if a very few wrote to their congressmen urging the passage of stricter neutrality laws, if some have become alert to the significance of studying current affairs, then I believe that the summer was worth the time and effort. For myself I have evolved a social philosophy; I have found the correlation between practical religion and living; I have learned in some measure how to deal with people; I have learned that peace can never become a practical issue until there are changes in the present social order, making way for conditioning and re-education for peace and not for war.

LAMENT

By **JENNIE TATUM**

My grief is no longer stormy. My spirit has ceased its frantic beating against the bars of the inevitable that is beyond all human control. I can look upon my bereavement with wisdom and resignation. I feel that I have grown in the experience, and perhaps in time I shall feel grateful for its broadening aid. But there was a moment when my soul was empty, when I felt my very vitals contract under a weight too heavy, dark, and cold for human endurance. There was a moment when all meaning seemed suspended, when my mind refused to adjust itself to the truth I saw before me. It was that moment when he put into my hands the broken fragments of the title seal of "Organ Grinder's Swing."

Almost with his very life he had guarded it to my doorstep, and then with one fated slip the shining disk shattered into nothingness. Only that one gesture to scratch the back of his left ear, and this has happened to me. For days—Days? Nay, for weeks—I had cherished the thought that soon I would have at my command those liquid notes. I could send them floating out into the world at my will. Never again would I have been forced into my lonely vigil, turning the dial from station to station, waiting for a chance rendition. No one will ever know how many hours I have waited vainly in the dark—that dismal dark—just before the unfolding of the day. But I was cheated. Almost within my grasp, my reward and escape was snatched from me. I was tottering on the brink of elusive happiness when I was dashed into the deepest abyss of gloom. The world was hard and I was embittered.

As days passed, the ghost of my "Organ Grinder's Swing" haunted me from the air waves, from the nickelodeon, from the lips of taxi drivers and mailmen. Even my friends seemed to taunt me with its refrain. Sometimes I felt that if I heard one more reminder of my irreparable loss I should cast a well aimed shoe into the exact center of my radio. Once when I was dining in an exclusive restaurant, the orchestra broke into the familiar strains just as my companion was in the middle of an important statement. I unceremoniously deposited the table in his lap and ran screaming to the street. For some reason, the young man has never spoken to me again.

But now the blessed relief of time is healing the wound. I am hiding behind a mask of indifference that soon I shall need no longer. I am sure that my record, uncontaminated by the touch of so much as one needle, is ringing out its bell-like tones for the pleasure of Seraphims and Cherubims. These celestial beings certainly are deserving of such blessings, and I am happy in the knowledge that my "Organ Grinder's Swing" has received its reward in the world beyond. We who are left are those to be pitied.

RENAISSANCE

I shall leave this hollow ground
Where reek the dead parched leaves
In dried and stagnant pools
Where birds scour high with tilted beaks
And trees let fall no shiny leaf for me
Where heat of earth and warmth of sun
are not
But only bitter death—like dampness wets
my brow.
Yes I shall leave this hollow ground
For heated hillsides glowing in the sun
Where tall trees knit fine patterns against
blue sky
For tall green grass that trembles in young
winds
And shores that pulse a heart-beat of the sea
With joy unbounding and without end
Through all of these—I will find myself
again.

FRANCES CREAN.

LONG KNIT THE KING

By **GEORGIA ARNETT**

On the street cars, in the trains, at public gatherings, in the Spanish armies, even in prisons and insane asylums—everywhere people are knitting. One accomplished lady brags that she can even knit in the theaters, the rapidity of her stitch depending on the picture. When the story is fast moving and exciting, she can do an inch during a two-hour performance; but if the picture is dull, she can barely finish one-half an inch. (She has been known to drop stitches at Robert Taylor pictures.) Another lady of no mean ability boasts that she can knit while walking down the street. What of it? She says it is a mark of untold genius. Yes, everywhere people are knitting.

I once swore that the craze would never get me, that I would remain free from entangling alliances with balls of yarn. But 'tis mere folly to shun an occupation because of an early prejudice. Even the well known bachelor king knits. He spends idle time making shawls for sale at bazaars. Since I made this discovery I have pondered deeply on the matter. If the ruler of an empire can exchange his sceptre for needles; if he can sit on his throne at the head of a council table and knit while he waits for the Duke of Suchandsuch to arrive, maybe there is something loftier about this art than I had heretofore been able to ascertain. After all, the height of a profession is a matter of relativity. Lincoln made his way to the White House by splitting rails; Garbo became famous by "tanking she go home;" why should I scorn knitting? Thumb twiddling is a horrid occupation; it bespeaks of coffee nerves. Why not twiddle them with needles and yarn between them and call it knitting as the King of England does? I for one am open minded; I soon became convinced that I should get myself some knitting.

The Knit-Shop is a quaint little place on the top floor of a large department store. The entrance is a trellis on which climb roses—roses of all colors. Closer observation shows that the flowers are really balls of yarn advertised for sale; thus the atmosphere is created before one enters the shop proper—knitting makes life rosy. I was greeted upon entrance by a very pleasant middle aged lady who asked if she might assist me. Her face was very familiar; so familiar that for the moment all thoughts of knitting slid from my mind. Something stirred in my memory—something faintly odorous and unpleasant. A voice echoed in my ears "Breathe deeply, breathe deeply." The odor—it was, yes, I was sure—it was ether. She was the nurse who had assisted in my tonsil operation, a nurse with higher aspirations who in undertaking to be of greater service to humanity had become a knitting teacher. Yet, the smell of ether made me want to turn and quietly leave the rose garden, but she insisted "May I help you?" Her second remark brought me back to reality, and I told her that I wished to learn to knit. She was very cordial in showing me the way to a chair and furnishing me with some practice yarn.

"Have you ever knitted before?" she asked.

"Never," I replied shamefully.

"Then we'll start from the beginning. You take your needles like this—no, not like you hold a pencil—like this."

"Uh-huh"—and I finally had my needles with the proper stance.

"Now loop your yarn—no, I'll cast on for you; you watch. Now, stick your needle through, yarn around, under and pick up the stitch, and off. See, it's simple; through, over, under, off."

"Yes, it's easy; through, over, under, off," I repeated in parrot style, wondering what it meant. But before the afternoon was over I had actually knitted several rows. My uneven stitching made a seer-sucker effect, but at least I had done it all myself. I, too, had joined the

knitters. I strutted proudly from the rose garden and home again. Through, over, under, off; through, over, under, off—it kept repeating itself over and over again. All night, in my sleep even, children wound Maypoles—through, over, under, off.

My first project was to knit an inch or so to add to the top of a skirt I had had made. I thought that I would be industrious and start that myself and have it finished before my next knitting lesson. I cast on the stitches and proceeded to work at the newly learned art. Three days later I proudly presented to my teacher a strip an inch wide. When I showed it to her she burst into a boisterous laugh and took my work off the needles to show me that it would go not only around me, but around both of us. She patted me gently on the shoulder, saying, "That's all right; you've gotten the practice anyway."

When I had completed my first project, I undertook a second, to knit myself a skirt. I made an agreement with mother whereby I was to do the skirt and she the sweater so that they would both be finished for a certain football game in the near future. Three weeks before the game we were both only half through, and were spending all odd hours working at great speed to finish. My little sister noticed that the skirt was lagging behind the sweater in progress; so one morning she volunteered her assistance and had done three rows before she could be stopped. In her effort to make speed she had not only turned around and gone backwards in several places but also had dropped five stitches, one of which ran to the bottom of the would-be skirt. To tell what I said would be censored, but she lightly replied, "Why don't you drop some more stitches and make it a ribbed skirt? They're prettier anyway."

By this time I began to realize the true fascination of knitting. It was then that I was thoroughly convinced that the king was right, and that the art should be aspired to by the entire populace. Further thought on the subject has brought forth a plan for an ideal society based on knitting—an ISBK so to speak.

In the first place, ISBKism would solve our economic problems. Today thousands of bales of cotton are going to waste while fields are lying fallow; sheep are suffering from the heat of wool that needs shearing while surplus wool rots in the storehouses—all because of the under-consumption of cotton and wool. Factories that spin thread and yarn from these materials are idle; the great steel mills that should employ thousands have been forced to cut their payrolls; men are walking the streets as vagrants and paupers for lack of work and are shivering for lack of clothing. The situation is deplorable and action needs to be taken at once to improve the conditions. If the government bought the surplus cotton and wool, had it made into yarn, and gave it to the unemployed to knit, the problem would be solved. Farmers could go to work again producing these materials; textile factories would be set in motion again at a feverish rate to make the yarn; and the steel industry would be able to again employ more workers to make needles. (There is also the possibility that the hanks of yarn could be wrapped in cellophane.) Then the unemployed not absorbed in the former industries could knit. No longer would there be need of unemployment insurance, for there would be no unemployment. No longer would there be any need for Townsend old age pensions, for no one would need to retire, since knitting remains easy to do and fascinating to the last. No longer would our fellow citizens have to wrap up in newspapers in the winter to protect themselves from the cold, for plenty of knitted goods would be supplied. As a result prosperity and the good life would be restored for everyone.

But internal prosperity means nothing to a country unless it can remain free from international entanglements and war. Peace is on the tongue of every citizen; no one desires to be hurled into a bloody maelstrom such as the World War. It is a well known fact that wars are in a large measure instigated by the diplomatic procedures of a small group of men. If these men had knitting to tend to, they would not be so interested in the checkers of international politics. They would be too absorbed to mind the business of others, and the world would move smoothly. It was once thought that golf would solve the problem, but golf requires too much talking before and after; in fact, too much lying. But the ISBKism would effectively solve the national and international problems.

Thanks to the King of England for this inspiration and *long knit the King!*

What Sounds May Follow

Now that your lips are sealed
And you say no more,
I find the panes curtained,
And closed the door.

What sounds follow after
No silence will melt.
Their significance, water,
Their audience, felt.

The uncorrupted notes are gone;
And their ghosts are cleft.
I have lost my soul's hearing.
But sight is left.

Sheila Corley.

DISILLUSIONMENT

***By* ADRIENNE WORMSER**

A large white-framed mirror was propped against the wall and rested on the long table before me. On either side of the mirror bright lights emphasized the contours of the face staring moodily into it. The features were regular, the skin smooth, and the hair glowing. As I scrutinized my face I wondered how long it would remain that way. Some day, I knew, I would be old and sallow. How would I look then? I leaned back in my chair and watched.

Rapidly the lines on my forehead deepened and lengthened. The wrinkles about mouth, eyes, and nose were accentuated and crows-feet made their unwelcome appearance. The nose grew longer and sharper, and the cheek-bones stood out like jagged mountain peaks on a clear horizon, against the sunken hollows of the aged cheeks. The chin gradually lost its firmness and the lips became bloodless and sunken. Bright hair lost life and color, and took on a stringy grey-white effect.

Shifting the focus of interest from the face to the hands, I watched them lose their color of youth, grow long, bony, and ashen. The knuckles stood out amid the colorless flesh and the smooth skin became wrinkled and flabby.

The bright lights now accentuated the bony structure of the death-like face; the hollows of the cheeks and neck were deep shadows, and the veins of the neck stood out like taut violin strings.

I was glad that I was convinced that fate would end my life early—to live and look like this was certainly not to be desired. No, better to die soon and avoid further misery.

Stage make-up may be an art; but it can also be a disillusionment.

HORSES BY ELIZABETH REEVES
PHOTOGRAPHED BY VIRGINIA JACKSON

I PICKED FLOWERS

By **PHYLLIS MORRAH**

On beautiful, bright summer days there is suggestion in the height of the sun; a sullen dullness in the tempo of the living. Roses climb too high on their trellis; water makes dry grass too green; slow, torturous pictures burn in the streets. The sound of voices mulls over the distant shrieking of a train. A cloying stillness presses the summer close, shutting the voice in the throat.

I was coming from the house to cut flowers for the table. I was swinging the garden scissors as I came. The long, hot fingers of heat wrapped themselves around me, heavily depressing. A car passed on the street, scattering dust and grass. Have you ever seen a swiftly moving car scattering dust and grass? It reminded me of Peter. He was like the car, moving so swiftly along the quiet streets, scattering the loose ends of lives as he passed. Was it one year, or five or ten years ago that he left? Time grows so difficult on sticky summer days.

William had cut the grass so carelessly. The edges of the lawn were uneven and ragged, like the edges of a bread knife. They were something like the edges of my garden scissors. When they were rough they cut so much more easily. Flower stems were simple. All you had to do was to hold the head up and cut the beautiful, dark stems. Sometimes the pale liquid of the stem flowed out, making my fingers sticky and yellow. I cut a few blossoms to see again just how pleasant it felt to crush fresh blossoms in my hand. From one I cut the stem covering and pulling it back I saw the delicate tissue that lay beneath. I thought how pretty they would be if they were colored, filled perhaps with, well, with blood, warm, red, flowing blood. It was then, I think, that I saw William, the gardener, sleeping under a tree. As I walked towards him I remembered thinking how delicate his dark throat was, like the stem of a flower, and his head the blossom. I wanted to add it to my bouquet for the luncheon table. I went closer to him. A bug was crawling on my beautiful blossom. I brushed it with my scissors. I do not like bugs. When it did not move I took a nearby rock and brought it down on the bug with all my might. The blossom rolled a little, like a pink in the breeze. Then I took my ragged edged garden scissors and began to cut the covering of the stem. And this time, to my delight and surprise, when I pulled the covering back the veins were colored, colored a warm, rich red. I cut one, and like the pale liquid, it made my fingers sticky and warm. I looked at them in the sunlight and it was a pretty, dark red. Then with my scissors and a little garden axe I snipped and broke the stem of the blossom and put it with my other flowers. It dripped red for a while, all the way into the house. I arranged my bouquet on the table. I had to wipe up a few drops of the red, red sap. It left dark stains on the table. Then, when I had finished my flowers I went into the sun-parlor and sat beside a window, waiting for the sticky stuff on my hands to dry. I thought how pleased everyone would be with my pretty blossoms. Outside another car went by, scattering more dust and grass. I heard the train again and the sound of voices. This time I saw Peter walking up the street. I was not sure at first; it had been five years, or was it ten? Then I looked at my hands and they were quite dry, so I folded them in my lap.

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EDITORIAL

We present for your pleasure and inspection the new edition of CORADDI. For a first issue it is appearing a trifle late in the fall, but we hope that its new form and appearance will vindicate any procrastination on our part. We are pardonably proud of the photographic illustrations and trust that they will meet with your approval. The art department in conjunction with the classes in photography is responsible for this new form which is in step with the modern type of magazine development.

But more than the physical changes in the makeup of the publication, we want to enlarge the scope of the contributors. The magazine should not be primarily the work of a small staff but a composition of the best writing of the entire group. We are afraid that much useful and worthwhile material never comes to our attention. We would like for everyone to feel that what ever they submit for consideration will be read and discussed with interest.

A magazine which is to be of any use to the student body of a college must be both readable and attractive. In attempting to give an outlet to the expressive culture of a college community we need your aid by an active interest. Contribute, criticize, but be aware that this magazine belongs to you.

BOOK REVIEW

My definition of a browser is a person who reads as a cow eats grass. The browsing cow moves from clump to clump; the browsing reader moves from page to page, stopping for those passages which tempt him and skipping the others.

I have been a browser for many years. I think my career began when I was two, with a Sears, Roebuck catalog. From the superlative style of this volume I progressed in later years to the dictionary. Both the catalog and the dictionary are admirable beginning exercises in browsing, since they make such poor connected reading. Then the field widened and I went on to dip into and skim through any book that fell to my hand. By this taking-the-cream method of reading I have become acquainted with many books I would probably never have read formally.

Now your orthodox browser may say that the quiet sport should be carried on only in a jumbled and musty book shop; but I hold that the place does not matter greatly, given one book and one person who is willing to make friendly advances to it. A trolley will do as a setting. I understand, too, that browsing has been carried on successfully in dull classes.

Still I cannot deny that the perfect browsing-ground must be a calm, well-lighted room with books all around the walls and plenty of soft chairs. The Reading Room in the library is the only place I have found on the campus which combines these comforts and has besides a constantly changing shelf of new books to ensnare the alert browser. A few days ago I was caught by three books on this shelf—*Ladies of the Press, Strange Holiness,* and *Village Chronicle.* These three offered variety, in size as well as in contents. *Ladies of the Press* is a large book; *Strange Holiness* is small; and *Village Chronicle* is of the size that one might have expected of a novel before the advent of *Anthony Adverse* and *Gone with the Wind.*

I opened *Ladies of the Press* first and found the subtitle "The Story of Women in Journalism by an Insider." Pictures of some of the women adorn the inside covers of the volume; I felt at home when I saw the familiar face of Dorothy Dix. The insider who wrote the book is, I learned, Ishbel Ross, herself a New York newspaper woman since 1919, and evidently of good standing in the profession. She should now be given long and loud cheers by her sister workers, for by her evidence she tears down the screen idea of the beautiful and dashing girl reporter without slighting the perseverance, hard work, and ingenuity of the true newspaper woman.

Ladies of the Press is a painstaking collection of facts drawn from many sources: the back files of newspapers, some of them now defunct; the memories of a host of newspaper men and women; a list of some twenty books; and Miss Ross's own recollections. It is not, however, a hodge-podge, but a coherent piece of writing in good newspaper style, lively and clear.

Miss Ross has really too much material for one book. She begins with the early 1840's, when Horace Greeley invited Margaret Fuller to write for the *Tribune,* and chronicles woman's part in journalism up into the present. She covers the whole United States; she includes every type of journalistic writing in which women figure, from the country weekly to the tabloid. The book is a bright pageant of the exploits of these women, filled with famous names. It is too concentrated for beginning-to-end reading; but I was greatly entertained by the many pages I did read, and *Ladies of the Press* should survive as a capable reference book. The author's seeming tendency to stress the "dramatics of the profession" is probably due to the fact that in weeding her material she found room for only the more spectacular anecdotes. Despite its shortcomings, *Ladies of the Press* remains an enthralling book for anyone even slightly interested in reading what a woman can do once she has made up her mind.

The small book, Robert P. Tristram Coffin's *Strange Holiness,* is the volume of verse which won the Pulitzer poetry award for this year. Now reviewing poetry seems to me to be a rather ticklish business, as I believe a person who reads a certain poem must have an individual reaction to it—or perhaps none at all.

This strange holiness of which Mr. Coffin

writes is to be found in birds, snakes, fireflies, flowers, thunder, the love of a father for his son, the aliveness of man. One might call Mr. Coffin a dirt romanticist; in several of the poems he seems to express tacitly a belief in essential goodness of the soil and of man's life when bound up with it. One poem, "Potato Diggers," has something of the quality of Van Gogh's painting of potato diggers, men the color of dusty potatoes and almost a part of the earth they dig.

I thought the poems comfortably readable, not obscure and certainly not too ambitious for a prose mind. They are good reading; they can be understood, and they do not fail to inspire that feeling of wonder and uplift which I expect from poetry.

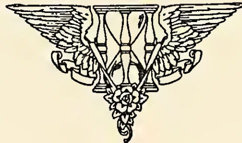
The third book, James McConnaughey's *Village Chronicle,* I found interesting primarily because of its setting, which is laid in Chapel Hill. The town and the University are disguised somewhat inconsistently by changing the names of town and streets and letting the campus buildings go by their own, with one exception. Durham and the *Carolina Magazine* also remain as identification.

Mr. McConnaughey makes the usual prefatory statement that no character is intended to be a portrait of an individual. Such a warning is not greatly needed, for the characters are typed to such a degree that no originals are likely to be pointed out. Yet they live in their types, being far from abstractions of editor, doctor, grocer, professor, student.

The plot follows several interwoven threads, dominated by the theme of the estrangement and near-melodramatic reconciliation of Joel Adams, a young instructor in the English department of the University, and his wife, Eleanor. The racial problem enters in the person of an octoroon passing for a time as a white student. The wilder aspects of college life are supplied by Billy Burton, son of the dean. Quite a bit of attention is given to the petty policies and bickering that may go on within one department of the university.

I do not think that Mr. McConnaughey is in danger of being greatly disliked in Chapel Hill. His novel might be the story of any university town; and in so far as the town is Chapel Hill, he treats it kindly. The tragedy of the octoroon boy is handled matter-of-factly, with no noticeable bias on the author's part. The whole set-up of the university town as a type is neither condemned nor glorified; it is merely pictured. Altogether, *Village Chronicle* is an entertaining story of no great import, told, as its jacket states, with "warmth, understanding, and wit."

BROWSER.



DRAMA NOTES

Idiot's Delight, Pulitzer Prize winner, is universal in its appeal and Sherwood again shows the mastery of his skill in the sprightly dialogue and imagination, in the intensity of his hatred for war and all the evils of war.

It is always fascinating to think of villages perched high on a mountain side and overlooking three or four different countries. There is something in the contemplation that makes one think of the kinship of humanity, of universal brotherly love. Such is the setting and such the opening of *Idiot's Delight.* The German professor is engrossed in the discovery of a cure for cancer, a means of preserving all human life; the French communist is aflame with the desire for a brotherhood of workers, be they French, Russian, Spanish, or Greek; the Austro-Italian waiter is a happy-go-lucky person who serves all nationalities alike.

But the munitions manufacturer is too concerned with the profits of war to consider a universal country, and the revelation that his mistress, Lynne Fontanne, sees clearly the horrors of war, the slaughter of men, women, and children, the wholesale killing that is involved in his pursuit of business, leads to her dismissal.

When all the visitors at the little Italian inn are refused permission to leave the country pandemonium reigns. The Italian officer, smiling and impersonal, does his unpleasant duty. The German professor realizing the futility of trying to save lives when others are interested only in large-scale murder, decides to return to his country and turn his science to destructive purposes; the French communist suddenly forgets his all-embracing love and longs to return to France to fight for his country; only the humble waiter does not care, for to him war is a symbol of insanity—in the World War he fought for Austria-Hungary against Italy, when his country was defeated he became an Italian subject, now he must fight for Italy against Austria.

To the dismissed mistress of a war munitions manufacturer and to the American dancer, Alfred Lunt, who is traveling through Europe with a group of entertainers, war loses its interest in their more intensive desire to discover the fascination of each other.

Idiot's Delight is a charming presentation, at once serious and thought-provoking, satirical and biting, light and humorous. Its theme conveys the folly and horror of war. Alfred Lunt gives so fine a characterization of the American dancer that his speech, his walk, his dancing, his actions all hide the fact that he may ever have been anything else, on stage or off. Lynne Fontanne, as the American girl pretending Russian affiliations, forgets her Russian accent with just as much grace as she remembers it. Was she the girl Lunt met in a little town in Ohio? We leave it to you to decide. Whole-heartedly we endorse the play, both for its seriousness and its humor, as well as for its actual production.

Another Pulitzer Prize winner, but quite in a different vein is *Winterset,* a story of poverty and despair, life and death, innocence and crime, love and hate. The play is staged under a Manhattan bridge early one December morning. It is cold, bleak, and gray, but it is the haven of the anarchist, the derelict, the homeless, and the nameless. Here these unfortunate wretches hide from the law, from revenge. Here life for some begins, and here, too, before the final curtain, life for some ends on the same day.

Winterset, a tragedy in blank verse, illustrates the adaptability of a socially significant theme to poetry and drama. Like Mr. Anderson's *Gods of the Lightning,* it is obviously based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, but this version is mellowed by years of brooding and contemplation on the part of the author. With subtle strokes and forceful finesse Mr. Anderson enacts again that tragedy of social injustice and its evil consequences. He brings before us the old judge whose mind has lost its moorings under the weight of harassing doubt; he brings before us young Mio, the only son of the convicted man —the son whose life was ruined before he had a chance to establish his father's innocence; he brings before us that scourge of American society, the illiterate moron gangsters who really perpetrated the murder for which an innocent man was convicted; he brings before us the boy, Garth, caught in a net of circumstances—the boy who saw the killing but would not speak

because he loved life and he loved his violin; he brings before us the lovely Miriamne, Garth's sister, who gives lonely, bitter Mio love and affection; he brings before us Esdras, that saintly old man and father to Garth and Miriamne.

Richard Bennett, as the judge, shows keen interpretation and inspiration; Edward Ciannelli, as Zrock, gives a realistic touch to the gang-life as we know it; Theodore Hecht, as Garth, plays with understanding and ability his role of the boy who would rather play his violin than tell the truth; Margo, as Miriamne and Burgess Meredith, as Mio, prove their excellence as stars of the stage. Their voices, clear and resonant, their power to hold tension, and their unusual range of emotional quality add to Mr. Anderson's drama beauty, richness, and longevity.

Winterset is bitter throughout; it is stirring and sad, and contains no germ of hope. The language is beautiful and lilting and impressive. Mr. Anderson has definitely proved that modern life offers themes which can be treated in poetic form, and that drama in blank verse can rise again from its present obscurity to Shakespearean heights.

Adrienne Wormser and Marie Sette.

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